

Ahhh.... Summer. It was the first day of summer break and I was loving it. I was sitting in the recliner chair in the small living room of our cozy apartment reading my new book. It was so interesting that I just couldn't put it down... except for when I heard the horrifying news.

"I have good news!" My mom said, "We're going to be moving!!!" What!?! We can't move! This is awful!!! "But mom, this is our home. And I just got into middle school with the accelerated program and what about my friends?!? I can't leave!" I replied anxiously. I felt a wave of panic and fear sweep over me as I processed this in my head.

"Annabeth, it really is for the best. We don't have enough room here for when your baby brother comes, and that could be soon," Mom answered, "Look on the bright side sweetie, you won't have to share a room with Mela anymore," "Hey!" Mela yelled. Mela is my younger sister, who is annoying at times, but it's also fun sharing a room with her. "Humph, I guess," I mumbled.

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"Goodnight," I yelled to my parents before going to bed. Mela was already in bed, looking upset. "Hey Mela, what's up?" I asked her. "Your bunk bed," she replied. We both burst out laughing. Mela could always make you laugh. "Let me rephrase that, what are you upset about?" I asked again. "Do you really not want to share a room with me?" That question stunned me. "Well, sometimes I want my own space, but I like

sharing a room. If we didn't, we wouldn't be having this conversation, and these are some of my favorite conversations," I told her. "Really?" she asked. "Really," I climbed into my bunk and turned on the lamp. "So, you're not too thrilled about moving either?" I asked. "No, I'll miss not having you in my room, I'll also miss school, and my friends," she replied. "Me too Mela," I replied, then I fell asleep.

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Before I knew it, we were packing boxes, getting ready to leave. I can't exactly describe how I'd felt, but I think it was almost like grief. I had lived here my entire life and was expected to leave in a couple weeks. "Whimmm," Max whimpered. Max is our golden retriever puppy, who could always tell when I was sad. He put his head in my lap as I stroked his ears. "It's not fair Max. Why does our not-even-born brother get to control our lives!" It always felt better to tell my problems to Max, he was a good listener. "Woof! Woof!" Max barked in agreement. Hmmmmmm, too bad Max wasn't in charge.

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Before I could think of ways to change my mom's mind, our stuff was packed and the moving truck had arrived. We spent all day loading things in, so we could leave the next morning. "Come on Annabeth, think!" I mumbled to myself as I loaded a box into the truck. "What's got you all upset?" My dad asked. "We're only leaving my entire childhood behind, hmmmmmm, what could be making me upset?" I replied sarcastically.

“I know you and Mela don’t want to move, but it’s best for all of us,” my dad told me. “In our apartment, where would your brother sleep?” He asked. “I dunno, the living room, your room, me and Mela’s room. Anywhere as long as we don’t have to leave!” I answered angrily as I stormed up to our apartment. “What’s her problem?” Mela asked dad. “She’s just upset. She’ll come ‘round,” Dad answered.

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We had arrived at our new house. Waving goodbye to our apartment was the hardest thing I’ve ever had to do. Now, it was time to wave hello to a new life, in a new house, on the opposite side of the county. I sighed as I dragged my stuff into my new room. It was **ginormous**!!! There was so much space. “Ruf, Ruf!” Max barked at me. He had brought in his favorite toy, Squeaky. Squeaky was a bright red bone chew toy that squeaked when you squeezed it. I wrestled with Max and Squeaky for a while and then started to help unpack.

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Mom had fixed spaghetti and meatballs for dinner and it was delicious. I had my shower and was getting ready to go to bed. Because we had arrived in the afternoon, and didn’t have time to put our beds together, we were all sleeping in sleeping bags. I was passing Mela’s room and decided to say good night. I walked in and saw her crying. “What’s the matter?” I asked her. “I-I’m scared-to sleep-all alone,” she told me between snuffles. “Well...I’ll be right back then,” I said going off to get my sleeping bag.

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I awoke the next morning next to Mela. I had drug my sleeping bag into her room so she wouldn't be alone. I had also promised that I would put Max's bed in her room once my bed was together. For now, we would sleep in our sleeping bags together. We went out into the kitchen to find mom making pancakes. "MMMM," I sniffed the pancakes. "They smell delicious," I said. "I bet they taste even better!" Dad said, reaching for a pancake. "Not yet," Mom playfully scolded him. "I still have to make the eggs and bacon." "I'll do the bacon, Annabeth, Mela, you work on the eggs," Dad said. "You're just trying to get us eating faster aren't you?" Mela was on to him. "No, of course not, it's so, ...uhhh... your... mom doesn't have to do all the work. Now hop to it," Dad answered. The day was off to a great start.

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I'd finished unpacking my clothes and putting them away in my new closet. It felt weird having my own closet. Mela and I used to share a cupboard-thing for a closet. "Annabeth!" Mela came storming into my room. "Dad said now that we've unpacked some, we can go and explore the backyard!" She exclaimed. "Okay!" I replied excitedly. There used to be a playground and a pool behind our apartment complex, but the backyard was huge. Plus, it was all ours. There was a little creek, some woods, and a swing set left by the previous owners. "It's beautiful." Mela said.

