

## CALEB NOLEN

### First Gun

A pistol, wrapped in an old shirt, hidden behind a panel  
in his parents' basement. When he brought it out to show us,  
he held it carefully in both hands.

I know what you're thinking, if you've seen the pictures  
left on his MySpace, but he didn't point it at anything.  
Not this one. He never even loaded the magazine.  
He was afraid of getting caught and decided to get rid of it

after a few weeks. I tried to buy it off him. I pretended  
I was having problems with a kid at my new school.  
He wouldn't hear me out.

Mike was there—wasn't he always?—and he said  
they weren't going to help me kill my dad. I didn't know  
what to say. It was dark except for our cigarettes'  
glow. Darker when we finished and flicked them away.