

A Winter's Wish

by Mike Hackley

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I dedicate this book to my new son, Carlsen Michael, who is soon to be born, May 2006. Hopefully one day he will have true friends that he can play with and enjoy the riches of life

Acknowledgements

I want to thank my editor, Ginger Marks for working hard to fix my mistakes, my illustrator, _____, and my sister-in-law _____ for helping me get this work published. Also a word of thanks to my family and all my many friends that gave me the opportunity to have fun, go with the flow, and most of all for letting me be a kid.

Some people say you have to be wealthy to experience a fun and exciting life. I say. You have to have fun friends to have a rich and exciting life. Being rich isn't just about having money.

Smear the Schmuck!

Insert first image here

Smear the schmuck. What a game!! One player known as the schmuck, for teasing purposes, runs with the football while two hungry predators chase after him. One of the attackers hikes the football to the only offensive player. The player with the ball tries to out-move his evil opponents and make a touchdown so he can brag about his accomplishments and stop being the schmuck for now. Skill and brains are the only way to score. Sometimes luck helps, but not always. It's a brutal game to play even for a "real man" but boys have to come up with something to do between school and supper time.

A Winter's Wish

It was mid October, a mere ten minutes since school had let out for the day. The air was cool and brisk with temperatures rapidly approaching a low near 50 degrees. The gladiators were adorned in their usual apparel. Each wore blue jeans, a favorite team shirt that bore the battle scars of previous adventures, a hat, and high top sneakers that the advertisement claimed would add speed and agility to their game. We never really asked each other who was going to show up to play; it just always seemed we ended up with the same three players playing the game we all loved. This was a game of honor, pride and determination. It was Dave and Rickey, against me, Jacob, the king of after school Super Bowl.

Dave was a wiry looking kid, 5 feet 2 inches tall and bestowed with a mop of curly jet black hair that resembled a well used bird nest. He was the bulldog of the group. Weighing in at a whopping 100 pounds he retained a slight advantage over the other two players. The muscles in his arms, though small, were more than the other two players had. His legs were well defined though slightly bowed and his knees were always bruised. He proudly bore a small scar above his eye that he got while playing lightning bug wiffleball last year.

Dave had an extremely bad temper and all the kids in town were alert to his outbursts. When we were on our battle field his infamous temper seemed to build up with each play until fireworks went off inside him. Dave never relied on football skill he would just jump completely over you or run you down. His favorite tactic was to frighten you to death with the look on his face as he came steam rolling at you.

Rickey, on the other hand, was the type of player that would just up and quit the game for any ol' reason. If he couldn't make a touchdown he would simply pout, play injured for one play and grumble about cheating. He was almost 5 foot tall with a round face that could light up a room when he smiled. His legs were short and he usually wore baggy pants to try and hide his awkward size and shape. Rickey wore his sandy brown hair parted to the right. When he ran it would dangle and sway over onto his face. Every time he hit the ground it would fall across his face and he would simply jerk his head to swing it back over and out of his eyes. He was a gentleman as far as kids go and always made it home in time for dinner.

I, on the other hand, was an average kid. My name is Jacob but the guys all called me King. I was of normal weight and size for a kid my age. I had red hair cut close to my scared scalp with freckles under my eyes and on my arms. I used humor as a way to make friends or to loose them. I was always the one in the crowd trying to get others to do things that I knew would get us into trouble but all-in-all I was a good kid. The

A Surprise Dream

idols. What an awesome treat! Smiling from ear to ear, I looked over at my parents and said, “Thanks mom and dad.”

My parents looked at each other in surprise. We didn’t buy those ticket for you son. Your mother noticed them in that box under the tree shortly after you took the other boxes to the Evan’s Orphanage. All of us stared at the tickets in amazement. Suddenly Jacob raised his hands high over his head as if he had just scored a winning touchdown and exclaimed, “What an amazing Christmas this is! Thank you Santa Clause!”

The End



About the Author



Michael S. Hackley

Michael S. Hackley is a free lance writer. He was born in a small town called Harrison City, just outside of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania in mid-February of 1964. Michael grew up playing and enjoying all sports and received his BS degree at Salem College, West Virginia where he played wide receiver on the football team. He has been teaching middle school education for the past 16 years and recently received his Master of Science Degree from Nova Southeastern University. He currently lives in Florida with his wife and 3, almost 4 children.