

“Jordan! Breakfast!”

“I’ll be right down, Mom!”

I finished writing a brief description of last night’s run in the notebook I kept on my nightstand and sprang out of bed. The way I figured it, I’d know within the next few days whether the notebook would live up to the name I’d written on the front cover.

“How did you sleep?” Mom asked as she put a plate heaped with bacon, eggs, and hash browns.

*A farmer’s breakfast...*

“Odd dreams... I spent all night – day, driving a truck.”

“Oh, that reminds me, Uncle Kenny was asking about you the other day. He and Cheryl would love to have you visit when school gets out.”

I shrugged. “I feel like I was just there.”

“Well, think about it,” Mom said. “You’re always dreaming about trucks. Maybe you’d like to spend some time around the real thing.”

I wanted to be out with my Dad working the fields, but being the younger son, that wasn’t going to happen. I had to stay home and ‘Mom-sit’ as he called it. Yard work and homework ruled my day instead. It wasn’t a lot of fun, but my time was my own after I finished.

Honestly, the day went by in a hurry. Before I knew it, my head hit my pillow and my eyes fell shut.