

Josh and T.J.

培生
英语阅读

乔希与T.J.

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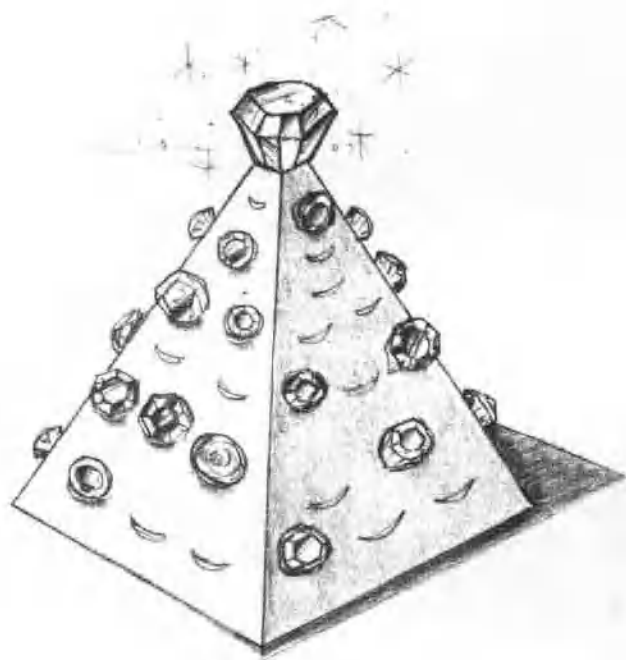
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Josh and T.J.



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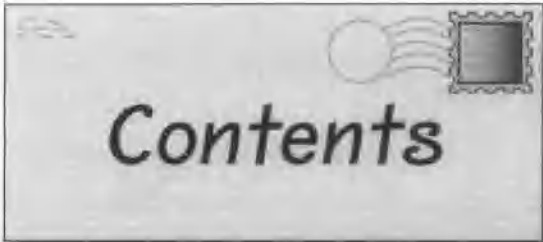
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To Jason, Jeffrey, and Alissa:
my 'Premium Flash' source

T.J. Moves Away

This had been the worst week of my life. My very best friend in the whole world **moved away**. T.J. and I had known each other forever. We lived right next door to each other, and we played together practically every day. Now he was gone.



On Saturday my mom called me into the kitchen. She had just brought in the mail. "This letter is for you," she said, handing me a blue envelope with my name on it. I tore open the envelope. It was a letter from T.J.!

July 15

Dear Josh,

Hi! Well, it's been one whole week since we moved to our new house. I hate it here!

We drove almost three hours before we got to the new house. It's a **creepy** place! All of my stuff is in boxes, and there's no one to play with.

My parents keep saying I should be happy now that I have my own bedroom and we live in a bigger house. No way! I would share a bedroom with my bratty little brother Kyle for my whole life if I could stay back home with you.

Write soon!!!

Your best friend,

T.J.





miserable

A unhappy or uncomfortable B shameful

T.J. sounded as **miserable** as I was. Every time I passed his old house, I had to remember I just couldn't ring the doorbell and wait for him to run out. My mom kept telling me I should play with my other friends. I tried to, but T.J. had always been a part of our group, so things just weren't the same. It felt like there was a big empty space inside me ever since T.J. moved away.

After I finished reading the letter, my mom said,
“Since it’s Saturday, let’s go to the pool.”

“All right,” I said and went to get my stuff.
When I came back downstairs, my mom asked
me about the letter.

I smiled. “It’s from T.J.,” I told her.

“How does he like his new house?” she asked.

“He doesn’t like it **at all**. He never should have
moved!” I replied.



"Sometimes it takes a while to **adjust to** a new home," my mother said. "I'm sure he'll like it more once he gets settled and has a chance to meet some people at his new school."

Because it was such a hot day, the town pool was very crowded. It seemed as if the whole neighborhood was there. I saw some kids from my school, Darren and Carly, over by the diving board. I could even hear Darren ordering everyone around, just as he always did.



