

"Mondays"

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By : **future author**

Monday's bring bad luck to Cody Layne. Follow him on his Journey. ~*~ I hope you enjoy reading this!
Please comment your thoughts and opinions at the end, whether good or bad advice, anything will suffice!
Who knows, you might even like it! :D Thank you! ~future author



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Monday, July 21st, 2008

After Friday the thirteenth, Monday's are the worst days of the year! We all know it's true. You have to wake up early, get ready for school or work, sit behind some desk for roughly eight hours a day, and the best part of a Monday, if there really is one, is to finally come home and get the chance to relax. Oh wait, there's still four days left of the work week, to go through the same routine. Then, there's summer vacation if you're a young teenager like me.

Hi, I'm Cody Layne and as you can already tell, I absolutely despise Monday's. I always have some sort of problem to put up with on them like problems at school or at home, but mostly at school. I guess you could say that I have bad luck on Monday's, or maybe it's just a coincidence, I don't know. On the other hand, school, or eighth grade, for me, ended on the Friday before Memorials Day and now it's the middle of July. I'm beginning to feel a little nervous because freshmen year is looming nearer and what's worse than starting high school as a freshman on, you guessed it, a Monday?

So far, this summer has been super hot and my friends and I have been hanging out together for most of it. Today, we're going to Mission Beach just north of San Diego and the heat is supposed to stay put, but there's a chance of rain in the forecast, which means nobody will be there. For now, I push the thought of freshman year to the back of my mind and focus on getting ready for my day at the beach.

I locate my swim trunks in my dresser and my flip flops and bag full of things to do at the beach in my closet. I put the bag on my bed and then quickly undress and redress into my Hawaiian style suit and step into my black flops then enter my bathroom to retrieve my beach towel and admire my appearance. My hair is short and is the color of a medium brown. It lies flat on the top of my head and the bangs fall just above my hazel eyes. And to cap it all off, my skin is tanned from being outside so much. I hear the doorbell ring signaling one of my friends. I dash over to the window and pull back the curtain to see that it's Vivian Chen, but I always call her Viv. She is a sweet girl with an Asian descent. Her hair is long and black and her eyes are dark brown, but she is also standing outside my front door in her green bathing suit waiting to be allowed in. I make it to my bedroom door, when the doorbell rings for a second time and my cell phone rings right along with it on my bedside table right beside me. I grab my phone and see that my other friend, Tim Braswell has texted me.

"Cody?" That would be my mom. "Are you going to answer the door or are you going to let your friend stand outside forever?"

"It's Viv, mom. Can you let her in? I'll be down in a second." I say.

I hear my mom greet Viv and tell her what I asked her to say. In the meantime, I return to the text and it reads:

Hey, Cody. I forgot that I have a dentist appointment today and I can't reschedule it, so I won't be able to go to the beach with you guys. Then I'll be leaving town for Minneapolis tomorrow to visit my family and I won't be back for about two weeks. I'll see you after I get back. I'm sorry I can't come. I'll text you a lot while I'm away.

P.S. We're driving all the way to Minneapolis, so you can guess how that'll play outâ ;

Of course he can't come. I guess Monday's still bring me bad luck, even during the summer. I'll admit that I'm not mad at him. It's not his fault that he can't come. So I reply:

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It's okay, buddy, I get it. I hope you have a great time on your trip especially the driving part, ha-ha.

(He has four sisters' which could make his life fun, but I bet it's more expensive to fly him and his family there). *But yeah, text me at any time, I should be available.*

Thanks for being so understanding. And I'm not looking forward to sitting in a car all day with my sisters. You know how girls can getâ€¦ Oh well, life goes on. Anyways, I got to go now, I'm at the dentist. Bye.

Bye.

I pocketed my phone in my swim trunks and grab the bag from my bed then finally head downstairs to meet Viv and my mom talking. My mom is wearing a complete summer's outfit, shorts and a tank top and her feet are bare. I get my looks from her because she has the same colored hair as I do, it's just longer and her eyes are exactly the same as mine.

"Thanks mom for answering the door. I got a text from Tim saying he couldn't come because he had a dentist appointment to go to."

"No worries."

"Tiff, Derrick, Emma, and Mackenzie are still coming and they should be here shortly. I'll just come get you when we're ready to go."

"Okay, I'll be in the kitchen finishing your guys' lunch and putting it in the cooler."

"Thanks, mom. Hey, Viv, how's life?"

"Great! I'm so excited for today!"

"Me too!" I say when the doorbell rings for a third time. I open the door to find the rest of my friends there. Tiffany Rodgers, or Tiff as I always call her, is in the front wearing her yellow bathing suit and matching sandals and her towel hangs over her right shoulder. She has short brown hair with emerald green eyes and she is tiny compared to Derrick Johnson standing right behind her. Derrick is wearing red swim trunks, but without any shoes leaving his big feet bare and his towel hangs around the back of his neck. His eyes are a crystal blue and clear as can be and he has solid brown hair that is short like mine while his bangs are spiked up in the front like always. I expected his twin sister, Emma Johnson to be standing right next to him, but Mackenzie Brown stood in her place instead. Mackenzie is wearing a blue bathing suit with blue flip flops and her towel is around her waist. Just like her surname, her hair is colored a chocolaty brown and her eyes are colored the same.

"Hi guys, thanks for coming," I say as I step back to let them inside.

"Hey, Cody," Derrick says. "My sister couldn't make it. She was really upset, but she came down with the flu. She wanted me to tell you that she was sorry."

"That's okay, buddy. So the flu, huh?"

"Yeah, she was up all night hacking up her lungs and throwing up. It was a bad night for her. I was going to text you saying that I couldn't come, but she insisted that I come have fun instead."

"Wow, I'm sorry."

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"It's okay. It's just the flu, she'll recover."

"Well, you guys ready to go then?" I call to my group of friends.

"Yeah," they all say.

"Let me go get my mom and then we'll be on our way."

My mom and I carry the cooler in between us while I carry my bag on my other side to the back of our minivan. I look up and notice that the sky is partly cloudy, but no rain clouds yet. When everything and everyone is settled in, my mom starts the car and we are on our way. If the beach wasn't so close to our house, my mom probably wouldn't be so generous into driving us there. However, it's about a five minute drive and we're there in no time. She helps unload the cooler and my bag from the back as we thank her for driving us.

"So Cody, your dad will pick you guys up around six or whenever it starts to rain so you can get home, wash up, and eat dinner. Then their parents can pick them up sometime after that," my mom says.

"Sounds good, mom."

We say our goodbyes and then Derrick and I carry the cooler while Mackenzie carries my bag to the beach. This part of the beach is free which is just awesome because who would want to pay to go to the beach on a sizzling hot day. As I predicted, nobody showed up to the beach today because of the slight chance of rain. If you ask me, it's a perfect day to go to the beach, I mean so what if it's supposed to rain later, it's now that counts, but I'm not complaining.

