

## Chapter 1

### Stepping in the Slide Zone

“Lost in a Lost World”

Mike Pinder

Songwriter

Original Member of the Moody Blues

Have I mentioned yet that I hate Mondays? I do, I mean, I really do. Nothing ever goes smoothly on a Monday and this Monday was no exception. This morning, as I was about to leave for work, I tripped into the kitchen and poured my coffee all over myself. So I had to change, and then I was late getting into work. Being late meant the boss was in a bad mood, which meant I was in the doghouse, again. Then, the job site was a mess. It rained last night, and everything was a muddy, slushy, damp mess. Construction was always fun, except when it isn't, and it isn't fun when everything you do all day long is just sort of a mess.

Here it's about four o'clock, and I missed lunch because I worked through it to make up for this morning's disaster. Jim, the site supervisor, is still livid because I was late and to make matters worse, it was raining again. That's when Jim called me over.

“Drew! Hey, Drew! Come here a minute, will you?” He yelled from his truck, holding the radio in his hand, as he sat inside.

I walked over, waiting for yet, another tirade, but when I got there, Jim wasn't mad. He just had this serious expression and sort of sympathetic look on his face as he solemnly said, “Drew...Grace just called the office. It's your dad. I'm sorry Drew.” My heart sank and I clenched my jaw tightly. I knew.