



MEET THE



Zeke

Age: 11

Favorite Breakfast: Froot Loops cereal with milk and sliced bananas

Secret Wish: wants his parents to be nice to each other

Favorite Hobby: rock hunting for gemstones

Best Quality: very open-minded

CHARACTERS



ANDREW

Age: would have been 11

Family Pet: a sheepdog named Rags (who can still see him)

Favorite Afterlife Stunt: going through walls and locked doors

Wanted to Be: a stand-up comedian

Best Quality: loves his family

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TRAPPED

My mom and dad are opposites. They never agree.



“Zeke, let’s go. Practice time. Let’s do it. Three hundred kicks,” Dad says.

“You don’t have to. Soccer is supposed to be fun,” Mom says.

“You baby him,” Dad says. He says this a lot. “Come on.”

“Well, Coach,” she yells back. “Keep it up. He’s gonna hate soccer. And you!”

I am trapped. I hate being in the middle.

“Tell your mom you like soccer,” Dad yells.

“Tell your dad you hate it,” Mom yells.

Still trapped.



↑
STUCK IN THE MIDDLE

They don’t get it. Truth is, I like soccer a lot. I’m pretty good. But Dad is always in my face. Yelling at me in front of my team. He



only yells at me.

I don't hate my dad. He just gets ... excited.



Then Mom tells Dad something. Something I wish she hadn't. But I don't say anything. Wish I had. She says I want to quit the team. Because of him.

"This true, Zeke?" my dad asks in his coach's voice.

I look down. Can't say a word. He walks away.

Then he leaves. Moves out. I am no longer part of their tug-of-war.

