

Griffon came back to school Tuesday morning and as far as I could tell, caught up with all of his stuff.

Wednesday came around and Griffon was shaking with nervousness.

“Why won’t you tell me what’s wrong?!” I asked angrily.

“Because it’s none of your business.” He said quickly.

I slammed my locker shut and folded my arms. “I can’t help you if you’re not going to tell me.”

“Well you can’t help me.” He muttered grabbing his AP Calculus textbook.

I groaned and hit my head against my locker. Griffon rolled his eyes and grabbed his other AP book and sighed.

He grabbed my hand and I rolled my eyes.

“Come on, let me walk on my own.” He said with a small smile.

I looked at him carefully and then at his wheelchair. “Okay. Ten bucks.”

“Not what I meant, but if your that broke.” He muttered.

“Griffon keep your money, okay?”

He nodded and looked at me carefully. He bit his lip and looked down.

“What?”

“Noth’n. It ain’t for your worries.”

“My worries?! Griffon what the heck?!” I asked standing up straight. “What’s happening?!”

“I uh... I said it’s fine. Dad’s figuring it out right now, before he comes here.” He said simply.

I raised an eyebrow. “Your dad’s coming here?”

“Mhm. He’s preach’n today in chapel.” Griffon said with a slight smile.

I nodded before my eyes widened. “Your dad’s coming?!”

“Mhm.”

I gave a smile and punched his shoulder. Griffon smiled and bit his lip for a second to keep the smile down.

“See you, at chapel.”

“See you there.” I said with a smile, as I walked to English, while Griffon pushed his wheelchair to Math.

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I got to chapel and sat down in the front row, casually playing on my phone. Griffon pulled his wheelchair over, and gave me a smile.

“Room for two?”

“Nah.”

He blinked for a second as I rolled my eyes. I scooted over and he pulled himself onto the chair next to me.

“See, not so bad.”


“Meh.”

“Meh?”

I nodded and Griffon rolled his eyes and pulled his phone out. I looked over as he texted good old little Bart.

“Your going to try out for band next year?” I asked looking up at him.

Griffon nodded and smiled. “Yeah I still have my trombone from like... two years ago?” He uttered. “It’s in my closet somewhere.”

“Your closet is a mess .

I looked up and smile at Mr Connors as he walked over.

“Why do you hear everyth’n I say?!” Griffon asked looking up with wide eyes.

“Because I’m your father, and you talk really loudly.” He said sitting down next to me.

I gave a smile and he smiled at me. “How are you Nicky?”

“Alive.”

“And that’s how I know, you two spend to much time together.” He said with a slight chuckle.

“It’s not that bad of a thing.” Griffon muttered.

“Depends on the situation.” I said with a smile.

Griffon sat there for a second and I snickered some. Mr Connors rolled his eyes and stood up. “Duty calls, when your head of school needs me.” He said walking off.

“Wow, by dad.” Griffon yelled,

Mr Connors was gone and I knew he ignored Griffon on purpose. Griffon rolled his eyes and shook his head.

“Only my father.” He muttered.

I gave a smile when Chapel started.

the worship team did their thing and it was nice. Griffon had disappeared to 'give someth'n to his dad'. We all sat down when Mia Stains came up.

"Hey um... we have someone who's gonna sing so uh... yeah. Come on over." She muttered into the mic.

My eyes widened as Griffon pushed his wheelchair up. That little—

Austin helped him up and handed him his guitar. Griffon fixed the microphone and gave a nervous smile.

"Uh... hi. Some of y'all know me as the paralyzed kid— and you ain't wrong." He muttered. "And uh some of y'all remember I haven't done this in a while, so if I suck, I know. I'm gonna be sing'n a song called, '100 Miles' by Crowder." He said with a nervous smile.

He took a breath and started.

"*'Bless the Lord, oh my soul.'*" He sung softly.

He started to play his guitar gently and everything seemed quite.

"*'Sing praise to Him and Him alone.'*" He sang softly.

I looked around and saw Mr Connors filming with a small smile. Austin was sitting near by with Ashlyn, and both had a small smile like me. I looked back up to him and smiled.

"*'Sing praise you Heavenly hosts.'*" He seemed to whisper/sing. Sisper? Is that a word?

"*'And I can't help myself. There is no one else.'*"

I watched as Griffon strung his guitar as his eyes were still full of nerves, but slowly started to relax.

"*'...A hundred miles long, but it won't compare.'*"

Griffon took a deep breath and kept going, and I smiled a little more. He seemed like he was thinking hard on something, but I couldn't tell what.

"*'Bless the Lord, oh my soul.'*"

He started to play his guitar louder as he repeated what he had sung for the first verse. He lifted his head up and kept going like time had froze. In all reality, it felt like it did.

"*'Sing praise with me, you Heavenly hosts. And I can't help myself... '*"

Griffon went back over and I could tell something was on his mind.

"*'Cause there is no one else, like you God.'*" He sang softly.

"*'And I could sing a song A thousand miles long... but it won't, compare.'*" He sang.

He slowed his guitar playing down and closed his eyes. Something was definitely on his mind. What it was... I don't know. It's honestly hard to tell with him, but he was deep in thought. Very deep.

He finally gave a small smile and I watched a tear run down his cheek. He opened his eyes and sighed. Griffon Connors gave a grin, and sped up his playing again.

"*'Hallelujah! Sing to the Lord.'*" He sang firmly. "*'Hallelujah! My soul, my soul rejoice.'*"

He sped up his guitar and opened his eyes with a big grin.

"*'Hallelujah! Sing to the Lord. Hallelujah, My soul, my soul rejoice, hey!'*"

He started playing his guitar faster than I thought he could play. He lifted his head up and gave a small smile and closed his eyes again as another tear ran down his cheek.

"*'My soul, my soul will rejoice.'*"

He continued to play and I gave a small smile as I watched him. For a split second there seemed to be an visible aura around him before I blinked. It vanished, but I could tell it was there.

Griffon stopped at the last note and looked down for a good second to catch his breath.

A clap sounded from across the chapel and I looked up to see some of the eighth grade girls in full on tears, clapping. Soon everyone kinda started to clap and stand up.

I gave a smile and got up too, and clapped.

Griffon didn't look up, but I could see from behind his stupid mess of hair that his face was bright red.

Austin went up to help him down, and he gave Griffon a small hug. Griffon made his way down and pushed his wheelchair over to me and pulled himself to yeh seat next to me.

I sat down next to him and he out his face in his hands.

"Need some tissues?"

He shook his head and looked up. His blue eyes were red and he was holding back tears. He gave me a small smile and shook his head again.

"I think you might." He muttered.

"What do you mean?"

He reached out and whipped my face. I had cried and hadn't noticed. I looked at him carefully as he smiled. He whipped his hands on his black pants and looked up as Mr Connors got to the stage.

“Well,” He mumbled. “I think I was already outdid by my son.”

I gave a small smile and Mr Connors folded his hands and rubbed them together.

“Alright, let’s go to Job.” He said with a smile.