We find our favorite spot on the beach, not close to the water, but not too far from it either and lay the cooler and bag down. Afterward, we take our sandals off, aside from Derrick and burry our feet into the pleasantly soft and warm sand. After a few minutes rest, I lay out the huge blanket and position the beach umbrellas behind us so the sun can't seep through. We take our fold up chairs and set them in our desired spots on the blanket then we apply on sunscreen to prevent sunburn.

"What should we do first? Eat, set up the volleyball net build sand castles, or take a dip in the water," I ask.

"I vote we set up the volleyball net, and then take a dip," Viv announces. "That way, we can get everything set up, then get cooled off in the water and go from there."

"I agree," Tiff says.

"Agreed," Derrick says. "And Emma would have agreed too."

"I like that idea as well," Mackenzie says.

"Okay, then it's settled," I say.

We take about ten minutes to set up the net and the surrounding bounds, after that we run towards the water. The water feels cool to the touch, but tastes just awful when it accidentally gets inside your mouth.

At about noon, we dry ourselves off and attempt to wipe away all the sticky sand, but it doesn't really work. We each take a water bottle and poor it over our hands to wash them clean before we mess with the food. My mom didn't actually make us lunch because she wasn't sure who wanted what. Instead she packed in a variety of stuff to make sandwiches and a bunch of other sides to go with it. I had a sandwich with cheddar cheese,

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ham, turkey, bologna, chicken, roast beef lettuce, mustard and mayo and man was it a rockin' sandwich. On the side, I had string cheese with some barbeque chips and an apple. There were so many different selections to choose from that my friends and I all had different lunches.

"So how is everybody's summer vacation so far?" I ask.

"It's been great hanging out with you guys all summer," admits Viv. "I can't believe it's already the end of July almost."

"Mine has been great too and I know, Viv," Mackenzie says. "School will be here before we know it."

I thought coming to the beach with my friends would keep the topic of school off our minds, but that was too good to be true.

"Freshman year, guys," Derrick put in. "We have four more years to put up with and then we're done."

"What? Are you saying that you want to be back in school, Derrick?" Tiff asks

"Of course not, but we are almost done!"

"I don't know about you guys, but I'm really nervous about freshman year. You know the bad luck I have on Monday'sâ" I say.

"You'll be fine," Viv reassures me.

"Yeah, you'll be with us, dude," Derrick says.

"Well, are we going to sit here all day and talk or are we gonna put the volleyball set into use?" Mackenzie asks.

"Yeah, let's play some volleyball," I say.

"Okay, but how are we gonna play," Tiff asks. "If you ask me, I count five people here."

"Well, one team will have to have three people," Viv says. "Since Mackenzie will be playing on the volleyball team at school, I say that she is the team captain and picks who is on which team."

"Nice thinking, Viv," I say.

"Okay," Mackenzie says. "I will be on a team with Derrick and you three can be on a team. Sound good?"

Everyone is happy with the set up and the game starts. Mackenzie serves the ball first, getting into position in the far right corner and Derrick is in the middle front by the net. On my team, Viv and Tiff are on the back corners while I am in the middle front like Derrick. Mackenzie serves the ball hard and it flies over the net to where Viv is standing. She hits the ball using her reflexes and it comes my way. I hit it over the net, but there Derrick is hitting the ball back over. Without the dive from Tiff, Mackenzie's team would have gotten a point, but Tiff saved it by mere seconds and it flies back over to where Mackenzie is impatiently waiting for it. She sets it up right above where Derrick is standing and he spikes it to the ground on my side.

"Oh it's on, Derrick," I say, but he just laughs at me.

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Mackenzie gets the ball back and serves it to Viv. Again she hits it and this time the ball soars over the net. I don't know what Derrick was doing, but he wasn't paying attention to the game and the ball strikes the ground right in front of him. He passes the ball to Viv and she serves the ball superbly. It arcs downward towards Mackenzie and she whacks it back over the net, except that I'm ready for it. I leap up causing the sand to fly through the air and I spike it directly to the ground right in front of Derrick's feet. That's two one, my team. Now it's my turn to laugh at Derrick.

"Hey, that's not fair," Derrick complains. "You have three people on your team while I just have Mackenzie."

"Mackenzie so happens to be a great volleyball player, if you ask me. And besides, she was the one to pick the teams," I recall.

"Okay, I think we're done here," Mackenzie butts in.

"I agree," says Tiff.

"Let's go build some sand castles," Viv suggests.

"That sounds fun" Derrick states.

"Let's go, then," I say.

A couple yards away from the Volleyball set is where we relax and build up our sand castles. We decide to build them individually because competition is more entertaining that way.

It's really hard to build a castle with such soft sand. You really have to mush it together. Luckily the sand is sticky so with water, the walls begin to take their shape. I wonder if that's why a moat is often with castles, to keep off enemies and to keep the castle in good condition.

I built the surrounding walls of my castle first, and then move to the inside when I'm finished. You always want to make sure your castle has security before you forget it and you never want to make your castle too big because it could easily be broken in to. When I finish, I admire my work, and then I leave to locate an ice cold water bottle from the cooler.

My friends never stop to glimpse over at my finished castle; they merely carry on with their unfinished work. As they begin to finish, however, they follow my track to the cooler to grab ice cold water as well. When we satisfy our thirst we go and take a look at the constructed castles. Mine is lame compared to the other castles.

"I don't know what everyone else thinks," I say, "but I think we have a clear winner: Viv!"

The others agree and Viv cheers for her outstanding building skills. Her castle was huge. Nothing matched up to the size of it. If it was a legit building, I would definitely be living in it. It was fit for a king.

The day was really fun at the beach. We would have stayed longer except that we hear thunder roaring from above and a couple flashes of lightning catch our eyes. A heavy downpour was about to take place and we didn't want to be under it when it did. We hurry to pack up all the equipment which goes terribly because we are rushing it. Once everything is packed neatly away, we head for the parking lot and then to my dad's car.

We make it home just before the rain and the smell of lasagna reaches our noses when we walk through the threshold. Dinner is amusing tonight as all my friends forgot to bring a change of clothing, so they sat at the dining room table still in their swimming gear. I decide to make them feel more comfortable so I leave my suit

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on as well.

"How was your time at the beach?" My mom asks us.

"It went well," Viv answers.

"Yeah, we set everything up first, then took a nice and needed dip in the water before finally eating," Tiff explains.

"Excellent choices on the food, Mrs. Layne," Derrick thanks.

"My pleasure, Derrick," my Mom says. "I'm glad you enjoyed it. Did you play volleyball at all? She scoops some of the lasagna off her plate with her fork and sticks it in her mouth.

"We sure did," Mackenzie squeals with excitement.

"You tried out for the volleyball team, right?" my dad asks.

"Yes I did, Mr. Layne."

"Did you make it on the team?"

