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Instructor's Name

ENGL 1013

Date

Looking for Angels, I Found Devils

“Hang on!” Matthew screamed as he slammed the gas pedal of his truck to the floor. I grabbed the “oh shit!” handle as Briar braced himself in the back seat. We soared through the air after we launched from the top of the hill. This was how I often spent time with my two best friends. I met these two little devils, my best friends, in kindergarten, and the three of us have been causing trouble ever since. While these boys get along perfectly, their personalities clash, their appearances are totally opposite, and their goals in life took them down vastly different roads.

Briar, Matthew, and I all have mischievous streaks in us. As we were growing up, we tended to disregard the rules for the sake of a good time and participated in high-risk activities because we were adrenaline junkies. Matthew, however, tended to be more of a brat. He was an only child, got everything he wanted, and wasn't above pouting when he didn't get his way. He wasn't totally unbearable, but there were times when he got extremely close to being left at McDonald's. Briar, on the other hand, was always sweet and would let us have our ways, especially me. Whereas Briar was always the southern gentleman he was raised to be, Matthew sometimes got mean. Matthew was always scatterbrained and often forgot about homework and didn't work hard in class. His ways left him with bad grades that almost caused him to fail his senior year of high school. Briar, while an amazing student, barely showed up to class because he worked late at night and almost lost credit due to absenteeism.

While their behavior has always been different, for a long time a stranger would've thought that Briar and Matthew were brothers. When we were young, they looked a lot alike, but as puberty hit, their appearances went in opposite directions. Both grew to be over six feet tall, but that is now where the similarities end between the two. Briar kept a goatee for our high school career, but Matthew preferred to be clean-shaven. Briar is tall and lanky, barely weighing 180 pounds. He has always been in decent shape with a slight six-pack. Matthew, on the other hand, is a bottomless pit, with his weight surpassing Briar's. In addition, Matthew has a bit of a roll of fat in the gut area. With Matthew, we have always been lucky to keep a shirt on him in public, but with Briar, although he didn't always dress to the nines, he always had to look fairly decent before he would leave the house.

Maybe it was their behavior and appearance that took them down such different paths. Matthew has no intention of leaving the small town where we grew up. He plans on taking over farming for his father and then handing the farm down to his future children. At the moment, he is attending college to get a degree in agribusiness. Briar joined the Navy and wants to use his enlistment to travel the world and see places that we have dreamed of seeing since we were kids. He's going to be graduating from his basic training soon, and then he's off to see the world.

When we were growing up, while my two friends were different in the way they acted, the way they behaved, and their paths in life, we clicked as a unit. As a group, we believed we could conquer the world. Together we believed that nothing could stop us, and thinking that way got us into trouble quite a bit. I miss them, and I hope that somehow fate will reunite us three musketeers. I started kindergarten hoping to find angels that would help me through my school life, but I found two little devils that made the entire struggle fun because there was never a dull moment.