

A Completely Average Crash

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A COMPLETELY AVERAGE CRASH

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Written by Jonathan Carrasco.

to all the cold hearted memories

Prologue

I feel as if nothing in this world wants me to win. That every time I find happiness, it's crushed or blown up so quickly. I can't seem to grasp, touch, or love it. I guess I'm not meant to love or be loved. It's okay though; writing about my misery or what has happened is what I'm good at. The only thing I have done to cope with sores like this, "because crying is not an option. It's blame."

Sitting at a desk every day at school has me thinking, not about school stuff but her. The pain it brings me to think of the past. Her face against mine. Her arms around me. Her eyes staring at me more fully and better with her thick glasses. The glasses that let her see my sadness and pain. Something, of many things I try to hide with a smile, formed by the few happy thoughts I still had. Though they were fading as I had previously used most of them.

They say your best years of your life are all filled up and stuffed into high school but this statement does not apply to people like me. People for whom life does not let live and celebrate anything. Everything is short-lived and short celebrated, which comes to the conclusion of nothing.

The dark ink stains on the pieces of paper on which I try to convey this story; as the only thing I get is a short-lived experience and a story to call my own. I'm sorry in advance that the story is not filled with very much detail as once in my life, life did me a favor this once and let my mind forget much of this story but I can try to explain it with the parts that make me feel the way I do. Ones I'll never forget.

Chapter 1: First Day

It was September 4, 2013, when I awakened for my first day of high school. I got out of bed to find my father in the hallway, waiting as he did, for the bathroom. He took a fast glance at me but didn't stare too long. I presumed it was because he was still mad at me for not going to my graduation. If anything, I saved him from knowing my generation. I don't think he saw it that way, though. As a punishment, every time I asked him for a haircut, he kept denying me saying he's "not in the mood." I just have to give him time to cool off. He'll start acting like his normal self again, I'm sure. But until then I ought to get used to having my long hair for the time being.

After getting decent, I headed into the living room where my family was watching the morning news. And instantly regretted that. Because just then I saw my older brother giving one of his many "speeches." You see, everything he says is directed towards someone. It was as if

there were no single thought that he had just made up on the spot. No "just for the hell of it." He was talking to my father, who was sitting on the couch now and started saying in this dumb know-it-all tone, things that I loved were for dumb people and only idiots watched that. Even though I knew this, it did not help my disposition one bit. He looked in the corner of his eye to make sure I was listening, I am sure. The thought of saying something in return came to my head but I didn't. I just stood there and took the scolding that was being given. (Knowing that I would have my chance to prove myself. To prove something. All I needed was the right time and opportunity to do so.) So I just stood in the hallway watching him with my arms crossed.

At school, it didn't feel much different from any former year. I did the same constant things. The struggle of finding my name on a big poster that hung on the brick walls. And when I finally did, the same notion would pop into my head: to wait near the class so I would not get lost and go back like an idiot.

Hence, I was standing in front of my English class, waiting for the bell to ring. Consequently, I guess another person had the same idea when he walked up to me.

"Hey Jon..." As soon as he said that, I looked up surprised. "He knows my name." It took me only a few seconds to figure out it was an old friend from middle school.

He started to talk about how I hadn't changed since. The way he told it, it sounded like it was a long time ago but it was just last year. He seemed to have a way to make everything sound old like that. I swear he could write a history book about just last year and make it sound like it was a thousand years ago when it really wasn't.

When the bell rang to start the new school year, I was just relieved to stop hearing about the dark ages. I started to say my goodbyes to him when he stopped me dead in my tracks and told me he had the class I was standing in front of... Great, English turned History.

Later, in the second period: P.E. I struck up another conversation with a random guy that was standing next to me. We were waiting till the teacher gave a number

to everyone, and I figured why the hell not. I started to ramble about stuff after high school. "I'm thinking about doing—" When I got cut off by the guy as he said "College. You don't want to forget college." Another one reminding me every time I talk about stuff after high school. College always comes up. It's not that I don't want to go, it's just that my goals don't really need it, that's all.

This one time in the summer, I went with my grandmother to one of her many doctor appointments. I was in the waiting room when this one old guy sitting next to me, who was coughing up a storm, just started talking to me. I guess he didn't have any children and wanted his wisdom to go some place, and I was perhaps his best bet.

"It matters what high school you go to, you can't just go to any old one. Some have more of a success rate than others. What high school are you going to?" He coughed in between his words, it looked like it hurt him when he did, though that didn't stop his public service announcement.

"I'm going to Warren."

He gave a smirk and asked, "Where's that?"

"Well, it's in Downey, sir..." I answered.

"College too, UC, JC, I didn't go to college though, but I should have."

During the whole conversation, I didn't want to talk much. Not to be rude or anything, it's just if he's in a hospital waiting room coughing like a madman, I really didn't think I'd ever make it to college if I ever got whatever he had. So I tried to cover my mouth whenever I had to speak, just in case.

I stopped talking to the guy after he made that college comment. Plus, I didn't feel like conversing anymore. I just kept looking down at my class list in my hands like it would change anyhow.

After was third period: Earth Science but when the bell rang, I wasn't in class. I couldn't find it. I kept looking at my schedule, then at the numbers on the class doors. I knew I was in the right place; it was in the S's,

but where? A teacher saw me looking confused and she nicely helped me get where I needed to go. I found the stairs she was talking about and walked through the oddly placed zig-zag they call a hallway.

When I finally found the class, I opened the heavy door and saw the teacher standing in the middle of the room talking. She stopped when she noticed me and said: "Why, thank you for joining us... here." She handed me a piece of paper she was holding. The room had long black top tables that for some reason had a sink in the middle of it. It further had drawers under it.

I saw my friend who was sitting in the front right, and walked towards the seat in front of him. Mauricio was his name. A guy I'd met in elementary school, I didn't like him then but I grew to enjoy his company.

I smiled and whispered "Hi." I was embarrassed a bit for being late. He looked at me for a few seconds and back at the instructor. I just smiled stupidly in the seconds he was looking at me.

After that class was Math or Algebra. I picked a random seat near the door so I could leave quickly and

watch outside whenever I got bored. I leaned back to talk to some friends. We were looking at the whiteboard, there was a problem written down.

I asked, "What kind of Math is that?" I had never seen that kind of a problem before. New Math.

Just then I heard a voice saying, "positive and negative numbers, they're easy once you get the hang of them."

I looked back and saw a girl. She had long brown hair that was pulled back and put into strands that went down all the way to her torso.

"How do you know?" My friend suddenly asked.

She then twisted herself to look back, lightly put her head up and said: "I went to a private school in elementary, this is kid stuff there."

"Well, then, prove it," I said. I didn't think she knew how to do it but I wanted to see how far she would go.

She looked at me for a few seconds giving me a face then said "Fine." She got up and went to the board, got a black marker, and stood to start to work it out. She circled her answer when she was done.

45- it delivered.

"Is that correct?" she looked at me.

I shrugged my shoulders. "I don't know." I really didn't. She put the marker down and started to walk back.

While she did that, the teacher walked up and saw the board. "That's right, Ashley. You remembered."

