

Differences in the Same Situation

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"Tabitha, breakfast!" My mom called. "Coming!" I ran down the stairs and greeted my mother. "Good morning mom!" "Good morning, my dear Tabitha." Mom replied. I grab a piece of toast and ran out of the house. Then I walked to school. Not knowing that this day is the day that would change my life.

I entered my school and greeted some teachers I saw as I walked to my locker. Then I saw Amelia. Amelia and I were very good friends, we were best friends, and believe me, you don't get those kinds of friends a lot in middle school. But after summer break, and the beginning of 7th grade, she, well, *changed*.

All of a sudden she liked different things, she grew popular, she got more and cooler friends, and she just well forgot about me.

We met up always at the vending machines, at 2:38 P.M. sharp, and hangout until 2:46 P.M. when the bell almost rang. Now after summer, she just didn't. It was like it was a task like she didn't want to do it.

I kept my eyes glued onto Amelia and her *cooler* friends. I was gonna prove them all wrong, I was gonna be the coolest, most popular, person ever-

BAM! I hit the side of my face on the locker. Just as Amelia and her friend group passed by. They laughed, and I can't blame them. I would laugh if some kid hit their face into a locker too. I sighed, fixed my glasses, and headed into my classroom.

Everything was normal. It was like any other day. First, the teacher walks in and starts blathering us with the words she says every day.

"Good morning class!" Ms. Wallabanger said happily. "Good morning..." We say groggily. "Aw, c'mon I know you can do better than that. Good morning class!!" Ms. Wallabanger said a bit louder. "GOOD MORNING!!!" We hollered. We have to say it extra loud so she can get a move on. "That's the spirit!" Ms. Wallabanger grabs a piece of chalk. "So today we will be learning how to analyze text!" "Ugh..." The class groans. "Don't worry, this lesson will be extra fun!" (She says that every day. It's no fun at all.) I sigh and cross my arms to lay my head down. Suddenly, I smelled smoke.

Chapter 2

I have never raised my hand that fast. I even stood up. "Miss! Miss!" I shook my hand high in the air. She stopped talking. Everyone was looking at me. Ms. Wallabanger rose her voice. "What is it, Tabitha?! Are you dying or something?!" "No-" "Then don't interrupt my class!" "But Miss! I smell smoke!" I shot out. "If there was a fire in this school the smoke alarm would've gone off. Stop. Making. Excuses." "But-"

Suddenly, the door shoved open. “There’s a fire in the school! Get out!” A random teacher shouted. Everything was going too fast. It was like a fever dream—a bad one. Everyone started running out, including me. When I reached outside, I saw a massive fire in my neighborhood, near my house. Fires were spreading. I looked around and saw Amelia.

Amelia probably had the same expression I had on her face. Panicked, confused, wanted to cry, mixed emotions but not good emotions. “Amels!” (that's the nickname I made for her back when we were friends) She looked at me and ran my way. “Tabitha!! Thank goodness you’re here.” She grabs my hand. “What do we do?! The neighborhood is probs in pieces now!” “I- I don’t know..!” *I felt myself go off the edge when she grabbed my hand. I felt happy, like a sharp, but good feeling struck my body. I don’t know how Amella did that, during a fire as well. I never felt this before... What’s this feeling..? I-*

“Tabitha!!” Amelia shook my body. “Earth to Tabitha!! Tabitha, there’s a literal fire going on!” “H-huh! Oh!” I stepped behind. “Sorry... I just had a thought.” “You had a thought?! You froze!!” Amelia said loudly. “Sorry, Amels.” I said normally. “So, what do we do now?” Amelia said, looking around. “Well, go back home-” I paused. “Amelia. Our homes. Are gone.” “What do you mean?! Tabitha, talk to me!” Amelia shook my arm. I did a weak point, pointing to the neighborhood, where me and Amelia’s homes were. “Huh?! Tabitha I-” She realized. “Our homes...”

Chapter 3

We stared, and stared. I grabbed Amelia’s arm. “We shouldn’t keep looking at this depressing scene, do you have any relatives, or friends that live nearby?” I asked. “I- uhh, my mom’s friend lives kinda near. We could go to them?” Amelia asked. “Sure, sounds good.” We pulled up the GPS and while walking tried to call our parents, and nobody responded. We reached their house and knocked.

