

Accused

The cold air rushed against my face snowflakes lightly falling onto my long lashes, and my long soft brown hair lightly covered in white snow crystals, making it sparkle with the sunlight. I shivered, I was told that it was warm in Austin. My sweater is in my bag but I am late already I have to get to school. School is going to be interesting also. I have english class first period and I can barley speak english how am I supposed to take a class on it. I saw the school around the corner and was ready to go in. The air in the school was warm and nice. I slowly stopped shivering. I walked to the office noticing all the odd paintings on the wall. They all had names of past students written by their side. As I walked into the office a nice warm older lady looked at me.

“Hello darling what’s your name?” she asked in a kind voice.

“Hello I am Olympia Love Marcela,” I replied

“Oh, you are the girl who just moved here from Italy,” she says, which such a perky voice it sounds almost too nice.

“Yes,” I said shyly.

“Well you better go off to class,” she said. As she said that I turned around and walked to class in the empty hallway. As I stepped into the classroom everyone turned their head in my direction. I hate it when people look at me. So my first reaction was walk to the back of the room and sit in the empty chair in the corner. As I walk I can hear whispers. One was a boy saying I was pretty. Another was a girl asking who I was. But I just ignored them. As the voices started getting zoned out of my head I they all sounded like ghost souls whispering not making sense. I sit in the chair and set my things down pulling out a fresh notebook and ballpoint pen. The teacher is not here yet so all of the other students are having small conversations with their friends. A moment later a boy walked up to me. He had blonde hair and green eyes.

“Hey, I’m Jason. But you can call me Jazz. And who might you be?” he asked with a flirting tone. I noticed his friends looking over here watching him hit on me.

“Hello I am Olympia Love Marcela. But you may call me Olympia,” I said in a sweet voice not making eye contact. I can’t make eye contact it makes me uncomfortable.

“Well I like your accent where are you from?” he asked

“Rome,” I responded looking down at my desk when he looks at me I feel small and claustrophobic mostly because he is standing over me.

“Oh wow that’s really cool but class is starting so I’m going to sit down if you have any questions feel free to stop me in the halls,” he said then turned and sat down winking at me right after.

“Hello class how are you today,” our teacher Mrs, Hair said, not as a question just as a statement. “We have a new student coming and when she arrives I would like you to be extra nice,” as she said that everyone turned their head to me. “Oh I see she has arrived, well Olympia why don’t you introduce yourself and say where you are from and what your favorite things to do are,” she said. My head went down, not only does everyone look at me I have to talk what is this Texan school? It’s crazy.

“Well I am Olympia and I came here from Rome, Italy. I like to compose music for ensembles and play my instruments,” I stated quietly. When I looked up everyone in the room including the teacher looked at me in confusion I didn’t know why until I realized I was speaking Italian.

“Honey can you say that louder and while looking at everyone, and in english?” she asked.

“No,” I said quietly again and put my head down and closed my eyes and waited until this was over.

“Well class did anyone understand her?” Mrs, Hair asked the class.

“Her name is Olympia Love Marcela, she came from Rome Italy, and she likes to compose music for ensembles and play her instruments,” said a boy, I looked over and realized it was Jazz, I can’t believe he understood.

“Well Mr, Harrison I was not informed you spoke Italian,” Mrs, Hair said.

“Well I do and you also were not informed how stupid you look today. And I also think you should respect that she has a fear of eye contact,” he said. I can’t

say how much I like him right now he is being so nice.

“Well you are being nice today Jason. One more outburst and you will be sent to the office,” she said with finger quotation marks as she said nice.

“Well I think that’s the worst idea ever especially from an English teacher don’t you want me to learn?” he said with a smirk on his face.

“That’s it Mr Harrison, go, now!” she demanded.

“Whatever you say mistress of ‘er royal,” he said getting up and leaving. But after he walked out instead of going to the office out the window we could see him getting in his car. He honked the horn of this 1960 Ford and caught the teacher’s attention. Then his car revved up and he was off with a screech. Mrs, Hair was furious, she raced out of the room to the office. Then, right when she turned the corner everyone in the classroom started to laugh at what he did he waved out the window smiled big and left. He is one of those class disruption people that I hate. One girl came up to me and said thats normal Jazz always messing with Mrs, Hair and went on about something else I didn’t understand. She also introduced herself as Vanessa.

