

story

I waited silently in the line for lunch at my school. It wasn't too long of a line if you were at a normal school, but here, at my small school, it was a long line to have ten people in it.

My school specialized in the visual arts, and was expensive to attend. I was only here because one of the teachers had known my parents, before they had died in the car crash. The teacher had taken me from the orphanage and brought me here, to a place where I don't belong.

Everyone else is rich, and I am poor. They laugh at me, because I don't know the difference between Guicci and Prada. I still don't know, since no one tells me anything. Part of the other kids' problem is that I am better than they are. It takes me less time to animate, or to edit, to create, or to recreate.

The only thing I lack, that is at least partially possible for me to have is a friend. I desperately need someone to be my friend, to tell me things like the difference between Guicci and Prada, or whether I really did blend in the cover-up that I used to hide the zit on my nose well enough to be up to par.

"Hi. I liked your photo album," said a soft voice right behind me. I spun, startled. "Um, thanks." It was one of the cuter guys at my school. Also, the richest. "Yours was good too."

"You don't have to pretend to be nice to me Aby." The boy said. "I suck at photography. I'm better at acting, but my dad wants me to be a photographer, like he is."

"Oh." I remember his name-Sedgewick, and that he prefers to be called Sedge. "Well, Sedge, you do have a good eye for the dramatic shots. I just can get simple little things."

"You see the pain in people, and show it to others." Sedge bit his lip. "Because you feel that pain too."

"Um, yeah. Of course. I sort of like killed my parents?" I didn't want to scare him off, but the sharp tone of my voice caused him to jump.

"And now you're lonely and need a good friend," Sedge concluded.

I rolled my eyes. "Like how much do you know about me that I'm sure I've never told anyone?"

He laughed. "I'm just perceptive, and I can tell when people are acting."

I took the pizza the lunch lady handed me. "Yeah. I'm acting. I need a friend."

Sedge took his own pizza and paid for both of ours, before I could protest, then led me to a table in a more quiet part of the lunch room. "Yeah. You do. And you have one. Me."

We talked until lunch was over, and I agreed with Sedge. I did have a friend now.

I told him everything, and he listened, and helped me. I guess having someone to talk to helps a lot more than I thought it would.

It caused me to smile for the first time since the accident, two years ago.

Submitted by: Kara M
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To the Vacaville Public Library, Town Square