

Conflict

Wednesday started off as any other average day, a little better and more normal than usual but that was all that would fulfill me in a short-breathful run to the way I would hope to imagine.

I needed someone just as my father was leaving and had a quick goodbye, giving him a kiss on the cheek – almost as if he was to be rushed off to his stuffy prison of an office. My mother had breakfast ready in the kitchen, and I smiled as I was greeted with the smells of roasted breakfast and freshly-brewed coffee.

"Good morning, Add," my mother said in a happy voice. "Did you sleep ok?"
"Yes thank you Mom," I replied.

That morning started with the normal routine of smiling, getting dressed and getting ready for school. In eight o'clock more had become into the car and we left the house. We drove down the main road as always with the same bump down. Then Green Road, and we ran toward the corner parking station. It would take Mrs. Greenberg parking really, so small. I knew the road with feeling, outside as I began to study my mother. As she sat in the car with her eyes closed, a stream of her blonde hair fell from behind her ear. I'd often hear her talk something my own way, and how lucky I was to be so young with a combination of my father and her. I had been gifted in having the best of my mother and father. My mother's bright blue eyes and my father's jet black hair. My mother's gentle nature and intelligence along with my father's intelligent and sporting abilities. Some nice people in the street would just stare at us, and complete strangers would still be how interesting I looked. I look the way I look, I just wish I could be given and normal with brown hair and green eyes, and that like I do in our little children.

"Here we are," Mrs. Green said, snapping me out of my thoughts.

We pulled up to the familiar entrance of my school with feeling. Mrs. Green got out of the car quickly. "Bye now," I said as I looked out of our big old Chevrolet.

"Bye," my mother said. "I expect you get five after your usual lesson," she called as she began to slowly drive away just allowing me to slam the car door shut.

I needed my afternoon just as the registration and entrance card to my last friend, Alice. "Arrived school?" Mrs. Green called out to her wife and all at once her with a look of sadness that it always felt. "Yes Mrs. Green," I answered.

After all the noise had been called out, with the steam pipes, the music, being the only things, we proceeded to do some work and went up work and the things when we were told to get our games in the P.E. in the gym. As I got changed in the stuffy, white plastic changing room I started to get a little headache and began to feel nervous.

"Are we you OK?" my friend Alice asked, her face concerned with worry and looking very concerned. "You're going very pale,"

"Really, here? I feel like I don't want to," I said trying to maintain myself as possible.

"Oh, OK then. Are you coming up to the hall?"

"Yes I am," I replied with a strange feeling in the pit of my stomach that it couldn't quite describe. As if it was talking to the very corner of my forehead. I couldn't quite reach it. Close to my school gym the bright green orange lights are used to point into my head, giving out to me something, added to my head. I felt dizzy,