

The days passed, and I felt it. Paper airplanes went through math class Wednesday morning. Griffon sat impatiently the whole class period before being called out so he can race. I gave him a thumbs up as he was called out. He turned and said bye, and winked at me. I smiled, and as he left my face went red.

I didn't know it would be the last time I'd see my friend on his feet.

"Oooooo."

"Shut up."

"You like him don't you." My best friend Ashlyn said.

"No." I said angrily. Ashlyn rolled her eyes, and shook her head. We carried on with class, as the periods went by faster and faster.

I sat in history, and looked over to where he sat. I rolled my eyes and smiled. The need for speed was always his personality... that's probably why he was a great racer.

I looked over at Ashlyn who was lifting and lowering her eyebrows. I rolled my eyes and threw my crumbled up test at her. She threw it back and we laughed... and got detention. I didn't care,

because that's how we became friends. We both got ourselves in detention for no good reason.

Personal I thought the school rules made no sense, but at this point I didn't care at all about it.

The best part of the day was Softball Practice. Ashlyn was our pitcher, and a great one! She pitched a change up and I got on my knees and caught it.

"Throw down!" Coach Kile said. I jumped up and threw the softball hard and fast. The second baseman backed up shortstop and they tagged the bag.

I slammed my helmet on, as I walked up to the plate, for practice. I almost hit my first home run, but it was ruined.

Time to try again.

I smiled at Ashlyn who gripped the ball on the mound. "I know your hitting weakness!" She said proudly. I shrugged and stood in the box.

"Okay, then pitch some cheese!" I said laughing. Ashlyn stood up and looked at me.

"You asked for it Nicky!"

She pitched the ball, and I didn't swing. It was down the middle, but I also knew her pitching style.

She pitched again, and it was right under the strike zone. A ball. I smiled and she shrugged it off.

"Got smart Ash!" Jenna, our third baseman said.

"Yeah what ever!" Ashlyn said, as she pitched.

I swung, and tipped it off. Foul... also a strike. I took a step out and looked at Coach who was on the phone.

Odd.

Coach never had his phone out.

Must have been his day job calling again, I thought. I stepped back into the box, and the pitch came. I swung as hard as I could... and missed.

I looked at a smiling Ashlyn. "Told you!" She said smirking. I rolled my eyes and shook my head.

Practice ended after a few fun drills, and we all packed up our stuff. I swept the Dugout, because it

was my job, and put the broom back into the shed. We all met up, and Coach had a small face of disappointment.

My phone rang and I ignored it... I never should have.

"I know we pray after practice, but the school called and wanted us to pray for a student, who is in the hospital seriously injured." He explained. I nodded and the team huddled.

"Lord. Thank you for the ability to be here on this field. Thank you for the ability to play, and serve you. We pray your blessing on Griffon Conners, and that you heal his body, and guide the doctors, and spare his life..."

I opened my eyes and looked up.

Tears filled my brown eyes, as we finished praying. I ran to my car and called my mom back and told me what happened.

Time. Nobody understands it. Nobody wants to. Nobody wants to know how it happened but it did. Timing was the best, but also the worst. People have been born, and taken on Time. Time is an enemy. It's something you can't fix or change. It just is like God. God isn't evil, but people believe it. Why? Nobody quite knows except satan wants us to hate God. And right now, satan got his wish.