

Level 3 Fiction – Sparks

On the morning of Dillon’s seventh birthday, I wake to the sound of him racing down the hall. I leap out of bed and follow him onto the verandah. There, leaning against the railing, is a scooter – a brand new scooter. And it’s not just any scooter. It’s one that shoots sparks.

“Harley! Look at this!” Dillon shouts, grabbing the scooter. Still in his pyjamas, he scoots up and down the driveway. Then he’s out onto the footpath, making such a noise that the kids next door come to see what’s happening. The oldest one asks for a turn, but Dillon says no. Not when he’s just got it.

“When do you reckon I’ll get a go?” I ask Mum.

Dillon sleeps with his new scooter under his bed. He’d sleep with it in his bed if Mum would let him. The next day, he goes to his friend’s party. He begs to take the scooter with him, but Mum shakes her head.

Once Dillon’s gone, I sneak into his room and slide my hand under his bed. I can feel the deck, cold and steely under my palm. Carefully, I slide the scooter towards me and wheel it outside. I scoot up and down our driveway, turning early, well before the footpath so no one sees.