"Yeah."

"That's tremendous."

"Yeah, I'm really thrilled about it."

"Did anyone else try out for a sport?" my dad continues.

"I was considering football," Derrick says.

"And I was thinking about Tennis," Tiff admits.

"What about you, Viv," my mom asks her.

"Eh, nothing," she says.

"I was thinking about joining the swim team," I say. My parents turn to stare at each other then back at me. They are clearly hiding something from me, but I forget about it for now and pretend I didn't make anything of it.

"That's great, Cody," my mom says. "So how did the volleyball game go? The conversation continues like nothing happened seconds before. I get a, that's great. No why or anything. I don't know what's going on. I hear Mackenzie going on about the volleyball game and I choose to ignore her. I look down at my bare feet in front of me wondering what my parents have in store for me later after my friends leave.

Mackenzie finishes her exhilarating tale and it moves on to talk about the sand castle competition; how Viv won and that it was really fun. Then I finish the conversation. "Yeah, it was a great time, but then the thunder and lightning got going. We were pretty much done with the beach anyways." My parents look at me and I know I blew my cover, they know something is up.

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When everyone ate their fill of lasagna, my friends' parents came over to pick them up. Meanwhile, I go upstairs to my bathroom and decide to take a nice long shower. The storm outside rages on and I can still hear the thunder and see the lighting. When I finish bathing, I dress in nice clean clothes and text my friends to check that they made it home alright.

Hey, did you make it home safely?

I send a mass text to all of them.

Viv replies back first with, *Yeah, I did.*

Good. I was just making sure because of this storm.

I know, this storm is terrible.

I get another text from Tiff and Mackenzie at roughly the same time. They say the same thing as Viv: *Yeah, I did.*

I text back: *Thanks for coming to the beach with me, today!*

Derrick finally texts me back a couple of minutes after I sent the first text. *Sorry for not texting sooner, Cody. My sister is still fighting the flu. I told her all about our adventures today which cheered her up some. Our drive home was okay. This storm is terrible, but we made it home safe in the end.*

I respond: *Tell your sister that I hope she feels better soon. And I'm glad you made it home safely. Thanks for coming to the beach with me today, it was a real fun time! (:*

I put my phone down on my bed side table then head downstairs to find my parents. They obviously need to talk to me. I find them in the great room talking quietly. The TV is turned off and their backs are to me when I see them. They're facing the window watching the ever going storm. I hate to eavesdrop, but what can you do at a time like this? Go back upstairs like a good little boy? No, I'm tired of being that little boy. By the sound of it, they just started talking about what they've been hiding.

"How are we going to tell him?" My Mom says.

"I don't know how, dear, but we need to figure out when we're going to tell him." My dad proposes.

"Well, we're going to have to start cleaning up, if we want to be ready by next Mondayâ!"

What's happening next Monday

, I think to myself.

"Then we should tell him tonight," my dad carries on.

"I guess so," my mom concurs.

I step away from the wall and climb silently up the stairs. When I reach the landing, I turn around and march straight back down, allowing my parents to hear me coming. I reach the wall where I was standing moments before and enter the room without hesitation.

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"Hey, Cody, how was your shower?" My mom questions me.

"Good, I guess."

"Good. Now will you come sit down on the chair in front of us? We have something we would like to inform you and you might not take it very well," she whispered softly. I obey and sit on the chair before them prepared for the news.

"What is it, mom, dad?"

"Would you like to tell him, Hun?" My mom asks.

"Well, son," my dad begins hesitantly, "There's no easy way to say this, but my boss has offered me a new job. It's higher up, let's say than the one I have now and I'll make more money than I do now which makes it so outstanding."

"That's great," I say enthusiastically.

"The problem is that we'll have to move," he persists. "We will be able to find a bigger house than this though since I will be making a lot more money."

"Okay," I respond. "Where to? Will we be able to find a place on the beach? That would be so awesome! I could have a view of the ocean from my room! Then my friends could come over at any time to go to the beach with me!" At this point I was on my feet again walking back and forth in front of the window. My parents didn't look as pleased as I was about the magnificent news. In fact, they shook their heads and had worried expressions painted on their faces. Their hands covered their foreheads as if they were misunderstood.

"No, Cody, you aren't getting it. Take your seat and let your dad finish."

"What I mean is that we have to move out of State to Denver! Denver, Colorado!"

I stand up again, "WHAT?!"

Chapter 2: Monday, July 28th, 2008

Monday, July 28th, 2008

Today is moving day. We will be driving to Denver, Colorado which will take us at least two whole days of driving. I will tell you, I was in complete shock when I heard the news. I'm sure Colorado is a great place and all, but I have no life there like I do here. But there was nothing I could do about it. My Dad had already made the decision before he told me about the move. And sure, I am extremely happy for him, there is no reason for me not to be. He was just doing the right thing for our family; trying to make my life better. And I appreciate it, I really do, but it's just so hard.

Telling my friends proved to be even more difficult. I wanted to text them about it straight away, but I couldn't. I had to tell them in person. And they couldn't believe it. They did what any friend would do and that was to hide their emotions. Obviously, I wasn't feeling good about the whole situation and they would only cry in pain when I had truly left. It isn't the end of the world, I repeat to myself. Maybe there will be a time when I can visit them again. They are my best friend's and best friend's stick together forever.

Right now, it is really early on a Monday morning and I am sitting in my empty room right where my bed used to be. I can still see where the legs dug into the carpet, as well as my own self when I was younger. I should be downstairs loading the moving truck with my parents, but they understand the state that I am in and decide to leave me be until we need to get going. We should be hitting the road in the next half hour so we can get an early start, but I don't know if that will ever be possible.

Even at this time of day, my friends have already texted me, but I continue to ignore every single one of them, which is really horrible, I know, but I hurt. All they want to do is help me and what do I do in return? I ignore them like our friendship is broken.

I hear someone coming up the stairs, but I remain still, my back to the open doorway. I know it's either my mom or my dad coming up to comfort me or to tell me that it's finally time to leave, but I don't care because I am not ready to go, not yet. I finally make the first move in what seems like hours and grab my phone from the carpet in front of me. I have 25 unread text messages and the same missed calls and voicemails from each one of my friends. I open my text messaging page, my mind set on deleting every single note by them, but before I do it my eyes peek at the last message sent by Derrick saying: *We're on our way*. I press the delete button and they're all gone. I also delete the calls and voicemails. I drop by phone again to the place it was before and just stare at the wall. When I hear a knock at the door, I know that it isn't my parent's afterall, they're my friends. I haven't seen them since I told them last Tuesday.

"Hey," Derrick says first. "We are all worried for you... Why won't you answer our calls?"

