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Hoops

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Hoops

“Did you hear what Dad said to Sandy last night?” Jay asks as he pumps a basketball through the hoop at the top of the driveway.

“No, what’d he pull this time.” Mike dribbles a ball between his legs and sets up for a shot.

“Well ya know, she and Bobby have been having a lot of problems.”

“Bobby is a jerk!”

“No shit! He thinks he’s such a tough guy.” Resting the ball on his thigh, Jay cocks his hip and watches as Mike pumps one in from twenty feet out. “Nice shot!” Wiping the sweat off his brow with his forearm, he continues, “Anyway, Sandy comes over last night and tells Mom and Dad she’s looking for a new place and she wants to see a lawyer about getting a divorce.”

“Really?” A look of surprise covers Mike’s face.

“Yeah, it was music to my ears too.”

“Well, it’s about time. I don’t know how she’s stayed with jerk for this long.” Mike stops shooting and looks over to Jay.

“What about Justin?”

“She certainly won’t let Bobby have him. Don’t worry about that. You know Sandy loves that kid. She’s not about to let anyone take her son away.”

“Right.”

“So, Sandy tells Mom and Dad what’s going on. They sat down and talked about it for a while, and everything was going just fine. Mom tells Sandy to do whatever she has to do. She says they’ll be right behind her all the way.”

“Finally,” Jay continues, “Sandy decides she better be going. As she’s walking out the door, Dad says, ‘You know, when you and Bobby told us you were pregnant, I couldn’t get all excited about having a grandson. I knew something like this was going to happen.’”

“Oh God, why does he always have to pull that crap?”

“You know Dad, he’s always got to say ‘I told you so.’ He thinks he knows what’s best for everybody.”

“I suppose he gave her that stupid, all-knowing grin of his.”

“Of course.”

“He always does that. I hate it!”

“It’s like he expects us to say, ‘OK, Mr. God, I’ll be sure to check with you the next time just to make sure I don’t screw up.’”

“No shit!” Mike spins around and sinks a shot from ten feet out. “So, what did Sandy do?”

“She got real defensive,” Jay runs in and sinks a lay-up shot. “I don’t blame her.”

“It’s got to be hard for her just thinking of going through a divorce. She’s got to find a cheaper place to live. She’s got Justin to worry about. She doesn’t need Dad hounding her!”

“I asked Dad later why he thought he had to say that.”

“What’d he say?”

“He said he wanted her to know he’s been around for a while, and he knows about these things.”

“Geez, same old shit!”

“Yeah, same old shit.”