

Good Bye By Andy

It's 7:00 A.M., I have a pit in my throat like the kind you get when you go on the monkey bars for the first time .I can see the big black car pull into the driveway. It's here to take us to the airport. I've been there before, but home was always at the end of each trip. This time I'm not coming back. I'm moving to New York City.

In New York my mom says there are big buildings and bright lights. My mom says it's called "The City That Never Sleeps", and that I'll love it... She is yelling for me to come. But I've got one more thing to do... I'm not ready to go yet.

I run into the house and up the long stairs to my bedroom. I look at the fluffy red carpet and I see the big orange stain and I remember the Christmas morning I dropped my orange juice when I saw my shiny red tricycle. I close my eyes and remember the time when my best friend James jumped off my bunk bed and broke his foot. I would give up anything I if didn't have to leave. So many memories, happy times and sad, they all seem happy now. I don't want to go.

I walk to my sister's room, everything is bare... nothing's left. They took it all. But I can still see the outline of the pink dresser, and the places where the pictures of her friends hung. On Friday nights I would come in here to read with her when I couldn't fall asleep. When my parents fell asleep we would sneak down stairs for a midnight snack, I can still taste late night popcorn and forbidden soda. So many good times, I don't want to go.

I head downstairs to the kitchen. All the pots and pans are gone. Only the stove and the refrigerator are left. They look like ghosts glaring out at me from the shadows. It doesn't look like my kitchen anymore, not at all. The plastic little red hen is gone. The macaroni art sign I made on my last day of preschool is gone too. So many Sunday morning pancake breakfasts, friendly brunches and holiday dinners. If only I could do that again. So many good times, I don't want to go.

Andy's picture book text.

Outside I can see my play set. No kids playing on the monkey bars today. No water gun fights or games of tag. I remember my sister's 8th birthday. We all fell down laughing when my dad popped a water balloon on my sister. I can still see it in my mind, the way her hair was plastered down to her face and her grin was big enough to unhinge her jaw. So many summer days of making *Kool Aid* and selling it to thirsty neighbors out in the yard, so many funny memories, I don't want to go.

I head towards the living room. Where the couch used to be, is merely an outline of memories. Pillows fights, birthdays, Easter egg hunts, and endless games of hide and go seek, so many pieces of my life. I remember the Halloween I dressed up as Super man and jumped up and down on the couch so I could fly. And for a second there I was having fun and laughing. So many good times, I don't want to go.

I come face to face with the door with the front door. I walk into the blinding mid-morning sun. The huge elm trees look especially beautiful today; with the shafts of light coming through the thick branches. I climb into the car. The engine starts... I look over my shoulder "Good bye house, good bye".

9 hours later the cramped New York taxi pulls up to the driveway of our new building. The house is big and tall. It is all brick it has a red door.

I run into my bedroom expecting to hate it, but instead in the corner there's my bed. On my dresser lay things I thought I had lost but now sit neat and tidy on my desk. Maybe this place isn't so bad.

I go into my sister's room. There's the pink dresser. It's just how it was before. All the photographs are here waiting to be accompanied by new friends. And the best part is, it's close to the kitchen.

I go to the living room. Suddenly, I see my couch and the blue chair. I jump up and down for a while just for old time's sake. It's just the way I remember it.

The kitchen is perfect. The red hen sits intently waiting for Sunday when it can watch mom cook pancakes.

We have a kitty clock the wags it's tail back and forth. It's just the way I imagined it to be, everything is just the way it should be, just like I want it to be.

Hello New York City, ready or not here I come.

Andy's text, p. 3.