

Jacen or Nole

“Claire, hurry up, school’s about to start!”

“One sec mom, I’m almost ready!”

Hi, I’m Claire Nole, or Claire Jacen. Yes, I am adopted. That was my step mom. She wants me to perfectly on time for the first day of school, but I’m not too excited for school. My free summer away from Stacy Lumiza is over. She’s the most popular girl in school.

“The bus is here Claire!”

“Okay, I’m coming!” I hurried up and went running downstairs. If I miss the bus on my first day then my mom would have to drive me. Trust me no kid wants that on their first day.

“Have a good day sweetie,” my mom told me after I walked out the door.

“Bye mom,” I said back and ran to the bus that was about to leave me behind.

When I got on the bus, I saw the worst possible thing that could happen on my first bus ride to school. Stacy Lumiza was at the very front of the bus. I slowly went past her looking the other way moving to an empty seat in the very back. But before I could get past her, she said, “Look it’s Claire Nole, or was it Claire Jacen? Oh, right it’s both, so what do you want me to call you ‘Claire No one likes’ or ‘Claire Joke’. Ha-ha. I like Joke. How about you girls?” Everyone was laughing at me, so I hurry up and got to the back. Sadly, the old bus driver Larry quit, he always told them to stop. Thankfully after that no one talked to me.

Once we got to school, I made sure Stacy left before I even stood up. When I got to school, I was trying to navigate the school to find my locker. My mom told me it would be hard to open my locker, but it wasn’t so bad. On the other hand, my homeroom was good. None of the people on my bus were in it. We had assigned seats which was a good thing because I would have been sitting alone otherwise. I sat next to this girl named May. She didn’t look like anyone I’ve seen before, so I thought she came from a different elementary school than me.

“Hey”, she said.

“Umm, Hi,” I said back.

“My name is May, what’s yours?”

“My name’s Claire Nole., but my birth name is Claire Jacen. I was adopted,” I told her.

She looked sad to hear what I had to say and responded, “Wow, that’s so sad. I just moved her from California.”

This surprised me so I said, “I was not expecting that. I thought you had just come forma a different school than me.”

“No,” she said.

After that we talked for the whole time until the bell rang. My next class was ELA, but it was boring. Nothing really happening until 5th period.

I walked in and saw the assigned seats on the board, but it gets worse. I sat by Stacy. I walk over to my seat and there she was in the seat next to me, “Hey lab partner,” she said. Oh right did I tell you that my 5th period was science. We had to work together for the rest of the year. Then more bad news came straight through the door. Mr Prews, our science teacher said, “Greetings class. My name is Mr. Prews. The names on the board are in the certain area, because they are your assigned seats,” Seven kids moved to their spot. “Thank you. You will be in these spots for the rest of the year, so get used to your partners.” I didn’t want to hear that, but I did. The whole class Mr. Prews just told us about him, and what we were going to learn about this year.

Thankfully I only had one class with Stacy, but she managed to find me after every class in the hall.

The day was over before I knew it. And the bus ride wasn’t so bad, because I got on the bus before Stacy.

When I got home my mom said straight away, “Claire, how was your day?”

“Oh, it was good mom.”

“Did you make any friends?” she asked me.

“Well, kind of.”

“What’s their name?”

“Her name is May, but we didn’t really say we were friends or not.”

“That’s ok sweetie. Why don’t you ask her tomorrow?”

I was so confused and immediately responded, “Mom, you’re not supposed to ask someone that!”

“Oh right. Well, do you think she’s your friend?”

“Well, I guess,” we talked about how my first day went for a while. When she asked about the bus, I just told her it was good. I mostly said what we talked about in homeroom, and that all my teacher was nice except for Mr. Prews.

Once we finished talking, I went up to my room and did my math homework, and yes we did have homework on the first day. I was really not used to having homework on the first day because we never had any homework in elementary school.

My father got home at 6:30 pm for our special Monday dinner. Every Monday my mom makes a big special dinner for us, and today she made us lasagna with butter noodles.

"I'm home, where are my girls at?" my dad said when he came home from work.

I heard his voice and ran downstairs, "Dad!" I ran up and gave him a huge hug.

"Just in time for dinner," said my mom.

"Well then, let's eat," said my dad.

We sat at the table, and my mom gave us our food. We talked about how our first day went at school and work. My mom talked about how she made exactly 37 sales at the clothing shop she works at. They keep track of how many sales they each get on their cash registers. In my dad job, he's a doctor, he got 6 surgeries done. I told dad about my new friend and my homework I completed. After we talked over dinner my dad and mom told me to go pack my bag for school the next day and get to bed, so I did.

The next morning my dad called me down to eat when I woke up, "Claire breakfast is ready, come eat," he said. I was confused because my dad never makes my breakfast. I went down and there was a stack of pancakes with butter and syrup like the ones he makes for my birthday, so I asked, "what's going on dad, mom, can anyone tell me what's going on here," they were so silent and just looked at me as I spoke, "Ok, I'll just wait until someone tells me."

Eventually my dad told me, "Well, we have decided, since you're going to be 13 in about two months, that you should know about your birth parents."

"We're going to get the file about them today and you'll be able to get it after school. Of course, if you don't want to know we can do it some other time", said my mom.

I was so excited that I wanted to interrupt her in the middle of her sentence, but I just couldn't so I talked after her, "Oh, my, god. I can't believe it, and of course I want to see it. I never imagined that this day would come."