I remain silent. I know it's rude, but I can't look at them because I'm about to leave them. When I don't answer Derrick, they invite themselves into my room. And without anything for me to do to stop them, they sit in front of me. All five of them, since Tim is still in Minnesota and Emma is now cured from the flu. They are silent for awhile and stare at the ground like me. Before I know it, they're all over me, hugging me, showing their love for me. What great friends they are. I am a man and it's hard to keep the tears from falling from my eyes. I try to wipe them away as quickly as possible, but it's too late.

"I'm sorry guys. I told you guys about the move a week ago and this is how I repay you? It's so terrible of me! We should have been hanging out every single day, but here I was sitting in my room ignoring everything. It's not fair to you all."

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"It's okay," Emma reassures me. She always knows the best things to say at a time like this. "This is not the end. We have our phones and the computer, we'll keep in contact. You know that. Why would we all be here right now if we didn't?"

"I'm just afraid," I say.

"Don't be. You'll make more friends, but we will still be there when you need us."

"I just don't want to lose you all."

"You won't, you never will."

"Thanks, Emma. Thank you all!"

"It's not like Colorado is that far away from here," Viv says intelligently.

"That's right," Emma agreed. "It's what three states away?"

"Yeah, but that's easily a two day drive, guys..." I say

"What if we all meet in the middle," Derrick suggests. "We're all high schoolers now. I'm sure our parents would let us do it!"

"Yeah and meet in the middle of the desert?" I ask.

"Oh," Derrick sighs.

"Where would the middle be exactly? Tiff asks.

"Vegas?" Viv puts in.

"Maybe," I say.

"I don't know," Mackenzie says. "Does it really matter?"

"What are you saying?" I say. "You don't want to do it?"

"Of course I want to meet up in the middle somewhere! But what are we going to do in Vegas or in the middle of the desert?"

"Good point," I agree.

"We can all figure that out when it gets here though..." Emma says.

"Yeah, you're right," I conclude.

"So have you told Tim about the move yet, Cody?" Makenzie asks.

"No, but him and his family will be driving back through Denver when he gets back from Minnesota so maybe he will be able to stop by. I mean obviously I will have to text him about it, but at least I can see him one last time."

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"True," Mackenzie says.

"So when are you officially leaving?" Tiffany asks. To me it sounded like she wanted me gone, but maybe it was her way of showing her emotions. We were best friends after all.

"Very soon. In like a half an hour," I say. Who am I kidding? I've been saying that for a while now and I am still here. That means my time is almost up.

"I'm sorry," She replies back.

"What for?"

"That you're leaving us."

"I think I'm okay now. You guys really made me feel better."

"It's Emma that did it," Derrick states.

"No, it's all of us," his sister says.

"That's right, Derrick. It was all of you who left all those messages on my phone, not just Emma. But I think I'm ready to go. I mean I don't want to or anything, but it's time to make a new start and to leave the bad luck Monday's in the past."

"Right on, buddy." Derrick says while patting me on my shoulder blade.

"That's it, you got it," Viv says. Maybe you will be the popular one making everyone else have bad luck on those cursed Monday's..."

"Be careful what you wish for. Today is still Monday and it's not even seven in the morning yet."

We all start laughing so hard. I can't remember the last time I laughed and this hard too. It felt nice and for one second it felt like I was never leaving these people behind. Yeah, we wouldn't be schoolmates anymore. Or see each other everyday of our lives, but we still had ways to communicate and my stupid brain couldn't see that before. It was sure right to put Monday's to an end. Was there really such a thing as bad luck anyways? Maybe I'm about to find out. I don't know.

"Cody?" Came a voice from another world. My friends look up and I look behind me at the deserted landing. "Cody?" It was like we were children all over again, hiding from the big bad voice from my mother who was coming up the stairs. She turned the corner into my room and peeked in as she knocked on the door. "We're about ready to leave, dear." I stand up and approached her and my friends do the same which really seems to confuse my mom. Why wouldn't it. I mean I haven't been the nicest person in the past week. But is that my fault? "Are you okay, Cody?"

"Yes, mom, I think I am for once. I'm ready for the new life ahead of us."

"That's great! Well, we are all ready to go. Do you want to ride with your dad in the moving truck or with me in the van?"

"I think with Dad, if that's okay. I want to tell him that I'm sorry for the way I've been acting. He only wants what's best for us."

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"That's perfectly alright. Well I'll leave you to say goodbye to your friends now." She left us in the doorway in my room.

"Well I guess this is it for now..." I say.

"Yes, for now," Emma agrees.

"We have four years until college. Maybe, just maybe, we will find a college for all of us to attend and to be reunited," Viv says.

"Oh, I'm gonna miss you and your logic, Viv!" I laugh and Viv hugs me. "And I will miss you and your feelings for others, Emma. And your toughness, Tiff. And you, Mackenzie. And, Derrick, my best friend, you will always be my bestfriend. This is hard."

At that moment we share a group hug for the last time it seems like. My friends follow me down the stairs to both parked cars outside in the driveway. They say goodbye to my parents and wish us good luck before we get into our vehicles. They stand by the garage in their group with one less person, me. They stand there and wave and I wave back from the passenger seat in the moving truck. I don't dare look away as the cars start to move. I get one last glance at them when we turn the corner of our street onto the next, heading for the highway that will take us to Interstate fifteen.

My dad and I sit in complete silence for the first part of our journey and we are at least an hour outside of San Diego before he begins to talk. "So your mom informed me on the change you seemed to have made recently." He hasn't been mad at me at all in the past week. He knows I've been taking it hard and he understands.

"Yeah, I have, thanks to my friends. I just wanted to say that I am sorry for the way I have been acting. It's not fair for me to act the way that I did when you were just trying to make our lives better. I think I will like it in Colorado and there will always be more chances to see my friends again and to make a new life there."

"I understand. Your granddad moved us around when I was younger too. It is extremely difficult especially if you move for the first time at the age of fifteen."

"Dad, I don't turn fifteen until September."

"I know, but it's still hard in your fifteenth year to make a new life for yourself. You're going into your freshman year of high school, people your age can be mean and they don't accept other people."

"All I can do is be myself. You and mom have always said that true friends like you for your true self and that's the kind you want. I found mine in California and I can find them again in Colorado."

"That's the spirit."

"Dad?"

"Yeah, Cody?"

"Where do you think the midway point between Denver and San Diego is?"

"In Utah somewhere, why?"

"Mondays"

"Well My friends came up with a way so we can visit each other every now and then. We thought we could meet half way between Denver and San Diego, but there's barely anything in Utah. We were thinking Las Vegas, that way you and the other parents could do things while us kids hung out, but there really isn't anything for us to do there."

"I see. Well, maybe they could come out this winter... We could all learn to ski and stuff. I hear Colorado has the best slopes."

"That would be fun."

"We'll be able to figure out everything later when we get settled and dates get nearer."

"Sounds good. I was also thinking about inviting Tim over when they're on their way back home. He said they go through Denver, but I haven't told him I was moving there yet. Would that be okay?"

"That's a great idea. They will have to stop somewhere, right?"

