

MOVING DAY

by
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The end of summer was coming. School would be starting soon. I was looking forward to returning to school to see my friends. I had been visiting my aunt for most of the summer so it was nice to be home. I was only home a couple of hours when my parents gave me the bad news. We were going to move to another city.

“When are we moving?” I asked.

“Next week,” my parents told me.

“Next week? When did all of this happen?” I asked in shock over the news.

“Two months ago your father was transferred to another office. He received a promotion, and he’ll be making more money than before. It’ll be really good for him and for us,” my mother tried to make me feel better.

“I hate moving, and I hate you!” I yelled as I ran to my room.

I lay on my bed looking at the ceiling. How could we be moving? I had lived in this house all of my life. This was MY room. I helped my dad paint the room last year. It was exactly the way I wanted it. It was perfect.

I rolled over and began to cry. Why did this have to be happening now? I was getting ready to see all of my friends. I did not want to move. I wanted to stay in my own house.

After a while, I fell asleep.

The next morning I left the house to visit my friend Mark. He lived two houses away from me. We had been best friends for as long as I could remember.

When I got to his house, I just walked in the front door. I was like a member of the family. I never knocked or rang the bell.

“Where’s Mark?” I asked his mother.

“He’s up in his room.”

She turned and looked at me.

“Why do you look so sad?” she asked me.

“My parents told me yesterday that we are moving next week. I’m not too happy about it,” I said while holding my head down.

“I know, your parents told me a week ago that they had sold the house and that you’d be moving to another city. We’ll miss you a lot around here,” Mrs. Kelley said as she walked over and gave me a hug.

I ran upstairs to Mark’s room. He was cleaning his room and making his bed. He always took a long time to clean his room. He did not like to do it, but his mom made him.

“Hey, Mark, what’s up?” I asked him.

“Oh, hi Billy, I heard that you’re moving. That really stinks. What are we gonna do?” he asked.

“I don’t know. I haven’t thought about it too much. I just found out last night after dinner. I wish that my aunt had told me about this,” I answered.

“When are you moving?” Mark asked

“My parents said next week. This is the worst thing that’s ever happened to me,” I said as I sat down on Mark’s unmade bed.

“Hey, I was making that bed. Get up and help me,” Mark yelled at me.

We finished making his bed, and then we went outside to climb our favorite tree.

“I don’t want to move,” I said as I sat on my favorite branch. “I’ve lived here my whole life. All of my friends are here. I know all of the shortcuts, and I’m comfortable

here. Why do we have to move?"

"Maybe you don't have to move," Mark spoke up. "I bet we can come up with a plan so you don't have to move."

"Do you have any ideas?" I asked him.

"Not really, but if we think real hard I'm sure we can come up with a plan," Mark suggested.

We sat in the tree most of the day talking and planning. Some of the ideas were good, some of them were bad, but most of them were really funny.

We thought about running away. We talked about hiding in his room. We even talked about building a tree fort in our favorite tree so I could live there. None of the ideas worked out.

My mother called me to come home for lunch. I invited Mark to join me.

When we walked in the door, my mother was in the kitchen fixing my lunch.

"Mom, do we really have to move?" I asked

"I'm afraid so Billy. If we don't move your father will lose his job, and then we won't have any money to pay for the things we need. We sold the house already, and the new owners will be here next week to move in. I know this is hard for you, but you'll make new friends at our new house," my mom tried to make me feel better.

Every day, Mark and I tried to find a way to stop the move, but then it was moving day, and we had not come up with a plan.

On the day of our move, the car was packed for our trip. The big moving van was filled with our stuff. The van drove off as we said goodbye to our friends and neighbors. I said goodbye to Mark and his family for the last time. We promised to text each other.

We took our time driving to our new house. We saw many things and took many pictures. It was a fun trip.

When we got to the new city, we went to our new house. I could not believe it. The house was huge. It sat on a hill overlooking the valley where the city was. The view was amazing.

The moving van had arrived before us, and all of our things were already inside.

We walked in the front door. I had never seen a house like this before. It was beautiful. There was a room with a giant TV screen. In another room, we had a pool table and video games. This was going to be an amazing place to live.

“Can I invite Mark to come to our house?” I asked.

I was excited to show him my new house.

“Maybe next summer he can come for a visit,” my mom answered.

“Go up and see your new room. It’s the second door on the left,” Dad told me.

I ran up the stairs, pushed open the door, and I saw the most amazing room I had ever seen. My parents had my room painted the same color as the old room. All of my pictures and awards were already on the walls, and best of all, I had a big window that looked out over the city. I could see all of the tall buildings, and at night, the lights would be amazing to see.

I lay back on my bed with my hands behind my head and looked around this new room. Maybe moving to a new city was not that bad after all.



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VOCABULARY: (*Match the word to its definition*)

- | | |
|---------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. aunt ____ | a. truck used to move |
| 2. moving ____ | b. faster path |
| 3. transfer ____ | c. limb, bough |
| 4. promotion ____ | d. parent's sister |
| 5. stinks ____ | e. smells badly, not good |
| 6. shortcuts ____ | f. higher job position |
| 7. branch ____ | g. going to a new house |
| 8. tree fort ____ | h. relocation to a new job |
| 9. owners ____ | i. house built in a tree |
| 10. moving van ____ | j. paid for something |

TRUE / FALSE:

- | | |
|--|-------|
| 1. I went to my aunt's house for the summer. | T / F |
| 2. My best friend's name was Dean. | T / F |
| 3. My parents sold the house while I was gone. | T / F |
| 4. My father and I painted my new room. | T / F |
| 5. We were moving to Marks' house. | T / F |
| 6. Mrs. Kelley prepared us lunch. | T / F |
| 7. We had a favorite tree. | T / F |
| 8. I fell out of the tree and broke my arm. | T / F |
| 9. I shared a room with my brother. | T / F |
| 10. I could see the city from the window in my new room. | T / F |

MULTIPLE CHOICE:

1. Where did I spend my summer? _____
 - a) my brother's house
 - b) my aunt's house
 - c) my house
 - d) summer camp

2. Where did we go after sitting in the tree? _____
 - a) Mark's house for dinner
 - b) John's house for lunch
 - c) my house for lunch
 - d) my new house

3. What did my dad and I do in my room together? _____
 - a) built a fort
 - b) made my bed
 - c) played a game
 - d) painted my room

4. What could I see from the window in my new room? _____
 - a) the mountains
 - b) my old house
 - c) the city lights
 - d) a big tree

COMPREHENSION: *(Write a complete sentence to answer the question.)*

1. Where did I go for the summer?

2. What was my best friend's name?

3. How did we get to the new city?

4. What was Mark doing when I went into his room?

5. Why were we moving to the new city?

6. Where did Mark and I go to talk?

7. Who fixed lunch for us when we were in the tree?

8. What were we doing when we were in the tree?

9. What was going to start in just a few days?

10. What did I find in my new room?
