

I opened my eyes and looked up to see Ma, and Madison. They gave me a small smile and helped me sit up.

“Here.”

I looked up at Ma who was hand’n me a pill and a glass of water.

“What’s this for?”

Ma looked at me carefully. “You have to take this ever morning.” She said softly.

I stared at her for a second. “Like forever?”

Ma nodded and handed me the pill and water. Curse this stupid medicine. Why was the spill so big?!

I took the stupid medicine and the door opened.

I looked up to see José Hernandez. His curly black hair was in his face and he looked up at me. His large brown eyes fell of me and he gave a small smile. José was tallish and built, and he wore a grey polo tucked into khaki paints. He had a bag of food in his hands

“Hey Griffon!”

“Hi.”

He walked over to Madison and shook her around by the shoulders. I watched Madison give a small smile of comfort like a small weight was lifted off her shoulders.

“You called for food, so I bring it.” He said hand’n her the bag.

“Thank you.”

“Your welcome, now my payment?” He asked hold’n his hand out.

“Your payment is my appreciation.” Madison said with a snap.

Jóse flung his hands in the air like he was go’n to get shot or someth’n and turned to me. His eyes were full of understand’n.

“Is she always like this when something happens to you?”

I gave a small smile and my sister glared.

“No I am not I—”

“Yes. Very much so, and she wants to go on a date.” I said quickly.

“Griffon I—”

“Sure!”

Jóse pulled Madison off of her feet and kissed her cheek. He gave a smile and said, “I’m feeling like Mexican food. You in?”

Madison’s face heated up and she gave a smile.

“You always want Mexican.” Madison said with a slight smile.

“And you never complain!”

Madison rolled her eyes and looked at the bag of food in her hand. “You just got me this.”

“I know! That can be breakfast, then we go for lunch and dinner!” Jóse said with a grin. “I mean, if you want to of course. I one-hundred percent won’t kidnap you.” He added with a devious smirk.

I gave a small smile when I saw Maddie go red. My sister was always worried, and Jóse always seemed to lighten the mood around her. That’s why they were gett’n married huh?

Ma looked at me and gave a smile when Jóse and Maddison left.

“Where’s dad?”

“Work... he’s going to be gone most days now.”

“Why?”

Ma looked down and gave a small sigh. “It’s not your concern, alright?”

I nodded and Ma lifted my hair and kissed my forehead. I looked at her carefully. I knew she wasn’t tell’n me someth’n.

“We should be leaving later today. The doctor wants you to take Monday off, okay?”

I nodded and Ma got up. “I have to run home to get some stuff. Do me to bring anything back?”

I gave a small nod. “Yeah, can you bring me my guitar?”

I had never seen Ma turn to quickly. “Your guitar?”

“Yeah.” I said carefully.

She raised an eyebrow at me and gave a nod that said, “This boy is so weird how is he my son?”, type of look.

I gave my fakest smile and she rolled her eyes and left. I pulled my phone out and started goggl’n like I was on Wednesday when dad asked me about my ‘relationship status’.

I googled a song for a while, just try’n to find the one I wanted to sing.

Why?

Dad asked me to sing and play guitar in chapel. That’s why.

I strummed my guitar in the hospital bed and fixed the tuner. I started tune’n my guitar and blinked. I hadn’t played since ninth grade.

I took a deep breath and started to play, and lemme tell you how much I gosh dang messed up. Like, it was a lot.

I groaned and bit my lip and tried to keep going but my finger slipped and instead of C sharp I played a E and B flat at once.

Please don’t ask how I did, but I did.

I groaned and put my hands in my face. In fact, I grabbed a pillow and pulled a Nicky. I screamed and it felt nice.

So that’s how I should deal with emotions huh?

The door opened and I looked up as Dad came in. Sweat pored from his hair an he pulled my wheelchair in.

“Hi.” I muttered

.He said softly ”.״״“

Okay, dad was beat down and tired. I know enough Hebrew to know he said ‘Hi’ back, but knew enough about dad that he either spoke in Hebrew to make a point, be annoy’n, or was tireder than a rock.

“You good?”

Dad nodded and whipped the sweat from his forehead.

“Went to work, worked hard, still minimum wage.” He grumbled.

I nodded and he took a deep breath. “Sorry, just tired. Got up at three this morning.”

“To go to work?!”

Dad nodded and sighed. “Hospital Bills aren’t fun, and neither is that medicine you have to take now.”

“Dad I—”

Dad put a hand up and shut me up. He looked at me a gave a small sigh.

“It’s not your fault Griffon. Don’t say sorry. There’s more to life than thinking it’s your fault.

Not everything is your fault, and you don’t have to take the blame. Okay?”

I nodded and a doctor came in.

“Your picking up Mr Connors sir?”

Dad nodded.

“I’m go’n home already?” I asked.

The doctor nodded. “We did all we needed to do, so your free to go.”

“But it’s been like two and a half days.” I muttered.

“I know.”

Dad signed some paperwork, and the doctor left. He looked up at me and dosed me a pair of jeans, and a blue t-shirt.

“Need some help?”

“Yeah.”

Dad helped me get to the side of the hospital bed and I looked at my legs. They were skinnier than a stick and looked weird.

I looked at Dad who gave a small sigh.

“Come on, let’s get you home.”

I gave a nod and dad helped me get changed outa the hospital clothes.

He helped me into the wheelchair and he gave me a smile. We started to leave when dad had to use the restroom. I waited my the door and took a deep breath.

“Are you... Griffon Connors by chance?”

I looked up and nodded. “Yeah I am.”

I saw a guy my age. He had pale skin and reddish brownish hair. He had grey eyes and looked ready to explode.

“Why are you in a wheelchair?”

“Got paralyzed in a racing accident.”

Immediately the guy burst out cry’n. I sat there wide eyes and blinked. “Uh... are you good man?”

“I... I... I am so s-sorry!” He sobbed.

“Do- do you wanna hug?” I asked carefully raise’n an eyebrow.

The guy shook his head and pulled himself together.

“I... I did that.” He muttered.

“Did what?”

The guy pushed his hair back and bit his lip.

“Second place came over the jump and landed on you. I... I was second place man.” He said softly.

I sat there for a second and stared.

“I... wow.”

I looked down and gave took a deep breath. The guy who got me paralyzed was stand’n right in front of me. I felt like I should be mad, but I wasn’t.

“Im not mad.” I said softly. “If that’s what your worried about. I mean, I’m still sorta mad, but not at you.”

“What do you mean your not ‘sorta mad’ at me? I ruined your life.”

“Not really.” I said softly. “You can’t ruin a life, it depends on how you want to look at it. You ruin your own life, not anyone else.”

The guy nodded and I gave him a small smile, and felt someth’n inside take over.

“I mean, I’m not mad, but still tryna figure out what it means.”

“What do you mean?”

“What’s your name?” I asked softly.

“Gregory Zachary.” Gregory muttered.

“Well Greg... have you ever heard of God?”