"Thanks, dad. I'm just nervous to tell him, you know?"

"It'll be hard, but he will understand."

The car got quiet yet again. And what could be seen was my dad driving and me falling asleep. It was a good thing the seats were comfy. Either that or I was just tired from waking up so early.

When I finally woke up from my nap, I was soon to find out that it wasn't a nap, it was sleep. I had slept the whole day and had only woken up because of the need for food. We decided to stretch our legs, so we are eating at a table in the restaurant itself. Man was I starving. I ate my fast food, savoring every bite. It wasn't much, just a burger, some fries, and a drink from Wendy's, but it sure was good.

"Did you have a nice sleep, Cody?" My dad asks me.

"I sure did. I don't think I've been sleeping very well since the news of the move."

"Well at least you're sleeping now."

"Where are we?"

"Utah."

"Really?"

"Yeah, you've been out all day. You've missed a lot."

"Where are we stopping to sleep?"

"There's a motel just down the street from here. A gas station is right next to it so it's perfect for the morning."

"Cool. How far are we from Denver?"

"Not far. I say another day of driving and we should be there about this time tomorrow, if not earlier."

"Mondays"

"That's not too awful."

"Not if you sleep the whole way through."

"I probably will too."

"I wouldn't."

"Why is that, dad?"

"We have to drive through the mountains tomorrow. Wouldn't you want to see that? We get to pass through the continental divide. I bet the views are just spectacular too."

"I guess I won't be sleeping then. So you've never been to Colorado before, dad?"

"I've been to Denver before, but I flew in instead of driving and it was at night. Your mom has been though."

"Has she?" I ask, my dad nodding his head. "Where is she, by the way?"

"She went to go check in at the hotel real quick and said that she would meet us here afterwards."

"Oh, okay. So she's been to Denver? I didn't know that. What for?"

"Now that, you will have to wait and ask her about. I don't know why."

"Why were you there then?"

"I was there on business, but that's where I met your mom at."

"Is it me or does it feel like you and mom never tell me stuff."

"You never ask." We laugh.

"Mom never lived there, did she?"

"I don't think so, but she seemed excited to be going back."

My mom entered through the door just then and spotted us at our table. She came to sit down next to dad and ate her chicken that dad had ordered for her minutes before.

"Hey, mom. Get checked in all right?"

"Yes, I did. What were you guys talking about."

"Denver. I never knew that you've been there before, what for?"

"I had a friend that was living there at the time and she wanted me to visit her, so I did. Then, one day when I was shopping, I ran into your dad and it was like love at first sight. He doesn't know my friend because I never told him about it or her about it for that matter, but we kept in contact and I moved from northern California when I got back from Colorado to southern California. We got married shortly after that."

"Mondays"

"But why have you never told me that before?"

"Because you never asked us," My dad repeats himself. "Besides, your mom knew more of the story."

"How did he propose to you, mom?"

"He set up dinner for two on the beach. It was Monday night and the day was just so beautiful, and we danced under the moonlight. The song we were dancing to is the song we danced to at our wedding. Our song. He was dressed in his best tux and me in a fancy gown, but we were both barefoot. After our dance he knelt down on one knee and proposed to me on the beach. It was one of the best days of my life."

"How sweet, Dad." I look down at my phone and notice I have no signal, but I look to check the time. It's ten o'clock at night and we are just now finishing our dinner. I must have been asleep all day long. When my mom finished her meal, we left for the hotel. Of course I was wide awake while my parents were exhausted from driving all day. They got ready for bed and fell asleep instantly and I stayed up to watch all the paid programmings. You got to love TV at night. To my surprise I was able to fall asleep from being so bored from watching them, the next day would be easy to remain awake for the views.

For such a horrible move and a day I have been dreading forever, I surprisingly grew to like it. At least now was a good time for me. For once, a Monday didn't bring bad luck and that's because I made it that way. It has always been my choice, I've just been too blind to see it. Denver, Colorado will be a good change for me because I will be the one to make it that way.

Chapter 3: Tuesday, July 29th, 2008

Tuesday, July 29th, 2008

I wake up the next morning with a smile painted on my face. Today is going to be a great day. We will finally be arriving in the State of Colorado where it seems like my families history has started with my parents. Speaking of them, I sit up in my queen sized bed and look over at theirs. They are awake talking to each other and notice me looking at them.

"Good morning, dear. Did we wake you?" my mom asks, turned down.

"Good morning, mom, dad!" I say, nodding my head back and forth to answer my mom's questing. "How'd you two sleep?"

"Good and you, son," my dad asks.

"Wonderfully! The first time in a long time!"

"That's wonderful seeing how it's six in the morning! We're glad you're feeling better about this whole move!"

We get up to get ready for the day's long adventure, an exciting one to say the least. When we're completely dressed, we double check the room for any of our left overs before heading down to the main lobby for some breakfast. I have some scrambled eggs with a couple of pieces of bacon and sausage and I pour myself a glass of milk to go with it.

In an hour's time, we are back on the road, me still sitting in the moving truck with my dad. He focuses on his driving while I stare out the window at nothing but the orange and brown sand of the desert. Off in the distance are some mountains, but they are far off. We're still traveling north to south in the middle of Utah, our turn to the east won't be for quite some time.

My phone rings in my hand and I notice it's a text from Tim. I did mention that I was free at all times before he left, but I wasn't expecting any message from friends at this time of morning. But then again, it would be eight where Tim is. I open the message to read the text.

Hey. is all it read.

Hey, Tim. How's Minnesota. I reply.

Cool I guess. I've been here so many times before that it gets lame after a while.

I'm sorry, buddy. I wouldn't know how that feels. I've never been out of California before... What are you doing?

I'm at the lake we usually go to when we visit.

Oh, I see. How come you never texted me all last week?

I did, Cody, you never replied...

Oh yeah, huh? I think to myself. I forgot, I was ignoring all my friends before...

"Mondays"

Oh, I'm sorry for not replying. I was busy...

I lie.

With what?

That's not important. How was your drive there?

Haha, you know, the best time of my life!!!

I bet it was, buddy, I bet it was. And how was your first week? What'd you do?

Well when we finally got here, my grandma surprised me with my own room! My sisters had to share, though. Suckers. But we did what we always do. Have a family reunion with everybody, and I mean everybody. Then we hung out at the Mall of America-again! You know, the same old stuff. But it doesn't matter, I have my own room to be by myself. Only one more week until we're home! Not looking forward to the drive though.

Haha, I bet not. But you might be surprised...

What do you mean?

Oh nothing.

You're so lying, Cody!

I am not, Timothy!

Then explain the three dots!!! And never call me Timothy!!!!!!

He really did hate that name...

Just forget it. How's the lake? Is it hot there?

No, but the lake is BORING!

Haha, I'm sorry.

We go here all the time! There's 10,000 lakes here, how about we go somewhere else! Man, I wish my family could move to a new State!

