

# Lost Child: Chapter 3-5

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Trish starts to go crazy and imagine things. Everyone suddenly (and unexpectedly) knew about her parents...  
Since Trish has already told Lillian about the incident. She starts to blame it on her...

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## Chapter 3

### My Confession

When I woke up, I was in the nurse's office, on the sick bed, which was the name of the bed according to the school. My eyes, which were blurred before, started to restore their focus back. I sat up and looked around expecting my parents to be here to pick me up for being sick. I looked and looked around desperately trying to find my parents. Suddenly, I remembered that my parents weren't here anymore.

*They are never going to be here anymore are they?* I thought. I lied down again and stayed like that for 5 minutes. As I sat up after 5 minutes, I saw my mom and my dad holding hands.

*It's ok Trish. We're here with you. We always will,* they said.

They held my hand and smiled at me. For the first time in my entire life, I had never felt happier in my life. I held my arms up to hug them as tightly as possible. Then I realized as I tried to hug them, they disappeared.

I said, *Wait, mom, dad, where'd you go? MOM, DAD!*

Soon, I realized that I had just imagined them. They were never there. I was so desperate that I had imagined them. I looked at the clock next to the sick bed. It read 11:45. It was already lunchtime!!! I remembered what I was going to say to Lillian.

I went to the school lunch line and I ordered the delicious pepperoni pizza the school makes. I quickly went to the bench outside where my friends and I always sit.

By the time I was there, Lillian was waiting for me.

*Trish, where have you been? I was waiting for you for like 15 minutes!! What took you so long?* she said.

Wow, really? 5 minutes? I've got to admit that Lillian isn't a very patient and calm person.

Whenever I tell her something secret, she would be telling everyone else, which sometimes is a good thing, but mostly bad. That's what I like about her the most. She might be a blabbermouth sometimes, but she brightens my mood and help me with whatever she can help me with.

I went to the bench and I sat down. I looked down at my lunch. If my mom was still here, she would make lunch for me every day. She'd make delicious grilled salmon and avocado sushi or kimchi fried dumplings. There were tears strolling down my cheeks and I broke down, in front of my best friend.

She said, *OMG are you ok? What's wrong? Ok, there's something you have GOT to tell me now.*

I really wanted to tell her everything. I wanted to tell her how the accident happened, how I felt, and how she was the best friend I ever had. But something in my heart told me that I shouldn't tell her everything.

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I said, "Do you promise not to tell anyone else about this? My Core class pretty much knew everything now. I am pretty much miserable now that this happened yesterday!"

"Ok, ok!! Just please tell me," she said impatiently.

"My...my...my...p-p-parents!" I began, sobbing a little.

"WHAT? YOUR PARENTS WHAT? I AM DYING HERE!" she yelled.

"My parents died yesterday," I said.

My friend was shocked, and dead silent. We were silent for about 5 minutes when she finally spoke up.

She said, "I don't believe it...what happened?" in a small voice.

I had tears once again. I kept saying in my mind, "OMG. Just stop crying now!!"

"Wait, but, I don't understand. Why did they die? They were in great shape when I went over to your house on Friday...what happened?" questioned Lillian.

"Is it ok if I don't tell you? I am so tired thinking about this. Excuse me...I got to go use the restroom." I said.

"O-o-okay!" she stammered. She watched me as I speeded down the cement.

I ran to the restroom and found an empty restroom stall. I went inside and locked the stall door. The bathroom stall was pretty big so I sat down in the farthest stall I could possibly find.

I sat down and hugged my knees with my face buried in my legs, sobbing once again.

"Why did you have to leave me so early like this? Mom, dad, I HATE YOU!! Why are you so cruel? Stop hiding from me and appear in front of me right now." I thought.

I didn't know why I was so desperate and I didn't know how many times I had cried today and yesterday. All I knew was that I wanted my parents back. I sat in the stall until lunch was over, when the bell rang. I figured that it was time to stop crying and get working. I knew my parents (if they were here) that they'd want me to keep studying and try my hardest in everything (and also get good grades, of course).

I walked outside of the restroom as happily as I could be. I wanted to act as if nothing had ever happened. I rushed quickly to P.E. I didn't want to be late.

## Chapter 4

### The Center of Attention (In a Bad Way)

Even though everyone totally noticed that I was extremely pale, I still acted happy. I don't want to be the center of attention when I just had a bad day. I went to the girls locker room and everyone was quietly staring at me. I acted all natural, but STILL, everyone stared at me.

I just said, "I am changing now. Please don't stare at me when I am changing."

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Everyone was turned around but still kept silent. After I was done, they turned back around and kept staring at me.

My brain was like, *“Are all of you zombies or what? Why do you keep staring at me like that? It’s creepy!”*

I went into the gym where my class was exercising. It turns out we were doing bowling. I’ve done bowling before and it was pretty easy.