My mom looked so happy for me and sent me out to the bus, so I wouldn't be late for school.

I didn't see Stacy in school today, or on the bus because she got a ride in her cousins' limo, so when I told my mom that my day was good, I was telling the truth. Plus, I was thinking about my birth parents all day and how they would be like.

After me and my mom talked about how our days were, she gave me the folder, and told me I could go read it in my room. I ran upstairs once she gave it to me.

Finally, by myself in my happy place, my room, I could open it up, but I was so scared that I had stared at the file for a half an hour. I did eventually open it if you were wondering.

Dear My Dearest,

I am your father, Michael J. Jacen. Your mom and I had to give you up due to money. I hope one day I can meet you, as for your mom, well, she died when you were just two. She was beautiful, and her name was Julia May Jacen.

I stopped reading there and went to my mom to cry on her shoulder.

“Did you open it?” she asked me.

“it’s my mom, she’s dead,” I told her and kept crying.

“I’m so sorry sweaty. You don’t have to go to school tomorrow if you don’t want to. I can call them right now and tell them you’re sick,” she told me as she pat me on the back.

“Thank you,” I wasn’t talking normally because I was crying.

My mom made me hot chocolate and we watched a funny movie until my dad came home. Then my mom told me to try and get some homework done while she gets my dinner, but I knew she was going to talk to my dad about what had happened.

Upstairs, I was trying to do my homework, but it was too hard to think about my school work.

They stayed down there for so long that I had felt like I was waiting on turtles or sloths. While I waited, I got ready for bed and thought about my parents. How did my mom and dad act? What did they look like? How did my mom die? And did they give me a name?

Later that night after my parents did come and tell me good night, I thought about what the answers to those questions would be. I had dreams about my parents and how happy we were when I was little. One dream I saw different possibilities of how we needed money and when they had to give me away. Then it felt like I was having vision of me with them in the future, but how could they be true if my mom was dead. I needed to find out more. I needed to meet my dad.

The next morning when me and my mom were eating, I had to ask her, “Can I ever meet my dad?” When I had said that she just stopped for about seven seconds.

“Well,” she paused, “I think you should wait until your about 18 years old.” she said.

I tried to get her to let me meet him earlier in life by saying, “Well yes, that does make sense, but I really want to know more about them, and not be hiding from this my whole life.”

She did the thing basically all moms do, “I’ll think about it, sweetie,” which basically means no. Although later that day she surprised me, “So Claire, here’s the thing I emailed your birth father, and he really wants to meet you too. How do you feel about meeting him this weekend?”

I got so excited, “Really! Well, of course!” but something still didn’t add up.

“Mom, how did you get his email, “I responded.

“Look, I found a slip of paper in the letter and it was an email, and when I read the letter after you it was his,” she said.

I was feeling a lot better about everything on Thursday, so I had to go to school. Nothing else really special happened on Wednesday night or Thursday morning. Of course, when I got on the bus, there was Stacy, “Claire, I missed you yesterday. It was hard to go through my day not being able to talk to you.” I ignored what she said and went to the back of the bus again. Only this time someone was sitting in the seat next to mine.

“May?”, I said.

“Oh, hey Claire. Want to sit?” she said.

“Sure.”

“So, is that girl up there your friend? I mean, she seemed very happy to see you.”

I couldn’t tell her. She wouldn’t want to by my friend, “Wel, we have a history, but hey, that’s just history.”

“Oh well, I guess. Why were you out yesterday?”

“I found out my birth mom died.”

She hugged me, “OMG, I’m so sorry to bring it up.”

“That’s ok, because my mom is letting me meet my dad over the weekend.”

“Wow, that’s exciting.”

“I know, right.”

Nothing really else happened on the bus ride until the end when me and May walked off the bus in front of Stacy’s face. You should have seen her reaction and she didn’t even say anything to me like she usually does.

Later that same day in English, our teacher assigned us partners for a project and thankfully I got May. It seemed like my week was really looking up for me. We didn’t get so much done, because we were talking basically the whole time.

For the whole week not many exciting things happened. Though, when it was Saturday, I got so excited, because I was going to meet my dad.

My mom drove me to the park, where we were meeting him. I was so nervous and excited at the same time, so my dad made sure I stayed calm on the car ride to the park. When we got there, we all got out the car and went to the only adult man in the park and my mom asked him if he was Michel J. Jacen and thankfully he was, so my mom and dad went over to sit on a bench while we talked.

He started our talk by saying, "Wow, you look so grown up. When I had last seen you, you were tiny."

"Well, I didn't even remember what you looked like."

"You were so much fun to be with Jade."

"Who?"

"Oh, you didn't know your name."

"I usually go by Claire."

"Well, me and your mother had named you Jade. I looked into your eyes and I knew what I would call you my whole life."

"You named me?"

"Well, of course. I was wondering if you would want to live with me?"

"That's, umm," I had no idea what to do, "I don't know."

"You can always visit your adopted parents."

"What about my school? Where will we live?"

"I was going to move into your neighborhood. If that's okay with you."

"Yeah, that's great!" I was so excited.

"Well, I also need to tell you, your mom, she's alive."

"What!"

Okay, so she was and I go to meet her. She was so nice and had brown hair with green eyes just like me. My dad, mom and I all lived together forever. Also, May, my friend came over like every weekend.