One word stood out in that reply to me and that was *move to a new State!* I had to tell him that I was moving, but I was procrastinating! I knew I was.

I'm moving...

What do you mean? Where to in San Diego?

You don't understand... I'm m.o.v.i.n.g to a new State. Denver, Colorado...

I love Denver! It was a cool...WHAT?!

"Mondays"

I knew you wouldn't take it so well...

What? I just don't understand... Why are you moving there?

My dad got a new job offering.

And he took it?

Well, yeah. He was offered more opportunities than he is now, A higher salary.

blank message.

He was just trying to make our lives better. Colorado is cheaper apparently. We'll get more for our money.

I wait for a response, but none came back. Ten minutes, twenty minutes, thirty minutes, thirty-five minutes, forty minutes, forty-five minutes. I had to text him back. I wasn't losing a friend, no, a best friend today! *Tim? I'm sorry!* Still no reply, he was mad, of course!

Three and a half hours of texting and driving through the outback and now, nothing to do. We had finally turned towards the east and the mountains were beginning to creep forward, like they were moving and we were the ones completely still. I threw my phone rather hard onto the dash board and now it was time to talk to my dad.

"What's wrong, son?"

"Well, I was texting Tim. You know, I have been ignoring everyone the past week including him and he finally gets ahold of me. It was nice chat."

"But?"

"Well, I told him about the move. I basically interrupted his Minnesota talk and blurted out that I was moving."

"And he didn't take it so well is what I'm hearing?"

"Nope."

"You didn't invite him to our house then, did you?"

"I was going to, but I don't know what I should do now."

"Did you try to text him back?"

"Yeah, I was waiting for almost an hour before I left him another message!"

"That isn't good."

"No, it isn't. What should I do?"

"Well, give him some time to mull it all over and he will text you when he is ready to."

"Mondays"

"Okay dad, thanks! So where are we exactly?"

"Well, Cody, we finally made it to I-70. I say another three or four hours until we actually get to Colorado. I heard that the views won't be spectacular until after Grand Junction, Colorado, but you never know."

"I see, dad. Well, I'm not tired at all, so I won't be sleeping for some time."

"Good! If we're lucky, there might be snow on the tallest peaks!"

"Really?!"

"Yep, it's pretty amazing. I mean they are at an elevation of 14,000 feet."

"That gives me an idea!"

"What about?"

Oh, nothing..."

An idea popped in my head, not a good one at that, but it might work. It's 10:30 in the morning here where we are, right? Well that makes it 9:30 in the morning in San Diego! Time to message my friends. I send a mass text with the words *Good morning*, to all five of my friends. And almost instantly, I get five replies back!

Good morning, Cody. They end up saying.

How are you?

Great! (Derrick and Emma)

Grumpy. (Tiff)

Amazing! (Mackenzie)

I'm good and you? (Viv)

I text back *That's great!* to Derrick and Emma, *I'm sorry.* to Tiff, *That's amazing!* To Mackenzie, and *I'm bored!!!* To Viv. I eventually find out that they are all hanging out so I begin to text only to Viv's phone.

How's the drive? Where are you?

We're on I-70 already! Another three to four hours until we're in Colorado! So I guess the drive is fine!

That's good to know!

Yeah. So has Tim texted any of you recently?

Nope, not one of us, why do you ask?

Well, I just texted him...

Did you tell him about the move?

"Mondays"

Yeah, I did. That's why I'm texting you...

He didn't expect it, did he.

Nope, Viv, he didn't. But I have an idea, can you guys help me?

Of course, Cody! What is it?

Okay, well I need all of you to text Tim, but not all at once, just periodically throughout the day. Talk to him about it. He won't talk to me, so make him feel better for me. Maybe, you guys can get through to him. Don't make it seem like I put you up to this, though. And text me back any updates!

Will do.

Thank you guys so much, you rock!

Sure thing.

So where are you hanging out?

Oh, just at my house.

Nice. I wish I could be there!

So do we, Cody! It's been so crazy without you here. There's been a lot of silence between us here, but we're getting better. Don't worry about us.

I'm not. Are you ready for school?

Haha, no! I never am. Neither is everyone else. Are you ready for school?

I tell myself I am, but I know I'm not.

It will be fine. You'll make new friends and we can add them all to our group!

Haha, yeah. Hey, I told my dad about our ideas for meeting each other in the middle.

And?

He likes the idea, but he agrees that it would be difficult.

So it won't be happening?

I didn't say that. Instead, he offered for you guys to come here in the winter to learn how to ski and stuff! Wouldn't that be fun?!

Haha, that would be so much fun!

We'll figure out the dates later and my parents will talk to yours about it later!

Sounds great! So Tim texted back...

"Mondays"

What did he say?

Well, we're easing up on it. We're asking about his vacation and stuff first.

Oh I see.

But he did say that he couldn't believe you were moving. He's not mad at you or anything, but he needs to think about it for some time.

Okay, I understand, thanks. Keep me updated! I need to invite him to stay with us in Denver... My dad said that it'd be fine!

Oh, that's good. At least you get to see him.

Yeah.

Well, I better go, have a good rest of your trip, Cody! And we miss you so much!!!

Miss you all too! Bye for now.

A few hours later, we made finally cross over the Colorado Utah border! A little further down the interstate is Grand Junction where we stop for some gas and a quick snack.

When I jump down from the truck, the first thing I notice is the intense heat! Yeah, it gets toasty in San Diego, but nothing like this! It's well over one-hundred degrees. Not something I would put with Colorado in my mind.

"Hey, dad?"

"Yeah?"

"Is it supposed to be this hot here?"

"We're not in the Rockies yet, Cody. It does get hot here in these parts. We are still in a desert."

I stop to notice my surroundings. To the west of us, you get a couple of hills, but it's mainly flat. To the east, I can see the mountains. They're bigger than I have ever imagined in my life and that's saying something because they aren't the tallest in the world! I retrieve my phone from inside the truck and snap a picture of the spectacular view.

"You can't fall asleep yet, son. That is nothing compared to what you're about to see." Could it really get any better than this?

We catch up with my mom inside the gas station. A Subway restaurant is attached to the place, so we buy snacks and drinks from the gas station side and find a clean place to sit on the other half.

"How's the drive, mom?" I ask.

"It's going good. I've done this before I suppose, I'm just tired that's all. Really anxious to get there!"

"Me too!"

"Mondays"

"Did Tim ever text you back, Cody?" My dad asks.

"Nope, but my other friends did. He's not mad. But you were right, he will text me when he's ready to. I just hope that's soon..."

"So you told him about the move, huh, dear?" My mom asks.

"Yeah, but everything is fine."

"I hope so, dear. So, on another topic, once we get settled down in our home, it will be sending you to get registered for school."

"Really?! When?!"

"Next Monday, the fourth, I believe." I know what you're thinking, but this Monday thing, that's just a coincidence, that registration is that day...

