***A Family Once Again***

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 ***2nd Period***

 **“AHHHH!” I scream as I plummet towards the Earth’s core. Soon I will slowly melt away because of the heat. As I come closer I feel a tingling sensation in my body. “Any second now,” I think to myself.**

 **But as I brace for impact, I hear a voice, “honey, stop daydreaming and get the chicken out of the oven!” my mom says. “Could you also set the table when you’re done?” she asks, even though she would make me do it if I refused. I start to set the table, but my sister Emma walks out of her bedroom. I make a face at her as if she were a sour lemon, but she pushes me down before I can make the meanest face I can think of. The glass cup in my hand shatters into a million pieces. My mom says, “Jack, clean up that glass and be careful.”**

 **“But why do I have to clean it up?” I question.**

 **“Because I *don’t have time!”*  my mom screams. I sense my mother’s stress as I scramble to pick the pieces up and hear my mom call for my sister, Emma, and my two brothers, Kevin and Chase, for dinner. Kevin is sixteen, Emma is fourteen, and Chase is six.**

 **While we are still talking about my family, I should introduce myself. My name is Jack Livingston, and I’m 12 years old. My siblings are usually mean to me, (except for Chase, who admires and looks up to me). So at dinner, Kevin announced that he received his driving license today. Emma declared that she won a science fair at our library, and Chase won a coloring contest. I had nothing to share. I don’t really have any talents or hobbies. It’s not that I’m not smart, because I make all A’s and B’s on my report card. I also play soccer (but frankly, I stink at it). When I try to kick it straight, it goes sideways, or vice-versa. As the others continue to share their stories about their exciting events, I begin to daydream for a few minutes (since I have nothing exciting to say), but snap back to reality as I hear Chase scream, “Rocky ran away!”**

 **Rocky is (or was) our dog’s name. My siblings, me, and my mom**

 **decide to leave the table to search for two whole hours. When we failed to find our beloved pet, my mom said that we could get a new dog tomorrow morning. Everyone was happy except Chase. He loved Rocky more than anything. The next morning we went to the pet store and picked out a dog. The manager said that nothing was wrong with him. But when we got home, we thought otherwise. He barked, bit everything around him, and jumped up and down. My mom said that it wouldn’t be like that tomorrow, and that he was just excited. But as the day wore on, no one believed her. His bark and bite just got worse. We had to buy a kennel to keep him in because of his random tantrums. Everyone wanted to get rid of him, except Chase, who believed he was still a good dog.**

 **As each day went by, a series of similar events happened. Toys went missing, things began to brake more often, and the whole house seemed to slowly get dirtier. One day our mom was doing errands and Kevin was at the movies with a friend. Emma and I were watching a DVD together so Chase snuck off to play with the new Rocky. He opened the kennel door, and the new Rocky came flying out. I was getting a drink for Emma and myself as the new Rocky cornered both my sister and Chase against the wall. I ran in and saw what was going on. I was going to call my mom, but already knew her response: “I don’t have time.” I knew right away that I had to do something!**

 **I saw my soccer ball and I came up with a plan. I ran to the ball and kicked with all my might to the right of the new Rocky. Just as I had suspected, it curved and whacked him in the head. It didn’t kill him, just knocked him out. After awhile, my mom and Kevin came back. My mom saw the new Rocky and asked “What happened?” Kevin just stared at the dog in disbelief.**

 **“It’s a long story,” I mumble as I stare at the ground.**

 **“I have time” my mom says, “but why didn’t you call me? Did you think I didn’t have time for you?”**

 **I said that I do know that she has time for me, and now, I actually believe that.**