

It was too cold, even for January, and taking off my flannel pajamas seemed like an impossible task. "Ok" I thought, accepting reality as it was. "Those pajamas aren't going anywhere. But I guess it's not a good idea to suddenly become the crazy new neighbour who walks with her dog wearing nightwear."

With a certain amount of pain I managed to fit into a large pair of jeans. I threw a hoodie over everything, pajamas and all. There. Nobody would ever know that, underneath all those layers, there was a cozy secret. "More or less like Superman's uniform" I thought, cheerfully. "If his super power was super-laziness."

I went downstairs, jumping with both hands inside my hoodie's pockets.

-“Miya!” my mother screamed, in the kitchen. “What about all those boxes in your room?”

-“Ok, ok. I'll get rid of it today, I promise.”

My parents are the most organized people in the whole world. Five days after we moved in, it was like the old apartment had suddenly materialized inside the new house. Even my mother's books were in the exact same order as before. Crazy, right? I tried to follow their standards, but, deep inside, I felt like I was always hiding my big fat mess under a giant hoodie. If only someone stopped to look carefully, they would see the gigantic chaos that was my mind. I sat on the table, picked a good slice of cake and dropped eight full spoons of chocolate in my milk. My father gave me a cold stare but said nothing. I pretended not to notice. That was my chocolate, after all.

Shimeji, noticing me there, woke up and jumped to my lap, licking my face.

-“Miya, that's disgusting!” my mother cried.

-“But mom, Shimeji's so clean! He just wants me to finish breakfast so I can take him for a walk.”

Shimeji's my dog, a fat Shar Pei, all wrinkles and laziness. The only thing capable of waking him up is his daily morning walk. After the exercise, he would pass out for five hours straight. The world could fall down over that dog and he would still be snoring. I swallowed the last piece of my cake and put the leash on Shimeji's collar.

-“Miya, two rides around the block and that's it, right? I need you to organize your stuff. I don't want these boxes on my living room forever.”

-“Ok Mom, I promise.”

I looked at Shimeji, anxiously wagging his curly tail, and sighed.

-“Miya, be brave.” I thought to myself, as I opened the front door and felt the wind froze my nose dead. “At least Shimeji will be happy about it.”