

-Griffon-

I smacked my head against the desk in my room and groaned. Of course dad wanted me to do this.

Plus, what... my birthday is in a week or two?

I don't know or really care.

Okay well, fine. I do care. My birthday was this Friday.

I'm terrified.

Happy?

I spun around in chair I had in my room with wheels. Not my wheelchair, the chair at the little desk I had.

I kept spin'n around till I felt ready to hurl, and I ain't gonna lie. I grabbed the trash can and hurled.

My chest felt tight and my heart kept pound'n.

I took a deep breath and opened up my computer— or iPad with keyboard. Whatever you wanna call it.

I started googl'n stuff before my door opened.

I looked up at dad and he gave me his small smile. Mom said I had his smile.

"Hey buddy," He said walk'n in. "How's it going?"

"Terrible." I said slump'n into my seat.

Dad nodded and leaned back on the wall. He looked at me carefully and I watched thoughts flash in his eyes.

"What?"

"How do you spin around in the chair?" He asked carefully.

"Oh."

I grabbed the table and pushed myself around for my dad, and he nodded. I my phone buzzed on the table and I looked at it. I gave a small smile and put my phone back. Nicky asked me if I'd be at a district game for softball.

"Who was that?"

I looked at dad and gave a small shrug.

"Nicky."

Dad gave a smile and sat down on my bed and looked at me.

"I haven't seen you smile like that in a bit." He said with a small wink.

I felt my face heat up and I forced a nod. "I guess." I mumbled to myself.

"You guess?! Griffon you must think I'm stupid!" Dad said jump'n up and close'n the door.

"I didn't say that." I groaned.

"Yo didn't have to. Your like Kevin, you just don't say it." Dad said sitt'n back down.

I raised an eyebrow to my dad. Seriously, why are parents like this? It makes no sense. I need an explanation.

"Uh what?"

"Griffon, son, I talked to you right?"

"Dad I— well yeah— DAD!"

"Griffon is she a yay or a nay?!"

"Dad... please stop." I said putting my head in my hands.

"I mean— oh how would Madison say it?"

"DAD STOP!"

"Is it called the 'tea'? Your sister is better at this stuff." Dad said pulling his phon out.

"Dad stop! Madison don't need to know! Keven don't need to know!"

"Know what?"

I felt my face heat up. My dad was a genius. He knows how to play the right cards. Seriously, he should be a lawyer.

I looked at dad as he smiled at me.

"I'm not dumb Griffon John Connors. I saw you two on the plane ride back from Germany."

"Dad do we really need to talk about this?"

"Yes we do."

"Do we?!" I asked with my voice squeak'n.

My dad raised an eyebrow at me as the room got hot. I fixed my shirt and dad shook his head.

"Dad, can we not talk about my relationship status?"

"Uh, Griffon, I'm your father and I have to know this stuff. You think your mother would wanna

know?”
“Uh, yeah.” I said simply.
Dad looked at me for a second. “Text her back.”
“What?”
“Don’t just leave her on ‘read’. Actually answer.”
I stared at my dad for a second. “Why? She knows I barely answer anyways.”
“That’s the problem. Give me your phone.”
“What?! Dad!”
“Griffon John Connors I am your father and you will obey me.” Dad said firmly.
I rolled my eyes with a groan and handed it over. Dad looked at our messages for a second which was her just text’n me and me give’n a thumbs up.
“Griffon, your doing this all wrong.”
“What do you mean?”
Dad handed me my phone back. “Text her something.”
“Okay, I’ll do it later.”
Dad rolled his eyes and slumped down as if he had completely given up with me. I rolled my eyes and tossed my phone onto my bed and went back to google’n stuff.
Dad ended up walk’n out and I sat there alone in my room. I gave a small sigh, rolled my eyes again, and pushed my seat backwards to my bed. I pulled myself onto the bed and grabbed my phone and texted her back.

-Griffon-

I got to school Friday morning and kept lookout for Austin. He always had the craziest birthday surprises, that were terrify’n.
I got to my locker and pulled out my Physics book and someone’s shadow came over me.
“Hello.”
“Hey! I noticed you texted me back? What was that?”
I looked at Nicky and shrugged. “Noth’n. Just wanted to text you.”
“Mhm.”
I rolled my eyes. “Dad wanted me to text you back. He knows.”
Nicky nodded and handed me my Calculus book.
“Which means, my mom probably knows and told. Your mom,who told. Your dad.” I said take’n the book. “Thank you.”
Nicky gave a small sigh and smiled. “Probably— anytime birthday boy.”
I groaned and she ruffled my hair. I looked up and my girlfriend who smiled at me. I gave forced one and she rolled her eyes.
“What this time?”
“Austin. He’s gonna loose it when he sees me.”
“Oh he already has.”
I felt my heart beat speed up and it felt like my lungs were being pressed against my ribs. That’s how fast it was pound’n. My left arm started to feel funny and I took a deep breath and calmed down some.
“That ain’t good.” I mumbled to myself.
“GRIFFON!”
I closed my eyes and looked up. “Austin!”
He had a large grin on his face as Ashlyn followed behind like she was trying to see if he’d explode into a bomb or run at me.
Austin did run at me.
He ran over and started mess’n with me and I tried to push him away. I failed more than Ma did when she tried to bake a pie— that didn’t end to well.
“Austin, come on!” I complained.
“Listen here Mate, it’s your birthday!”

“Yeah, and it ain’t that special.” I grumbled.