I remembered in 5th grade, the P.E. teacher wanted her class to choose the best bowlers in each group to compete with one another. My teammates chose me, which was kind of surprising, because my team had the sportiest person in 5th grade, Laura. She was a great competitor, but my teammates chose me, which I don’t know why. Laura glared at me as if I was a huge pimple on her nose. The competitors stood up (including me) and went up to the front of the class to compete. It turns out that I won the game and everyone congratulated me after.

Of course, I was in 5th grade and I was only competing against my classmates. Today though, I’m competing against the whole 6th grade!

I went up in the front of the gym and stood still. They were all staring at me again; even a couple of the teachers were staring at me.

My brain said, *“Ok, now I think there is something seriously wrong with this school. What’s up with these people today?”*

I shook off that feeling and started to focus on the game, but still, people were staring at me.

I thought that I was focusing on the game, but I kept losing. Somehow, I ended up with only 33 points. Usually in 6th grade, people would say, *“OMG what’s wrong with you?”* or say *“Thanks a lot!”* or even say *“Way to go loser!”* (It was the way I have observed other people saying)

Today wasn’t like that though. After the game, everyone said to me (even the competitors) said, *“It’s ok. Nice try.”*

After I changed my clothes, I went outside and waited in the field where no one was around. I sat there alone, thinking why everyone was silent and staring at me. Suddenly, I got a queasy feeling about why the people were looking at me.

*“Wait, was it because Lillian?”* *“What? No, no, it couldn’t be she’d never do that!”* I said to myself.

On the other hand, what if she DID tell everyone? What other reason was there? People can’t just magically know what happened to anybody in one day. That’s just not possible.

*“I might ask Lillian tomorrow,”* I thought.

My next class was Science, and it was probably the worst period of all!!! Well, I have a bad teacher who cares nothing of any of his students. I think he is just there to torture us and get paid for being in school to “give people their education”, which is SO NOT true.

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Anyway, he was going on and on, on his lecture (again), when I was almost asleep. My classmate, Bryon, who was sitting next to me, suddenly woke me up.

He said, "Hey! 'lummmmm! 'Trish, are you ok?"

"Yeah, I'm perfectly fine. Why?" I said in a gruff voice. He could tell that I was definitely upset.

"Um, Trish, please don't be mad at me, but I think I kind of know why you are upset!" he started.

I kept silent, but I was really eager to hear what he has to say.

"Did you lose your parents? I mean, did you lose your parents?" he said.

I was surprised and my eyes were really wide. How did he know?

## Chapter 5

### Jumping to Conclusions!

When I got to my classes everyone was like, "I'm sorry that your parents died!"

I was furious that everyone knew about that. How did the news spread so easily? It just happened yesterday! WHAT THE HECK?

Gossips, gossips, gossips. Rumors, rumors, rumors! LIERS, LIERS, LIERS!!!! That's what this school is all about. Those mean jerk faces and perverts and everything. They all made me want to quit school and let's just say! END MY LIFE!!

After school ended, I walked home with Lillian. She saw me pale faced and mad.

"OMG, are you ok?" said Lillian.

"OH YOU KNOW WHY I'M MAD RIGHT NOW. DON'T ACT ALL INNOCENT!!" I grumbled (extremely) loudly.

"Wait, WHAT? What happened? What's the problem? What are you blaming on me about?" she said, surprised.

"YOU DIDN'T JUST TELL EVERYBODY THAT MY PARENTS ARE DEAD, DIDN'T YOU?" I said in a very distinct and bad manner.

"WHAT? No, I didn't! Why would I do that?" she said, as if she did nothing.

What? She told everyone and now she's acting like she'd never do such a thing? I could not believe what she was saying.

"OH SO, YOU'RE SAYING, THAT YOU DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT MY PARENTS, WHEN THE WHOLE SCHOOL KNOWS THAT THEY'RE DEAD? Good one Lillian, but I'm totally NOT buying it!!" I said furiously.

She dropped her lunch box, came storming up to me, and put her hands on her hip.

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“LOOK, I SAID I DIDN’T SAY ANYTHING TO ANYONE. WHY WOULDN’T YOU BELIEVE ME? YOU THINK I’M A LAME PIECE OF JUNK OUTSIDE THE STREET? DO YOU THINK I WOULD EVEN DARE TO SAY MY BEST FRIEND’S SACRED SECRET TO EVERYONE? YOU ARE MY BEST FRIEND AND MY ONLY FRIEND, AND YET YOU’RE TREATING ME THIS WAY? WELL FINE!! THAT’S IT!! I’M DONE WITH YOU!! GOODBYE AND GET A GOOD LIFE FOR ME!!!!” she commented.

During her whole speech, my eyes were wide and I stepped back with every word she said. I didn’t know it was her, but why did I blame that on her? I immediately wished that I had taken that back. I tried to call her back, but she didn’t even turn around and look at me. I guessed that it wasn’t her and I wanted to take every single word I had just said to her. Maybe I said those mean things because my mind probably went ballistic after I found out that everyone knew that my parents passed away.

I hung my head low and walked straight home. I didn’t even say hi to anyone as I went into the house. So, this is how it feels to have a horrible life, huh?



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