I was already walking toward the diving board when my mother stopped and began talking to some people I didn't know, although they looked a little familiar. Then I remembered. They were our new neighbors, the people who had moved into T.J.'s house.

My mom waved for me to come back. She called, "I want you to meet someone."

When I got to where my mom was standing, she said, "Josh, I'd like you to meet Mr. and Mrs. Walker and Scott and Amanda. Scott is the same age as you." Two kids sat near Mr. and Mrs. Walker, a girl and a boy.

Amanda said, "Hi." She sounded friendly, but she looked like she was a few years older than me. Then Scott looked up. "Hi," he said quietly.

"Hi," I said back. I started to walk away again, but my mother stopped me. She gave me a look, but she didn't say anything else.

"It's nice to meet you," I added.

Then I left and went over to Darren and Carly. As I walked away, I heard my mom and Mrs. Walker talking about the neighborhood and how nice it was to have a pool so **close by**.

I didn't see Scott or his family for the rest of the afternoon. They must have left the pool after lunchtime, which was fine with me.

I didn't really want to get to know the new neighbors. I felt a little angry that they had moved into T.J.'s house. I knew that was silly because they didn't **have anything to do with** the reason T.J. moved, but I still felt that way.



After dinner that night, I wrote T.J. a letter.

July 18

Dear T.J.,

Hi! I was really glad to get your letter today. I guess it will take some time to get used to your new house. I don't think I'll ever get used to you not being here!

I just came back from the pool. I kept thinking about last summer when we had that jumping contest off the diving board.

Darren and Carly were at the pool today, too. Carly showed me her new Green Jade Razzle Stone. It's pretty cool. I need the Blue Midnight Stone to get up to the third level, but neither of them wanted to trade their extras with me.

I miss you a lot! Write back soon!

Your best friend,

Josh





T.J. and I used to trade Razzle Stones without ever asking for trade backs. Razzle Stones are special colored stones a lot of kids collect. Some stones are easy to get when you buy a Razzle Bag at the store, but other stones are so **rare** that almost no one has them. Besides collecting the stones, you can also play games with them.

I asked my mom for a stamp and walked to the mailbox at the end of the street to mail the letter. I passed T.J.'s old house on my way there. Inside the house I could hear a dog barking.

Scott was sitting on the front steps with markers and a big pad on his lap, and it looked like he was drawing something. I know he saw me. Then he stood up and walked back inside his house. He didn't even say hi or anything.

The New Kid

As the days passed, I wondered when T.J. would get my letter. I **thought about** him reading it and hoped he would write back right away. Even though I went bike-riding with Carly and did stuff with my other friends, I thought about T.J. a lot. Finally, after a week or so, I got another letter from T.J.



July 30

Dear Josh,

I remember that diving contest very well! I swallowed so much pool water I felt sick for two days!

You're right. I guess it will take a while to get used to being here. They don't have a pool in this town. They don't even have sidewalks on my street! I can't imagine what I'm going to do for the rest of the summer!

Some people down the road invited us to swim in their pool last weekend. They have a six-year-old girl, so Kyle is really happy. Now he has someone to play with. There are no kids my age on this whole block! My mom said she heard there were some kids my age who live around the corner, but they go to camp all summer.

You might ask some other kids to trade Razzle Stones with you. I think Randi has the Blue Midnight Stone. I bet she'd really want your Purple Paw Stone.

Your best friend,
T.J.

The next afternoon the doorbell rang. Darren and Carly were standing outside, wanting to know if I could play basketball at the playground down the street.

"T.J. should be here," Darren said as he dribbled the basketball down the sidewalk. "He shoots hoops almost as well as I do." I thought T.J. was better than Darren, but I didn't say anything.

When we passed T.J.'s old house, I saw Scott and his sister sitting on the front steps.

"Hey!" Darren **yelled** over to Scott. "Do you play basketball?" I didn't think Darren had met Scott, but Darren talks to everyone.

