

A Perfect Life
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I wake up to the sound of the crows whistling out of my small bedroom window. I carefully remove my thin blanket and what little warmth it gave me, instantly got ripped out of my body. I walk over to my closet and pick out the red beachy dress and laced sandals that I stole from Walmart. My hair has been thrown into a tight silky pointy tail and my fair skin brings out the best in my emerald green eyes. I grab my book bag and tiptoe down the creaky monster my parents like to call, stairs. Oh, how I hate the stairs! I still have flashbacks to the time when my sister Kendal “fell” down on them and became paralyzed. My dad pretends he wasn’t watching her, but I know his secret. I know he pushed her. I just don’t know why. I hear my parents hollering at each other from their master bedroom, telling each other how much they hate one another and how much they hate useless Kendal. As hot tears race down my cheeks, I run out the door and my tears become frozen, but I don’t stop until I get to my bus stop. The bus number 1010 shimmers in the light as the bus approaches. I glance at everyone laughing and smiling. “I wish I could be like that”, I think, “not having to worrying about my crazy dad, my paralyzed sister, or my frightened mom... a life where I could hang out with friends, eat something besides bread, and just be happy.”

Another day of school passes and when I try to walk of the steps of the bright orange vehicle, I slip and hit my head. A bulging pain takes over and all I can do is cry. The kids start to laugh hysterically, calling me names like clumsy. Then, it just stops. The pain, the kids laughing, my tears. Everything just stopped. Instead of pain, I felt joy. Instead of the kids laughing they were asking if I was okay. Instead of crying I was smiling. I just got up and sprinted to my little, raggedy house in the corner of the street, but I couldn’t find it. In its place was a HUGE 5 story mansion with bright windows the size of elephants. I walk inside and my parents and my sister are smiling and saying hello. I smell the roast beef stew they’re making and my taste buds begin to dance together. Kendal walks over to me with ease. “Kendal, how are you walking?” I question.

“What are you talking about, Silly?” she answers. I look at her in disbelief, but don’t interrogate her any longer.

“May I eat please?” I ask my mom.

“Oh, honey, you don’t have to ask in order to eat!” she says. I find the biggest bowl they have and pour the soup until it almost overflows. After I finish, I pour more and eat it. I repeat this another four times until I feel like I’ve gained 10 pounds! Then I thank my parents and head to my room. I was surprised to see the once white walls were now the brightest blue I’ve ever seen and my closet was filled to the top with the most expensive clothes at the market! As nighttime approaches, my parents tuck me in into my thick, cozy sheets and tell me how much they love me. I started to cry because I've never heard them say those words before, not once. I gave them the biggest hug and I never wanted to let go. My life was officially perfect as it could be! I loved my sister, I loved my mom, I loved my dad, and I absolutely loved my life! Then, all the sudden, I woke up to a bright light shining in my eyes. I looked at the tiny tag on my wrist. It said.....**Coma Patient.**