

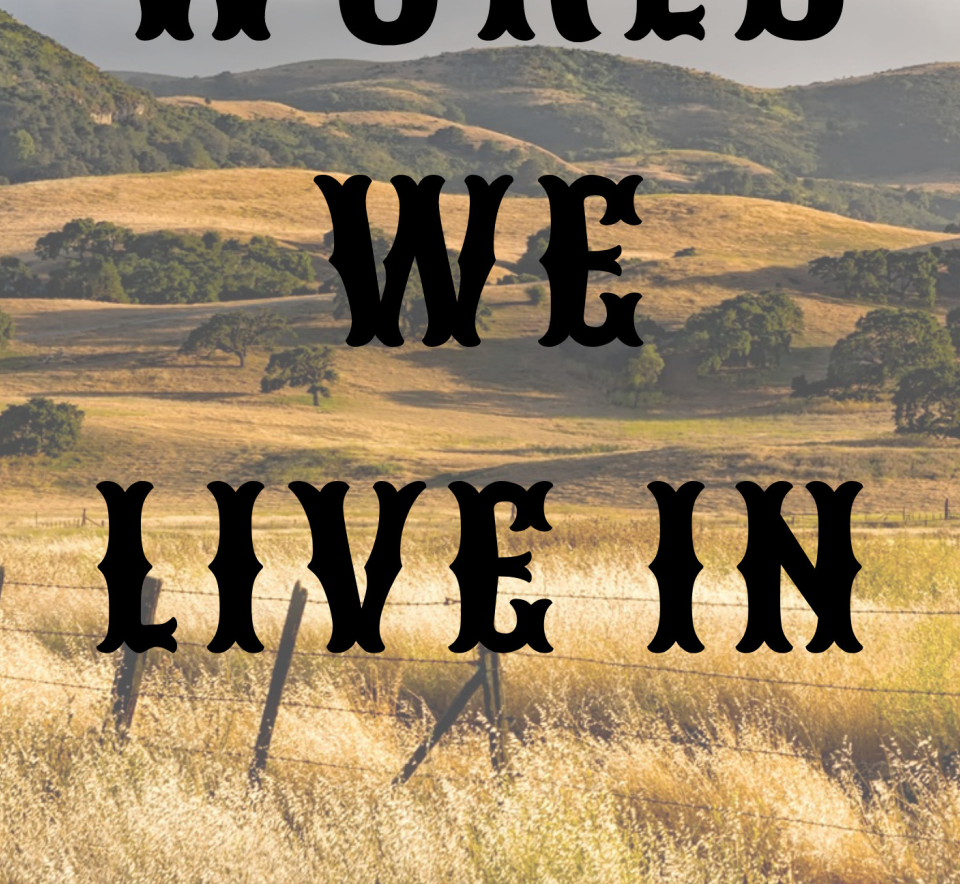
S T E V E N B O W M A N

THIS

WORLD

WE

LIVE IN



STEVEN BOWMAN

This World We Live In

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A little brother teaches his older siblings how to be more patient, and they teach him what happens if he pushes their buttons.

– AUTHOR UNKNOWN

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Chapter One

It will be a great summer, no matter what it takes. By the way, I am fourteen-year-old Michael James, and I was born at 6:57 pm on February 26th, 1990.

It is 2004, and I live at 29 South Rockwell St., Houston, TX 77267. I have got a ten-year-old little brother named Casey James. He was born at 6:25 pm on February 10th, 1994.

My Mama is Margaret “Margie” Callahan-James. She was born in Boston, Massachusetts, at 9:51 am on July 6th, 1969. She grew up in her parent’s house at 13 North Birchwood St., Boston, MA 02118.

And Papa is William “Liam” James. He was born in Pasadena, Texas, at 12:31 pm on November 18th, 1966.

He grew up in his parent’s house at 9069 Hope Drive, Pasadena, TX 77503. He is thirty-seven. I am also going into the ninth grade in high school, and Casey is going into fifth grade.

It will happen after the summer is over. However, high school sucks. There is always trouble when someone gets me into it. Hmm, a bully?

That is who.

Chapter Two

It is now Sunday, June 27th, 2004. One week after summer started. Summer begins on June 20th, so that is a week from then.

