Linked: Welcome To My World

Prologue: what the heck is this?! What has my strange brain conjured up, now? It’s literally only two paragraphs! We don't even know her!)

A racing mind, a racing heart, a tortured soul. Yes, this seems like all the symptoms of overthinking, again. That vague grasp on her mental clarity as if she would lose control at any time because it could easily slip through her fingers definitely wasn’t the state she needed right now. She hated these moments. Never in her life, did her thoughts stay the same way whenever she thought that she had organized them into neat little cubicles. Anyone’s thoughts hold secrets to their whole physical existence. We perceive this as some sort of security because obviously no one knows how we can see ourselves. Sibling thinks this too, but just wait, people will soon care. All those nights of crying herself to sleep will be gone. one day, she would be able to connect to others’ in ways people can’t imagine. She would learn in due time, the setbacks of her childhood restored. This was sibling’s ultimate goal, to be given the power that was stripped of her as a young child. She never had what the others did, but it was payback time. These intentions had to wait though before our sibling found her true desires. They are there but they are dimmed. We must be careful and take things slow. As of right now, she can't describe the feeling, but something definitely was not balanced inside of her. There is much for her to learn.

It seems our mysterious figure has her work cut out for her. If only, she could be aware of how simple her problem is, really. Maybe if she took better care of her health. Maybe, if she asked for help. Maybe, just maybe, she could see clearly through her pain and suffering, as simple as it seems to an outside viewer, such as yourself, perhaps. It seems creepy almost, knowing that we can do nothing about this problem, yet we are here. We have to be here. On the other side of life, we lie awake, waiting. We can only peer in to check on her. We can’t help our siblings on their journey. Right now, there is little hope for her. It’s a shame. We are here, but we have to wait and see how she does. Sibling is our only hope. We have to wait….

Chapter 1: The new normal of a morning

If people knew the girl that used to be able to take the world by storm, then no one would think twice or even dare to call the future real. This girl couldn’t possibly be that one, right?

This girl’s name is Morgan Ramirez-Ortiz. When she was just a tiny sprog, she grew up to be as normal as could be, at least according to her mother’s standards. At the time, it was enough to make her mother proud and to make sure she wasn’t bullied or was an outcast in society or school. This seemed fine especially to a young sprog who was just learning about the world around her and what it had to offer her. She thought her life was amazing because she would spend all of her time by herself. Her mom was really good with people and was well known in the community. She worked very hard to get to this status. She wanted Morgan to know her values of such hard work and what her worth was.

Since these things were important to her mom, Morgan went along with these events or meetups that her mom dragged her to. But, she never complained. Morgan had to admit they kinda loved it whenever her mother would show off her daughter. It had made her feel special and adequate. It made her feel like maybe one day she could be just like her mom.

But times can change.

It all started on her 11th birthday when her mother would be,again, working as usual. Morgan thought she would be used to this by now. It happens every year. She gets dropped off at her dad’s house and is left to do whatever she wants with him for a day.

For what seemed like hours, they had finally reached their destination. Morgan wouldn’t really say she dreaded going to her dad’s house. The thing was he could be kinda over the top about parenting her. He was protective of anything that would even look at her the wrong way. Morgan thought that maybe this was part of the reason they were separated. Besides, she was the kid in the middle of everything. She was the one that made them separate because obviously she was the one who made them fight.

Pulling into his driveway made her stomach twist and turn and flip, turning it into knots in the process. If only she had had more time. The full effects of her sickness in her stomach came in full force whenever she heard the doorbell echo through her thoughts. It was like it was splitting her existence in two, constantly demanding to assimilate her fears and leave nothing. The ominous sound had ruptured her whole thinking process leaving only ringing in her ears.

Shaky, trembling hands go slowly to her ears. She can barely hear her mom now…or her dad. She would prepare herself because she knows not what stands between her and entering the other side of that door frame. Times can change.

Morgans Pov: Back in the present

Waking up can be one of the hardest choices to make in the morning, yet everyone experiences this differently. An open minded approach would be to wrap up in a blanket, like a burrito, and just flop off the bed. This solves one of your problems, and that is you are not freezing. You also have completed a big task by breaking it up into smaller ones. It's a very good strategy that used to be mine, except it doesn't seem to be of any help to me now.

