



# DON'T BE STUPID

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*Seth Roskos*

“FLIGHT 1690 TO HARRISBURG WILL BEGIN boarding in ten minutes,” comes the voice over the PA. It’s a Friday afternoon in May and I’m flying in for my brother Steven’s wedding. I’m poring over a journal entry from earlier in the week, trying to come up with a theme for the toast I’ll be expected to give. When not brainstorming methods to overcome my terror at the mere thought of a public address, I’ve been rifling through memories of all the good—and not so good—times we had as kids.

The first Halloween I remember I was six or seven, which makes Steven nine or ten. Probably the first time we’d been allowed to go trick-or-treating without an adult. It was the seventies. A safe neighborhood.

“Let’s go to Pembroke first,” my brother said, leading me down the center of Cascade Court, our shadows stretching dimly toward the curb on either side.