I am enjoying my summer so far; no worries have pitied me. It is like the best summer ever. However, my little brother has been bugging me.

Ugh, this is the world we live in, I try to ignore him, but at ten, he should know better than to bug people when they fucking do not need it!

I am so much for a caring, lovable brother. Right? Nothing ever goes my way, it is sometimes my teenage attitude, but I say, “fuck that shit!”

Maybe the world requires a teenage attitude. However, I was able to lay off the dramatics. Nobody gives a fuck about me, not Mama or Papa, well, definitely not Casey. Hell no, not him whatsoever!

Well, it is not like my life requires my little brother. Hell no! I am better off without him, not that he will care about it. I am a teenager that is rampaging on and on, but who gives a fuck?

There I go with the dramatics again. Yeah, yeah. I know. Quit bullshitting. Haha, that is a good one. Life sucks! But this summer has made my life better.

CHAPTER TWO

It has been a week, and I have not seen much. My life gets boring, and my family does not help. I am getting bored just staring at the plain old white ceiling. Shit is rough!

My world does not need such boredom. Anyway, I may be used to the boredom. Like no school until September, and weirdly, the unwillingness to kill my little brother.

Well, I will not kill my little brother. That would end me up in prison, charged with a murder case. That is a no-go for me.

Although I dream about killing him, that would not be very pretty. It would end up brutal and ugly. I do not need that on my hands, nor mind. Let us move on from that, shall we?

Let us shall.

Chapter Three

It is now Thursday, July 1st, 2004, four days after June 27th. And I am still bored to death. Hell, I have not killed Casey yet.

Moving on, moving on, I know. Well, today, I am stressed. It is because of the so-called girlfriend I used to have, who has now broken up with me.

She and I have been dating since April 17th, 2002. That was back when I was twelve, and we had been dating for two years, two months, and two weeks before the breakup.

Well, I was a twelve-year-old, and she was an eleven-year-old. I am fourteen, and she is thirteen, but fuck her. I do not need that bitch anymore!

I will put that in the graveyard before feeling wacky, and she was a great girlfriend and friend. Now, I have got to go fishing with another girlfriend. Oh, brother! Woe is me!

The next day.

Right now, it has been a day. Now, it is Friday, July 2nd, 2004. Great news, I have a friend that helped me out by giving me a girl's number.

It looks like her name is Carolyn Hunter, and she goes by

Carrie. She is a fifteen-year-old, born at 12:42 pm on December 25th, 1988.

Maybe if I ask her out, she will be my girlfriend. Let us find out, shall we? Vamos. I dialed Carrie's number on my phone and waited for her to pick up.

Then, after a few rings, she picked up, and we conversated. The conversation went well, and I hope she will be my girlfriend.

"Hello, is this Carrie Hunter?" I wondered as I waited for a response. "My name is Michael James. I got your number from a friend. Who am I speaking to?"

"Yes, I am Carrie Hunter," she replied. "Who's this? How'd you get my number again?"

"Michael James, madam," I politely said. "I got your number from a friend of mine. That is not important. I wondered if you would like to be my girlfriend, Carrie. What do you say, miss?"

"Okay, Michael. I will decide," Carrie says. "I decide to be your girlfriend. Where do you live, Michael?"

Michael says in his mind, "Yes!"

"I live at 29 South Rockwell St., Houston, TX 77267," I responded. "Where do you live, Carrie?"

"I live at 9908 Little Street, Houston, TX 77088," Carrie responded. "We are four-point-forty-miles apart."

"Okay, cool," I said. "Thanks for being my girlfriend, Carrie. You will not regret it. Te lo prometo."

Carrie said, "Anytime, Michael. I know you will not make me regret it."

Michael then hung up the phone and jumped for joy. Now that he has a girlfriend again, things for this summer are better.

Chapter Four

Today is Friday, July 9th, 2004, a week from July 2nd. And it has been boring for me so far. Maybe I should ask Mama to drop me off at Carrie's house.

After I told her I got a new girlfriend, would she be disappointed that I broke up with my ex-girlfriend two years, two months, three weeks, and one day ago, on April 17th, 2002?

I entered the living room, "Mama, can you drop me off somewhere?"

Mama politely responded, "Sure. Where do you want to go, sweetie?"

