

It's Broken!

On March 29, 2011, the saddest and worst thing happened to me at cal Young Middle School, the school I am at for my 6th-8th grade years. Something happened. A "something" that will stay with me for a long time. Maybe even forever.

It all started on a Wednesday evening during Spring Vacation, when my mom had to talk to me about some stuff.

"Your schedule is changing," she told me.

I thought for a sec. "This couldn't be bad. Let's hear it."

Then I finally heard it. My schedule changed, and not only that, but I was going to have to move from Symphonic back to Concert for the third trimester. (I take Band during school. I like it, but not now.) I was completely heartbroken. I was trying real hard to hold back tears. My eyes just burned. I couldn't hold back any longer. I was thinking about my schedule for the rest of Spring Vacation.

I went to school right after the vacation with a very heavy heart, still thinking. In my first, third, and fourth periods, I couldn't think well, or I really couldn't at all. I would fidget persistently.

In my second period, which was my new/old band, Concert, I was quiet. Band was always my loud time. It was not any more. Only five people gave me some kind of a greeting.

"You again, " a girl my grade, Bailey N. said. "What brought you back here?"

I didn't know what to think. Was she trying to be kind, or mean? I heard myself mumble two words. "Schedule Change."

Maddie, Annie, my sister, and Kamille said something small to me. Only I couldn't catch it all.

I was very quiet and never talked to anyone really, except when I got talked to. I just fidgeted and followed orders to play our instruments. There were some songs I remembered.

A quick fourth period, Biology. My friend, well maybe the person I knew from World History was there. They were there only for that one day, though. We couldn't sit with each other. Were we being bad? Was that just how it went? They were really supposed to have Baker. Schedules were still being revised. The bell rang at 1:04pm saying Biology was done with.

Lunchtime. That is when everything fell apart awfully quick. I ate lunch with my best friend, Danica, and our friends, Noah, Keegan, and Jacob, like I always did. I tried real hard to be happy, but I failed. Keegan asked me if my day was going well, and if I was looking forward to trying to arrange "Under The Sea" for our band's cartoon.

Symphonic was fifth period, for him, not me. He didn't know. I swore I could have choked on my half of Danica's when I heard the question. I started crying uncontrollably. Keegan immediately ran and got a wad of Kleenexes. Noah, Danica, and Jacob came closer and asked what was wrong. I was completely out of control. I couldn't breathe, I couldn't talk, and by not being able to do these things, I was scared. Danica, Noah, and Jacob looked very nervous.

"You're okay," Keegan said calmly.

I still couldn't breathe or talk. It wasn't my decision to change my schedule. It just simply worked that way. I knew my life would never be the same in band class again. Even for next year. I knew that no matter what, Danica, Noah, Keegan, and Jacob are always there for me.

"It's okay, Em," said Noah trying to comfort me.
"Let's go outside and talk."

He headed for the back door.

"Can Danica come too," I asked my friend. "Keegan can listen in."

I was still crying my eyes out, trying to bring myself to share it with my friends. I fought as I took a shallow breath.

"I will not..."

I cried even harder.

"Can I just talk to Danica for now?" I asked Noah and Keegan.

"You sure may. Of course," Noah answered. "Here, Keegan."

They went back inside to see Jacob. They waited.

"I got my schedule changed!" I cried.

I was crying harder than ever.

"Oh, God," Danica whispered. "Oh, God."

She wrapped her around me, giving me comfort.

"You're okay. I'm right here," she said.

"I will never see you again EVER!" I cried. "Until it's my time to go to Sheldon High."

Seeing how sad and scared I was made Danica cry, but only for a few minutes or so. When she got better, she had our friends come out and make a plan.

"M," she said. "I have a plan for all of us, you, me, Noah, Keegan, and Jacob to start right now, today."

I thought.

"What is it?" I choked.

"Okay," she started.

To me, she sounded very motherly.

"The four of us, Noah, Keegan, Jacob, and I will prepare a small lesson for you to hold on to until the end of the year. Actually, for as long as you live. This lesson will help you when you are sad or anything. They are lessons you can refer to at any time."

I thought more about it. This sounded okay. When I got all of them, I would want to display them, maybe on a binder cover so I would be able to refer to them. I would display them somehow, but when I was ready to have some hard thoughts and memories brought back to me.

"That's good," I said weakly.

I was dying literally. I felt myself becoming weak and tired really quickly. That's what I felt like. I was losing my breath and strength fast.

The bell rang saying that lunchtime was over. This was going to be the worst part. Transition time between lunchtime and fifth period. (We had second lunch.) I walked slowly to my locker, got my binder and the stuff I needed and met my friends at their lockers. We walked slowly to the band room's threshold. There, I saw the boy from my World History class, Tristan H. We sat next to each other and laughed about things that were broken. I saw Ryan Brady, the best pianist in our band and Rose Thomas, the boss of her section. I also saw our boss, Ehtan M.

"Good bye, M," Danica said calmly. "You should get to your new English class."

She and our friends hugged me tightly and then, together, crossed the threshold. I slid down the wall to the cold tile floor and cried. I felt the worst. My mind and really my "everything" was broken. The band started to play one of our songs, "The Music of the Night." It was a piece from "The Phantom of the Opera." It was such a pretty piece, but at that instance, it was such a sad song that just left me broken. I was so broken, I thought of running in and finding Tristan or somebody kind and who could help me. Help is what I needed most.