Before I knew it English was over. I was now off to health. But all I could think about was when was I going to fit in. Some random Italian girl coming into this school. I knew I needed to make some friends, so I decided to sit with Vanessa during health. She explained to me that our health teacher is having “issues” so we just sit and talk during this class. I learned that she is an only child and has twelve dogs, all from the shelter because she feels bad for those animals. I told her about my move and my new house. When I told her I lived on the west side she was really surprised and asked how big my house was. I take it as the west side is the rich side. I hadn’t even realized the time. Math was next I love math I have a feeling its going to be my favorite class this trimester.

I scurry down the hall to my math room. I walk in and a huge frown appeared on my face. I looked and found that I was the only girl in the class. But who cares it shouldn’t be so bad. I sat down at the back of the room. I started to draw some flowers on my notebook when a fight broke out between two boys, one with brown hair and another with black, both super tall. They tussled all

across the room and then hit a window. The window shattered and they fell through. We are on the second story so they fell far then got cut up by all the glass. From our view we can see all the blood. A teacher saw from outside and made a quick call, then screamed for other teachers for help. About eighteen seconds later a teacher came in our room and was screaming at us asking what happened. No one would respond we were all still shocked by the situation. When the teacher realized no one would answer she raced out of the room. We heard sirens getting closer and closer like a roller coaster heading up a hill it gets closer and closer to the sky. When the ambulance stopped the paramedics rushed out and looked at the situation. My mind was racing with thoughts like a whirlpool how they are going to be and how long it will be until they get better. I knew an all-guy class would end badly especially because all the boys these days especially here are obnoxious and will never shut up and can't stay out of fights. Next thing I knew the ambulance rushed off again leaving the huge red stain on the grass. A bunch of teachers were arguing near the stain. But no teacher yet came to our room the cold room with pale worried faces and the cool breeze of winter air rushing in from the now shattered window. Now was the moment when I pulled my black button up sweater from my bag. As soon I slid it on I could feel the instant heat of my body making me feel warm and cozy, which was totally weird in this situation. It makes me feel like I don't care about them but I do. Even though I don't know them I care with all my heart. I hate people getting hurt. Back in Rome I was thought of as the girl who cared too much. But it is not too much I feel that everyone should care as I do.

As all of this was happening, I was wondering why a teacher hasn't come up yet to ask about the situation or if the rest of us are alright. It seems as if no teachers are on the level of this floor. I can hear other classes talking and laughing. Even the theater group isn't practicing their upcoming play "Peter Pan," I believe it's called.

A teacher now burst into the room, breathing furiously like a cartoon bull with smoke coming out of its snout. And a red face when it's right about to attack. She started to yell but no one knew what she was saying. It was all a big mix of

words like the soup with the pasta shaped like letters. Then she looked at us all her eyes got wide and she turned on her heel and walked out. She had a click as she walked, the distinct kind that came from women in heeled shoes from the movies usually the principal. But why would she walk out it makes no sense at all. At that moment our real math teacher came in the room. He was wearing a sweater vest over a nice blue and black flannel. with nice shoes that looked as comfortable as a warm bed when you wake up in the morning. But after him walked in two very tall muscular men. They were both wearing black suits they looked very expensive. They had shiny black shoes to match and were wearing dark sunglasses with gold metal rims. As they came to a stop in front of the class they stood with their feet spread apart and hands folded into each other in front of them. With an expressionless face they stood in silence, right behind our math teacher Mr. Nicholas.

“Well I am sure you all know what happened,” Mr, Nicholas said with a blank expression on his face, almost stern. “At this turn of events we now have a student that is most likely dead and one in critical condition. I would like to know who is responsible for this. But whoever is know that you will have big punishments. If no one will step forward you will all take consequences for this. This person’s actions are against the law I have two men here who will take this person to the police office and will be placed in a holding cell until further notice. Now who was this who pushed those two young men out that window?” asked Mr, Nicholas holding his almost stern face. But no one replied. Of course no one replied, we didn’t do it. It was their accident. His face was tightening with frustration it is obvious he as been with enough and dosent want to have to wait for the answer. More silence came upon us like at a play when the curtain closes and all the actors are starting to read off the script. It was still silence, until something happend. The chubby short kid in the front shifted in his seat.

“I know who it was Mr, Nicholas,” the chubby kid said.

“Who was it Mr, Oak?” he asked. But no words came out of the kid’s mouth, he slowly raised his arm and then, he extended his index finger and his

fat finger was pointed right at me. His hand hovered there with his finger extended.
And all I could see was that fat finger, right at me.