

The Correct Path

By Elizabeth A.

"Only One Path Effects the Future"

From what I'm learning at this 'new school' so far, is that it's not that bad. LIE!! My new school is the worst thing that has ever happened to me. Sort of... there was worse times like when my sister was claimed "Missing," but she was just out with her friends and my parents forgot. Normal. The first event started when I was begging my mom to get me the new Bluetooth headphones for me because last year, almost everyone has the most expensive pair of wireless headphones and all I had was those old 2014 cheap headphones with millions of wires. Of course, she didn't get them for me even though I had begged and pleaded all day but she's a tough cookie, so she said no. My first class was going good until my teacher said, "Class, please get out your headphones. We will be listening to an Essay written by one of the famous authors in the U.S. while you will be coming up with ideas for your first Essay," I almost cried right there in my seat when I heard those words, 'Take out your headphones' but I had to because I didn't really have a choice. I took out my headphones and realized that my cat had destroyed the padding on the ears, so all that was left were bits of the remaining. After minutes of staring at them, I managed to untangle all the wires, so I plugged them in my phone and started listening. After about 5 minutes, my ears had to be bleeding. Why? Since there was about no padding left, my ears felt like they were red as a tomato. Yes, they were as red as a tomato. 4 classes after, it was time to leave. Ever since Elementary, I've been walking home by myself because both of my parents work daily shifts, and come back at night. While I was walking home, I found my middle school friends walking home too. I ran over to them and shouted, "Blaze!!! Opal!!!" As I was looking at them, there was something strangely shaped in the distance. "Jordan?! SQUEE!!!" Both Blaze and Opal squealed. I'm still peering behind them, and I don't think they've noticed yet. "It's been so long until the last time we saw you!" Opal said with cheer. "Yeah, it has been a while... BLAH... BLAH.... BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH." I started to drift off looking at what that strange figure, or thing could be. Eventually they noticed so they started looking too until we all started walking again. "You parents don't come home until 7 right J?" Which is true, both of my parents work SO hard to in the day, and don't come home until 7 o'clock sharp. "Yeah. They don't come home until 7." They forget everything.... mostly... everything... "Good. So, then we have time to go check out what's that over there." Was that a good idea? Not sure, but if we get in trouble, then we're going to be in DEEP TROUBLE with our parents. "Uhm, but if we get in trouble, then who's going to help us?" Opal's statement was smart. Sadly, not smart enough for Blaze though. She's the adventurous one here compared to Opal. Opal just worries about her friends, and how she looks. "Good point Op, but doesn't it look dangerous over there?" Apparently, while Blaze was answering that question, we all must've been distracted because by the time I payed attention, we were already there. It wasn't gloomy and dark like it is in the movies. Which might've been a good sign. Not sure really. "Let's go in."

What's wrong with me why did I say that. "If you want." About a mile into the forest thing (if what's what it is) there were three paths. "Umm... which one do we choose??" Good question. "Each look like they have endings. All of us will split up and go different ways than the other." Yeah nice plan me.

"Okay." Both replied. I started walking on the path I choose which was the middle one. It got dark. Suddenly, I got a flashback from where I was first going to school and when I met my friends, Blaze and Opal. It was like I was there, but they couldn't see me. I was like I was a ghost. I got bullied in 1st because I was not from America and I looked different. The bullies were coming towards me and pushed me down. Until Blaze came in and stood up for me. She punched one between his eyes, and they never messed with me again. Then, it got dark. I guess the flashback was over. I could hear my friends calling me... or... my teacher?? The darkness slowly disappeared, and I woke up "It... It was a dream..." I muttered. All the kids in the class were looking at me like they didn't even know me. Class was over, and I finished packing all my stuff into my backpack, and I was walking to my locker when two boys started to follow me. I stopped. "Um, do I know you?" I questioned not looking at them. "Don't give me that tone loser." What? I turned around and realized that they were the two boys who bullied me in first grade! "Oh... my... gosh..."