A friend of my mom's who works at the school, Cindie Munyon, was walking by and saw me crying by the band room. She asked me what was wrong. I couldn't talk for the second time. She took me upstairs and she found Ms. Home, one of the teachers at the school. Ms. Home actually helped my mom with my schedule change. They didn't want me with an English teacher because she felt like they got mad a lot. She and Ms. Home took me into the copying room and they talked to me and asked some questions.

"Do you want to call your mom?" Ms. Home asked me.

I said I did. I dialed the number. It was ringing.

"Hello?" She answered.

"Hi," I cried.

"Are you okay?" She asked.

I cried even harder. This was the third time I couldn't talk. I kept trying to though.

"Is Ms. Home there?" She asked.

"Yes," I whispered weakly.

"Can I talk to her?" My mom asked.

"Yes. Ms. Home, Mom wants to talk to you for a sec," I said as I handed the receiver over to Ms. Home.

"Sure," said Ms. Home. "Linda. Are you there?"

I couldn't hear what they were saying. My mom sounded really loud over the phone. I could catch some of what she was saying.

"Danica's in there," I heard her say.

"Oh no," Ms. Home replied.

I was still crying hard. I couldn't stop. I was probably even more broken than I might have been before. They hung up.

"Your mom feels really bad, but she would really like it if you tried the new schedule for two weeks," Ms. Home said to me. "If it doesn't work, she and I will meet again about it."

"Okay," I said weakly.

I kept crying. Hard as ever. The bell rang for fifth period to start.

"I'm late!" I screamed. "What will she say?"

I will talk to her," Ms. Home said calmly.

Ms. Home took me down the hall to Ms. Ketsche's room. Another friend from World History was there. So was Kamille K. They got up and pulled me into their group because they were doing a project. Ms. Ketsche was welcoming too. Maybe the new Language Arts class wasn't that bad. Ms. Home left.

Sixth period was quiet. A tenor saxophone player, Austin Potter was there. We had the library at the end of the day. Having some quiet time at the end of the day was just what I needed.

It is now late winter in March 2012. I have managed living through a whole year without my friends. They are at Sheldon High, which is really close to my school. I still think about them and being in Symphonic Winds together as a school family. Danica was my school mom, Noah was my school dad, Keegan was my school older brother, and Jacob was my

school cousin. They called me things like Daughter, Sister, and Younger Cousin. That's what I was to them.

I am still broken. The good news is that I have made another best friend. I had such a sweet personality in my sixth and three quarters of my seventh grade year. I am in my eighth grade year now. That sweetness is gone. I'm afraid for good now, until next year at Sheldon High. I don't like Symphonic Winds as much any more. I feel like I just simply don't care. My eyes burn almost all day, especially when I am in the band room and see the picture of us posted. "Cousin's" name is posted on the Musician of the Year board. It makes me feel like I still have some part of them in Symphonic Winds with me. At the same time, it hurts really bad and breaks me. I cry more and get really lonely. Even though my new best friend is there, I just don't think they will ever understand, or they do understand how this is.

The good thing is that "Dad" and "Cousin" have me come to their band concerts. I get so excited and my sweetness spills back into me. "Mom" and "Older Brother" are not in band any more. "Dad," "Cousin," and I spill everything out to each other. We call each other. We stay in touch well. Cousin once came and played into my school and played with Symphonic Winds with us. I liked it very much and was happy he did that. When we were done, I very badly wanted to go back with him.

"Take me with you, Cousin." I said. "I'm not happy here. I don't want to be here."

"I'm afraid that you are not ready yet," he said calmly. "Besides, I might get in trouble. I'm sorry, Younger Cousin."

He hugged me goodbye and left. Departure was the hardest thing for me. I was separated again. I was left broken.

I cried at my locker during passing time. Tristan was there trying to comfort me.

"I don't feel safe here any more, Tristan," I cried.

"You're always safe with me," he said quietly.

This made me feel a little bit better. Tristan made me feel better.

Tristan H. was my new best friend. I have two classes with him plus one period before school. It was Jazz Band. We also had the same lunch.

Kamille has been a good friend of mine. She is in my band. She plays the instrument I play. I sometimes sit at her table with Annie for lunch. Not often, though. We have been walking dogs that are up for adoption at PetSmart on some Sundays. We have not been doing it lately because we have such full schedules.

It hurts a lot when I don't have Danica, Noah, Keegan, and Jacob with me. I don't know what's up with them or how their days are at school. I really miss talking to them in person and eating lunch with them. Jacob and Noah said that they are waiting for me at their school. I was very broken when they got promoted. I didn't feel ready for them to leave at all. That was last year.

At the end of this year, I know two things. The first thing: I am not afraid to be promoted. In fact, I will be the happiest person on Earth. I know exactly where I'm headed. The second thing: I will be whole. I will not have all my pieces just hovering around me any more. The pain will be over with. My sweet personality would have poured back into me. No more madness. No more brokenness.

As Jacob says in one of his lessons: "Sad times come when they do. Keep holding on."

And as Tristan says in his lesson: "Always find joy in everything."

We all need to hear these lessons. If we don't know about these things or take time to think about these things, we do not realize a many things about life that should really be realized.

-Marika P.