

Junior Division, Prose

Emma Troake, St. John's

The Fight (an excerpt)

This wasn't how his walk home that night was supposed to go. Him and the boys should have been jumping and whooping their way down the streets, annoying the neighbours and making their victory widely known. All he heard now was the cheerful chatter of Walker's team close behind him. Dylan clutched his binoculars in his hand as he jumped over the small ridge of snow and ice separating the plowed street from the field. He knew his mother would tear into him if he left them at the field; she could hardly keep it together when he lost his toque or mitts at school. If it wasn't for the stupid swap, he'd spend his walk home plotting the next year's first game, or some form of revenge. Instead, he glared at the ground at the thought of taking orders from Evan Walker. Having girls in the game. It was all ridiculous.

He came upon his house and stomped up the front porch steps. He bet everyone would still be talking about it at school tomorrow. Stepping inside his front door, he pondered if he could fake being sick tomorrow. He turned and watched a couple of the girls from the game who lived on his street run and squeal, picking up loose snow and chucking it at each other in laughter. He slammed the door.

On a day where everything had gone wrong, there was one thing Dylan Cook had been right about—it might just *have been* the quickest fight in history.