

I woke up to my parents knocking on my door. I groaned as I remembered I had church. I didn't hate church. It in fact wasn't bad at all. But waking up 7:30 to get ready for church after getting home late never felt good. Coming! I yell and get out of bed. I very slowly got dressed and fixed my hair. After I was satisfied with how I looked, I walked into the kitchen. My parents were both waiting there for me. Both had disappointing looks on their faces and I looked at the ground in shame. We all went silently to our car and got in. It was silently except for the hum of the engine. The rest of the time was like that. We went to church then back then I was shut up in my room doing homework for the rest of the afternoon. It was a slow boring process. I finished the easy stuff first. By that I mean history and science. Then it was math and English. I was good at English but it was English so of course they made it hard and abstract. I sighed in relief as I finished it and laid down. I looked down at my keyboard. Something came to mind. I grabbed my mirror and flipped it over to the back. I grabbed paper and thumbtacks and string. Ok, time to figure this out. I think and write my first thing on there. Become characters in book? Why? How? I thumbtack it to the board's back and I spend the next thirty minutes hanging any piece of evidence I knew on there. I stepped back and sighed when it was done. ok, that's a starting place. I say out loud and think for a second. I rummage around till I find it. My old Polaroid camera. I checked the battery and film and was satisfied that it still had some. I positioned so I got every piece of the board on the photo. It made a soft click then whirring noises then deposited the developing photo in my hand. I quickly brought it to my window to develop in the sun and I put it safely in my bag when I was done. At least I could show Jake I made some progress. I think and opened my window to let a slight breeze in. I heard a knock on my door and I panicked. I flipped my beard back over and shut the window. I walked over and opened my door. My mom was there with a batch of her delicious chocolate chip cookies. May I come in? She asks. Sure. I say and let her in. She looks around my room. It was messy and I needed to clean it up but thankfully she didn't comment on it. She sits down across from me on my bed. Hon, what's up? You haven't seemed like yourself recently. She says. Nothings wrong, just trying to figure stuff out. I tell her which was the truth but I felt bad not being able to tell her the real truth. She nodded. I know it's been hard since your brother disappeared. Your father and I feel the same way. But that

Mean that you can stay out late and not tell us. She says. Uh oh. Im sorry mom. I didnt mean to i promise. It wont happen again. I tell her. Ok, i believe you. She kissed my forehead. Dinner will be ready soon and after that I want you to go to bed, you've been tired a lot recently. She says. Ok mom. I tell her and she gives me a small smile. She leaves and I let out a breath. Did she really believe me? I think but she must've meant something different. Dinner comes soon and we all sit around our small table and have spaghetti for the third time this week. I ate quickly and followed my moms advice to get some sleep. I crashed into bed and realized I was really exhausted and fell straight asleep. Ill get to talk to Jake tomorrow and we can figure this out.