

## The Deck

By: Jaxx

"But remember how we all used to play, as a family," I tried to explain.

We are getting a deck and I was not to bright on that idea,"The kick ball games, family fun baseball are you even hearing me?"

My mom's smile got bigger, and bigger while my frown got deeper, and deeper. Just moments ago, I was in bed dreaming away, but that all changed that second. The deck would probably take up the whole back yard, with its Amazon size. No more play time. Just us working on the deck, all of us.

As the giant drills punched holes five feet under I thought, "Wow, I never knew that two smelly, stinky, scary men would be eating away at the place I call home."

I looked out the window to see dirt everywhere. "Was this worth what mom, and dad paid for?" I mumbled to myself.

Of course! They left the huge rusting drill in our yard. "Bums," I whispered.

Two dreadful weeks later, the builders finally placed the last piece of wood. Phill, one of the head workers, was **SLEEPING** on the deck. Then the others followed. By then, about eight strangers were dreaming on the extension to our house. That's when mom had enough. I trailed her outside. I couldn't miss that. I stopped to see my mom, her face so angry. She stomp over to chew them out.

After all of them had a good talk they said they would clean up their McDonalds and leave. Right then all I could do was stand there in

amazement."It probably did cost my mom and dad a lot," I rub my gentle hand across the smooth slick railing. The guilt poured down like thick heavy rain.

I went back inside to the laundry room and buried my face into a welcoming pillow,"ugh," I groan, "All this fuss over a deck."

Well I guess I knew something was going to "happen".

The next morning came, and before I knew it I had a leaf blower in one hand and a brush in the other. Pacing back and forth my mom, and dad were trying to get all the angles of the deck while me, my brothers, and my sister ,were scrubbing the deck squeaky clean. It was hard work, but what I didn't know is that it will all be worth it, once we are done.

As the days progress I start to notice something. The deck looks plain. "Hey mom," I say, "when will we at least put some flowers out there?"

Mom replied,"Well dad just went out and bought some bags of soil, so we can plant some bushes."

Oh no, when it comes to **bags** it usually means truck loads. So the bushes, **HAVE** to be big. But the worse part is that we have to haul them from the driveway all the way to the deck in the back yard. "Why did I even ask?" I thought, "Why?"

A week later, the last bush was placed and the concrete path that lead to the deck had finally dried, the deck is complete. Yes. Two years of planning, and four weeks of waiting."Oh man," I start, "It's the end of a new era."

"Who's ready to work a basement?" My mom wonders. There was no reply just growls. A few seconds later "I AM," I yell with a smile.

Trick me into working once, shame on me. Trick me into working twice shame on you. A deck I can understand, but a basement? Geez. For all I know I'm gonna be indoors for ever. At least until the summer ends.

## **About The Author**

Jaxx started writing short adventure novels at the age of six. As an inspiration of his crazy wonderful family he wrote about seven stories including this one, *The Deck*. Also look out for upcoming book *The Half Theirs*, 2016 coming in retailers around you. Jaxx lives with his family, of fun and describes that “Everyday's an adventure,” living with his two brothers, his one sister and of course his mom and dad. Currently he is ten years old, but wishes to accomplish more, and more series of novels that will bring joy to every kid that gets their hands on them.

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Sincerely dedicated to The Monkey Clan.