

I fell down onto the couch face first after softball practice. This week was districts, next week, final exam.

“Clay covered Nichole goes on the floor not the couch.” Mom called from the kitchen.

I groaned and rolled down from the couch and onto the floor. I kicked my cleats off and grabbed a pillow and yelled. Who puts practice on a Saturday night?!

My coach that’s who.

Dad walked over and nudged me with his foot.

“I think she’s dead. Time for the funeral.”

Dad picked me up and I yelled.

“DAD!” I yelled.

“Daughter.” He responded happily.

He carried me to my room and put me on my bed saying, “If you want to go to sleep then go to sleep for Christ’s sake.”

“I want dinner though.” I muttered.

“Well then he’ll your mom make dinner!”

“I will!” I snapped jumping up.

Dad gave me a smile and put me in a headlock and pressed his knuckles to my head.

“Dad!”

“Okay okay! Fine!” He yelled letting go of me.

Dad gave me a grin, and started to walk out . “Get changed, then come help make chicken.”

“Okay!” I yelled with fake energy.

Dad closed the door and I gave a smile. I didn’t feel empty really. I looked up at my closet and gave a smile. I walked over and opened it, and grabbed my Bible.

I kicked my legs around and but back a smile. Mom came over and sat down next to me and gave a smile.

“You seem happy.”

I rolled my eyes and gave a smile as my phone buzzed. I gave a smile and texted Griffon back.

“Mom?!”

“Yeah?”

“Can I take the car tomorrow night?”

Mom walked over and raised an eyebrow. “Why?”

“Uh... to hang out with a friend.”

“Who?”

“Griffon.”

“Griffon?”

I rolled my eyes and sat up. “You know, Griffon Connors? The Jewish geek bound ti a wheelchair? The kid who just had a heart attack?!”

Mom folded her arms and eyed me. “What for?”

“He asked me if I wanted to come over for dinner.”

“Will his parents be home?”

I looked back at my text. “No, their going to go do ‘someth’n ‘bout someth’n with doctors.’” I read carefully.

Mom nodded and looked at me carefully.

“You do know that I am fully aware of your relationship status correct?”

“Yeah, I figured Griffon’s dad texted some big group chat.”

“He did.” Mom muttered. “He must’ve been excited because he started typing in Hebrew.” She said carefully.

“So I can go?”

“Depends on what your gonna do.”

I looked at her. “What do you think I’m going to do? Not have dinner and do nasty stuff. Ew, no. Plus I doubt that we’re gonna get married anyways. Plus his brother is still going to be there.”

Mom raised an eyebrow at me and nodded with a slight. “Okay, you can go.”

Griffon

“Stop.” I muttered, push’n Kevin away.

“No, you got to wake up!”

“No I don’t.” I snapped. “Doctor man guy said that I need sleep.”

“Yeah, and you have a date.”

“No I don’t.” I muttered pull’n a pillow over my face.

Kevin must’ve been wait’n for it because I fell outa bed and he burst out laugh’n. I army crawled my way to my desk. I grabbed my phone and blinked as it’s light shown.

It was four thirty.

I looked up at my closed curtains and my brain froze. The sun was rise’n, but the sun didn’t rise on my side of the house.

“Huh?”

“Griffon you slept in all day!” Kevin snapped pick’n me up.

“What?! Why didn’t y’all wake me up?!”

“Dodger bla blah blah man said fyou needed sleep still so we let you sleep!” Kevin muttered.

“Madison and José left, and say goodbye. Mom and Dad left to go get some financial stuff figured out, and I’m stuck here with you.”

“No you ain’t, you can go.” I snapped as he carried me to the kitchen.

“Up to my room? Of course I will, but I have to get you ready.”

“No you don’t!” I snapped.

“Griffon your shirtless and still wearing your jeans from yesterday. Your hair is everywhere and you look ready to snap like fingers.”

I glared at Kevin who went to the fridge. He grabbed a box of eggs and grabbed a cup.

“I mean I wouldn’t want to date you.” He said carefully crack’n some eggs into the cup.

“Because that’s illegal and disgust’n.” I snapped. I looked around and gave a small sigh. “I slept for sixteen hours?”

“Yep.”

I nodded and looked at the counter. “Can you get me some water and my medicine?”

Kevin looked up and chugged his raw eggs. It’s absolutely disgust’n, but he said it helps with his bulk and other stuff I don’t care to remember. Whatever that means in football world.

He nodded and handed me a glass of water and the pill bottle. I took one out and groaned.

“This is stupid.”

“Keeps you alive.”

I rolled my eyes and took it. Kevin walked over and patted my back, then smacked my head.

I spat out some water form my nose and yelped like a cat.

“Dude!?”

“What! Keeping you in line.”

I rolled my eyes and groaned. “Neat. Nice to know.”

Kevin gave a smile and looked at me carefully. “What food do you and Nicky want?” He asked pull’n his phone out.

“Uh I don’t know.”

Kevin stopped look’n at his phone and turned and stared. “You don’t know?”

“No...”

“Griffon how do you think I got Katie?” He asked talk’s about his fiancé. “I choose good dinner

for our fist date! Good food! I guess your gonna eat air!”

I glared at Kevin and rolled my eyes. “She likes Asian food.” I muttered.

“Chinese then?”

“Sure.”

Kevin nodded and placed an order. He looked up at me and shook his head.

“What this time?” I asked with annoyance.

“You need to shave.”

“No I don’t.”

“Griffon, my dear little brother.” He said shake’n his head. “Your one day away from looking like dad.”

“Dad has grey hairs.”

“Exactly.”

I glared at my brother and went to hit my face against a table, it the;quickly remembered that there was no table. I fell forward out of my chair and Kevin panicked and jumped after me.