"I know," she said fast, smiling at herself.

"Lucky," my friend whispered to me. I shook my head and worded the word "Yeah" with my mouth.

While looking at a paper the teacher stood at the podium and asked "Say here, to show you are present. When I say your name. Okay ... Justin."

"Here"

"Nice to meet you, Justin"

"Jose,"

"Here"

"Nice to meet you, Jose."

Chapter 2: Back To The 21st Century

The first days of school went well. It was not without question though, in English turned History class. I heard many ancient stories. He even brought back the story of how I stole his girlfriend. You really don't need to hear it. All you need to know is it wasn't even his girl at the time like he says. Just a girl he liked. That's all there is to it, simple.

Back in the 21st century, we got our official seats in Science. The teacher, Ms. Mack told us to not get used to our seats, because she'd plan to change them the first day of the month and the month after that. I hoped it would be soon, because I got seated next to a group of ghosts. Really, they didn't speak. Though these ghosts wore all black instead of white. You can only tell they were there when they moved. Even that doesn't happen too much. When it did, it was eerie. Everything seemed to creak

and you couldn't really think after that. I'll go crazy if I stay there, I know it.

When the bell rang to go to lunch, I left and walked the shorter way to get out. There was a staircase. It almost killed me though, I was walking down and lost my balance. Almost falling. I stopped for a bit to check myself.

"You all right?" someone asked me. I looked and saw Mauricio and he was smiling. Short of laughing...

"Oh... I guess I'm all right," I said starting to walk again...

In Algebra, the teacher kept writing problems on the board at the beginning of class. I guess he thought we'd be interested. This time he wrote two problems and picked me and the girl who did it the first time... again. He gave her and me a marker and we went up to the board. Her with her newfound confidence and me with none.

She started doing it. I guess she really did know how to do it because I certainly did not. I just looked at it

with a blank stare. Trying to solve it like one of those young genius people.

When the girl finished, I waited a few seconds and looked back to the teacher and said: "I don't know."

He looked at me for a few seconds and said nothing before he finally said: "Help him..." to the girl.

The girl walked up to me and that's when I noticed she had a black brace on her knee. Wow, now I feel bad for making her walk and help me.

She looked at my problem and wrote something. I didn't care to look, I should have though.

The teacher started to say to the girl, "Thank you. You can be..."

"What's your name?" he asked me.

I shrugged, "Jonathan..."

"You can be Jonathan's tutor, I'm sure it would help him immensely... Won't you... OK, you may go back to your seats now?"

Ashley put down the marker, giving a face to me in the act. I followed, thinking.

A bit later when the teacher gave us a worksheet to do, I began talking to the girl. I was interested in what happened to her, though mostly I wanted any excuse I could find not to do the work. It thankfully passed the time.

"Oh," she put down her pencil, looking towards me surprised.

She started to talk with her hands to explain precisely what happened to her. "I was playing soccer, and I jumped for the ball hoping to kick it in the air. But it missed me and I landed on my knee. Shattering the bone."

I gave a painful expression. She noticed and assured me "It didn't hurt too bad. I can't walk well though, the brace doesn't really help with that."

Just then the guy next to me butted in, "That means you have the key for the elevator? Yes." Elevator, I thought, what elevator.

"What, I can't really walk well so it helps with the stairs," she answered not wanting to be rude.

"Can you take me? I really want to go in the elevator."

"Well. Sure, if you have your fourth period nearer the Science building, I can only take you then, sorry," she said to him, explaining.

"I do. I have Biology fourth." He proclaimed.

"Good, then when do you want me to take you... today?" she asked him.

"No not today; maybe next month, I'll tell you when. I can't really go this month. I have a test in another room." He said pointing to the left.

I guess he really wanted to go on the elevator. Well, I don't know why, but if she lets him, that's fine, I guess.

"Do you want to come?" she asked me. I have Science fourth but I'm fine. "No thank you."

I didn't even know this school had elevators. They didn't tell me when I came. I guess that information is only important to the people who really need them. Like the girl.

Chapter 3: New Seats

It turned a new month; October 1, and in my Science class, that meant new seats. (She does not lie) I was happy with that because I needed help. I thought about asking the ghosts but I figured they just pretend like they could not hear me until I shut up, so I figured what's the point. I didn't do it, the work.

I waited until I heard my name and went to the seat the teacher was pointing down at. She waited to see me walking and moved on saying names. It was in the back towards the left of the class and a nice stroll to the back door.

I put my backpack down under the desk. I didn't bother to hear the name she called next, but I noticed she called Mauricio's name after. A slight relief came over me, knowing I would not be alone.

I started to look to my left. There were shelves with glass doors that had fishes, frogs, and something I had never seen before, stuffed into big mason jars. I felt that

all the creature's eyes were staring at me, it made me uneasy to know that I'd be sitting next to that the whole time, but they were living people at this table and one ghost, sitting all the way at the end. I could not tell which seat was worse: this one or my old one.

Then suddenly, a girl came to sit on the chair to the right of me. She had these hipster-looking glasses, all black. With straight black or deep brown hair, you really could not tell. It came down to her shoulder blades. She looked fat, but I think it was because she was taller than me.

"Hi," I heard her say as she looked at me. She had a smile on.

I caught myself saying it back. I was kind of out of it. You see, in P.E they made us do bleachers for the first time and well, I almost fainted on the steps. I could barely even walk to this class, much less walk up the stairs and stand to change seats.

Mauricio reminded me that I was still in class when he started talking across the girl to me. I didn't want to be rude, but Mauricio insisted.

The teacher then wrote page numbers on the board, our classwork: Key Terms (what other teachers would call Vocabulary). I got out my notebook and yanked one fresh page. The teacher proclaimed that the people at the end of the table oversee the books.

I started giving my paper a good heading before I saw my whole table looking at me.

"Get the books," Mauricio told me, pointing to the side. I looked and saw a pile of books stacked on each other. Damn, I got the job, I hated that.

All the attempts I do, do nothing. Failed. I have a rule, if I can help it. I'll never sit next to anything like the light or the phone or anywhere the teacher might ask me to do something for him or her. I'm just not that helpful person. I don't want to be cruel but I'm definitely not compassionate.

In my Health class, I got stuck next to the pencil sharpener. I didn't, of course, pick that seat. But I'm the one that has to suffer in it.

People would come up to me and give me their pencil. This one guy thought it was funny to say something.

I won't repeat it, mostly because I don't repeat idiots. But all I'm going to disclose is he was inferring something gay.

I got the books one by one and gave them to the girl next to me, and she gave them to Mauricio, and so on.

"You can use your headphones but please... do your work. I'll be checking it. Also, one side. Thank you," the teacher told the class standing up at her desk.

I then saw everybody get out their headphones and unlock their phone. I'm sure you'll expect me to do the same but I don't have a line with my generation. I don't have a phone. So instead I started to talk to Mauricio, who you could tell didn't want to talk but he did it earlier. We chatted about Hunger Games. I forget what about or how the topic even came up. The girl joined the conversation. I guess she thought it weird that we were talking through her.