It was no different than last time this happened. My muscles ache and any slight effort to get out of this chamber that encases my body sends spikes of stinging pain all throughout my inner being. This pain is different from your normal pain. I feel it inside, yes, but it's different somehow. I don’t believe it hurts me physically, except for the energy it leaves behind that it leaves behind that turns my muscles sore.

Well, I can’t keep waiting any longer. I am the only one that can take control. The choice is mine to make.I must push through. I grab the ends of my comfort item and roll out of my false reality of a safe haven that has many friends that are soft. These friends don’t talk, so it's pretty one-sided conversations with them. My gaze ends on one of them. He is special to me. My dad gave it to me. His name is Minerva the owl, and he’s gotten me through worse. He’s coming with me.

I grab him from his nesting spot and do my old trick. I landed hard with a thunk on the hard floor. I remember that this was the bad part of the mission, but that doesn't beat the feeling of accomplishment. I am out of bed, on the floor, but out of bed. Have done it again. Minerva lies just a few feet away from me. He looks defeated, squished, deflated and face planted on the ground. Sorry, I mutter to him as if he can hear. I’d like to believe the look in his eyes is real. His feelings are valid because it seems disrespectful to throw people…or animals or people at animals….

I slowly take this one step at a time, moving my limbs to a comfortable rest where my legs are folded underneath me. That wasn’t so bad, and I think I’ve got it from here. I will rise everyday like the phoenix that I am. I am born again from ashes I will allow to be called my own. Today is a new day, an important one.

What’s today, I wonder? Only the start of something good, like when you know exactly what flavor of icecream you want when you go into the mall. Today is my first day back to real school. I

t’s taken a couple years for things to die down after what went down back in my old town. My mother used to be the talk of the town in a good way. Now, everyone ridicules her because of me. Maybe I could have been a better daughter, but who knows honestly?

Well! I live with my dad now. I think I would say things are going pretty good in my life right now. The improvement is better than none. I am 14 going on 15 pretty soon. Imagine the possibilities that come with that. There are new friends, new hobbies, new things to learn, community, school, church, new places to go after school. The list of possibilities are endless! I mean it, they go off into infinity! Like Minerva! Minerva can fly to the farthest end of the universe. He is a very special owl.

“Minerva, will you be my companion on this new page in my life that has been revealed to me from the cosmos and God?

Minerva isn’t very lively so I help him out sometimes when he is trying to communicate. I catch a glimpse of slight movement from the owl; his black/brown eyes that look like beads gleam at me. To me this conveys he has something to say. He does that thing a lot, bobbing his head up and down. It says a lot about his personality. He has successfully agreed to be my companion. Let’s go!

First order of business would be to get my uniform clean for the day. This is why I have minerva. He is the best at this business. I find myself in front of my wardrobe with my hands on my hips. I stare very hard at this thing in my way. This means business. Very serious business. yes. Business…..(lol).What was I doing again?

By the time Minerva is done putting together my uniform,( I hate to leave him with this task, but he seems to love it. It’s his favorite moment of the day, I would think.), I should be done with everything else I need to get done like finding my other shoe and brushing my teeth and washing the dishes.

“Seeya, Minerva!”

I finally for the first time that morning stepped outside of my room. My dad greets me with a hug.

Dad: “Heeey, good morning Bean! Ready for 8th grade?!”

He ruffles my hair. Great, as if it wasn’t already messed up, but somehow that made my insides laugh. So I remember to smile at him and hug him back. He kneels down to my level to give me the same talk he told me yesterday.

“Bean? Remember what I told you yesterday. If anything happens, you call me. You understand? If there is anything you don’t understand and need help with, you call me. Got it, Bean?

Morgan: “I know. Can’t trust people…only family. I don’t get it dad.

Dad: “Don’t get what Bean?

Morgan: “Why?” I point at his heart. “Why isn’t there trust for me? In here?

Dad: “My heart, Bean? Oh no! I trust you. It’s just that I am worried about you. You grow up so fast. But kids are mean. They aren’t nice. It’s best to just avoid everyone. They can’t do anything to you if you don't let them.”

Morgan: “No need. Go away worries. Your daughter will be fine.” I find myself holding his hand in mine. I was told that this was reassurance. It works sometimes.

Dad: “I don’t think you understand. You’re special Morgan. There are so many things you can do. Just keep your head straight. For me, okay? Promise?”

Morgan: “Promise? Promise.” I shake my head as an indication that I understand: yes.

Dad: My dad laughs at this for some reason yet he seems to have accepted defeat. “Okay, Bean. He leaves the hallway to go somewhere. Away, I guess. Hmm.