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We played out back for about 20 minutes before mom called us in. "Will you girls help me make some cookies? They're for our neighbors," Mom asked. "Sure," I replied.

"Ohhh, can we make the chocolate chip oatmeal cookies! They're soooo good!" Mela said. "Good idea." Mom told us. "We have all the ingredients to make a couple batches," "All right!" I said. "Let's get baking!"

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"Mmmmmm, these are the best cookies ever," Mela said. "Mmhmm," I said with a mouthful of cookie. We packed most of the cookies into boxes, so we could deliver them to our neighbors. "Come on Mela, I have a great idea," I told her. We went to the garage, aka storage area, and dug through a couple boxes until we found our scooters and our wagon. Mela's face lit up. "We can deliver the cookies on our scooters!" Mela exclaimed.

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We had delivered all the boxes except one. This house was closer to the main road, so it wasn't surprising when a car rolled by, and it had a really bad engine. It was way louder than it needed to be. "Ahhhh!" Mela shrieked as the car rolled by. "You okay?" I asked. "Yeah, why do some things have to be sooo loud?" Mela complained. "Well, the reason there even is sound is because things vibrate, the more vibration the bigger the

sound wave is. Which makes a loud noise,” I told her. “Do you always have to get so sciencey when I complain?” She asked sarcastically. “It is pretty cool how that works, though,” I smiled. “Come on, let’s make this last delivery before we get caught out here in the dark.”

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The next morning, Mela and I got up early and snuck out to the kitchen to work. I ran to my room to get the check list. “Flowers?” I asked. “Check,” Mela replied. We had made a special birthday breakfast for our mom. We’ve done it every year, so it’s basically tradition. “That’s everything,” I said. Mela carried the tray of pancakes, eggs, and bacon, while I carried the flowers and syrup. “Happy birthday to you....” We sang softly. “Happy birthday dear mom, Happy birthday to you!” “Thank you girls, I love you so much,” Mom exclaimed. “Enjoy!” We giggled and then left the room.

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It had been the perfect day, and I had noticed we still hadn’t built the beds yet. Maybe mom and dad heard us talking the other night and decided they would wait to build the beds. “Squeakkkkkk!” Squeaky said. Max came in and was begging to play, and I couldn’t resist his puppy eyes. We wrestled until it was time for bed.

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When I woke up, something felt wrong. Mela was still asleep, so I decided to go investigate, but being me, I fell comedically over squeaky waking up Max and Mela. “Squeakkkkkk!” Squeaky yelled. “Is it morning?” Mela yawned. I nodded my head. “I feel like something’s missing, want to help me investigate?” I asked. “Sure,” she replied, stretching. Nothing seemed out of the ordinary so far, then we looked in the kitchen. “Look!” Mela said. “There’s a note.” “Dear Annabeth and Mela,” I read. “Your baby brother is on the way, Mima and Pipa came to watch you for a couple days. Love you, - Mom & Dad.” Mima and Pipa are our grandparents. “Eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!!! This is so exciting!” Mela exclaimed.

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Mima and Pipa fixed us breakfast and decided to show us something. “You should go get your swimsuits on, Bumblebees,” Mima told us. Bumblebees is just what she calls Mela and I. “Why Mima?” Mela asked. “We have a surprise for you,” Pipa said. With that, Mela and I went to get our swimsuits on.

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“A Pool!” Mela and I exclaimed. Mima and Pipa had lived in the area a long time, but they said the community pool was new. We jumped in and made a big wave come up and splash Mima and Pipa. “Hey!” Pipa complained sarcastically. “Sorry, Pipa,” We said giggling. We swam there until about lunch time and then went home.

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“What should we do now?” Mela asked. After eating lunch, we played board games, then played card games, and we had just finished playing hide and seek. “Hmmm... Maybe we could make something for our brother,” I replied. “What should we make?” Mela asked. “I know, we could make a mobile,” I said. “A what?” she asked. “A mobile, one of those spinny things on cribs,” I said. “Okay,” she replied as we got to work.

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“Done,” I exclaimed. We had finished making the mobile just before bed. “It’s amazing!” Mela squealed. It really was amazing. We had made origami farm animals and attached it to the base of the mobile. “Time for bed, bumblebees,” Mima said softly. Your father called and said we can visit them in the hospital tomorrow.” “Yes! I can’t wait to hold him!” Mela exclaimed.

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“Good morning!” We all exclaimed as we walked into the hospital room. “Good morning,” Dad replied sleepily. “Where is he? I can’t wait to hold him!!!” Mela exclaimed. “He’s sleeping right now, over there,” Mom pointed. We went over to give her a hug, then checked out our new brother. “Ohh he’s so cute and tiny,” I said. He yawned and opened his eyes. He had the most amazing smile and sea green eyes, with the cutest little dimples. “Can we hold him?” Mela asked. Mom nodded. When I held him, the most



love and joy I'd felt since we moved washed over me like a wave. That's when I knew,  
he was one of the most special things ever.