The lock clicked. “Hello-? Oh hi, Ams!” He looked at me. “And who’s this?” “Hi, Eli! That’s Tabitha. We need somewhere to crash for a while.” Amelia said, calmly. “Oh, well it seems like you came to the right place! Come in!” We entered. “Whoa! Your house became bigger.” Amelia said, glancing around. “You think so? I don’t.” Eli laughed. Amelia and Eli started talking. I sat on the couch and tried to gather my thoughts.

My head was crazy. I couldn’t think of anything. It was too fast. Everything. I couldn’t understand what was happening. *Where are my parents? How do I get them back? What if something really bad happened to them?* Too many thoughts, so little time. It was such a rush.

“So lemme show you y’all’s room...” Eli said. “Ok!” Amelia said. I was sent back. I followed.

“So welcome to your guys’ room, it’s a bit plain sorry.” Eli said. “Oh no, it’s wonderful, isn’t it Tabitha?” Amelia looked at me. “Huh-? Oh, yes, of course!” I nodded. “Great. I’m glad y’all like it.” “May I sleep right now? I’m kinda tired...” I asked Eli. “Oh go ahead! It’s your room. Your bed isn’t something to stare at.” Eli said, jokingly. “Heh, thanks.”

The door closed, and I climbed onto the bed. Thoughts, and thoughts. *How do I get my parents back? Where are even my parents?* I decided to sleep it off. I soon fell asleep.

Chapter 4

I woke up about 2 hours later. I went out to see what was happening. I opened my door to see Amelia on the phone. "Yeah, mhm. Yeah." That's all she said. Eli spotted me. "Oh hey, Tabs! Would you like to phone your parents?" I stopped. "Call, my parents? They're okay?" I asked. "Oh, of course, they're probably... you know, just dial the hospital that's close to your house." Eli said. "... What if I don't know the number...?" I asked, embarrassed. "Oh, ask Ams. She knows." Eli replied. "Amelia?" I said quietly. "Huh?" She asked. "What's the number for the hospital?" I asked. "Oh, let me dial it for you." Amelia came over to put the number in. "Thanks." I looked at Eli. "Is it okay to call mine in my room?" I asked. "Of course."

I walked into my room and clicked the call button.

"Thanks for calling California Hospital. How may I help you?"

"Oh, uh, hi, I'm Tabitha, I was wondering if you had a patient named Teresa Smith."

"Yes, we do."

"Oh great! May I talk to them? How is she doing?"

"She's well. She has some injuries on her arm and leg. But that's all. Just burns."

"What about Tom Smith?"

"Yep. Doing okay. Has 3 burns on his arm."

"Thanks for telling me!"

"No problem."

I felt so happy. Such a huge weight came off my chest. I felt outside my room. Eli and Amelia were watching TV together. "Hi!" I said. "Oh hi, Tabs! How are your parents?" Eli asked me. "They're good. They're doing just fine." I said happily. "That's great Tabs! Great to hear." Eli said. "What about yours, Amelia?" I asked. "Hm? Oh, they're fine. A couple of scratches and burns, but they're fine." We ended the day by eating dinner and then at 11:07 P.M., we went to our bedrooms and slept.

We spent 4 months like this, and it was fun! But something was weird. I somewhat started liking Amelia. It was a crazy thought. *Liking a girl?* I couldn't just leave it though, I knew it was there.

Soon, I just decided to *tell her*.

Chapter 5

It was nighttime, and nobody could sleep. So I had a weird idea. At this point, I just accepted that I like Amelia. It was a fact I couldn't bare to hide anymore.

I turned in her direction. "Amels?" I said quietly. "Yeah?" She turned to face me. "Can I tell you something?" I asked slowly. "Sure, what's up?" She replied. "So, have you ever thought about relationships?" I asked. "Yeah, why?" "Like, one with a *girl*." I whispered. "... To be honest with you, yeah." Amelia said back after a pause. "Why?" "Because, well, maybe I like

you." I said, with a tiny smile.

"Really?" Amelia asked. "Yeah." I said. "... I like you back." She said with a smile.