I’ll go make something to eat now.

Chapter 2: Wishes

Cereal seems to be the safest option right now. This eliminates the mishap of throwing up anything I probably can’t keep down on the first day because it is a plain cereal with just enough flavor. Heck, it's Chex Mix, the one cereal I can keep down. The stool is over by the window. One would think it was needed for this next task of reaching the bowls and contents in the very inconveniently placed cabinets that are so far above my limit of reach. Probably the convenience of my dad’s doing because of his overprotective tendencies when I was little. Living in this house at an early age, when my family was normal, kind of tells you a lot about my dad’s parenting style. Nothing where the baby can reach. Except, I’m fourteen now, and still freaking humiliated by barely being 5 feet and barely being able to reach these cabinets.

The morning can get quite chaotic, but as of now, I have 30 minutes left before I have to go to the bus. I’ve never been on the bus before, but it seems like fun. There are people who you have to sit beside and games you have to play. This is at least from what I have heard. It’s 8th grade. Who knows what you are going to expect with this awkward, in-between stage of adolescence.

These ponderings echo through my head but are soon interrupted with a Crash! My instincts kick in and my hands go over my ears, making me drop the bowl I was holding. Ironically, it echoes the Crash! that I heard prior to mine.

My dad peeks his head in.

Dad:”Looks like we both are getting s bit clumsy this morning. I was trying to fix up my bike. It shouldn't take me long to get it up and running before I have to take you. Do you need help with that.”

He was standing in the doorway with crossed arms. I assumed he was mad, so I immediately picked up the bowl and handed it to him. It would probably be better if he did it.

“Okay, but no milk,” I told him.

“SmorgieBoargie, you have to drink milk. Do you want it in a cup?”He asked me.

“No! Pappie, I CANT HAVE IT. WE ARE OUT OF MY KIND. PLUS I HATE MY KIND.”

He sighs at me and grabs the bowl. Silently, he pours the cereal over the bowl. He definietley was mad. Or maybe tired?

“Sorry. But its true. We are out of milk. I also dont want you called me SmorgieBorgie. I am an adult almost.”

Dad: “Haja, okay. I understand that. I'm not mad at you…is Bean alright?”

“Yes…”

I was confused, maybe he was just tired.

“Alright, lets speed up this process. I'll make your breakfast, amd you go get ready.”

He pointed

Chapter 4

It took a while for my vision to come back to me. Everything was white and unclear, it was like fog except today was a hot, humid day. I tried to look around for the boy I had seen earlier. I used my hood as a visor to shield the sun’s glare, holding it tight to my head near my eyes, and grimaced to somewhat see around the abandoned graveyard of a playground. The air smelled of old sweat,dust, and grime. I couldn't breathe very well because of it. It felt like I was breathing in the dirt with every motion. There. There he was. He was sitting on a seesaw . What was he doing here? What does he know? What does he want? Do I even want to know? With this in mind, the urge to stay away dissipated and, without thinking, my body instinctively trekked towards the shadowy figure in the distance. With every shaky step under the dusty atmosphere, it seemed time had stopped or at least slowed. He seemed to be getting farther away, but I knew this was just my imagination. A minor disadvantage of leaving the house without water.

I wondered why I was even in this situation. Wasn’t the headmistress ready to get rid of the boy that was “causing problems” by “disrupting other students” in the classroom. Did she do this because of her hatred for me? Or for him? That would be a world record of getting on your principal’s bad side in a day.

When I reached him, something felt off. The thing is I couldn’t feel it. I couldn’t feel it. It felt so unnatural. The fate is mine, I guessed. I was the one who went after him. I was the one who yelled and screamed at the headmistress. I had only thought what I was doing was fair. This was my punishment. I tried to look him in the eye by being in a position that was at his level, but it was hard to truly meet his gaze. He seemed not bothered by anything that just happened. For goodness sake, we just got kicked out of school, I have no clue where my dad is, and I am stuck with a boy who I know nothing about except that one interaction that no one would mistake for an interaction.

Except me. I wouldn’t call it off right away. This was himself, he had no other way. It was a normal way everyone communicates. It is not weird, or bad, or outlandish, or childish, or whatever other word those idiots say. He…was just like me. I know now.

I could feel my face glow as I saw this glimpse of hope wash over me. I will take this hope, and I will pin it to my heart. I will carry it with me everywhere I go.