Everyone stared at me for a bit like I had about a million screws loose in my brain— which who don’t? I sure ain’t the only one right?

I gave a small sigh and looked at Austin. “Thanks.”

Austin gave a smile. “Anytime mate. Now, got any plans. For us today?”

“What d’you mean?” I asked carefully.

Ashlyn rolled her eyes and folded her arms. “We’re going to your house after school bozo.” She said with an eye roll.

“What?!”

“You didn’t know?!” Nicky asked fold’n her arms.

“No!”

Austin smiled and Nicky rolled her eyes. “Well mate,” Austin said fixing his glasses. “Let’s have some fun later.”

After gett’n thousands of ‘happy birthdays’ the last bell rang for us to get dismissed. Austin, Ashlyn, and Nicky were wait’n for me after my TA period. Yeah, I’m a TA. I’ve always liked hanging out with teachers and do’n stuff of that nature.

A few times I’ve even thought about teach’n....

Ma helped me into the passenger seat and Nicky sat behind me. Austin sat in the middle, and Ashlyn to his right. Ma had a dark green 2019 Jeep Cherokee, and she kept it pretty clean.

I got buckled and glanced back at Nicky through the crack of the seat. She gave me a small smile and I felt my heart beat fast again.

I reached my hand back, and looked forward as Ma started to drive. I felt Nicky reach up and grab my hand and I gave a small smile.

I glanced back to Austin who’s eyes were wide. He looked up and gave a smirk that said, ‘Good job Mate’.

Nichole

Griffon squeezed my hand and I gave a small smile. Austin nudged me and my face heated up from embarrassment.

“So, your gonna explain right?” He asked, nudging Ashlyn to look over.

I rolled my eyes and looked away, mumbling, “Maybe I will. Maybe I won’t.”

We got to Griffon’s house and Mr Conner’s came home early from work to help Mrs Conner’s bake cookies for us.

We went to hang out in Griffon’s room. We sat on the ground while Griffon laid there like a piñata after getting hit down. I guess that’s what happens when you’re paralyzed and decide to fall over for fun. Boys am I right?

I sat down next to Griffon and he gave a small smile.

“So, when did this happen?” Ashlyn asked moving her eyebrows up and down with a smirk.

My face flushed red and Griffon spun his phone around in his hand.

“Germany.” He mumbled with a smile.

Austin’s eyes lit up like a light bulb. “The plan worked?!”

“Plan?!” I asked turning to Griffon.

“I know right! You were right!” Griffon said with wide eyes. “What book what is?!”

“I don’t even remember mate!” Austin said with excitement.

Griffon nodded with a smirk and I stared. “I’m sorry, you were planning this all out?”

“Uh... yeah.” Griffon said with an embarrassed smile. “I mean, I wasn’t gonna do anyth’n without one.”

He mumbled under his breath.

I rolled and pushed his shoulder. Griffon smiled and rolled his eyes.

“Anyways, when I walked in— like always— I saw this thing.” Austin said with a smirk. “I believe it was your family’s Xbox.”

Griffon’s eyes lit up and he nodded. “Yep... gotta game in mind?”

“Do I?!”

Ashlyn and I sat groaned as Austin and Griffon had the ingenious idea to play Fortnite. I swear, they couldn't have more brain cells.

Their eyes were glued to the screens and their fingers worked like machines on the controls.

“We dump them and marry a rich man.” Ashlyn said firmly.

I nodded in agreement. “We dump them, marry a rich hot British man, then move to Costa Rica.”

Ashlyn nodded and took Austin's glasses off and he didn't take his eyes away.

“Don't you need your glasses to see the gun color?”

“Nah, I can see what it says what the color is.” He said without emotion.

Griffon nodded and I whipped my hands in front of his eyes. He didn't look away or blink. I rolled my eyes and got up and walked over to Griffon's parents and sat down at the snack bar. The sink where Mr Connors was washing dishes, was right in front of me. He looked up and gave a small smile.

“Hey Nicky, how are you?”

“Alive.” I muttered. “I didn't expect the guys to play for an hour straight already.”

Mr Connors rolled his eyes and glanced up. “That's what they do every time Austin comes over. Even then Griffon still plays. He found a new love for video games when he got paralyzed.” He explained.

“Still, he doesn't do it all the time.”

“I know.”

Mr Connors gave a small smile. “So, I hear you two are getting along very well then?”

My face heated up and I buried my face into my hands. Mr Connors laughed and shook his head.

“Nicky, I'm forty nine and smarter than I look.”

“I know.” I said looking up with a red face.

“I mean, I thought that nobody could put up with him.”

“I don't.” I groaned. “I won't hesitate to smack him upside the head.”

Mr Connors nodded and looked to Griffon. “I don't think anyone would hesitate with that kid.”

I burst out laughing and Mr Connors shook his head with a smile. He finished the dishes and looked at Mrs Connors, who was over hearing the conversation. She had a hand to her face, shaking her head, but not denying it.

“You know I'm right.” He said with a smile.

Mrs Connors folded her arms and nodded. “Yes you are, and if you don't come help me with this, you'll be the one with a smack in the head.”

“Yes טנגרס, on my way טנגרס.” He said with a slight accent I had never heard.

Mrs Conner sheared and pulled a tool out and whacked him upside the head. I burst out laughing and turned around to Ashlyn, who's phone was out, and recording.

I couldn't stop laughing and jumped up and made a mad dash to the bathroom. Who knew that when you laugh so hard, you have to hurl like an elephant.