"Why so early?! I'm not ready to go back yet! When's the first day?"

"The twelfth, I think is what the principle told me. I don't know why it's so early."

"Do I get out earlier next summer?"

"I don't know about that."

"Yeah, I'm not ready!"

"Just forget about it for now, Cody," My dad says. "It will fine. Remember what you said yesterday."

"I know, but I'm just not ready for it again..."

"You will be soon enough." My mom says. "Besides, I hear that it's one of the best schools in the State!" That doesn't mean anything to me...

"Cool. What's the name of the school?"

"Pomona High School, home of the Panthers." Well that's pretty cool.

"Cool."

We're on the road again, not too long after our conversation. With the topic of Tim and moving to a brand new life on my mind, now school has gone to join them. At least School started on a Tuesday and not a Monday, but why in the world would it be starting so soon?!

In the early evening, I began to get sleepy, which is bad. I really want to stay awake for the continental divide. Yeah the views are spectacular and all, but the climax to the scene has not happened yet. According to my dad and the signs on the side of the highway, we just passed Avon, Colorado and apparently the highest part of the highway in elevation is just beyond the next city which is Vail. And from there the view of the Divide is seen. After that I can sleep. When we get there, I take a bunch of more pictures.

"Dad, I'm exhausted!"

"Mondays"

"You can't sleep yet!"

"Why?!" I complain in a childish manner."

"Because, after this we go through the Eisenhower Tunnel."

"What's so good about a tunnel?" I say, and when I'm tired I don't put up with small talk or stupid things like tunnels.

"Well, the Eisenhower Tunnel is the portion of the road where we go from one side of the Continental Divide to the other."

"Okay, I need to see this."

"Yeah, it's really long too, so you wouldn't want to miss it."

"I thought you've never been to this part of Colorado before?"

"I haven't, but your mom has. She was telling me this morning before you woke up."

"Oh, that makes sense."

And boy were my parents correct about the Tunnel. Not only was it long and fascinating, yes fascinating, the view before the entrance was just spectacular. Another couple of pictures for my phone, in other words.

After the tunnel, I could tell that the mountains were ever so slowly shrinking, but not to standards of a hill, they were still so big! I could tell that my future in this State would be awesome. There'd be so many places to go in the mountains to hike, fish, or just to explore.

I was beginning to feel restless, but I think that was because I was so tired and because I felt claustrophobic from being surrounded by humongous hills all day long. We are totally out of the mountains at eight p.m. and at this point, we are following my mom to our new home. The city we are moving to is a suburb of Denver called Westminster or one of the best neighborhoods in the State.

It was dark when we finally arrived at the house, or should I say mansion, but I could tell that we would have a wonderful view and wonderful neighbors as well. My new life would be great! Let's just hope school wouldn't ruin that for me.

We left everything in the truck and just took our everyday things in with us while also bringing our sleeping bags. Tonight, we'd be sleeping on the floor. Tomorrow, I pick my room. My parents and I got ready for bed and got comfortable in our sleeping bags. The last thing that I thought before sleep took me is good night world.

"Mondays"

Chapter 4: Monday, August 4th, 2008

Monday, August 4th, 2008

Hey.

Is what I awake to, to read, the morning of school registration. It's from Tim. And the first time he has texted me since I told him the news about the move.

Hey Tim.

Look, dude, I am so sorry about how I reacted last week. It was stupid of me!

No worries, buddy. You should have seen how I reacted towards the whole situation. I didn't talk to anyone for a week. I mean, I told our friends, but I gave them the cold shoulder after that.

It's just so hard...

Yeah, it was for me too, but I'm doing so much better now!

That's great! What's your new life like?

Well, I can't go to the beach anymore. But lately, I've just been helping my parents unpack, you know? And today I have registration for school.

Already?

Yeah, it sucks, but whatever.

Tell me about your house.

Yeah about that, you and your family leave tomorrow, right?

Yeah, I'm in my room right now packing...

Well, I was wondering if you guys would want to stay with us for a couple of day's. You come through here, so I figured we could hang out before you have to go back to San Diego.

YES, YES, YES!!!

Okay, okay, calm down, Tim.

I'm sorry, I just got carried away... Let me ask my parents first. We have to stop in Denver anyways. But are you sure. I mean it's not too much trouble?

Of course not! My dad already approved a week ago!

Awesome! I'll be right back!

"Mondays"

At least everything is back to normal between us! And if he could stop here tomorrow, then I could finally hang out with him one last time and we can explore the unknown State that I live in now. With school just around the corner for me, it'll be hard to really discover what is out here. I mean, I haven't done anything yet, but unpack! *My parents said yes!* I was too caught up in my thoughts that I forgot I was texting Tim about staying with me for a second...

That's great, Tim! I can't wait until you're here.

I can't wait to be there! So what is there to do there?

I really don't have a clue. I haven't been out and about lately... There's the mountains and then there's Denver.

Nice!

Okay, so since you stopped texting me, what's been going on with you?

Nothing really, just hanging out with the family like always, but we did do something new!

What is that?

We got out of the State for once!

Nice, dude? Why did you leave the State? Where did you go? When did you go?

Calm down with the questions, Cody. We left last Tuesday for Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Apparently, my family has a lakeside cabin right off Lake Michigan.

Really?! That's cool! How long were you there for?

We came back yesterday. I really wanted to text you sooner, but we were busy and I was actually enjoying myself!

Well, I'm glad. That's the point of vacation!

Yeah, but the best part is, that my grandparents might be moving to the cabin. They don't want or need a big house anymore, too much to handle.

Nice! But what will they do with their house then?

Sell it probably. We ain't moving here. I am NOT leaving my friends. They already had to deal with you moving, I'm not putting them through that again.

I don't blame you.

It's so funny how your texts can distract you from everyday life. Tim and I have been going at it for some time now and he has to pack while I have to get ready for registration. I do hope this day moves by quickly! *Well, I'm sorry, Tim, but I'm gonna have to let you get back to your packing. Unfortunately, I have to get ready for registration! See you tomorrow! So excited! Bye.*

Me too! Bye for now!

"Mondays"

Oh, I almsot forgot, good luck at registration! It's Monday after all.

No worries, I will. Thank you!

I pick my best clothes out for the day, the ones that truly show me and set them on my bed before I head towards the bathroom for a much needed shower. I freshen up to make myself more sharp, wanting to make a good impression of myself. I'm not going overboard in any way, I'm just cleaning for my confidence. People get what they're going to get and if they don't like it, well, they don't have to be with me, do they?

My mom knocks on my door and comes in, but I'm all ready to go. It surprises her that I am taking this so well, but why be scared? I am done letting my fears control my life. Yeah, it's Monday, big deal. Let's move on!

"Good morning, mom," I say with a grin on my face. Even my pearly whites are making their appearance.