"I read the book and saw the movie and I was surprised they pulled it off. I didn't think it would work on screen. But it did, surprising."

"The names throw me off," I said thinking back.

The conversation after that kind of went nowhere. At least nowhere I cared for.

When the bell rang to leave, I left through the back door like I said.

At lunch, my friend and I started to play basketball. We had begun to play the sport our last year of middle school, and I guess he wanted to keep the tradition. I didn't really play, just got the ball when he missed, which was most of the time.

During Math class, the teacher gave us a study guide to our first quiz. A test I knew I wouldn't do well on. I guess the teacher knew that too because he made Ashley try to help me.

I moved myself to look at her, leaning my left elbow on her desk. I grinned nervously as I did so.

"Look, I need to do my work first. I have lots of homework as it is. I can't help you, okay. Just pace yourself and don't distract me. Sit like you are though, don't want the teacher to think anything."

The teacher later then gave the answer sheet "to check your answers, to know if you're doing it right. I

don't want you wasting your time just to get it wrong on the test. Check your answer after five questions or so."

I looked at it and well, I got a rotten idea. You see, I started writing random numbers (to make it look like work) and then put the answer on the bottom and circled it. I did this process for all twenty-seven of the questions.

I thanked Ashley for her "help" but she didn't seem too convinced that I knew what I was doing, though she didn't care that much. So she let it go.

Chapter 4: Talking To Ghosts

The weeks after that are kind of a blur. So I'll put it this way. Weeks went by and in Earth Science, Mauricio and I became good friends with everybody at our table. Even with one of the ghosts. A girl, her name was Flouray. She had a purple streak of hair. She was quite nice once some words came out of her. This other guy, his name was the same as mine, Jonathan. He explained that he was a sophomore and was taking this class again after he failed just last year. He had long hair for a man but I'm not the one that should be talking. Next, the girl who sat to the right of me. She said everyone called her "Kat," though her real name was Katrina, like the hurricane. I'd say that was a perfect descriptor of her. Because the fact of the matter is that she would talk about anything. Nothing was ever off limits. If you were willing to bring it up, she was willing to talk about it.

The other Jonathan brought up the conversation about "how periods felt, and how she handled them." He

took my seat, and I was happy to give it. It didn't last long though; the teacher saw halfway through Kat's "iterability" speech and made him go back. The only positive thing that I got from the whole ordeal was a B+ on my Health exam.

For some odd reason, the teacher later made us get out of our seats and stand in the middle of the room. To hold hands, if she was trying to make world peace, a class of a bunch of thirteen and fourteen-year-olds was not going to do it.

The teacher walked to the back and stopped after she was next to the last person. We all stood there wondering what she had planned. Then, without warning, pushed the boy against the person next to him. Making a domino effect with the rest of us. When it came to me I pretended to fall, I didn't want to wreck a good thing. Soon the whole class was on the floor. I don't think she planned it to turn out that way though. Then again, what else could have happened, really?

"What happened?" she suddenly questioned the boy she had pushed first, now on the floor.

The boy looked up and described, "You made us hold hands, and thought it was humorous to shove me and the entire class onto the ground."

"Close, we held hands to make a chain. I disturbed that chain by yes, Joel, pushing you, which made you fall on the others, making them fall along with you. In Science, we call that..." She paused for someone to respond. No one answered, I'm certain one of us would have if only our heads were not pulsating. "The domino effect, disturbing the chain and others after... okay, we're done, you can go back to your seats."

"Don't you think you could have done that another way?" someone queried.

"Perhaps but this was more entertaining. Don't you think?" the teacher said, pleased.

I was getting up when Kat offered her aid, smiling "freshmen." After we went back to our seats, everybody in class was chit-chatting about what happened, no learning was done afterwards.

When the bell rang to leave, I was going to go to the back exit when Kat expressed to me to go through the

front. I didn't understand why. I went anyway but looked and saw her walking out of the other door and understood.

I caught up to her, and we talked all the way to where she left for lunch. During the walk, she chuckled at me when the crowd of people got so heavy and I could not walk anymore, I had to push people to get through. She was so tall, she walked like normal, head held high and all. I found her laughing when I saw her again. She didn't talk about it though. I was glad.

I said "goodbye" and headed to the basketball courts. A group of people came up and asked to play some and I quote "ball," of course we didn't want to but that day my friend felt so good that he would win. He went for it, I don't recall if we did, but it didn't matter.

I strolled to Math class perspiring. The teacher asked me about it. I told him, and he said, "You have P.E, why would you do that to yourself again." I didn't answer him, I was too exhausted to even care.

At my desk, I was burdened with another quiz. (I was supposed to study for and the little I knew didn't

help me considerably. I was so sweaty, I kept wiping my face on my shirt. I looked outside the door, waiting for the feeling to pass. That's when I saw Kat walking through the hallway. At this point, I assumed my brain was messed up. The bleacher had finally overwhelmed me. When she caught sight of me, she stopped and started to grin, waving her hand at me. And before I knew it, she was walking straight into my Algebra class. I thought she was going to stop, maybe some sensible part of her brain would kick in. Though my weak cognizance forgot, Kat undoubtedly doesn't think like anybody else. Without even a flinch in her movement, she went to the side of my desk and arbitrarily hugged me.

After that, I don't know how long. She stopped her embrace and started to walk away, but not before she said in a comical voice "Jonathan, bye-bye, see you later." and strutted out.

I was stunned, looking at the entrance for a few seconds then put my head down and indisputably everybody was looking at me. The teacher was, I could see it.

"Hay. Jon. Hay." I heard a faint voice.

I looked back and saw my friend pointing towards the door (I presumed) "Was that your girlfriend?"

"No talking..." the teacher started to utter looking over here. "Do you want an F?"

I gazed at my friend with a "what" expression then looked onward again and put my head down once more.

Chapter 5: "Honest Guy"

The next day in English turned History, Tony began to exchange words with the instructor as we did our work. He brought up the prehistoric story about how I nearly got suspended when I met him. He tried to get me to tell him. Of course, I didn't want to, so he went along and told it himself.

I'll tell you about it this time. Because if you ever bump into him somewhere, somehow, for who knows, I want you to hear it from me first. Because his story is a bit twisted. Just know that.

It was 7th grade Life Science. There was a substitute that day. The real teacher had left a memo telling the class to use our time to finish the project we had started the day earlier and I finished mine five minutes in, so like any kid, I started talking to the person behind me. Next thing I know she (the sub) tells me to get up and go to a seat in front of the class. I don't know why she told me that. Everyone else was talking, but I complied.

I sat there quiet for about six seconds before a stranger signaled me.

"Hay... You." I heard behind me. I looked of course, only curious.

"Is Blurple a color?" A girl with dorky glasses asked me.

"What?" I thought. I guess she thought I didn't hear, so she whispered it again. I was even more confused. Never have I heard that word in my life before she uttered it.

"I... I don't think so." I told her back.

"See—," the girl turned her head and I did too. A dark-skinned boy then entered my view.

"It is. Melissa. A mixture of blue and purple is called Blurple. It's only logical," he tried to defend it with his hands.