"The address is 9908 Little Street, Houston, TX 77088," I told her. "Her name is Carrie, and she is my girlfriend. She lives four-point-forty-miles from our house. So, can I go, Mama?"

"Sure, sweetie," Mama says with a smile. "What happened with you and Britt Allison?"

I frowned, "I do not want to speak about her anymore, Mama. It did not work out for us. That is all you need to know."

"Okay, sweetie. Let us get to your new girlfriend's house," Mama motioned for me to get ready. "That is disappointing that you and Britt broke up, sweetie. You two were a great couple. It is time to get your shoes on to see your new girlfriend."

"I know, Mama. It is too bad, right?" I said with a half-smile.

“Maybe Carrie and I can be a better couple than I was with Britt. Okay, let me get my shoes on. Please do not rush me.”

Then, I went and got my shoes on. Mama grabbed her car keys, and we both headed out the door and into my Mama’s car and drove four-point-forty miles to Carrie’s house.

And then, I finally got to meet Carrie for the first time. Finally, once I got there, Mama dropped me off, kissed me goodbye, and Carrie and I hung out for the day.

Once I got there, I got to meet Carrie’s family and was her little sister like my little brother, yes, annoying as fuck.

I leaned for a kiss on Carrie’s cheek, “What’s up, Carrie? It is me, Michael James. It is nice to meet you. What is your sister’s name, and how old is she?”

Carrie replied, “Cynthia Hunter, she goes by Cindy. She is my six-year-old little sister.”

Cindy was a six-year-old, born at 2:05 am on July 5th, 1998.

I introduced myself, “Hello, Cindy. My name is Michael. Michael James.”

“Hello, Michael. It is nice to meet you,” Cindy says with a smile. “Who are you to, my big sister?”

“I am your big sister’s boyfriend,” I replied. “How cool is that, Cindy?”

Cindy smiled, “It is so cool, Michael. As long as it makes you two happy, it makes me happy.”

Then, Cindy went to her room, and I believe she was playing with her dollies. Along with some makeup of some sort. Ew, girly stuff, am I right?

It is whatever, though. I am a man! Never am I a sexist, I do not understand what girls have with dolls and makeup at such

a young age.

Well, with Cindy, I am getting it, I guess. She is a six-year-old little girl. And it is a little girl thing, but it is just their thing.

I sat on Carrie's couch and sighed, "What do you want to do, baby?"

"I could introduce you to my parents," Carrie replied. Then, she told me to hang on for a bit, "I have got to get them. Hold on. Please give me a minute, and I will be back. Okay, sweetie?"

I smiled and nodded, "Sure, baby. Go right ahead. Hurry back now."

Then, Carrie went and got her parents. It took her more than a minute, by the way. And then, after a few odd minutes, she came with her parents, and I got to introduce myself to Mr. and Mrs. Hunter.

"Howdy, Mr. Hunter. My name is Michael. Michael James," I said as I introduced myself to Carrie's father. "What is your name, sir?"

Mr. Hunter introduced himself, "Howdy, Michael. My name is Curtis Hunter. It is nice to meet you, sir."

Mr. Hunter was thirty-nine years old, born in San Antonio, Texas, at 7:48 am on January 9th, 1965.

"Howdy, Mrs. Hunter. My name is Michael. Michael James," I said as I introduced myself to Carrie's mother. "What is your name, madam?"

Mrs. Hunter introduced herself, "Howdy, Michael. My name is Courtney Mitchell-Hunter. It is nice to meet you, sir."

I smiled, "It is nice to meet you as well, Mrs. Hunter. I finally got to meet you, miss."

Mrs. Hunter was thirty-seven years old, born in Dallas, Texas, at 10:13 am on February 16th, 1967.

CHAPTER FOUR

Carrie motions her parents to leave, “Okay, Mama, Papa. You met Michael. You may leave. Goodbye, guys. I love you all.”

Then, Mr. and Mrs. Hunter left us alone, and Carrie and I hung out for the rest of the time until my Mama came and picked me back up.

Boy was the day a fun one. My first day with Carrie, hell yeah! Today was special. I wish I could do it over and over.

It was a score, and I am better off with Carrie than my ex-girlfriend Britt. I did not miss Britt for the whole day. She was not on my mind.

Can I get a boo-yeah, anyone?

The day ends.

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