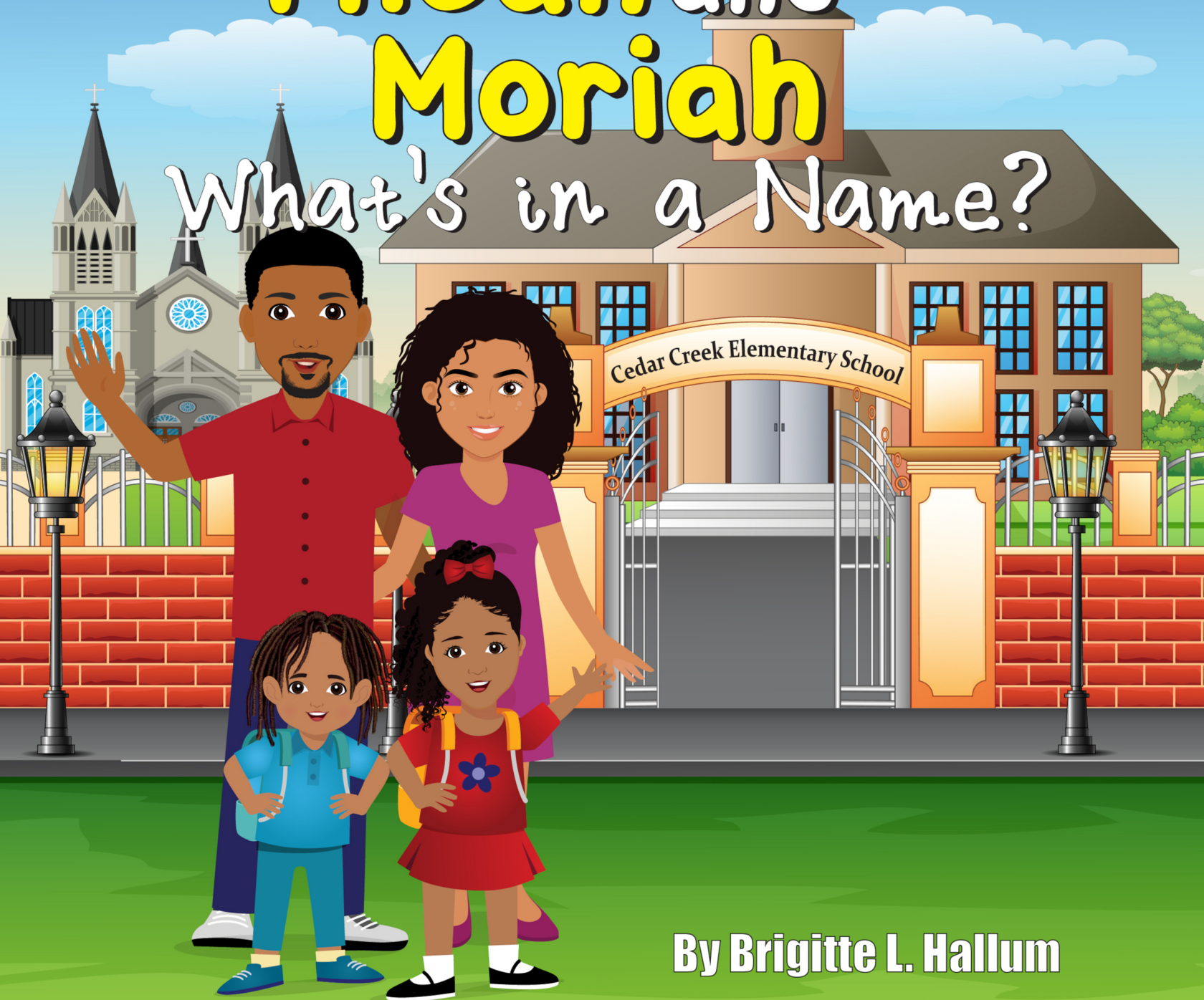


# Micah and Moriah

## What's in a Name?



By Brigitte L. Hallum

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Brigitte L. Hallum

**Micah and Moriah: What's in a Name?**

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**All characters, names, and places are from the imagination of the mind of the author. Any semblance to any character or places is coincidental.**

“Micah, Micah! Wake up! It’s our first day of school,” shouted Micah’s twin sister Moriah as she burst through the door of his room.

“Nooo! I don’t want to get up, and I don’t want to go to school. Now go away!” Micah grumbled as he turned over and pulled the covers over his head full of dark brown, curly dreadlocks.

“You have to, Micah! It’s third grade at our new school. You’ve got to get up now.” Moriah tried to pull the covers off her sleepy brother.

Micah screamed from under the covers. “No! I said, ‘Leave me alone.’ I’m not going to that stupid new school. I want to be homeschooled. Now go before I—”

Before he could finish his sentence, their mama came to the doorway to see what all the commotion was about.





“Before I’ what, young man?” Mama asked sternly.

“Micah won’t get up, Mama! I tried to tell him it was time to go to school, but he was just—just—rude,” Moriah said.

“Thank you, Moriah. Now go get ready and head down for breakfast. I’ll do your hair after you eat. I’ll take care of your brother,” Mama said.

“Yes, ma’am,” Moriah tugged on each of her long ponytails. “But will you put my hair in one ponytail with curls hanging down instead of two braids? Please? It’s third grade!”

“Yes, Moriah, I will do that. Now go get ready.”

“Thank you!” Moriah skipped toward the door.



Mama sat down on the side of Micah's bed. "What's the matter, son? You like school. Why don't you want to go?"

Micah pulled the covers down and sat up in bed. "I don't want to go to a new school. I liked our old school. We won't know anybody."

"Do you remember that Daddy and I told you that you and Moriah would not be going to the same school since we moved closer to Daddy's new job at the church?" Mama asked.

"Yes, ma'am," Micah answered reluctantly.

"Well, Daddy and I went to visit your new school, and it's very nice. You'll make new friends. It's going to be okay. I promise," Mama reassured him.

"Now get up, make your bed, get ready, and come down to breakfast." Mama stood up from the bed.



