

# Um...

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*Okay. I'm bored. Do not expect this to be a very good story. Not actually fanart of anything, because I can do that kind of stuff. :)*

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# 1 - Baseball

Achilleus Nelson 18:23 p.m. Friday 30th - "The Field"

*SMACK!* Bat and ball collided. Achilleus Nelson ran. The ball soared. First base. Akkie's wiry frame carried him quickly. Second base. He risked a glance over his shoulder. The ball was soaring high over the outfield. Third base. He ran faster. Home base. The ball flew over the fence of the old parking lot they were using as a pitch. Home run. Of all the sports Achilleus played, baseball was his favorite.

"Akkie, that was amazing!"

Akkie turned to see his little brother, Toby, running across the field. Toby never actually played the game with them, but he was very enthusiastic about watching.

"Yeah, Aks, good hit! Did you see that ball fly! It must've gone all the way to Yettie Polk Park! Maybe even further! It must've gone all the way into the next county!" said Sam. Sam was an extreme motor mouth, but he was a good player, and a great friend.

"Akkie, it's 6:30. You'd better be getting home." Kate Walton was the only girl on the team. In the beginning everyone had underestimated her, but that phase was soon ended after she hit three home runs in a row. Her blonde ponytail coming loose under her hat, she walked over to him, blue eyes sparkling.

The way Akkie's team played, there were no winners and no losers. When it was time to go home, they would all pack up and leave, then the next day they would pick up right where they left off. An endless baseball game.

"Kay. I've got basketball practice with Coach tomorrow. I might not be able to show up 'till later."

"That's alright."

"Kay, bye."

"Good-bye!" Toby called back as they walked off the field.

"Mom?" Akkie called as he walked into the house. "Mom, I'm home!"

There was no answer. He walked into the living room, the kitchen, the bedrooms.

"Mom, Dad?"

Nothing.

"Maybe they went out somewhere." Toby said.

"Maybe."

The phone rang. Akkie picked it up.

"Hello, Mrs. Nelson?" It was Kate.

"No, it's me, Akkie."

"Oh." Kate said.

"Who is it?" Toby asked.

"It's Kate." Akkie replied, covering the mouthpiece of the phone.

"I was wondering if I could come over to your place. My parents aren't here." Kate said through the phone.

"Mine aren't either, but your welcome to come over."

"Kay, thanks." Kate hung up.

"What'd she say?" Toby asked.

Akkie smiled at his 7-year-old curiosity.

“She said her parents weren’t home either. She’s coming over here.”

“Yay!” Toby loved hanging out with Kate.

There was a knock at the door.

“Hey.” Kate said from the doorway. “Can I come in?”

“Sure.”

Her lean, fit body stepped through the door, and Akkie noticed that she wasn’t wearing shoes. It wasn’t surprising though. Kate went around barefoot all the time. She had some tough feet, that girl, and she only wore her tennis shoes when she played baseball with the rest of the boys, and to school where they were required.

“Isn’t it strange that our parents aren’t home right now? I mean, mine almost never leave the house.”

Kate mused.

“I know. My mom’s always home right about now.”

“Where do you think your dad is?”

“Oh, he’s probably still at work. He usually doesn’t show ‘till 9:00.”

“Oh well. No grown-ups means we get to raid the cookies!” Toby said.

## 2 - Can't They do Anything Else?

Lea "Indigo" Robins- 6:25 p.m. Friday 30th - Thompson's house

Indigo sat cross-legged on the bed. It wasn't her bed. It was Shelby Thompson's bed. Indy hadn't wanted to come over to Shelby's house, but she had been dragged along by Clara. She didn't much like Shelby, and she wasn't Clara's biggest fan either, even though Clara thought they were best friends.

Clara and Shelby were talking about boys. That's pretty much all they ever talked about. Probably the one thing Indy cared about less than Shelby and Clara was who she wanted to kiss tomorrow. Right now they were talking about Jason, and who he would ask out first.

"So what do you think Lea?" Clara asked.

'Lea'. Indy didn't really like her name. Why couldn't they just call her 'Indigo'?

Indy flicked her long black hair out of her face. The ends had been dyed purple, as it was her favorite color. "I think you have the right positive attitude Clara, but Shelby has better looks," she said in an attempt to sound like she cared. What she said was true though. Shelby's blond hair and deep brown eyes looked great, and Clara was extremely optimistic most of the time.

"Told you," Shelby mocked.

"Told me what?" Clara asked.

"Told you he was going to ask me first."

"Since when was he going to ask you first?"

"Just now, when Lea said I was more attractive."

Right now all Indy wanted was to go back to her room and be alone, and listen to her father's guitar while she sat in her pillows. Why had she let Clara drag her into this?

Clara and Shelby were arguing now, over whether Jason would care more about attitude or beauty.

"A boy always likes a girl with a positive attitude to keep him happy." Clara said.

"Well, if the girl is good-looking, it wouldn't matter how upbeat she was, because looking at her pretty face will cheer him up twice as well!" Shelby hollered back.

*They seem pretty absorbed in the argument,* Indigo thought. *Maybe I can slip away.*

"Maybe if you cared more about Jason's personality than his looks, you would see my point!" Clara shouted.

"I do care about Jason's personality, it's you who cares more about his looks!" Shelby retorted.

Indy slid quietly off the bed.

"You don't even like Jason do you?"

"I do too!"

She inched towards the door.

"No you don't, you just want him to kiss you so you can show off!"

"I do not!"

She slowly turned the handle.

"You do too! That's all you want is to show off!"

"It's you who wants to show off!"

*Can't they do anything else?* She thought. She inched the door open. Almost there.

"I hate you!"

"I hate you too!"

"I never want to talk to you again!"

“Neither do I!”

Indy slowly shut the door behind her. She was out. Free. She took off down the stairs and down the street to her house.

She was so exhilarated from the escape of Shelby and Clara that she almost didn't notice how quiet her house was when she walked through the door. Almost. *My house is never quiet*, she thought. And indeed it wasn't. There was always her mother banging around the house determined to do some crazy project, and her father rocking out on his electric guitar. Where are they? She decided to let it slide. She should enjoy the peace while it lasted.

But she couldn't quite enjoy it through the nervous feeling in her gut.