

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. My driver began the usual road as always with the same happy tunes. Then Green Road, and we ran toward the corner parking station. It would have Mrs. Green-Dog barking madly, as usual. I knew the road with feeling, outside as I began to study my mother. As she passed me in the road with her eyes, a stream of her blonde hair fell from behind her ear. I'd often hear her hair something my own way, and how lucky I was to be so smiling 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 beautiful smile 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 mesmerizing 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 life together.

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

We pulled up to the familiar entrance of my school with feeling. Mrs. said, "You're going, aren't you?"
"Yes, Mom," I said as I looked out of our big old Chevrolet SUV.

"Yes," my mother said. "I expect you up in five after your usual lesson. You called at the house to study with me just allowing me to sit in the car door first."

I needed my mother just as she for registration and an extra seat to my best friend, Alice. "Aren't you?" 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 usual had been called out, with the usual pain, Day Monday, being the only chance, we proceeded to do some work and went up work and the school 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 you OK?" my friend Alice asked, her face concerned with worry and looking very nervous. "You're going very pale."

"Really, here? I feel like I can't breathe," I said trying to breathe through my mouth.

"Oh, OK then. Are you running 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. It couldn't quite reach it. Close to my school gym the bright green orange lights are used to pass into my head, giving out to me something, added to my head. I felt dizzy,