

I just wanted to write. I never dreamed I'd be published, or that people would like my story. I just wanted to sit down on my bed and put my thoughts on paper. But people around me had other ideas. They won't leave me alone.

I was holding a pad of paper and a pen, thinking of what to write. I had an idea. I was about to write it down, but I heard the doorbell ring. Since I was the only one home, I had to answer it. I scoffed, dropped everything, and dragged myself to the door.

"Hey, Jen." my friend Hannah greeted, a smile on her face, as usual.

"Hi, Hannah." I said. "Why are you here?" I asked.

"No reason." she answered, still smiling. "I just wanted to ask if you could go with me to the rink."

"I wish I could, but I'm the only one home." I told her, a sad expression on my face. I wanted to go to the skating rink! "Plus, I still have a ton of stuff to do." I told her. Not exactly the truth, but still.

She looked at me with sad eyes. "Oh." she sighed. "We'll, I'll just call Ivy, then." She turned away, and I regretted having to decline her offer.

"Wait!" I called her back. "Um, how about tomorrow, 5:00? Meet me at the park." I told her, hoping she'd say yes.

My friend smiled. She then told me that she'd be there, then skipped back to her house, which was a few blocks from mine. I breathed a sigh of relief. Finally, some quiet.

I marched back up to my room and picked up my pen and paper. I was about to write down the idea I had a few minutes ago, which was... gone. I scolded myself for not remembering it. I then remembered that I had to sort out the list of proposals the Student Body made during the last meeting we had, me being the Secretary. Then, I had to practice my piano skills, practice singing the National Anthem, which I was singing for the awards ceremony next week, and think up of what the theme for the After Ceremony Ball will be. Aargh! I have too much to do, you'd think, but these things weren't my problem. I'm used to doing all those things. I was thinking of how I was gonna fit 'writing a story' in my to do list.

I pushed that thought out of my mind and got to work. I finished sorting out the proposals, which were mostly about having a drama club and how we have too little activities during the year (talent shows, dances, etc.). Then, I made the sketch of what I want to gym to look like for the Ball: with a lot of balloons, a stage where the performers will be on, a couple of chairs in front of the stage, a lot of streamers, and a banner that has a catchy saying. I then went to the living room played the piano. I practiced some songs in it, including 'When You're Gone' and 'My Immortal'. Then, I had to listen to

'the Star Spangled Banner' a million times and sing it. I had some trouble with some parts, but I changed my voice a little on those parts.

After that, I was exhausted. I fixed myself a sandwich and drank a couple of glasses of water, then went upstairs to my room, where I felt I was safe from labor. I started to play some music, and that calmed me down. I, again, picked up a pad of paper and a pen. I was about to write about a girl who visited a parallel dimension by walking through a mirror, but I had another idea: Instead, I wrote about a girl who wanted peace, but nobody wanted her to have it. They enslaved her and put her to labor; they made her do their bidding, but in the end, the girl somehow escaped and finally got to do what she always wanted to do: to write.

This is that story.

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