"No, it's not Tony, look it up."

"That's debatable."

The girl then shouted, "It's called Indigo!" So loud the sub heard and thought it was me triggering the uproar. So she moved me again, this time outside.

That boy was the person who now won't leave me alone about history... I zoned back into class when the person was about finished. I was getting really sick of these history lessons, I really was.

In Earth Science (back in high school) I asked the girl why she hugged me and how she knew where my Math class was. She beamed at my question.

"I just saw you."

"You just saw him, what are you talking about?" Mauricio wondered, joining the conversation.

Kat smiled again.

"Well, she just decides to take a stroll into my class and hug me while I'm taking an exam," I clarified to him.

Kat's grin turned to laughter at that point.

Mauricio after hearing my story decides to chuckle with her.

"Man, when I did it too. I. I saw the people's faces light up. They were so surprised... I was even touching him... I can't get it out of my mind... they didn't even know Jonathan got any." Kat described and laughed at the same time, only halting to take breaks.

I waited for her to calm down and asked the question again: "So how did you find my class?"

"Uh. Oh, I came from the restroom. I guess my class is right next to yours." She tried to justify her actions.

"What class?" I asked a question.

"Drawing, and it's a good thing too, I like that class much more. Now that I'm next to you. My freshmen."

I felt something. I don't know what I felt. Just that I hope that didn't happen again. But I didn't worry about that too much. I walked with her again to lunch. We talked further about how the people were surprised. She even added happily, "I must say I think I just made you a pimp in that class of yours," pushing my arm.

"Oh, I should be thankful," I said sarcastically to her as she walked away.

She turned and said smiling "Yeah, you should be."

I played basketball or "ball" as the group of people called it. I was there for my friend, that's all. They were just idiots who thought highly of themselves. I played a hard game which I regretted now. I just wasted my energy and got all sweaty for nobody's.

When the bell rang to leave, I was walking to my Math class. I sauntered in and sat down.

Ashley tapped my shoulder and inquired about Kat hugging me the other day.

"Oh," I said turning my body.

"Was that your girlfriend?" she requested like everyone else.

"No. No girlfriend. Just a friend. That's all. She just enjoys doing that. It was a one-time thing. You can be sure of it." I alleged, turning to play the question off.

"Jonathan?" Ashley whispered to me. I didn't want to respond but I turned anyway.

"I told you, she's..." I stopped when I saw her point behind me. I turned and prepared for the worst, I guess I assumed it was going to be the teacher there to tell me to stop talking. But it wasn't. There in front of my desk, Kat grinning. She hugged me once more and said again in her comic voice "Bye, cutesy, see you around." She then started to walk away but not before she said in a comical voice "Jonathan, bye-bye, see you later." and strutted out.

After 3 seconds, I felt a tap on my shoulder. I turned back and smiled at Ashley. Not knowing what to say at all.

"Yeah, just a friend. I'm truly convinced."

"No. No. Have you seen me kiss her?" I tried to explain, raising my hands.

"Oh," she said. I thought she finally got it, until she declared "First steps. Puppy love. Cute, I like your route. More men should be like you. Jonathan, such an honest man."

I was astonished by her words that just derived from her mouth.

"You don't get it... Look, I'm not honest a guy. I break hearts. Use girls. Tell you what, ever hear Bon Jovi's song 'You Give Love a Bad Name'? I, I give love a bad name." I tried reasoning with her but I was getting nowhere.

"Oh, really," she said amused.

"One. I know. I know... In 7th grade, we were supposed to play softball but I wasn't, I was with a girl mak-

ing out in a guard's tower. To this day I don't know her name, if it kills me."

"Sounds all so fun."

"Wait, I got a good one for you. I stole my best friend's girlfriend, are you hearing this. Best friends, to this day I still talk to him, which makes no sense... Never mind that. Does that all sound like an honest guy to you."

"Well, if you're telling me all this..."

Finally, I thought I had won.

"... Then yes, you are." She won't change her mind, it seemed to be set about who I was. An honest guy.

Giving up on a hopeless cause, I turned back in my seat. She doesn't even know me that well. How could she say those things?

"Such an honest guy?" I whispered to myself.

"What was that?" Ashley enquired about what I had just said.

"Just talking to myself, that's all," I said sarcastically.

"Oh... see. Honest."

I let my head fall on the desk and grunted.

We started to read "Romeo and Juliet" today in actual English. Perhaps the stupidest piece of work ever created. (People really believe in this story. Why?) Two people who can't have each other, so they want it more. Taking the fact that this Romeo personality was an emo at the start and so happens to find his one true love after (sorry to say, but that's not true love that's sociology). I doubt myself that if they didn't kill themselves like in the story's end, they wouldn't have stayed together anyway. That's just my thoughts though.

I was late to Science class today. My friend wanted to shoot a little bit longer before we left and I decided to wait for him. When I walked into the class, Ms. Mack let me off with a warning but said she would start taking points off my grade every time I'm late to class. I walked to my seat while I was doing so Kat was entertained.

"I'm sorry, I could not help myself yesterday. They were still so surprised at my arrival, I won't do it again," she explained to me, smiling once again.

"Sure," I said getting myself settled.

I walked to Math after lunch but I didn't go in this time. I waited standing on the grass. Ashley ambled up to me and said "Who are you waiting for? Your girlfriend?" She waited for a response, but when I didn't, she walked in.

I saw Kat sauntering through the hallway, straight to my Math class. (Saw that one coming.) She popped her head inside.

"... I'm not in there," I said looking at her scanning for me in the room. She then looked back at me tickled surprised.

"You caught me." She put her hands up then back down walking up to me. "How did you know I was going to do it again?"

"I had an idea, you seem to like making a habit out of things."

"Well, habits are good." She said and hugged me again. I hugged back this time to get it over with. The bell then rang as we did so. I stopped and said "Good-bye." We walked to our right classes and I made the point

to see her open the door to her art class and walk in. When she did, I did the same.

As I did so, the teacher asked me why I was late. I was going to speak and come up with something smooth. When people in the class started to do it for me, not so smooth though. "He was saying goodbye to his girlfriend." ... "In private this time." was added into the mix.

The teacher just looked at me and said: "Just don't make a habit out of it." I didn't respond, I knew I had already. So I just sat down. There was nothing I could do.

Later Ashley asked me again if I want to go on the elevator with her and the kid. I found later to play on the football team, which at this school means nothing. So I wonder why I brought it up in the first place.

"We're going on it today, he told me he can go today," she said.

"Why?" I didn't even try to make an excuse, so I ran with it.

"Why not? I'd love to go with you."

"Okay. Meet at the Science building, second-floor elevator. You got all that?" she said, smiling at me.

"That's," I started to write a note in my brain.

"Tomorrow. Second floor."

Chapter 6: Blood Diamond

The next day after Science I left Kat in a conversation about how I was late again, so the teacher this time took my seat away. She said she took it away because if I was late all the time, I would not be saved a seat, although I don't think it worked that way. Kat noted how much of an idiot I looked like standing up.

