

# Forever and Always

**By: Clare C. (CC)**

Hi, I'm Genevieve Katelyn Lopez, but you can call me what my many few friends call me, Gene. Let's just get one thing straight- I'm not an ordinary 5th grader. Sure, I get good grades, I have long brown hair, I like pokemon, I don't like homework, I have at least a "good" amount of friends (that's what my mom says, but she doesn't understand), I have an older brother and a younger sister, my mom stays at home while my dad works for a ban business, sounds like the average fifth grade life.

Its not.

In fact, my life is considered a rare We- because I have something different about me. I have heterochromia iridis, a condition where eyes are multicolored. That means I have one brown eye and one green eye. It isn't the sign for after disease like being bald after cancer (although it can be). Everyone who meets me for the first time probably think I'm an alien.

My friends at school (who are all boys) think that my eyes are cool. The "leader" of the group, Aaryn, thinks that my condition is actually better than normal eyes because he says I might have magical powers or something. He's such a goofball.

But since the beginning of the 5th grade, Aaryn hasn't been talking to me. He's been kind of gnoring me. My older brother says he might not want to be friends with a girl anymore, but that didn't make any sense. Aaryn had been my best friend since Pre-k, and now he just wants to leave?

So the day before winter break had started, I tried riding my bike as close to him as possible. Unfortunately, he rode faster than

me. So I just let him go ahead, but I did follow behind him as close as I could. Hey Aaryn yelled ahead. "Move your witch eyes. Aaryn doesn't like you anymore." Joshua, one of the boys in the group. "I'm sorry, what did you just call me?.. I stopped my bike, and turned my head to him. -OH MY GOD!!WHAT'S WITH YOUR EYES?? THEY 'RE RED!" Joshua screamed as he stopped his bike. "Yes! Tell me what you called me!" I screamed back at him. Joshua got off his bike and pushed it into the snow. "I'm s-s-sorry! Don't hurt me please!" Joshua whimpered. He inhaled the cold morning air.

"I called you witch eyes."

"Why do you have to call me that in the first place? What did I ever do to you?" I yelled. "You just look weird! Everybody thinks that." Joshua said, "Now, don't come any closer, or I'll throw these." I realized he had a pile of rocks.

"You better not throw those." I glared right in his eyes.

"I will win I have to." He said, thinking he was so brave.

"Then do if I glared harder."

"Then." Joshua screamed. He took four rocks and threw them right at me. *Oh no. Why did I say that?* I looked at the rocks heading straight for me. I reached my hand out to try and catch them but I didn't.

*I froze them in the air.*

Joshua's eyes widened. "Dark magic! Dark magic!.. He screamed. I decided to use this new power of mine to good use. I threw the rocks aside, and I started to move his bike.

"DON'T BREAK MY BIKE!!" Joshua slowly backed away, screaming.

"THEN TAKE YOUR STUPID BIKE AND LEAVE!" I shot back at him.

He grabbed his red and black bike, got on to the bike, and started pedaling to school. I would have followed him, but I don't. Instead, I picked up my golden-orange bike and pedaled back to my neighborhood. Once I got into the neighborhood, I flipped on my hoodie so the police couldn't recognize me. I pedaled even harder and soon enough I got to my home. I opened the door and Rose, the family's golden retriever, came running and barking at me.

"Gene? Is that you?" I saw my mom turning the corner from the kitchen, "Why are you not at school?"

"I... I can't go to school. Something happened." I looked at her.

"Oh, was it Jason? Did he start making fun of you?" Mom placed her hand on my shoulder.

"Mom, He drives to school, remember?" I corrected her.

"Oh, right." Mom sighed.

"Can we sit down to talk?" I asked.

"Of course. I was just making some hot cocoa, and every box makes two cups." Mom walked back to the kitchen.

I went into the family room and sat down. "Genie!" Megan, my little sister, said, enthusiastically.

"Hey Meg. How's it going?" I glanced over at Megan and I realized that in her hands was something that didn't belong to her.

It was my Pikachu stuffie. (Pikachu is a Pokemon by the way)

"Mo-om! Why does Megan have my Pikachu stuffie?!" I yelled, hoping she heard that.

"Huh?" Mom poked her head around the corner. "Oh, I thought that was hers."

"rv1om! I'm the only one in the house wlh pokemon stuffies!"  
snapped myhead backto Megan.

"GME. ff. BACK!" Iyelled.

"Tzini (zee-nee), don't yell at your sister." Mom said, with a tray of hot cocoa cups in her hands.

I snatched the Pikachu out of Megan's hands and flopped onto the couch. Mom walked into the family room with the hot cocoa. She handed me my hot cocoa, and I took a sip.

"Mom? Is natural for kids with heterochromia iridis to have magic?" I asked my mom.

"No. Blis common for them to have powerful hallucinations."  
fv1om said "If that's what you saw earlier, then 's okay."

"Oh." Isighed.

But if Joshua saw I, I would be real. He doesn't have heterochromia iridis! What's the real answer?

I guess answers will come later...

I'll just keep being myself, forever and always.