

Hi Bill,

April 2nd

This is my February letter. It's a text I wrote a while ago but mom told me to send it to you.

Also, I am almost out of return address stickers.

Love

Samantha ☺ ♡

Samantha Jones
Fall 2014

Just another Day

“Shit”

My eyes sprang open.

Twenty minutes late. Twenty minutes less to get ready and dressed with this damn snow gear. Books, check. Lunch, check. Hot water on, check. Will I have time for cereal? Though if I don't have both my cereal and I might go mad. And yes I know that seems a little extreme but it's just something that I HAVE to do every morning to get my day going, otherwise my whole day seems to go awry.

All these thoughts race through my head as I rushed around the house.

“MOM, you totally heard my alarm go off and realized I wasn't awake why didn't you wake me?” I hollered

“Because Adrian” she hollered back “you should be old enough by now to get yourself out of bed.”

Oh man moms are the worst. She should just still be responsible for me since I am still a minor. I mean that's what moms are for right? My horoscope was right, I was going to have a bad start to my bad. I know, sounds goofy right? But I can't seem to stop myself from reading it and every time it comes true. It said one starting thing would lead to a bad day and then it would snowball from there. Great.

I scarf down my cereal but I have to take my teat to go. Not as bad as not having it at all but it throws me off a bit.

Crunching through the snow at high speeds, one two three one two three, counting my steps, rushing to the bus stop only to arrive just in time. Twenty minutes late, twenty minute and I'm still okay.

First class is science. Across the school, but I'll make it.

“Hey Adrian! What's up man?”

“Only on my way to class as you can tell. Are you joining us today?”

“Yeah, the teachers are getting suspicious as to how many classes I'm missing. Don't want them calling the parental unit.” He says casually.

Finn has a knack of getting out of class and hiding out somewhere in the school, but he knows how to pace himself so he doesn't get caught. And if he does he never gets in a lot of trouble. He's my best bud, my only bud, but he's also stupid sometimes. The only one that gets me. That doesn't look at me like the others.

In class, the teacher is speaking but I can't concentrate. *Tick, tick, tick.* Alyson's nails, lightly tapping the desk is driving me mad.

Crack. Crack. Spencer's knuckles. The world moving sideways quickly. Oh wait. That's my head twitching. Not the world. Oh god can you please stop with the noise. I get up and just stand there.

“Adrian, are you okay? Sit down please.” Mr. Robson says.

I don't move. Instead I pace in front of my desk before walking out the door.

The noise, it was driving me mad. Couldn't take it. Couldn't handle it. I needed out. To the hall where it's silent.

"Adrian come back at once!" I hear behind me but I keep walking.

Wonderful silence. Wonderful peaceful silence. I hear another voice behind me.

"Hey! Stop! It's okay, you're fine" Finn shouts.

I like him because he doesn't judge me. I felt everyone else's eyes on me. Looking, staring into me. Judging, mocking. But all silently. Not out loud.

"Yeah I am better now, thanks, just needed out of that dumb class."

"You wanna ditch and get a shake?"

Hum, I've never don't that before. Is it a good idea? No it can't be, not leaving class without permission. But I need out of this box, it seems to be getting smaller.

"Alright, let's do it."

We go to the diner a few blocks from school. One two three, one two three. Two steps per square, one in the next. Broke the pattern, start again. One, two...

"Are you listening to me?" He asks

"Huh, yeah"

"So as I was saying, I was talking to Dani yesterday and she was totally eyeing me. I'm gonna ask her out soon. She's so hot."

Cool is all I can say back.

We're sitting in the diner waiting for our orders.

"What kind of a dumb idea was it to get shakes in the winter?"

"Adrian, it's always milk shake weather"

As we sit, chatting about nothing in particular, I organize the sugar and jam packets. Four strawberry, then two marmalade, two raspberry and one peanut butter. Seven white packets, five blue and two pink. Line them up and put them back.

"Man stop fidgeting, it's such a bad habit of yours. You should get a stress ball to play with that. Or a squishy toy from the dollar store."

"I'll consider it next time, thanks man. But for now, let me fidget."

We finish our drink and make our way back to school. We've missed a period, but really who cares.

The principal is who.

We get reprimanded when we return. We shouldn't leave during class hours. I knew it, didn't want to do it. But I did. Too late now, oh well.

I slink off to the library to get a book about Chinese internment camps for my history essay. Their eyes, I felt them the whole way there. Burning a hole in me. Just ignore, keep walking, pick up the pace. Black, black black, white. Repeat. Stepping on the tiles in turn. Damn missed one, start over. Black, black, black, white.

I arrive at the doors and enter quietly. Wouldn't want to disturb anybody. Wouldn't want to be that kid.

I'm looking for 900 section.

When I got to it, I just couldn't handle it.

The books are all out of order. They should be arranged by color. Like my room.

First red. Then orange, yellow...

"Excuse me sir, you can't do that. They are arranged by author and number. What you are doing is messing it all up; I am going to have to ask you to stop."

It's the librarian, but I can't stop

Green, now blue. No violets though. Let's start the next row.

"Sir please stop. I don't want to have to call the principal"

"No no, stop, no. Leave me alone. They go like this and no other way" Keep going Adrian. "I am gonna have to ask you to leave me alone. Please." Go. Back to your desk. Please.

She stays. Tapping her foot. *Tap tap tap*. Oh stop with the noise. Can't take it, can't handle it. *Tap tap tap*.

"That's it, I'm calling the principal" Tapping stops.

Keep going, do as much as you can. Yes good job Adrian, this is exactly how it should look. No other way.

She's peering over at me. Stop staring. Judging. This is the way it goes.

Oh no, here comes the principal. Adrian can't get yelled at again. No, no that just won't do.

Away, go away, find a room. Small, a hiding place. Walk fast, faster. Open the door. No lights, that's alright. It's alright Adrian, no one will find you here.

Ow! What's that? A clump of hair. Oh no, not again.

Steps are approaching.

A door opens

"Mr. Boyd, it's time for your medication" says a nurse

"Medication? But I am perfectly fine, just went to school like every day thank you very much." I say

She shakes her head softly and murmurs something about going through this same routine every day.

Calmly she says "You aren't actually at high school Darian, you are in the Hollymore Psychiatric Center. It is time to take your medication. Let's not fight about it today."

It take a minute to realize what she is saying. But she is wrong. And who is this Darian she is talking about. I am Adrian.

Slowly she walks towards me. I run to the corner, resisting, I was always told not to talk to strangers. She is a stranger. Reaching out to me, I jump out and bite her.

"Nurse! I need sedatives!" she screams shaking her arm.

Two men walk in, one a needle in hand, the other hold me face down.

"No you can't do this! I don't need to be here! You have me mistaken with someone else! I was just at school doing work for my essay! No!"

One of the men holds struggling me down while I feel a small pinch in my butt. Suddenly the world goes a bit darker.