

The plane landed and we all said goodbye. It was about seven in the morning and my game was at ten. Mom and dad picked me up, and told me I can sleep in, so that's what I did.

I opened my eyes, and closed them again. It was so nice to be in my own bed. I laid there for a while, before my eyes popped open. I looked at the alarm clock next to my bed and jumped up. I quickly put my uniform on, and ran to leave.

"Nicky? What on earth are you doing?!" Mom called.

"My softball game! I slept in!"

"No you didn't." She called back.

I raised an eyebrow, and realized there was a loud sound on the roof. Thunder cracked, and lighting went everywhere. Saved by grace. I smiled a tired smile, and went back to my room to sleep.

Mom and dad woke me up again, and we talked about Germany for a while. They asked about a lot of stuff, and I told them everything—except you know—kissing Griffon. Everything was great, and I was home in Tennessee.

"Do you want to stay here, or go to Griffon's?" Mom asked.

I looked up, and raised an eyebrow. "Huh? Why?"

Mom looked at me for a second. "Remember, your father and I planned a double date with the Conners." Mom said to me.

"I don't remember but um... yeah, I'll go!" I said jumping up. I really didn't remember, but hey, I get to go see Griffon. The sun had came out, but the clouds still sprinkled water. I bolted into their house.

"Oh Nicky!"

"Hello. Is Griffon here?"

"Yes, he's in his room." His mom said smiling.

I nodded, and ran to his room. I knocked on the door, and he answered with a, "Who's that?"

"Me bozo, now open up." I said crossing my arms.

He did, and gave me an awkward smile. His room was a mess, and looked like he was looking desperately for a pair of clothes, and threw everything around. I was surprised how he could get around in his wheelchair so quickly. He threw stuff under his bed, and into his closet, and slammed the doors shut. He looked at me, with a tired smile.

"Just woke up?"

"Yup." He said rubbing his eyes. His messy brown hair was worse, and he must have slept in his jeans, and the only thing he did was just throw off his shirt. He scratched his chest, and grabbed a blue hoodie and put it on.

"This gosh dang Germany time change ain't help'n me." He complained.

I smiled, and his mom called. "Griffon, are you up?!"

"Yeah! I'm come'n I'm come'n!" He yelled back. I moved out of his way of his wheelchair, and he raised an eyebrow.

"Ladies first."

"Pain before beauty."

"What pain?"

I whacked the back of his head, and he yelled.

"YOU WIN! OW!"

I smiled, and followed after him. We were given the usual rules, but naturally, Griffon had more.

The parents left, and we stood there. I looked at Griffon, who looked exhausted, but up. He looked up at me, and scratched his chin.

"What do you wanna do?"

I shrugged. "Wanna watch something?" I asked. Griffon nodded, but we kept watching each other. I think we both had the same thought, 'so... two nights ago?'. Griffon turned something random on and he pushed himself out of the wheelchair and onto his couch.

"Want help?"

“Nah, I got it... thanks.” He said softly.

I sat down next to him awkwardly, and looked down. Griffon pulled his legs up, and laid back, like he was going to sleep, but didn't.

“I uh... wanted to know someth'n.” He said softly.

“Know what?” I asked.

“Oh, you know what.” He said. “Germany... the bowl'n night.” He added. I nodded and my face went red. His did too. “I wanted to know if... you know...”

“Liked it?”

“No... but yeah.” He said awkwardly smiling.

I snickered and nodded. “Yeah, you could say.” I said smiling.

Griffon put his hands behind his neck, and looked at me. “I mean, what about the plane ride?” He asked.

I had woken up on his shoulder, and it was sort of embarrassing. I did stay there till we landed though.

“Nice.” I said looking down, spinning my thumbs around. I glanced at Griffon who smiled, and his face was red.

“Oh shut your gosh dang mouth, and come here red.” He said. I scooted over, and laid down on his lap, kicking my legs up onto the couch like him. “See, better.” He said smiling.

I laughed, and tilted my head. “Can you even feel my head?”

His face drained. “I wish. I mean I can like this.” He said liking my face. I smacked his hands away, and he beamed at me. I sat up, and scooted back more, kicking my legs over his lap.

“I mean... do we want anyone to know?” I asked softly.

“No. I mean, Austin and Ashlyn will probably figure it out, be'n them and all.” He said shrugging.

“Ma and dad might get all funny about it, and you might not come over much.” He added.

“But your family like me.”

“True....” His voice trailed off, and he looked at his legs. “I... I don't think I want anyone to know... be'n paralyzed and stuff. It's only been like four-five months, and— oh I don't know.” He complained, throwing his head back.

I nodded. It was probably really weird for him. He looked up, and wrapped an arm around me. “If I'm be'n honest, I don't know much about girls and stuff.”

I laughed, and he smiled at me. We sat there for a minute and watched TV, not really knowing what to talk about.

“Um... are you feeling better?” I asked softly.

Griffon looked at me, and raised an eyebrow in confusion. “About... what?” He asked carefully.

“You know... the Concentration Camp....”

“Oh! Um... yeah I'm fine.” He said shrugging. I nodded, and he was stiff... really stiff. “I mean, it's hard and all, but it ain't the end of the world.” He said softly.