

DELETED SCENE (Early Version) – Up in a Tree

Erin & Chris

His head popped out again. “Nope.” Pop. It was back in again, like a turtle inside his shell.

“She’s making dinner.” I put my hand on the lower branch. I didn’t want to climb up unless I had to because it meant he had won.

“Why do you always have to come?”

“Like I want to,” I said. “Mom makes me.”

“So go home and tell her to come.”

“I’ve tried that before, remember?” I rubbed the trunk of the tree, brushing off a piece of bark. “You need to come up with a different plan. This running away thing isn’t working.”

“It would if you’d stop coming.”

Were all nine-year-olds this irritating? “You’ve done this about a zillion times, Chris. Remember the story about the boy who cried wolf?”

“There aren’t any wolves.”

“No, but you’ve done this so many times Mom and Dad don’t worry about you anymore. It’s lost its effectiveness.”

“Huh?” His head came out again.