

Chapter 1

“Order! Order!” Parker shouted so loudly that I think it shook the whole treehouse. “Come on guys, settle down!” he insisted. “It’s time to get serious and start the meeting.”

School had just let out for the summer, and Parker, Mason, and Jet were spending the night in my treehouse for the first-ever meeting of The Hunt Club Kids. But Jet and Mason were bouncing off the walls and acting so crazy, I thought the treehouse was going to fall out of the trees.

While I was a little worried about my treehouse, I was happy to finally have some

friends. It had been a rough start for me with these guys. A lot of it was my fault, but that was behind us now. And over the past few months, these three guys had become not just friends, but my best friends.

“What is the first item on the agenda?” Parker asked.

“What’s an agenda?” Jet screamed out from the headlock Mason had him in.

“It’s what we are going to talk about,” I answered as I pulled the two of them apart. “Come on, let’s get going with this, so we can order a pizza and watch the movie.”

Thankfully, they broke it up and pushed each other down onto the beanbags Parker had laid out in a semi-circle in front of him.

“Finally,” Parker huffed in frustration as he sat down too. “We need to be serious for about ten minutes.”

We had already decided that Parker would be the president of our club—he was

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the most serious of us all. We had also decided that my treehouse would be our club's official meeting place. It was somewhere we could meet year-round without anyone's parents being too much in our business. It's not that there was anything secret going on. In fact, none of the things we were going to talk about would be possible without our parents. We were all still eight years old, and only heading into the third grade. But having our own place to meet made it more fun and more official.

"I'm happy to call to order the first ever meeting of The Hunt Club Kids," Parker said in a much more normal tone, now that all the ruckus had stopped. "I'd like to begin by thanking Jet for coming up with this idea for the club. And I'd like to thank Wyatt for offering his fantastic treehouse as our meeting place."

“Hey, what about me?” Mason complained in his slow and unmistakable southern drawl.

“What about you?” Parker said back with his first smile of the night. Parker was serious, but he was super funny too. We all thought he’d be the Governor of Alabama one day.

“Aren’t you going to thank *me* for something?” Mason moaned back.

“Sure, Mason. Thank you for wearing Jet down so we can get started,” Parker said back without any hesitation.

That made us all laugh, but not so much that we got off track again.

“Parker,” I jumped in as the laughing was dying down. “I have something for the agenda.”

“Go ahead, Wyatt. What is it?” Parker said in his most official voice.

“Well, I think we need to spend some time sharing our hunting plans for this fall,

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and about how we are going to get ready,” I explained.

“Me too,” Jet quickly agreed.

Jet and I had really butted heads earlier this year. Actually, we had really butted heads for all of the three years we had known each other. While I hadn’t been real friendly with Mason and Parker either, Jet and I *really* didn’t get along—at least not until earlier this year when I finally decided that if I wanted to have some friends, I needed to be a friend. That was the best decision I have ever made. And surprisingly, just a few months later, out of the three guys I now consider my best friends, Jet was, without a doubt, my best friend of all.

“Sounds good,” Parker said with a nod. “Who wants to go first?”