I left and told her I had to take the shorter way for some test thing. It didn't take much effort to make that up.

I started walking towards the shorter way, just in case she looked back. Then after a few seconds turned around to walk through the zig-zag hallway. I kept my distance behind Kat so she would not notice me. She had put on her pink headphones to listen to music, so it was easy to be a spy.

I stopped walking when I saw Ashley crying near the elevator with the (I think) key in her hand. That was strange. I walked up to her.

"What's wrong," I asked, trying to see what happened or why she was crying.

"Oh, Jonathan... I can't seem to make friends... all I have is this stupid elevator... people seem to want to go... on? So they use me... to? So-called friends."

"What?" I asked. I was confused.

"You get it. I mean... you don't want to be my friend, just want you to go on the elevator. I know you... a person who makes a friend... so easy? You don't need me..."

"What. That's not me at all, I don't even like elevators." I started to explain.

"You u. don't..." Ashley said, feeling better.

"No... I think of you as more, as my friend, than anyone else at this school."

"Wow. You want to see how it works." Ashley started sniffing and rubbing her eyes.

"Sure"

"Well... I get my key. Put it here and wall-a"

I chuckled a moment, she did too. When the elevator opened, we walked in. She held my hand, or I held hers. (No matter) When the door closed, I felt a feeling

in my belly. Every time I walk into one of these things, that happens. We stood for a few seconds before she said: "Thank you." I looked at her and before I knew it, the feeling in my belly turned to something else as she put her lips on mine and we were locked in a kiss. I didn't know what to do with my hands, so I just did nothing.

When the elevator door opened, Ashley quickly stopped kissing me and said "I know you have a girlfriend, I... I shouldn't have..."

I cut her off to speak, "don't..."

We walked out, she stopped me and looked at me with her bright green eyes. She started to open her mouth to say something but stopped to smile at me.

"Believe me... I'm an honest guy." I started smiling.

She laughed for a few seconds after we started to walk side by side to lunch. I never felt happier to walk than right there at that moment...

Never did I ever feel so high. Just full smiles. It felt like you could barely breathe and because of it, you felt like you were going to die. Though you didn't care because you knew you would die happy. So happy you shout and spread out your arms to the sky, day or night. Just feeling so damn close. Like you just found the varied meaning of your life at that very moment. You know, know that you are in the right place in time, in your life, in that moment. Became so wonderful like the Christmas season, you wish it never would end and when it did, you would want that feeling again. Again and again. Luckily.

I didn't even care about the person in History turned English, English turned History telling me about how a great civilization uses tools, does something and another thing.

In Science, we learned about the Earth's atmospheres. We were supposed to draw it on a paper but I chuckled at Kat's picture when she showed it to me.

"What," she said, turning it around to look at it.

"No, it's just. Well, you drew the Earth." I said to her.

"So," she moved her hair out of her face.

"The Earth in space... Earth's atmospheres in space. Earth's atmospheres are in the Earth." I said smiling. You see she drew the Earth in space on the side of her paper and space outside of it. Drawing the lines to show where the atmospheres are.

Mauricio, he cut in "It's a good drawing though, looking at it."

"I like it, it's just wrong," I explained.

"Show me yours." Mauricio said to me, doing a "give me" hand signal.

I handed them my drawing, "Here."

"What is that?" Mauricio said snickering now.

"What, it's just the atmospheres, marked by lines. With a beach backdrop and the man lying on a chair." I tried to explain.

"It looks like a dead man with blood in the sand."
(The chair was red)

Kat laughed with him too, I did too. It wasn't much of a drawing. I'm not that much of an artist. I got an A though for labeling correctly. Kat didn't, I did tell her. When she got it back, I looked at her pleased.

She turned her head to me and said nothing for a few seconds then hugged me. She went there. She went there.

Later during lunch, I am again playing basketball, "ball" with the people. During the game, I had the ball and the guy just slapped it out of my hand. He chuckled after he did it. So I ran after the ball, trying to get it before it left the court area. I ran and ran and fell on the black cement floor. I don't know how I exactly fell but I did.

"Are you okay?" my friend asked me, trying to help me up.

"I'm fine, thank you." I said back and got back up as if nothing happened and just started playing again. Later I was signaling to my friend to pass the ball to me. I put my hand up, and then that's when I saw my right hand was covered with dark blood on the palm of my hand. I stood still while the people were playing on the other side of the court. I then got my backpack and started to walk off. Nobody noticed me leaving, they were too into the game.

As I walked, the blood started to roll down to my fingers. It was like the scene from the "Blood Diamond" picture where Leonardo DiCaprio's character got shot in the armpit and the blood was going down his arm (which I thought didn't make sense) and he was feeling the blood in his fingers. That's what I did, I felt so cool. Then again, he calls the girl after that, saying she can use his name in the report and all that. I didn't have a phone around me, so I figured I would just talk to myself. And before I knew it I started talking in the accent he uses. Even got the eyes watery. I saw people looking at me funny while I was doing it. I didn't care, I was dying. "You can use everything, even my name. I won't be needing it. Laugh, crying, It was funny. I walked into the main office, I didn't know where the nurse's office was but I was sure she had one. I was going to ask someone for help but I was afraid if I talked, my words would come out in the way I had them in my head. So I figured I would get water before I had to. I found a fountain while I was drinking. I looked to the left and saw the nurse's office.

I stopped drinking, wiped my mouth and slowly looked inside.

"Hello," a blond lady sitting at the desk said to me after seeing me walking into the room. "What can I do for you today?"

I looked around shyly. "Are you the..." slight in the accent. "Are you the nurse?" I said again nervously.

"Why yes, do you have a note?"

"No... I have lunch right now and I got hurt playing basketball..."

She leaned forward, "Let me see it."

I sat down in the chair in front of the desk and held out my arm across her desk, moving the fist I had made.

"Oh, basketball? How did you do that?"

"I fell," I explained but I don't think she believed me much.

"Sit down here. And hold out your arm," she said pointing at my hand and got up, and tapped the chair across the room with her hands. I did as she said.

She went back to her desk and started to get the appropriate supplies, I hoped.

She stopped and looked at me. "Did you go to Imperial?" she looked up and asked me.

"Indeed, I did," I said wondering.

"Yes, then you're Jonathan."

The bell suddenly rang, and I thought how Kat doubtless will not see me outside of the class and look inside. Hoping she didn't go in. Also, Ashley. But I won't be there, I'll be here. Thinking about them.

"Jonathan."

"What... Yeah." I said looking at her.

"I remember you used to come in with a bunch of claimed 'headaches.' I never found anything but I learned from kids like you. In my line of work," she explained while she put rubbing alcohol on me. I'm sure she enjoyed that, she saw the pain in my face and poured more and grinned.

She told me to feel if there were any rocks because she took one out and was worried there would be more. I felt more, but I said "No..." So she put a cotton patch then wrapped my hand in a white cloth like a cast.

"I'm glad I saw you again in this situation. Come back soon. Well, I must be leaving now. You'll be all... OK." she wrote something and another thing. She gave me one of the notes and walked out. Closing the door, then I sat alone in the room alone, just me and my thoughts... I got up and looked at her desk to see the other note that she had written:

Jonathan is here.

