

# Fossil Relations

[L]  
:SEP:

There are lot of things in life that a guy wants. To be famous, to be loved, to have a caring best friend, and a loyal girlfriend- but things can never go your way. They go absolutely perfect for the guy sitting next to you in class, the one who got 5 points higher than you on a test earlier that week. They go absolutely perfect for the guy you saw at the arcade, the one who found the game card with thousands of extra tickets, when you spent the last of your coins on a game that didn't work. They even go absolutely perfect for the guy on your baseball team who scored more than half the total points for your team in the first half of the game. That's just life, right? Or maybe it's because you're not as lucky as others? What was the point in this? I forgot, oh well. I tended to do that a lot now.

My best friend Rex, (Yes, that is his real name, I know what you're thinking), thinks aliens are controlling my brain, thus causing me to forget things they don't want me to remember. He's totally wacky, right? I know, but he's my best friend, so be nice to him. At least, till he starts eyeballing you, asking if you're from Mars. Then you can call him weird.

I'm Valentino, the boy who gets decent grades, the boy who loves sports... and the boy who found a portal to another world through his closet.

Completely nuts, right? I bet you reread that last line.

Well, it's true- I, Valentino Nickleson, found a portal in my closet. It was weird. I actually decided to clean out my closet when it happened- that's when I found the glowing dinosaur egg on the floor. Naturally, I wanted to see what it was, so I picked it up and looked at it. Then this weird computer-generated male voice said, "Password please."<sup>[L]</sup><sub>:SEP:</sub>

It happened yesterday, 4 p.m., after school on a Tuesday.<sup>[L]</sup><sub>:SEP:</sub>

“Valentino, your room is still a complete and hideous mess,” said my mom, her voice greeting me as I walked into the house.

“I know, I know, but you have to understand.” I placed my hand over my heart. “I wanted to clean my room, honestly, but practice just ran so late last night and there was such an educational show on that I simply had to watch it to boost my already high IQ.” I grabbed a veggie wrap that my mom had just finished making and took a medium-sized bite out of it and began chewing.

“I didn’t know six was a late time, Val, and I’m sure anything ‘educational’ that you were watching, wasn’t as educational as you made it out to be,” said Mom.

“Well, now you know. So glad we had this talk, Mom. I don’t get why Alex thinks you’re so unreasonable.” I swung my bag over my shoulder and headed up the stairs, eating my wrap made with love.

“Homework- now, Valentino!” said Mom.

“Yes ma’am!” I shouted back, walking into my room.

Alex, my first younger sibling, walked into my room. “No practice?”

“Nope, not today,” I said.

“Good, you can help me do my homework- and by help, I mean all of it, I have math and science.”

“In your dreams,” I took off my jacket and tossed it and my bag on the bed. I continued, “If you don’t recall, there was no school yesterday, so I won the bet. And I believe the bet was...”

“If you win, I’m on my own doing my homework.”

“Do tell me how that goes for ya.”

Alex grunted and stomped off.

“No homework, yes! Remember to thank, Rex, for the heads-up on the no school thing.”

I sat on my beanbag chair. I just loved how I sank into it, it made me feel so relaxed. Then Mom walked into my room. “Yes, oh loved mother of mine?”

“Homework?”

“None.”

“Oh, that’s just perfect- you can do your room now.”

“I just remembered... there was a math problem I didn’t finish. I’ll get right on that.”

“Valentino...”

“Okay, okay, I’m on it.”

“Now.”

“Okay already.” I got up and started picking up my clothes and junk off the floor. My mom walked out and down the hall. I put my clothes back on the floor out of boredom.

“Can’t we just hire a maid? Besides, I like my room messy- I know where everything is.” My room wasn’t *dirty* dirty, just your simple pile of clothes here, scatter of papers there, sports gear sprawled out across the bed.

Then, my twin three-year-old sisters came running in the room all over the place, playing tag.

“Glitter! Glamour! Out! You two settle down, now!” I said, before they managed to knock something over, as they usually did.

The two of them sat down on the floor immediately.

“Did you eat all the Lucky Charms again?” I asked, knowing I shouldn’t have even had to- it was kind of self-explanatory.

Glitter shook her head while Glamour nodded yes.

“Did the pre-school like your pop-star nicknames?” I asked.

Again, Glitter shook her head while Glamour nodded.

“You two aren’t stopping anytime soon, are you?”

Once again, Glitter shook her head and Glamour nodded.

“Where’s Tori?” I was done trying to get through to them. This was a normal routine- they always found something to annoy us with each week, and I guess doing the opposite of each other was this week’s feature.

They both shrugged.

“Oh, *now* you stop- stay there.”

I walked out my room and into the narrow hallway.

“TORIANTE!”

Torianté walked out his room and into the hall. He was my younger brother. He tried to mimic our older brother, Devonté. It got annoying as well.

“Wassup?”

“Your practice was cancelled too?” I asked.

“No, Mom’s taking me to get my physical. I’m getting ready now.”

“Where’s Devonté?”

“He went to the store.”

“He could have asked if I wanted something.”

“No one cares.”

I frowned and walked back into my room. My family got on my *nerves*, my very last nerves. They never cared to ask how I was doing. If I wanted something. Or, if I needed something. I truly believe that they were put on this earth to drive me crazy.

“Bye, go bug Tori- he has candy.”

The twins shot out of my room so fast it seemed like they disappeared.

I blinked.

Then you could hear Tori yelling and screaming things like, “Don’t touch that!” and, “Mom, get your daughters!” This caused me to laugh, and then I finally started to clean up my room- for real this time.

Time passed. Seconds turned into minutes; minutes turned into hours... you get the point. My mom was then found standing in my doorway. Sometimes, I thought of her as a stalker.

“Look who’s room’s all clean! I can actually see the floor...”

“I had the time,” I said.

“Dinner’s ready.”

“Okay.”

My mom walked down the hallway and back downstairs as I went back to cleaning my room and went over to the closet.

“I can’t even remember the last time I cleaned this closet. Well, since I’m over here...” I continued cleaning when I felt something cold and rough touch my hand. “What?” I said quietly as I pulled my hand back to look at it.

Nothing.

“What was that?”

I moved my jacket to the side to reveal a rock looking item with strange markings.

“Wow, how’d this get in here, and why is it so cold?”

I looked and studied it some more. I’d never seen anything like it before, it was so weird.

I ran my fingers over the markings and inched my face closer to look at it.

“Password, please.”

I looked around before answering “Who has a password for a closet?”

“Then state your name.”

“Valentino Mikal Nickleson... wait! Who are you?!”

Before I could say anything else, a black hole opened up and I dropped right in, like a rock dropping through water, screaming for dear life.