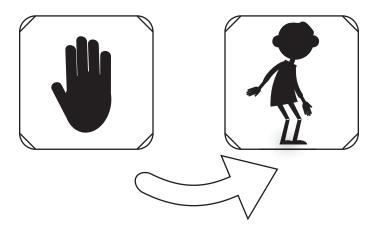
DON'T WALK

Kirby Aki headed to school. He crossed Madison Avenue every day. It was a busy road. The ten-year-old pushed the button. He waited for the Walk sign.



"Look both ways before crossing," said



his mom. Some drivers didn't stop for red lights. Even if the sign flashed "Walk." They drove very fast.

Today Kirby waited to cross. Just like always. A slim man stood beside him. Kirby had never seen him before. He was also waiting to cross. He was talking on his cell phone. He wore a red shirt. He spoke in a foreign language.



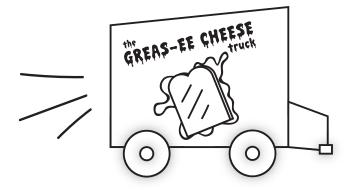
The man stepped into the street. A big truck was coming fast. The light was yellow. But the truck didn't slow down. It



sped up. Kirby wanted to scream. "Look out!" he would yell. But the man wouldn't understand. Would he? He wasn't speaking English.

Kirby panicked. He had to do something. The truck was coming. The man wasn't paying attention. He was still on his phone. So Kirby reached out. He grabbed the man.

Kirby was tall for his age. And strong too. He yanked the man backward. Both fell onto the sidewalk. The big truck sped by.



The man got up. He didn't seem hurt.



He helped Kirby stand up. The man looked stunned. Kirby couldn't speak.

An older woman saw what happened. She wore a Dodgers baseball cap. She always wore it. Kirby recognized her. She knew Kirby's mom.



"Whoa! That was crazy," she said. "You both okay?"