(I didn't think anything of it.)

I was not sure how long it took but I couldn't stop thinking what I missed being gone so long.

When I got to my Math class, and the teacher said: "Late again are we."

"Late with a note this time," I said holding up the note. He took it and said, "Take your seat."

I started to walk to my seat but someone was there. There was this chola-looking girl. I requested her to move nicely but she refused. I could tell Ashley wanted to hit her by her facial expressions. So I decided to sit somewhere else to defuse the situation. I didn't know anyone where I sat. So I started pondering, and recalled

when I was a kid, my mom used to tell me (what they tell every kid) "don't talk to strangers" (for good reason, I'm sure) but as I grew, I learned myself that we all start off as strangers until we meet. Your friends, people, even your family. It's just so funny, in an instant we change from unknown to known.

When the bell rang, I caught Ashley on the way out waiting at the door.

"Hey..." she started to say to me pleased. And hugged me. I hugged her back. She stopped and started to say looking into my eyes "Is this what I'm missing when she hugs you?"

I smiled and lifted my hand to touch her hair, "No, it's what I'm missing."

She smiled, "What happened to your hand?" she looked at my hand touching her hair with the cloth cast. I looked at it for a second and looked back at her. "Wisdom, that's all." Then I kissed her cheek. After, we started to walk hand in hand.

"You should have fought for your seat more, you know that. Right." She explained to me.

The next day in Math class, the teacher gave us our progress report and well, when I looked at it, I can't say they were the best grades. I didn't worry as much as Ashley was when she saw hers.

"No, I have an F. I can't get an F, not this year. What am I going to do?" she referred to her grades. I turned my body to see the commotion.

"Let me take a look," I said putting my hand forward trying to grab the paper from her hands.

"What. Wait. No." She said as she pressed the paper to her chest as fast as she possibly could.

After a few attempts to take it from her hand, she finally said

"Can't you just believe me. Don't you believe me?"

"... I believe you." I said giving up.

"How am I going to explain this to my parents? What will I say? Wait, I got it. Can you help me? Tell me if this is believable." She then started role playing with me. Saying the speech she just had made up in her head.

She started to speak looking into my eyes "... I was given Child Development because I could not take P.E due to my injured leg. Been given Child Development class, I learned a lot of things I otherwise would not have known. Sadly though, I got an F due to my bad test... taking skills."

I waited a few seconds before I spoke and when I did "It's-. I'd believe that." I said shaking my head when she was done.

"Really. Honestly, that's good." She took my hands. "Thank you," she added.

We were about to kiss when the teacher came up from behind us and said sarcastically pointing at himself "Don't let me stop you. I'm just passing by."

We looked at each other and smiled. Taking our normal positions to learn.

Chapter 7: Failed On Purpose

In Math class, the teacher asked us for our attention. Standing at the podium in front of the class. "We have a student in the class that failed last year and we need to give them some support to finish strong. They started strong last year but for some reason started to slip down on the grade scale. So that doesn't happen this year we need to give her support. Ashley, please come up."

Just then everybody looked straight at Ashley. She sunk down into her seat as far as she could go.

"I thought she said she was a freshman!" a random person shouted. Then the whole class started to agree. "She lied." "And she was calling me stupid. At least I haven't failed yet."

Ashley then stood up with eyes watery and walked to the podium.

"Why did you fail last year Ashley? You were doing so well in the first semester." The teacher asked.

Ashley slowly then said, "I. I failed on purpose."

"What? Why?" The teacher was surprised.

"I thought maybe there were new people I'd never seen before. Starting off with a clean slate kind of thing, I would do something right for the first time in my life. And I would finally be accepted. And for the first time in my life, I truly was." She closed her eyes to feel what was fading. "I thought about my God finally. Finally, I had gotten something my own class could never have given me. You guys made me feel as if I belong. Really belong... I thank you all for that." She opened her eyes and tears started to roll down her cheek. She tried to stop them. She didn't want to cry in front of the class of which she felt she belonged. She covered her face and started to run for the door.

"It's okay."

"It's not okay. I lied to everyone there. The only people who thought I was something more. Now they hate

me. I should have known, you can never be happy in this life, no wonder people are happy to die."

I started to hug her, I felt her body quiver as she cried. Her hot breath on my neck. "Well, perhaps this is the best there is ever going to get. Our lives are just one big completely average crash. One after another because once happiness leaves what is left but sadness."

"Hopefully just okay, I can handle that." She said to me her shining eyes staring into mine. "I think I just realized why we're perfect for each other."

She touched my long hair and said: "Yeah, tell me." I then just kissed her lips and just then she stopped shaking and her breathing slowed.

Chapter 8: Breaking A Habit

I sat on one of the chairs in the type of waiting room they had on the second floor of the office. Let me explain, I was in English turned History, talking to the person about some medieval story on how he flings a basketball at my face. It wasn't much and then suddenly a kid walks in and gives a yellow paper to the teacher and she gives it to me.

Next thing I knew, some office lady is telling me to go upstairs. I guess I asked her where I was supposed to go (doesn't sound like me) I did and wandered into a type of waiting room. It looked like ones you see at the hospital, except the sick patients. Run by a bunch of kids. I'll give them credit for having a student-run office (saving money, well played). I gave the yellow paper to one of the students and he said my counselor was not in at the time. He suggested that I leave or sit down and wait. I figured I wait (me). So I sat in a chair and here I am. Waiting... waiting...

I was only wondering why she sent for me. Why she wouldn't be here. Didn't have any logic in it. After what seemed like 30 minutes I heard a voice call my name.

"Jonathan. Is there a Jonathan here?"

I looked and saw a smiling long-haired blond woman. I got up, and she started walking away towards a straight hallway, I followed her steps.

She leads me into one of the offices in the long hallway full of doors. We sat down and while she was looking for something, I looked at her millions of posters on the wall. Mostly those values one of the inspiring quotes and one "Don't forget 9/11" poster.

She started clicking on her computer and she repeatedly looked at it and then at me when she started to explain what she was looking at.

"Honey, your grades are slipping. You on the verge of failing this semester. I mean, you don't do little, if any work and. Did you know your Math teacher told me you have failed every test and quiz he has given you? I mean... do you not get it, is it too hard for you?" She looked at me.

I tilted my head as I was going to say something but nothing came.

"What's going on?" she paused and waited for me to answer or say something. I didn't and she kept going.

"We had your I.E.P meeting yesterday. Your dad was there. Did he tell you?"

"... No," I said slowly. I wanted to tell her my dad and I were not on a communication level right now. Though I was presently surprised he even showed up. The very

"We need your grades to be higher. To where you want them to be. You're going to college aren't you." She looked at me, waiting for my answer.

Here we go. College, the biggest scam to hit the American people since taxes. Though I've been thinking about getting in on this. So you know how you hear about all the teenagers who create a business (some better than others). I'll be the teen who creates a college. I thought about it since middle school, so I guess I have been thinking about college all these years.

