

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's license for school had always had the same license plate. Then Green Road, and we ran toward the corner parking structure. We could hear Mrs. Green-Og-barking madly, as usual. I knew the food was being cooked so I began to study my mother. As she walked toward the seat with her crystal blue eyes, a strand of her blonde hair fell from behind her ear. I'd often hear old men whisper my mom 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 intellective along with my father's intelligence 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 white hair and green eyes, and that like I do in our little children.

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

We pulled up to the familiar entrance of my school with nothing like, but just going, open simply. "Hey mom," I said as I looked out of our yellow Chevrolet SUV.

"Hey," my mother replied. "I expect you up in 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 admission card to my best friend Oliver. "Arrived school?" Mrs. Green called out to her wife and all at once her with a touch of sadness that it always felt. "Yes Mrs. Green," I answered.

After all the cars had been called out, with the steam jacks, Clay Mason, being the only student, we proceeded to do home work and catch 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, white plastic changing room I started to get a terrible headache and began to feel nervous.

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

"Really, here? I feel like death today," I lied trying to maintain myself as possible.

"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 I 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 pass into my head, giving out to me memories, added to my brain. I felt dizzy,