Chapter 2

                       CHANGE IS ON THE WAY

 I could not imagine what in the world my parents were so excited about. Was mom having a baby? “No! No God, please, not a baby!!!” Things are crazy enough around here. While my mind was swirling with ideas of what could be going on, I heard, “Sweety? SWEETY, PENELOPE!!” I had not realized that I had spaced out for so long that both my parents were staring at me with a mixture of concern and amusement. “Oh, sorry, I was zoned out for a minute there, WHAT IS GOING ON???” Mom and Pops know how I feel about surprises and they knew that I was getting close to having a “cranky episode” as we like to call it. It’s when I start feeling very uncomfortable with something going on or someplace I am not used to. I have learned not to throw fits like I did when I was younger, but now I can still get pretty cranky.

 Pops looked at Mom once again with a giant smirk and then slowly and deliberately started, “Keep an open mind Penelope ok?” “Ok Pops, I will try.” “We….are….moving to MONTANA!!!” “Can you believe it, Sweety? We have 20 acres of our own land!”  “Isn’t it so exciting?” Mom shouted half standing and half jumping!

 It was the craziest thing because I felt like my tongue was swollen the size of my fist which matched the giant fist-sized lump I felt in my throat! Did I just hear them say we were moving to Montana? Feeling a million emotions buzzing through my body like bolts of electricity I jumped to my feet and yelled, “YOU HAVE GOT TO BE KIDDING ME!!!” I ran out of the room crying hysterically like a toddler that just learned they were off to get shots from the doctor!

 How could they do this to me? I mean, things were rough at school, sure, but this? This is life-shattering, destiny altering stuff, like of cosmic proportions! I had already mapped out my life. Both my parents were successful and everyone looked up to them. Of course, I assumed it was expected that I too would grow up to be something important and that I would be RICH! Isn’t that what adults want? Money makes people happy, right? I know a few people that aren’t as rich as my family and they said they wished they had money so they could have a better life.

 I have planned my whole dang life to be an architect! I love to build things and I know that this will make me so rich and successful….the important stuff. Now my parents were messing it all up! Twenty acres of land. REALLY? What did we need that much land for? Did they want to leave their important jobs and become farmers? I am not about to be a farmer and work with stinking cows and chickens. Who are they kidding anyway? Neither of my parents would know the difference between a sheep and a llama, hay from tomato seeds, or “Penelope? Sweetheart?” My mom interrupted my rant, I could have gone on with many more examples of how ridiculous this idea was.