

Moving

Tessa W.

On a beautiful afternoon, I sat on that park bench talking to my best friend, Emma. I'd totally zoned out on what she was saying and was just focusing on the one thing that was on my mind. "Am I right, or what?" said Emma. I snapped back to attention. "Sure...?" I said unknowingly. "Just kidding! That was a test," she laughed. I laughed along with her half-heartedly. "But honestly," she said, suddenly serious, "What is on your mind?" I knew it was time to spill my news. "Well," I said. "The thing is, um, I'm, uh, moving this summer." I said the last part so quickly, I was surprised she even heard me. "What??" she stammered. I tried to smile, but failed. "That can't be true! NO, don't lie to me Olivia, or I swear..." She never finished because she collapsed into my arms, crying.

"Well my little Ollie, today's the big day!" Dad was running around the new kitchen, making my lunch and shoving more supplies into my backpack than it could hold. I was scared and excited at the same time. I couldn't imagine Emma going to school without me. I couldn't imagine going without her. On the ride to school, Dad turned up the tunes, rolled down the windows and sang along too loudly to our favorite song. He stopped, looked at me quickly realizing something was wrong. He pulled the car over. I didn't notice it, but I must have been crying because he said, "Oh Ollie, don't be sad. I know it's hard, but you just have to bear through it with us." I leaned over and buried my face in his arms. We stayed like that for a long time.

When I got to school, I ran in and washed up before first period. When I got into the classroom, I sat in the only seat left. The girl to my right was tall and looked like a magazine cover model. The boy to my left had almost more hair on his head than the girl. When the bell rang, the teacher wasted no

time getting started. "OK boys and girls! First day of school! My name is Ms. Smith." I looked around. Everyone was still talking, and it seemed like everyone had someone to talk to. "All right," sang Ms. Smith. "When I call your name, please say 'here.' Jackson Anderson?" "Here!" "Molly Anders?" "Here!" "Olivia Carter?" "Here," I said quietly. When the bell finally rang to signal lunch, I ran to my locker to get my food. I sat at a table by myself. I had just started eating when the girl from first period came up next to me. "What is that?" she said in disgust, pointing to my sandwich. "We are not in kindergarten any more, baby," she spat at me. "Sorry." I said shyly. "Did I ask you to speak, baby face?" she shouted at me. Now everyone in the cafeteria was looking our way. "Stop it Angelica!" A new girl had appeared. She didn't look nearly as beautiful as Angelica, but she did have amazing baby-blue eyes. "Get out of this Chloe," said Angelica looking suddenly scared. . Angelica walked away, but Chloe stayed. "What's your name?" she asked me. "Olivia," I said dumbly. "So, I see you met Angelica? Well, don't mind her, she is always cranky." I smiled and it was the first real smile I had smiled in months.

By the end of the first week, I was exhausted. The only friend I'd been able to make was Chloe, but she was nothing like Emma. Sure, she laughed at all the right times and was the only reason I even went to school, but I missed Emma an awful lot. On my fifth week of school, a letter arrived in the mail. It was addressed to me. It was from Emma.

Dear Olivia,

I miss you so much! I wish you were here!

Love, Emma (your BFF!)

I cried when I read it. I was so confused. Why'd we have to move? Why can I only make one friend? How can I make it all go away? Then I had an idea. That night, I grabbed my backpack and packed it with food, water, clothes and some money. When I was sure everyone was asleep, I wrote a note to my parents, left it on our kitchen table and left.

Dear Mom and Dad,

I am so sorry but I cannot live like this anymore. Don't look for me please. I love you more than you would believe.

Love, Olivia

That was it. I was gone. I had no idea where to go or what to do. All I knew was that I had to leave. I set up a shelter in a box that I found in an alley way. I mostly spent the days thinking, but sometimes I went to get food. On the fifth or sixth day I'd been gone, I found a newspaper that someone had discarded into the trash. I grabbed it and skimmed it. What I saw made me cry. My parents had bought almost all the ad squares. I saw myself looking up at me from all the pictures and I realized I'd made a horrible mistake. I ran as fast as I could home. I stopped and looked through the window and saw my mom sitting on the couch crying and my dad making frantic phone calls. I burst through the door and ran to them! We all cried together.

"Wait up Chloe!" I chased her and Emma, who had come to visit, until we collapsed under a shade tree. We laughed and laughed. If I learned anything from my experience, it was that if you have a problem, you should face your fears instead of cowering. "Hey Olivia," teased Emma, "bet you can't catch me!" We ran and ran and it was then that I realized everything had turned out just fine.