

## Chapter 1

### **Skye**

#### *5 Months Earlier*

Change, it happens in many different ways, often when you least expect it. Even the most paranoid person lets his or her guard down once in a blue moon right? That's when it knows to go for them. People sometimes say they want change but they almost always just want a specific 'good change'. Nobody wants just any old change, and if they say they do, they're kidding themselves. Just look at any election in the history of the United States.

It was after right after spring break of that year, when most teachers were realizing that school was coming to a close and we had the bright beacon of summer to look forward to. I didn't really have too much to look forward to, because there wasn't much I was planning to do. It would be nice to have less responsibility but that's about it. I mean summer meant things like long days of nothing. Little did I know, last summer was probably the last long summer of nothing I'd ever have.

Easter came late, the first Sunday before Spring Break. I wasn't sure anymore what the pattern for figuring out what day it was anymore. I just looked at the calendar to tell me. My brother remembered strange things like that. I found that after I reached a certain age Easter wasn't a holiday I looked forward to so much anymore. Maybe it was because I outgrew the Easter Bunny and candy stage early-Timmy still seemed to be lingering in it at ten years old-but now it usually consisted of a long church service followed by an uncomfortable afternoon with my Mom's parents. Mom's parents hated my father and the dining room table was a silent battleground of passive aggressiveness, majorly from them. My dad seemed to silently accept their hate; if it were me I would at least defend myself. But I guessed that he just didn't see it as worth it.

They also had a habit of trying to do our parents' job for them, which annoyed me, because it was like a backhanded insult to my mother and their own daughter. In the process of trying to attack the one they hated, they had also attacked the one they supposedly loved and raised. Or they just didn't approve of Mom's choices since she married Dad. Also they were socialites, self proclaimed good upstanding people. I didn't hate them, they were family, but it annoyed me. I tended to keep my distance, because I sensed they didn't approve of me. I had already been disappointed by them once and their concern with what people might say over actually taking a damn moment to listen to the truth. After an unfortunate incident in summer camp, I don't want to go into details but it led to a rumor going around about me. A little combination of that and one of my unfortunate flaws for being terribly blunt at times, I think, led to my grandfather deciding that I was bound to be a 'hell-raiser'.

My brother-being generally sweet natured, childish and little, not to mention possessing most of my mother's appearance and the fact that he was still moldable-meant that they liked him a lot. The difference between the relationship with them and me and them and my brother wasn't dramatic, certainly not overtly noticeable to most people. They just seemed to spend a lot of energy correcting me while they were more likely to ask him if he was hungry or wanted to watch a video. Though they had hang-ups with him as well, but they were usually someone else's fault-he was just a child after all. He was still reprimanded, so it was unfair of me to complain that he was treated better. Children were never at fault for misdeeds, right? That is,

unless they did something like make people wonder about your family, or look like the son-in-law you hated.

When I had these feelings I usually took a walk, and told myself that this pointless feeling of whiny angst was just because of the ‘teenager’ hormone that had recently awoken in my body –it would go away hopefully when I turned twenty. It helped to kick my soccer ball and crush leaves under my feet while I mulled it over. I never, okay rarely took my anger out on my brother because after my experiences with a jealous sibling, I didn’t want to inflict that upon him. But still the frustration lingered, why was he, who locked himself in his room during a tantrum and had a penchant for running off without warning, an ‘innocent child’ while I, who did my homework when I got home, did my chores and stayed out of everyone’s way, a ‘hell-raiser’? It was a thing that was kept pushed to the back of my mind where it belonged.

School starting up brought routine back into my life, even though it came with waking up early and dealing with crowds of people. I could deal with that. I’d been getting better in the past few years. I stifled a yawn as I made my way down the street looking around. Nobody just walked to school anymore, even in this small place where it was only about five blocks away. I slowed down my pace just a bit as I walked by the soccer field and got a smell of the grass. Soccer season had started, so I couldn’t get a moment alone on the field as often as I have been.

I liked soccer, at least the physical part of it that included kicking around the ball and scoring goals. The problem came with the part that involved working with the other teammates. I don’t work well with other people. Don’t get me wrong I’m not one of those angry types who hates everyone. I would love to be able to get close to normal people...to have friends.

But I *can’t*.

Because getting close means trust and I just can’t afford to put trust in people. Someone will come along and break it and if my secret were to get out it would put my entire family in danger. My Dad, my brother and I aren’t normal people. We have a power that we have to keep secret. I don’t know my dad’s power and my brother’s hasn’t come in yet (He keeps saying he’s a normal person like mom, but I can feel that’s not true. We Psi know our own, Dad says.) I’m a telekinetic. I’m not really good at it, but I can make things shake and rattle sometimes. (I also made a pinecone smack someone on the face once, but that was a onetime thing because I was in the middle of a semi-panic attack when they snuck up on me.) I don’t use it very often, because really I don’t find much use for showing off. Flinging stuff around whenever I feel like it would be pretty stupid for someone who wanted to keep himself hidden.

### **[Questions]**

This is the introduction to my primary protagonist, 13 (going on 30)-year-old Elliott “Skye” Stryke. The story is told from swapping first person POVs, Skye and his little brother.

I am concerned that the introduction will make him seem hard to like. He starts off as someone who’s extremely introverted not letting himself get close to people. In the climax he is cornered by the antagonist and the lives of his little brother and two friends he reluctantly opened up to are put on the line, forcing him to choose.

I know what I intend but I'm incapable of seeing through other people's point of view , I'd like to know what this intro tells you about him as a person. Thanks very much.