

Never
(excerpt)
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“Maybe you’ll try listening to class next time Ms. Crystal” My teacher says as I walk out the door.

I nod my head even though he cannot see me and continue on my way to meet Izzy.

“I hate this dump” I say to Izzy as soon as he is in talking distance.

“Do not tell me you do not want to be anything in this world” Izzy says opening the door and throwing his bag on the passenger seat.

“Oh, I definitely want to be something I would just prefer it if this dump was not included in that plan” I reply climbing into the backseat.

“Might I remind you that I am not your chauffeur?”

“Ah, but anybody who is anybody in this world has a chauffeur so I must start practicing now”

I smile and he tilts his rear view mirror a little to see me. He pulls out of the parking lot and a few minutes down the road he relaxes and starts driving carelessly again.

“Home quick” I say.

“Not eager at all” Izzy replies laughing bringing light to his eyes.

“Well, the sooner we get home the sooner we get to go to the brigade” I explain.

“Good point, Home quick”

We don’t talk the rest of the way to my house because we are too busy signing along to today’s album. When he pulls up in front of my house I am so excited I nearly hop out while the car is still moving. I run up the walkway which is weird because I am never happy to be home.

“Come on” Izzy says leading me through the kitchen.

“No you don’t understand my mom is in there” I say trying to pull him towards the other staircase.

Izzy is stronger though and manages to lead me through the swinging door into the kitchen.

“Hello Mrs. Crystal” Izzy says.

“Well hello there Isidoris” She replies fondly forgetting the drunken state she had seen him in just a few days before. I sulk at the edge. “Do not slouch, Ivianna it is unbecoming”

I do not reply so Izzy steps in saying “We were just heading upstairs”

“Have fun” my mom says turning back to her cooking magazine even though god forbid she pick up a pan and actually cook.

“I hate you”

“I wouldn’t be so quick to say that if I were you, I’m the one with the car”

“I’ve reconsidered I love you”

“I don’t want your opinion, you are biased”

“Do not slouch, Ivianna, Do not, Do not, Do not” I say imitating my mother.

“At least she cares” Izzy says as we reach the door to my room.