

TOO MANY CHOICES



SAMPLE

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A Choice View

When they first moved in, I instantly fell in love. One dazzlingly beautiful girl...did I say one? Excuse me; that's not exactly the truth, the whole truth, that is. But how was I to know what was coming my way? For a guy like me, I was definitely naïve; you know, my brain stopped where my view began. But did I mention her dazzling beauty?

It all began, as I said, the day they moved in. I was home due to a bad case of sickness – basically, homesickness. I was sick of school and just wanted to stay home and play some long-neglected video games, which in actuality, was a personal scientific study of the effects of adrenaline on the speed and accuracy of digital dexterity, as well as hand-eye coordination. Not to mention I was engaging in battlefield tactics, a perfect game for learning historical warfare. I was definitely ahead of my time, but I digress.

That phenomenal day in early September, an autumn breeze blew in, sending me to close the windows before beginning my game. What I saw out my bedroom window left me breathless. Nothing short of Venus in short shorts and a turtleneck sweater. Sounds ridiculous, but I quickly surmised that anything would look good on her. That long brownish blonde, curly hair picked up the breeze and she looked like a movie star. Interesting. Intriguing. I'd have to look into this.

Well, I did mention they were moving in, she and her parents. Looked like they could use some manpower. I never moved faster in my life, not even on the football field. I was on it! And I intended to be the one making the passes! It only took a few minutes to check the shave, comb my hair, immediately mess it up, apply a little gel to keep it that way, and sprint out the door.

I rounded the blind corner of their house like lightning and ran into...a pile of boxes. Stacked three high right in the front door. It

sounded like a maelstrom of bouncing balls: volleyballs, basketballs, soccer balls, softballs, and of course, footballs.

“I’m so sorry! I didn’t see the boxes! I’ll clean this up, don’t worry!” I blundered all over God’s creation, making an even bigger fool of myself than I’d dreamed possible. Anyway, I was rushing to find all the balls (some had rolled into the front yard) and amaze them with my speed and efficiency when I finally realized I had no audience. No one was there. Then I noticed there was no car in the driveway, either. Saved this time! Relief mingled with disappointment and created a whole new ball of wax, if you know what I mean. After I cleaned up my mess, I snooped through the windows – well, I figured if they left the blinds open, they really wouldn’t mind.

It was definitely a bust. Nothing to see or do there. Not even one clue about my secret love. But I figured she must have either a lot of brothers, or maybe one highly athletic brother. OK, so call me stereotypical or maybe conventional, but I figured this blazing beauty couldn’t be the owner of all these sports balls. Although, if she was, it might make life even more interesting than I’d thought.

Anyway, snooping grew boring, really fast. Without the element of fear of being caught, I felt I was wasting valuable game time. So, I went back to my video game and proceeded to conquer every level in record time. Blame it on frustration. Hey! Maybe there’s something to that!

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Too Many Choices 1 (Free Sample Chapter)

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Too Many Choices 1 is a young adult novel and first in a series, filled with comedy and drama. In a variety of high school athletic events, quadruplets are the name of the game.

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Cover Design Dan Hoffmann

This book is dedicated to my family, with special acknowledgment to God for the inspiration, and to my son, Dan, my editor and partner and motivator.