

An excerpt from *¿Him?!* by Darbie Andrews:

*He's what? Did I hear her right? First we had to visit her boyfriend in jail. Now he's moving in.* I shoved my face into my pillow to muffle my screams so Mom wouldn't hear me as she left my room. My feet and fists beat the mattress as I imagined her *novio* sitting on our couch in his bright orange uniform. I rocketed out of bed, threw my tattered Hello Kitty sheet over my pillow and gave it a good punch. Bed made.

Mom's new roommate bomb exploded in my mind. Her convict boyfriend could become my step dad. What would my friends think? No prom date for me, ever. This couldn't be happening. I paced between my bedroom door and my bed like a caged lioness. I wanted out.

Sitting on my bed, hugging my bent legs and burying my face against my knees, I tried to hide from my life. Mom yelled in Spanish from her room. A few of her words came through loud and clear, "*lista*" and "*ahora*." She wanted me ready...and now. I stood up, threw my nightgown on the floor in exchange for yesterday's clothes. My feet took me back and forth across the puke green carpet. *How could she do this?* I plopped down on my bed and rocked back and forth. She screamed something about him being "*bueno*." Her idea of good really sucked. My fist slammed into my pillow again. She had to know that she was wrong.

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