

Life From the Eyes of a Normal Girl

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Honorable Mention

It was a cold, blistering day in February-one of those days when I wanted to hide under a thousand blankets and a heating pad and put on the nice fat pair of woolen socks stashed away under my mountainous pile of Victoria Secret's underwear. I would put those on for this occasion. There I would be safe and warm, I thought. Unlike here, my eyes squinted against the wind, arms clinging to my side, facing the cold, wet stinging reality. What was my reality? I was seventeen. I wasn't anything short of unusual or interesting like those in other stories. I have friends. I have parents. There is no tragic event in my life that has caused me to become mentally or clinically insane. There are no beautiful princesses waiting to be saved. There are no dragons, knights, adventures, or magic. There is just me. My life is sometimes filled with random common problems, but if you're looking for a story filled with adventure and purpose, then you might as well go back and read something else. In my way, this was life: a boring and painful repetition. Now, I'm glad that we have come to that conclusion, and I have gotten my point across. May I proceed with my story?

Along with parents and friends, I also had to go to school like so many other unfortunate souls. That is where I was headed today in the blistering winter wind. I don't know about you, but it's not a place many people enjoy to go. Most of the time I didn't mind, for I had my days planned out for me. I mean, how could someone not like being told where to go, what to do, and how to spend her time? I come back to my conclusion before. It was a boring, painful repetition.

On my way to school, it is always silent. With me in the driver's side and my brother in the passenger's side, there was no music, no radio or news, or even words. It was dead, cold

silence. Maybe it was because we just didn't feel like talking. Maybe it was because we didn't have anything to say. Maybe it was the cold weather. Or maybe it was because-point blank-we just didn't care enough to try to say anything. That's the way families were today. More silence than words. More grunts and sighs than smiles. People can be living in the same house with rooms next to each other and never talk. Or maybe that's just my family. We were a big, silent atomic bomb ticking, waiting to send us all into some sort of Hiroshimaic hell. The wrong words would then surely send us all into World War III. The only thing I had to do was put on a hard helmet, duck for cover, and pray that someone will find my body if found dead.

We finally arrived at school. My next objective: survive the next eight hours. My periods one through four always seemed like a blur. My first period is what I like to call my "cake class." It was, specifically, as easy as a slice of a big yellow cake with some vanilla icing. But that's beside the point. As the teacher popped in his usual movie of unsystematic, boring events in history, this period was dedicated to my good friend and her daily update on *The Young and the Restless*. It was my time to test my future job opportunity as a shrink, yet without the cool couch, clipboard, or glasses attached to a string. I sat there and gave my series of "yes's" and "no's" and "I agree's." The only thing I didn't get was the big bucks. I feel after all these sessions I should get some kind of credit, or work-base learning points. But this was yet another one of life's guidelines. You have to listen to people's problems and help them because, without that, no one would have friends. See, I have figured the more you care about other people's problems, the more friends you'll have. The more selfless, good-intentioned acts you do, the more you should get rewarded. Right? Wrong.

Then, I have to go through my periods five through seven, or what I like to call, my "random friends I know but have to talk to because I don't want to sit there by myself" classes.

Did I mention that it wasn't a really catchy nickname? Anyway, at this time of my day, I am forced to socialize with people I wouldn't usually talk to. I wouldn't say it's a bad situation, just unfortunate. There sits this quiet girl; she has long auburn hair. At times, she was even quieter and more reserved than I was. That was, reader, very rare at times. Her story, I came to find out later, was that she was a full-blown, cross-bearing, hard-core Christian-one who went to church every Sunday. She never had gotten drunk, lost her virginity, or probably even been touched by the opposite sex. Basically, to sum it up, she was far from the average teenage girl. I never understood her. Maybe I never would. Trying to understand her would be like trying to understand God--a task I was far from doing. I mean, half my family was Jewish. I was brought up to celebrate both Christmas and Hanukkah. In terms of religion and God, I am the most unlikely person to begin to describe a higher being. We were complete opposites, yet friends. But sometimes things work out in weird ways.

The bell finally rings at 2:37. I take my brother and me home in our silence. I do my usual: homework, eat dinner, free time, and then to bed. I hated the hours before sleep. Not only did they drag on forever, but also it seems my mind is racing a million places. I think of the same boring repetition I have to conquer tomorrow, and I begin to realize that even though it may be boring and repetitive, it is my own boring repetitiveness. It is what my life is. It is nothing short of unusual or interesting. It is my own bubble, and even though it may not be story-book material, it is still good enough. I have friends. I have family. The blackness enveloped me to my own subconsciousness.

