

We all do

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WASHINGTON MIDDLE SCHOOL | 7TH GRADE

Lorelai

In, out, in, out. My breath is steady with every step I take, every lap I complete. When I run, I forget about the world. My hopes and dreams, my worries, and nightmares, they just seem to float away. And boy do I have lots to think about, but sometimes I just let go. But as I get a notification from Noah Florence, my mind shifts focus.

Noah

I've known her since 7th grade, but I never got the guts to tell her. Since then, I've gotten much better with socializing, heck, I made friends! Yet, I find myself staring at her profile. Lorelai Flint. Maybe one day it'll be Florence next to her name. I don't know what I'm thinking, but out of nowhere, I'm texting her. Just hit send, just hit send.

Lorelai

Ms. Clark continues her lesson as I try to comprehend her scruffy handwriting on the board.

She blabs about a big project due next month. What will it matter anyway? These past few weeks have been tremendously boring in history and quite easy.

The bell rings and I scramble to collect my belongings. I feel a tap on my shoulder. To my surprise, Quinn is hovering over me. Quinn and I have been best friends since we met in 8th grade. She's practically a whole galaxy of energy stuffed in a teen body and Converse platforms.

"What's with you?" I question her.

She blurts, "I don't know, nothing really, maybe something, I'm not sure. The real question is what's with you?"

I sigh.

"You've got that stupid expression on your face and you're talking extremely fast like gibberish," I reckon.

She begins hopping as her grin grows immensely.

"Noah came up to me after class and said he wants to discuss plans with you after school. Noah! Plans! How have you not told me any of this?!" she fumes.

Her face gives off 5-year-old girl throwing a huge tantrum while watching her favorite show.

"He texted me this morning and invited us to a party tonight," I remark.

Her jaw drops in pure shock.

She cheers, "What are we doing? We must get ready, what am I going to wear? Oh my gosh we're going to a party!"

Everyone in the room could hear her. I freeze. I snatch my bag and dart out of the room.

"Dude what the heck?" she reproaches.

She follows me out. I don't know what happened, but I certainly don't want to talk about it.

