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Boxes

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littered the sidewalks and vines grew on the side of each apartment building. It was our stop, my Dad took the lead and exited the train, with Jake and I soon following.

"There it is." Jake and I looked up and saw the Church's Chicken. The LED backed logo on the store front cut through the night sky; featuring red, blue and yellow that snatched my attention. We crossed the street where a few men hung out in front of the store. They were drinking out of some Church's cups and talking, but I felt their eyes pierce through me as we opened the door and walked

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inside. The air was warm, and the scent of hot oil, fried chicken, spices and honey butter biscuits filled the air. I snapped out of my food filled trance, and took a look around me. Not one person wore Nike brand shoes like I was or a thirty-dollar beanie from NFLshop.com. I felt like an outsider. "Find a seat, boys," Dad said. Jake and I sat in a corner booth farthest away from most of the Chicagoan patrons. A few men were gathered around the soda machine, and a few booths down a man and woman sat side by side, looking right at us, and then back

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