

# World Renewed

By: Olivia C.

I like to look at the clouds. They like to tell stories. Nobody reads them. But I do. I have nothing else to do. I can't go play tag with other kids. So, I roll out into the street, and look at the clouds. Mary Beth...Mary Beth is my name and I...live my life in a wheelchair. I don't really know what happened. But I hate it. People make fun of me. My dream is to walk. But I can't... and I hate it. If only once I could stand up my life would change. The Doctors forbid me from all activity. And I hate it. I'm stuck in an alternate world. And I hate it. Stupid wheelchair!

Sometimes I wonder if you could wish on a cloud. That would be nice. Dinner the WORST part of my day when the "sun don't shine" as people say. I have to wheel my self down the hill, (which is not as easy as getting up) and Ravi (brother) has never minded not helping me (though he's the most supportive brother in the world during surgeries). I've hurt myself wheeling down the treacherous hill, it depreciated my condition. But I deal with it anyway.

Here I am sitting at the table, we only have three seats... I don't need one. Tonight, my brother had diving practice I've fantasized being on the team for me...I've watched Ravi he's astounding, and I tell him that every time. His girlfriend Alandra says I'm an "old soul". I like that. It makes me feel like I was meant to be here for a reason, that's not sitting. We are having Chinese food tonight my mom is lazy when it comes to dinner. I grasp the last fortune cookie before my dad I snicker, my dad always tries to be positive by making us laugh. He gets an A plus for effort. With a CRACKLE the fortune cookie opens.

THE WORLD TURNS... **BLACK**

"OLD SOUL, OLD SOUL" that runs through my head like a crow over a corn field watching, staring. My life is over. What did I do? Why the cookie? Was this a sign? QUESTIONS! I'm ALIVE. My eyes are blurry but I can see enough. I'm not in my wheelchair. I'm not in... me! I can't move! Tears block my eyes from rivers of them. As I lay on the cold ground waiting. I have nothing else to do. My legs tingle, my back tingles, I feel as if I could sit up and look around, but... I'm 10 and I know by now I can't move. So, I'm stuck. And I hate it. I finally let the rivers of tears flow out. I'm scared of nothing. But I'm scared of something... and that thing is failure. And I just failed. Why? Why me?

The tingling stops and I try to do anything to move. Then I do it! MY FOOT MOVED! I sit up and cry out "I AM NOT A FAILURE" I fall to the ground crying. Happiness is one thing in life that you can't explain and 1 out of 500 get a miracle and I think I am that one the singled out, that can be normal. Walking is a privilege and I just got it. I sit in my wheelchair. WOW. My life has never been happier, better. Under all the enjoyment I see the cookie that brought me to the world of dreams. I wheel myself down the Hill I was laying on. Where my adventure begun and has now ended. Maybe... just maybe ...you can wish on a cloud.