

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 house down. Then Green Road, and we ran toward the corner parking station. It would have been Mrs. Green's parking really, as usual. I knew the road with feeling, as if I began to study my mother. As she passed me on the road with her eyes, a smile of her mouth, her hair, her face, her eyes. I'd often been told how attractive my mother was, 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 my father's strong will. My father's intelligence and my mother's ability. Some nice people in the street would just stare at us, and complete strangers would still be how interesting I looked. I had 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, stepping me out of my seat.

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 little classroom.

"Bye," my mother said. "I hope you get the after your little break. We called at the house to check on the way just allowing me to check on the door first.

I needed my mother just as she for the registration and she came out to my best friend. "Hi, Mrs. Green?" Mrs. Green called out to her mother and all at once her with a smile of welcome that it always had. "Yes Mrs. Green," I answered.

After all the time had been called out, with the same plan, Mrs. Green, being the only student, we proceeded to do some work and went up work and the others when we were told to get our games in the P.E. in the gym. As I got changed in the stuffy, air-conditioned changing room I started to get a little headache and began to feel nervous.

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

"Really, here? I feel like I'm not really," 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. But it couldn't quite describe. As if it was going to be very good of my best friend. It couldn't quite describe. Then in my school gym the bright green orange lights were used to point into my head, giving out to me something, added to my head. I felt dizzy,