"Well yes..." I gave her the dumb answer she expects. I was going to say "No" but then I was worried she would

try to convince me and put it on my permanent record and things like that. It's just easier to say "Yes" sometimes.

"We decided that it be in the best value, for your sake. That we change your classes. So the F's won't go on this semester's report card." she said and started to print something. She turned her chair and got the paper out of the printer and handed it to me.

I looked at it and felt so deceived by these people. I guess grades are more important to them than my well-being.

They changed my two best classes.

Science; they put 4 and Algebra; to 3. A flip-flop that changes lives. I kept looking at the paper and I was sure in that moment I was trying to change it with my mind.

"You may leave now," she said looking at her computer smiling (an evil smile) waving her hand. I then quickly started to think of all the situations where I bashed her head on the computer and not get caught but they were none I could think of. At least nothing off the top of my

head. Not like I was going to do it anyway. Just thoughts. So I got up and walked out of the room.

I guess I forgot to tell you. I'm kind of, well, I don't know. But I have an "I.E.P meeting" every 3 years because of it. And this year was my lucky year. The whole meeting is about me and how I'm doing school-wise. Sometimes I'm flattered they're talking about me. Other times, I would say "mind your own business." This is one of those times.

Don't ask me what "I.E.P" means because I don't know. You see, some guy tried to explain it to me when I was a kid one time. Being a kid, I didn't listen. But one thing they just keep saying is I was placed in it because I scored below basic on the Math and English portions of the standardized tests they gave us every year. I never did take those tests too seriously.

So they think putting me in classes that are like a regular class but a bit slower worked will help. I guess I'm happy with it some days, other days I wonder what would have happened if it were different. Now I know.

I walked slowly to my odd placed Science class. I didn't want Mauricio or Kat to see me and make me walk in with them. I looked at the paper she told me to get signed by my old teacher and after go to my new Math class. I walked into my Science class and gave the paper straight to the teacher so she can sign it.

I looked around and saw Mauricio talking to Kat. They were smiling and laughing. (Not me) She was saying something with her hands. For what I'll never know.

"Jonathan... Jonathan..."

"Huh, what?" I turned to see the teacher holding out the paper to me.

"Here you go. You're off. Have a wonderful day."

"Oh, thank you. Thank you." I said taking the paper. Hating myself instantly for saying that, I didn't want this.

I looked again to Kat and Mauricio talking, hoping maybe, just maybe, they look at me. Notice I'm over here. Notice the sound of my heart as it beats. Nothing, they didn't, and I sadly walked out with my head down.

Outside of the class, I stopped when the door closed behind me and the late bell rang. It's then when my brain took in what had happened. When all my emotions came to realize. My heart dropped. I tried to overcome but you cannot hold in reality. I dropped to my knees and it just started pouring out of my eyes and onto the freshly waxed floor. I couldn't stop them. I looked at them when they fell and how they came together. Drop by drop. I wished I could put myself together just as easily as they could.

I quickly got up when I heard the sound of footsteps coming through the zig-zag hallway. I didn't want anyone to see me like this. No one. So I started to run when I fell on my own tears. Hitting my head on the floor. A ringing sound shot through me. I again got up as quickly as I could with my right-hand injury. It hurt to do so. I pushed the door with all my might, so much it hit the wall hard. I then ran down the stairs, going forward. I fell on the last steps luckily, there was a rail separating the hallways so my chest caught my fall. I began breathing so

hard because of it. I started walking, it was not the best walking I've ever done but it worked.

"Hey! You, come over here!" I heard someone yell.

I looked back and saw a big black security guard (I didn't know we had those) approaching fast.

"Shit," I thought. I then looked around and back at him.

I then began running. My hardest and fastest. I wanted to keep going but my feet were yelling at me to give up. I heard him yelling for me to stop. "If you wanted me to be slow, you shouldn't make us run the mile every week. You..." I yelled at the top of my lungs back to him. I ran until I was sure he wasn't chasing me anymore. Then a bit more to make sure.

By the time I got to my new displaced Math class, my legs hurt like hell (it hurt to even move) and I was also breathing hard. I walked in thinking I see Ashley there. She wasn't of course. I guess I thought it get me to go in, it did. I gave the teacher the paper. "You're late." He said and took the paper from me. "And the hell are you so sweaty? Wait, basketball, is it?"

I guess I didn't realize I was sweating like a pig. But it became apparent when I grabbed my shirt and it soaked with sweat. I looked up at him and said, "Some of it is tears, sir." He gave me a weird face for a second and then randomly burst out laughing. I was glad someone could.

He directed me to a seat in the middle of the class. It made me feel worse than I already was, I felt like everybody was looking at me. (Like I needed that) Still breathing hard I decided to lay my head down. (Thinking it would help) Next thing I know, I'm waking up from a nap to the teacher's blurry hand in my face. Trying to give me a marker so that I could go up to the board.

When he was walking to his desk, I caught his attention and told him, "I can't write, my right hand busted."

He smirked at me, "Then write with your left," putting the marker on my desk. I looked at it in front of me. I concluded that he wanted me to demonstrate to all these stupid idiots how regular people did Math. So I went up, putting the marker in my left hand like he said. I then started to write something but I erased it with the

palm of my hand. Capped the marker, put it down and started walking back to my seat.

When I was doing so, the teacher rightly asked me why I didn't do the problem as he had told me.

I looked at him for a few seconds and said the first thing that came to my mind. "I'm trying to break a habit."

Chapter 9: I Used To

At lunch, I thought about how she would feel, all the others too. I didn't give much of a goodbye. They didn't let me. I wanted to go like usual to algebra class. Through that hallway though, I didn't feel up to it. I had this thought in my head on how it might go if I did take that route:

I walk up to Kat. She would open her arms and I would dig my face into her large breasts. Trying to hide my face so she couldn't see the tears going down my cheeks. Trying to hold in the feeling of warmth as long as I could, at least one more time.

She would pick up my head and look through my eyes with those glasses onto my scarred soul. And I wouldn't say anything at first. I'd be too ashamed to. But then she would speak in her lovely tone and I would start to cry even more and blabber words of nonsense but words that meant so much.

"It's all my fault. I didn't mean for this, I won't have let it. If I wasn't me for one God damn second. I'd take control of my life like Bon Jovi says. I just need one moment to do that. I..." But the thought soon faded as fast as it came. Knowing I couldn't speak the words I thought of in my head.

My shaking chest reminded me of reality as I sat alone. I didn't feel like doing anything else the rest of the day. I just wanted to go home, get into bed, close my eyes and dream. That's all, maybe to think it over in my head. I didn't get that. No one does. I just watched from afar the time pass second by second. Hour by hour.

I got up and started to pace. I took small steps to get to class. My father told me when I was young to try to find something good or it would all be just a waste of time. He was referring to my first day of summer school and I did but what good can come from this.

I sadly walked all the way to my new Science class, but the same teacher. I stopped when I got to the door. I opened the door as I did so many times before. Ms. Mack was sitting down writing something. It was so qui-

et I could hear my footsteps. Everybody was looking at me and of course I didn't know anyone there. "You can sit wherever you want until next month, of course." (she lied) I don't know why, but I stupidly sat where I sat before. I guess sitting there made me feel sort of happy. For about 2 seconds. They were the best 2 seconds of that day.

