

The two police officers of Texas, were just here for minutes and created a hysteria of crime across the whole estate. I saw parents from their trailers, peeping out through the windows, waiting least for the police to arrive again. I was watching the whole thing from my casement of our trailer. Tramp wheel estate of Zord was cheerful with kids at every time.

Whether it is morning or noon. Tramp wheel estate kids hardly goes to school and I can find a bunch of mischievous boys and girls on the park. I am Jordan Sparks, one of the seven kids who go to school, here. I am a fine eighth grader with good grades at West More School. I was living in a trailer, some sort of small home, movable and made up of wooden planks. This trailer was the fifth one to be spotted in our lane.

A dull green and white strip across the outer walls and the half-broken window with no glass panes. The door of my trailer was fine.

This whole wheel estate was owned by Mr. James Tramp. About thirty trailers, all rented by him. As I told you earlier, the police of Texas were on their heels. They knocked some doors of our trailer park and asked some sort of delinquent questions. This was usually occurring.

Beside our estate was a rich lane called Higher Lanes of Zord. Rich people, businessmen, lawyers and grumpy judges lived there. Some rich lawyer's son was badly beaten on his face and his face was plumped like a balloon. The kid's father has blamed that our trailer park kids were the ones who had smashed the dust bin can on his son's face!

Police inspected the main suspect and the most un trustable person of Tramp estate, Billy Pierre. Billy was eighteen years old and he was strong, muscular and even rough with mischief. I hate to see him on the roads, blackmailing kids, beating his friends and opponents at the same time. He had also stolen a costly bike from the Higher Lane of Zord. So, there was no doubt, he could have broken the sad little boy's face.

My Uncle, Wally Sparks would make home about 12 in night. He would wander around the streets, boozing and snooze on the lawn and he do insane things. He was working in a good company and was selfish, save all the income in his account and booze all the years. He didn't even bother that he has two kids in his trailer, that's me and my little brother who were his younger sister, my mom. Mrs. Mary Spark's sons. I would weep in the nights for her lose. I have lost her.

Years ago, and the only one who cared, and brought up us was Uncle Wally although he was a crook. There were rustling sounds behind our trailer and I went near the wall and watched our wall mirror. There was young stylish boy with brown short hair and toned skin appeared on the mirror.

That was me. Although I was good, my clothes were bad in condition and the only thing that sparked on my body was my little smile.

I inspected the bushes behind our home and spotted two little boys moving towards the outskirts of the woods. There was boy running slowly with white jersey and blue shorts followed by a Green track suit fellow.

The one who was wearing the white jersey was Terry Sparks, my little sibling. I jumped out of the trailer and noticed the blue sky. It was 4 in evening. I slowly marched towards the path where my brother and other kid ran.