

Yasmin

English

"Ring ring niiiight" my phone shrieked, disturbing my sleep. I reached over to my nightstand, catching the time. 4:36 a.m, the green clock read. I groaned, wondering who would be calling me at this time.

"Rosenthal Hospital," the words appeared on my cell phone screen.

*Why would the hospital be calling me?* I thought.

"Mom would have called me from her cell phone if she had to work overtime at the hospital," I started to reason.

"Is Adam ok? I swear, if he got into another fight..." I stop myself from thinking about what my brother could have done.

*Dad.....oh my god..... is dad okay?*

"Hello," I answer the phone worriedly. As I drew the phone to my ear, I flinched at the wailing and screaming in the background startling me. "CassieCassieCassieitsyourdad" a voice that sounded somewhat like my mom sobbed.

"What!?" I choked out, refusing to believe what I had just heard.

"Mom? is that you? what's wrong!?" I asked, already knowing the answer.

"Your dad," she breathed. "He's gone."

★

★

★

"To do list:

Plan sweet 16

Study for drivers test

Study for upcoming Regents test," I read aloud to myself.

*Why are you planning a sweet 16 Cassie? my inner voice questioned. It isn't like you have any friends.*

"How about you shut up," I retorted, earning myself strange glances from the pedestrians near by. I ignored them and stormed down the block. I opened my house door and slammed it behind me, muttering "Stupid people, stupid brain, stupid everything..."

I threw my keys on the table, which made a barely audible *clang* in the noise of the closing front door. "Hello" I shouted out to see if anyone was home. My voice echoed off the wall proving no one was home. "Of course no ones home" I thought bitterly .

"Time for dinner" mom announced loudly making sure Adam and I heard. I groaned walking down the carpeted staircase making my way toward the dining room. I absolutely loathed family dinners, the awkward silence wasn't exactly something to look forward to. But mom insisted on having them on the rare occasions she was at home.

I arrived to the dinning room to find the table set . I swiftly pulled out a chair avoiding eye

contact with mom and Adam . This was the third family dinner for that month— so the third time mom and Adam were both home. Even though mom was rarely home, she followed her 'family dinner' idea religiously whenever she could.

"Eat honey" mom encouraged breaking the awkward silence.

"Im not hungry" I mumbled bitterly, picking up my plate and leaving the room before she had time to reply.

*I look up at the trees taking the sweet scent of nature. "Where was I, I don't remember this park"*

*"You're having a dream Sherlock" my inner voice mocked. Ignoring it , I placed my hands on either sides of my thighs and slowly push myself off on the bench I was seated at. I look around taking in my surroundings to notice a lonesome looking man sitting on the grass. Noticing I was staring at him, he slowly gets up from the ground lightly brushing of his pants. His hands were in his pockets, and he was walking towards me slowly, not once breaking eye contact with me.*

*"Hold on " I froze his face suddenly becoming recognizable with every step he took, "Dad" I breathed disbelief evident in my voice.*

*"Cassie" he smiles calmly.*

*"Dad what are you doing here? What's going on? Where are we? " i questioned.*

*• I love you. I always have and I always will, whether i'm with you or not i need you to know i love you. Never forget it." He said his voice fading with every word. It was until he'd only until he had completely faded away that i suddenly took notice of the cold winter air that engulfed me making me aware of the warm tears on my cheek .*

I woke up shaken by my dreams, brushing it off, I forced myself to get up. I slowly lifted up my duvet wanting to savor the warmth of my sheets. I stood up slowly shuffling towards my dresser. Reaching out to the far corner of the wooden dresser, I lifted up the snowglobe my father had given to me when I was 6. Turning the round object upside down, I reached into it the broken rubber base pulling out my silver key. I walked back to my bed crouching down to my floor and stretching my arm out and moving my hand around the jagged edged wooden box had came into my grasp. I lifted the box inserting the key inside the small metal keyhole and twisting it. I sighed reaching into the small box pulling out the locket. As soon as the picture of my dad came into view, tears clouded my eyes. Wiping them away, I secured the metal chain around my neck.

"Class we have a new student in our class" Mr. Slot , my english teacher started, "I expect you all will make her feel welcome and treat her with respect" he continued the standard 'new student speech' rolling my eyes I bury my face back into my tattered copy of 'Bad Girls Don't Die' "Erin sit..." He started his eyes scanning the room. I peered around the classroom making sure there was more than one empty chair beside the chair adjacent to me to only be let down.

"Crap," I muttered shifting uncontrollably as Mr. Slot eyes landed on me.

"Next to Cassie" he finished. The whole class turn their heads for the far back of the corner of the room staring straight at me. I slid back down in my chair wanting to avoid the inevitable of being noticed.

"Hey Cassie, im Erin" the girl sat next to me.

"Hey" i mumbled, curtly showing no intrest of having a conversation.

★ ★ ★

"Class your dismissed," Mr. Slot annouced. I quickly gathered my things and scurried towards the door. "Hold on Cassie" Mr. Slot stoped me.

*Oh no what did i do,* I started to fret.

"Cassie I was wondering if you could show Erin around the school," he interrupted my thoughts. Noticing my skeptical expression he quickly reasoned with me, "Itll count as extra credit," I nodded immedeatly knowing I need all the extra points I could get.

"Ill do it," I sighed.

"Thank you" he said curtly signaling me to leave.

"CASSIE!!!!!" a voice shouted through the crowded hallway, I stood still mortified by the attention that was brought upon me. I slowly turned around as a small hand rested its hand

on my shoulder. Looking up I meet eyes with Erin.

"Hey umm Mr. Slot said you would show me around the school me being the new student and all..." she babbled nervously.

"Yea," I stated blankly.

"Well um do know where Ms. Young's room is" she questioned not even noticing my hostility. I started walking Ms. Young's room leaving Erin standing in the hallway "

Tsk,tsk,tsk" my inner voice scolded. "Your dad would be horrified if he saw how you were acting" clutching my locket, I abruptly turned around before any tears escaped "Are you coming or what?" I sassed Erin who was still standing in the same place I left her, her mouth ajar.

"Come on ,you dont wanna be late on your first day" I said softer clutching onto the metal chain tighter.

"Yea" she whisper still shocked by my hostile behavior.

We Stood outside Ms. Youngs room "Hey umm i was wondering if you wanted to hang out after school," I asked awkwardly trying to make up for my horrendous behavior.

"Yea, that would be cool" she said smiled turning on her heel and walking into her class.