The teacher told us to do vocab (again). No one sat to the right of me or to the left, or even at the same table as me. So I didn't have to pass out any books. I just got one for myself and opened it. After I got a paper but I didn't look for the words in the book, I looked for words in my heart:

"date: December 2013...."

I changed classes today. None of my friends are in my new class.... It's been one hour, and I already miss everybody, especially Kat, the girl that hugged me. I'm going to hug her for the last time tomorrow and say goodbye because I know I won't see her again. For a long time. It kills me to know she was being so nice and I just pushed her away. Tears are in my head, and a fake smile on my face. It was

barely three months of my freshman year of high school and I had already lost someone I really cared about. All my other friends in my old class that make me smile for real are off having a good time. I know now what it really means to lose something. It hurts and breaks your heart. I just hope it takes me to a wonderful place where happy, love, and friends are there to enjoy life with me. To all thoughts cold-hearted memories, you mean a lot to me."

Days later, the teacher told the class we had to start a project but first we had to get in a group and we could pick our own members. I didn't know anyone so I just watched as everyone got together smiling.

A few seconds later, I guess the teacher saw I had no one next to me. Though she still walked up and asked the stupid question to me "Do you have a group?"

Her perusing words felt like poison. The memories which she unleashed through my already weak body

took me for another beating and there I was wondering if I could survive the repercussions that had come of it.

"... I used to." I said looking down at my pencil.

"Well, you have to be in a group to do this project, you don't want to be by yourself, now do you?"

I turned my head "I won't do it then."

All of a sudden I hear a voice say "We'll take him."

I looked across at the other table and saw a girl smiling and waving to come over.

"Yeah, we take him Ms." the girl sitting across from the other added.

The teacher looked at the girls then back at me. "You want to go and join their group, Jonathan?"

"Yeah, Jonathan, over here." the girl said now knowing my name.

I looked at her as she told her statement again. I didn't want to but what other choice did I have. So I went over and sat down.

As I did, the girl across waved to me. The other one said, "Hi, Jonathan." I said nothing. Which turned into my plan to do that the whole time I was there but soon

enough it backfired when their lousy attempts to get me to talk went to singing.

When two crazy girls started to sing, everybody turned their heads to look to the song "Do You Want to Build a Snowman?"

As they were singing, it suddenly hit me. I... could not believe it, I thought to myself. "I had become a ghost."

Chapter 10: Life Isn't Planned

I took a paper for Ms. Mack, she trusted me for some reason. On the way back, I found Ashley. I called her a few times but she wasn't listening.

"Hey, Ashley Stop, stop!"

When I got up to her, getting in her way. She stopped but refused to look at me. "Ashley, I don't know what to say."

"Maybe sorry!" she screamed at me. When I finally caught a glimpse of her eyes, I saw them watery and full of pain. "When I didn't hear from you... for a week. I thought you were sick, wishful thinking, I guess. I even made a stupid card. Was going to get the class to sign it before they told me... You left. Why didn't you tell me, I had to hear it from the goddamn chola girl." She cried through it all? "There's so much, Ashley, I wish I could tell you all of it. How on the first day, I met this insecure girl who thought I was honest because this girl kept giving me hugs. Who just wanted a second chance. And I,

this tunneled vision boy, who didn't see that. Who didn't see his grades were slipping because he was having so much fun with that girl? In the end, it was that school that brought them together that tore them apart." I held her hands. "Now please, for all it's worth, listen to my words. They're all I have to give."

"... no, I can't. Won't." She said faintly. "I don't want to cry for you. I've done too much of that..." she then let go of my hands. "... Jonathan, I'm heading to the office. I'm leaving this school. I've made my choice. I just thought you should know that being honest and all... At least I let you know that from my lips. Here-" she handed me a blue card. I took it from her sweet hands to quickly put it in my pocket. She then started walking away. I watched her as she slipped away from my grasp.

I found Mauricio walking during the passing period. I thought he'll make me feel better, talking to a friend. I thought wrong.

"We hadn't spoken for some time and well, I thought... maybe you..."

You thought... you could just come back like nothing ever happened. Says the one that left, remember." His voice turned.

"Well, I'm sorry, okay. I screwed it up, I know that." We stopped walking. "I really did. I didn't plan it this way though." I said looking towards the sky. The clouds passing by above us.

"Well, life isn't planned according to you, Jonathan. You hurt me. You hurt Kat."

"What?" I said surprised.

"Yeah, you think your actions only affect you, there are other people in this world. Not just you, Jonathan."

"I shouldn't even be telling you this, you don't deserve this, but Kat, she cried for you when the teacher told her you weren't coming back, and I watched it. How every day she says how much you meant to her. How much your hugs meant to her. How you made her smile."

"I didn't know, I would have." I whispered to myself.

"How could you, don't care about anyone else but yourself? Why did you leave?"

I started to say, "I didn't I.." but got cut off.

"Don't lie. No one likes a liar... Just... Leave me alone. Just..." He stopped and for the last time walked away, leaving me alone with my thoughts.

I went to bed that night to dream, but I couldn't do so. I thought it was my punishment. The thing I wanted the most, the last thing I had was gone. Life would again take that too. So in the dark it was just me and the shining smiling moon, crying. I kept begging for the darkness to take me, to stab me blind, at least I could not tell if I was by myself. But even the blind can tell when they're alone.

Epilogue

10 Months Later

I was walking sadly to my next class as I did, thinking to myself. It was one of those days when every happy thing had lost its bright colors. It had rained hard all that week, even that day. I guess the clouds got it right that time.

Suddenly the once silent hallways were filled with high pitch screams of two crazy girls running. They stopped, and one girl gave the other girl a huge blanket she had on. They looked like two shivering animals. Then I saw it... it was Kat. Her teeth were chattering. Her eyes were pouring.

I just froze, not knowing what to do. I just stood there like an idiot, getting poured on by the rain, watching it take place. Maybe I was waiting for her to look at me, I don't know, even then I knew she wouldn't. (She didn't last time.)

After a few seconds, I had decided to give up and then started to walk again but before I left completely, I looked once more. There, just then, she picked up her head for whatever reason. I didn't care, she was looking

straight at me. With her bright crying eyes, she gave me a slight smile. One I hadn't seen in a long time. Rubbing her tears away, she too could not believe it either. There she was, and there I.

"Come on, let's go now. We're going to be late!" her friend said, stopping to wait, finding Kat had stopped.

And there was life.

Kat took a slight glance at her friend not saying a word, then back to me. All of a sudden she took a few steps towards me. I started to walk too, putting my hands in my pockets but stopped.

Taking my right hand out of my pocket and a blue card lay in my hand. I looked at it for a moment and looked back at Kat, smiling a slight smile at me. I then started to walk again but not towards Kat this time, away. Away I turned, walking the opposite way. Thinking about how the distance becomes larger and larger as we walk further and further away. Knowing my English turn History. My story is short and misplaced. Life, this time I win...

