

# **Going to California**

**(Free Preview)**

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Going to California

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## Chapter 1

The *clickety clack* of the train moving quickly on the tracks lulled David into a semi-aware state. The only thing that was able to penetrate the fog in his mind was the slightest tremor that his little brother's body experienced. "I wish I had thought to grab a coat," he vaguely thought while he pulled Mickey closer to him hoping to share body heat. It had been full summer in Kansas, but the temperature had dropped the darker it became and the further away from home they went.

David slowly opened his eyes and once again looked out the open door of the box car. Not able to see any vehicles following close behind, he allowed himself to relax once again, and tried to come up with the next part of the plan.

"I miss Mommy and Daddy, David," a little voice barely squeaked out beside him.

"I know Mickey, me too. But this is what Mom wanted. Remember, she told us to run and not look back until they found us, so that's what we're going to do – alright?" David said while trying to see his brother's face.

Mickey looked trustingly up to his big brother with wide eyes, "I can stay here, David. Then you can go home."

"What! No way kiddo, we're in this together and I'm here with you. Now quit trying to steal *my* job, OK?" David told him, trying to make the other boy smile with no luck.

"But David, then you can go home and be happy. I want you to be happy," Mickey cried out while trying his best to wipe the

tears off his face with his shirt sleeve.

David pulled Mickey into a tight hug, “I *am* happy Mickey; you make all of us happy. When we get home again, Mom and Dad are going to be thrilled to have us both back. They’re going to give you the biggest hugs, Mom’s going to make your favorite pancakes, and then we’re all going to get back to normal and start having fun, OK?”

Micah didn’t answer, just kept his thoughts to himself and wished it wasn’t so, “They’re better off without me.”

Nick looked over at Cole and was trying to rein in his temper, he really was, but *damn it*, his boys were in trouble, and all they could do was chase after the people who were chasing after them. “When did things get so screwed up?” he asked himself, trying to remember the last details he had of David and Mickey stored in his mind and only getting the oddest thoughts floating around.

“He was supposed to get a new cast this week; the swelling was finally going down,” he said quietly while switching his gaze out the window.

Cole’s jaw clenched with more determination. “Damn,” he thought angrily, “the kid finally gets a family that gives a rat’s ass and now he’s running for his life. Why can’t he catch a break?”

“We’ll get him back Nick, don’t worry – we’ll get them both back,” Rick stated with so much conviction that it was hard for Nick to doubt the man. He was about to give a reply when Cole slammed on the brakes, bringing the Honda to a very noisy stop.

“What the hell?” Cole yelled, trying to figure out why there

were so many cars stopped in the middle of the road.

Getting out of the car Tony motioned for everyone to stay put while he found out what was going on. It wasn't very long before he came back and relayed the news about the accident closing the highway for awhile.

“Great, now I'm stuck here while David and Mickey are getting further away!” Nick bellowed before he got out of the car and slammed the door.

Any response was cut short by the sound of the mobile phone ringing. Looking expectantly at it, the other occupants in the car waited while Nick practically dove for it through the open window.

“Hello! Yeah Angela... wait, what?... WHAT! Are they insane? How could they.... yeah Sweetheart, I know. Ok... yeah, I'll let them know. Angela, I promise you, I will find them, I will keep them safe, and I *will* bring them home. Everything else can wait... I love you too, I'll see you soon.” Hanging up the handset, Nick righted himself back in his seat and took a deep steadying breath.

“That was Angela; she said that after we find the boys we can't bring them home. Gerald McMillan's dead and the State Police think Mickey had something to do with it or knows who did... someone saw him leave McMillan's office at the development site around the time of death,” Nick was beyond upset, he didn't know how to fix this and the Marine in him was chaffing at that little bit of knowledge. Now all he can do was keep his focus on finding his boys and pray that he got to them before those hired guns did.

Angela felt disgusted with herself. After having that horrible in depth conversation with the State Police about McMillan's murder and what possible involvement Mickey could have had in it, she found herself too tired to move more than two feet away from the couch. Now she had done the hardest thing that she ever had to do, tell her husband not to bring their boys home – if that didn't make her the worst mother in the world, then she didn't know what else would.

“You did what you had to do, Angela. Under the circumstances, it's the smartest move,” Jack said as he walked around from behind the couch.

“Jack, you don't understand. Mickey still thinks that he doesn't deserve a family who loves him. What is he going to think when Nick tells him that he and David can't come home?” she asked, trying to get her friend to understand.

“Angela, I do understand. I understand that Micah is going to be upset, and he'll probably blame himself for a lot of things that could never be his fault, but you have to remember that he isn't alone. David's with him, and there is no way that he's going to let Micah go through anything like this by himself,” Jack said after sitting on the couch next to her.

Smiling a little, Angela started to relax and had started mulling over what the officer told her about the suspicions about her son when she bolted straight up and looked at Jack. “Oh no!”

David and Mickey noticed when the train had started to slow down and quickly made their way to the opening to look at their surroundings. David noticed a sign that said, *Welcome to Denver* and couldn't help but sigh in relief. They had made it into Colorado without anyone catching them, now he hoped that would give them

enough time to pick a direction and disappear before more people started to look for them. Not wanting to wait until the train stopped at the rail yard, David grabbed Mickey's arm and shouted, "C'mon!" as they jumped out of the boxcar and rolled along the grass.

Checking to make sure his little brother wasn't hurt anymore than he was already; David looked back where they came from to see if anyone saw them. Looking around he noticed that there was still a little light left, so they took off to find a payphone hoping to call their dad to let him know they were alright.

Finding a small truck stop close by, they quickly made their way across the parking lot and inside the warm building. Making sure that Mickey was sitting in a booth close by, David put in the change for the call. Finally the call was picked up, but David was surprised by what he heard. A man answered and was talking to him, but it wasn't his dad; "*Tell me where you are and I'll come get you boys.*" David immediately hung up the receiver, grabbed Mickey's hand and raced towards the exit all the while telling the younger boy, "It'll be ok Mickey, don't worry, it'll be OK."

Looking at his big brother, Micah couldn't help but wonder why David would suddenly start to lie to him.

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