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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 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