"I didn't expect you to be ready yet..."

"Mom, it's time to move on. Let's go before my confidence fails me or us."

"Okay dear. I'll be in the car when you're ready." I'm ready, so I follow in her wake.

School is not too far away from my house. Sure it's not the closest either, but that's okay. When we get to the school, the entrance looks great. Way better than the high school in San Diego. This one is well manacured. I can tell that people here take school seriously. And I can't believe I'm about to attend it!

"What do you think, Cody?"

"I like it. It seems really nice! I have a feeling I will have no problems here."

"That's great. Like I said before, it's one of the best in the State!"

"I can see that."

We walk through the front courtyard. It's nothing fancy, you got the two walls of the school on either side of you and laying just in front of them are the rocks, then the grass with three trees in a row, and finally two benches right along the sidewalk. I look up at the entrance. The name is plastered above the three main door entries, though two remain locked at all times. Off to the left is the handicapped entrance.

When we walk inside, there's a desk siting right next to the main office, which is in the center of the school, the hallways on either side. Imagine a track and field area, the office is the grassy part and the hallways are the tracks surrounding the field. There's a couple people ahead of us, but it's okay because we're still early. The students ahead appear to be way more confident than even I am feeling at the moment. And the two in front of me turn around. Oh know, the moment has finally arrived.

"Hey, you're new here." the boy with brunette hair and green eyes tells me, rather than asking me.

"Yeah, I am."

"We are too," he says pointing to his sister. They remind me so much of Derrick and Emma! "My name's Zachary and my sister's name's Allison. We're the Field twins." He puts his hand out for me to shake.

"Mondays"

"Nice to meet you I'm Cody Layne." I take both his and Allison's hand.

"Where are you from?" Allison asks.

"She's a bit of a travel freak," Zachary adds.

"Hey, Zach! That's not nice!" I just laugh.

"I'm from California."

"Ooh, what part?" She asks.

"San Diego, why are you guys from California?"

"No, we're from here, we just moved from the other side of town," Zachary explains.

"I see."

"Do you like it here so far?" Allison furthers the conversation.

"I wasn't so crazy about the move-"

"Who blames you?" Zachary states. "I mean it's California you're talking about."

"Zach, don't interrupt! You were saying, Cody?"

"Well, I wasn't crazy about the move at first, but I came around eventually. This place is just so beautiful! I mean, driving from through the mountains! It was breathtaking!"

"Here you go, Allison, another travel freak..." He says it in a laughing manner. It's like we've been friends for years.

"Oh, don't mind him, he's just a jokster," Allison informs me. "So have you explored the city yet?"

"Nah, I've been too busy unpacking." My friend and I will be sight seeing on Wednesday."

"Oh, you have a friend here already?" Zachary asks.

"Oh, no. I'm the only one, but my friend is leaving for San Diego tomorrow from Minnesota. He's stopping here, though, so we're going to hang out."

"What's your friends name?" Allison asks.

"Tim Braswell."

"Cool cool."

"Yeah. So why does school start so early?"

"It doesn't usually," Allison starts.

"Mondays"

"They're trying out something new this year, but it will be back to normal next year," Zachary continues.

"When does it usually start?"

"Around the 20th." he says. That's still early to me, but I decide to keep that quiet.

"This place looks pretty nice, though."

"You haven't seen anything yet..." Zachary says.

"What do you mean?"

"Try going to see Ralston Valley High School. That's where the rich kids go. Their building is a lame excuse for a school!"

"Really is it that bad?"

"Well, they're rich, what do you expect?" I keep quiet.

"Where did you move to?" Allison says, changing the conversation.

"It's further up by the mountains. On Vigil Way and 69th Avenue."

"That's far!" She says

"That's in the Ralston Vally school district. Why do you go here and not there?" Zachary asks.

"This is a better school according to my parents."

"Well, good choice, bud." He says.

The registration is starting and we all move up.

"Cody. Why don't you go get your picture taken while I fill out this paperwork," My mom says.

"Okay, mom." My new friends follow to do the same as it really does save time. I hate my picture being taken, but I humored the photographer which made the process much quicker and easier. Afterwards, I meet up with Zachary and Allison.

"I'm glad that's over with," I say."

"Why? I love getting my picture taken," confesses Allison.

"That's because you want to be an actrees when you're older and besides, you're a girl. You like those kinds of things," says her brother.

"I wouldn't if I was unattractive."

"Oh shush, sis."

"I'm so glad I don't have a sibling," I admit.

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"Why? It's fun, Zachary says, pushing his sister, playfully.

"Nah, I don't need the constant bickering."

"We don't bicker all the time," Allison says. "We love each other very much."

"It's true," Zachary adds.

"Haha, I still don't need one when I have friends who will never bicker with me and always love me no matter what."

"That's our relationship, Cody. I couldn't imagine life without my twin," Allison says."

"Me either."

"Well your case is different. Anyways, where do we pick up our schedule?"

"Further up, I think," Zachary answers.

"Let's go get them." We walk up to get our schedules. The twins end up having every class together. That'd be nice... "What do you two have?"

"1. Math with Mrs. Prescott, 2. Science with Mr. Wuchner, 3. English with Ms. Prentice, 4. Creative Writing with Mrs. Heffleman, 5. Government with Mr. Elliot, 6. French Two with Ms. Fuller, and 7. Study Hall with Mrs. Lange."

"That's awesome! It looks like we have every class together! What a coincidence!" I say. "Where is your locker?"

"In the commons by the pictures," they say. "And yours? Who do you have to share with?"

"I don't know who I'm sharing with, but I don't know where mine is."

"Let me see your number," Zachary asks. "Oh, that's by ours too." Looks like we will be spending a lot of time with each other."

"That's a good thing, I say."

"I'm glad we met, Cody," Zachary says.

"Me too," his sister agrees.

At that point we had to leave. The registration was finally over and nothing too terrible happened, thank God!

"So you made some new friends?" My mom asks noticing them for what seems like the first time. I don't know what she was doing earlier when I met them. Probably not paying attention to her only son meeting new people. What a great mom!

"Yeah, they're great!"

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"Good, I'm glad! I was talking to their parents, nice people! Everyone is way more friendly here than back home! I forgot about why I liked it here so much."

"You crack me up, mom."

"What? Is it something I said?"

"Oh darn! I forgot to ask for their numbers! Oh well, they'll see me again."

"So are you nervous?"

"Nah, I have friends now."

"That's great, dear! I knew that you could do it!"

"I did too! So what's the plan now?"

"Nothing. Do you want to tour the place?"

"Not really... I was hoping to do that on Wednesday with Tim."

"That's fine. Do you want something to eat?"

"I'm not really too hungry actually."

"Is everything okay?"

"Yeah, everything is fine!" We head on home after that.

Now I could look forward to Wednesday with Tim. And a bright future in high school. There was nothing to worry about. Not yet anyways...

"Mondays"

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