

## Each Day is Different

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### Chapter One

There is nothing more to a day a waking up on a bright Saturday morning with the fresh scent of berries and pancakes filling the air. Well this Saturday morning was nothing like that. I woke up to the (smell of something burning, but I didn't know that yet). "What is that smell?" I mumbled to myself scrunching up my nose. There was a warm feeling in the air and I only had a tank top and some shorts on. As I reach for the doorknob, my mother yells from somewhere in the house, "Fire in the house, everyone evacuate!" I panicked, I never had been in a fire and in the schools of Big Bear Lake, California they don't really explain fires very thoroughly. I could see the smoke coming from under the door. Soon my lungs began to have a striking death feeling filling inside of them. There was only one option, the window. Happy to be alive I forget that I might still have my whole family stuck in the house. Then I see my younger brother, Josh run out screaming.

"Josh, tell me! Who is still in there?" I ask him with my eyes deeply staring into his. His ocean blue eyes water up and he starts crying. "Well, I'm getting nothing out of you." I say annoyed. The fire builds up and soon almost half of the house is engulfed into flames. I look around to try to find a stick or something that could do something. I find a long stick and try poking all the windows. No reply. I try again. Still nothing. I too, start crying while trying to over and over again poke the windows. Soon the flames and the crying of my brother turn into blurry pictures and mumbling. A siren near by just sounds like the a earsplitting chainsaw. The last thing I remember is my brother calling my name, "Lucy, Lucy Lucy!!!"

*The blue ocean lapped onto the shore of the beach while my mother and I run around playing tag. My brother is cooking marshmallow's over the campfire with my father. The bright shine of the moon glazes over us and stays there as our night light.*

*"Lucy, Claire, time to have these delicious, soft, mushy....um..marshmallows." yelled my father. My mother and I rolled our eyes at the way he was slobbering at the sight of the soft white pillows, as we started walking towards the campfire. When we sat*

*down I noticed a little bird hopping around the campfire on one leg. My brother points to the bird saying, "Lucy, Lucy, Lucy."*

I woke up startled and saw that my father's face was pressed against my hand holding it so tight I could barely feel it. Around me were firemen and of course my brother. What I didn't understand was where was my mother.

"Where is mom?" I asked confused and scared for the answer. My dad gave a sad look, and I even think I saw him cry a little. I knew then and there that the fire was no dream and that my life would be changed forever.

## Chapter Two

### Two years Later

The alien green clock flashed sharply to read 8:15 AM. Somehow the flashing and shrieking noise soaked into my dreams and I only woke up at 8:30, five minutes away from the time Big Bear Middle School started. I jumped out of bed and raced from one place to another, like a roadrunner just I wasn't being chased by a cartoon wolf. The picture on my bedside table caught me dead in my tracks. It was of my mother and I when I was in 5th grade, three weeks before her tragic death. Her short brown hair covered a bit of her face, but her smile could warm any disastrous day.

The bus had already left so my only other option was my father's lift in his business van, but behind his back my brother and I call it the poop van. My father is a plumber so on top of the brown van there is a plunger connected to what is suppose to be a toilet, but through all the years he has had it somehow it turned brown. So, now everyone thinks it's poop.

I knew that taking the poop van was my only choice, and my friend Lizzie already left so it was my only option. I slumped down the hall to the kitchen. Since my dad doesn't make a lot of money, we have a small house, but the smallest thing in the house is the kitchen. It's so small that only two people can be in there at a time. "Dad I need to get to school *now* and the only way to get there, unfortunately, is your car." I say mumbling the unfortunately.

"Kiddo, remember it's a business van, not just a boring old car." He replied, while in my mind I wished it was just a boring old car. From that point on everything was rush rush rush. I rushed to the bathroom, then to the kitchen, then to the garage and out to the driveway.

The hideous van stood before me and all the thoughts came into my mind about what would happen if everyone saw me in *that*. "Well, lets start this baby up!" said my father patting the van.

It was 8:41 when I got to school and I used all the energy I got to run into the school and up the stairs to the 2nd floor of the 7th grade. I opened the door to Mrs. Batter's classroom. I felt 30 eyes staring at me grabbing my bravery and ripping it out.

"Ms. Rampter you are late, now get into your seat before I give you and F for the class." said the strict and scary Mrs. Batter. She was the kind of the teacher that scared everyone. I mean everyone!

My class is the worst, worse than sticking fire down your throat then a few tarantulas. I sit next to the two grossest people in the 7th grade. One picks his nose and the other stalks you and scrunches up his eyes whenever he is thinking, which is 24/7. My first and only friend Lizzie is in Mrs. Herla's, lucky her. Good for me, I have Mrs. Herla for Language Arts. The bell rings marking 1st period.

The day seems to drag on forever, We go to math with Mr. Bing who is like a little puppy, then to Mr. Tallet for health who tries to hard to be everyones friend, and finally before lunch we go to Mrs. Ranger for theater arts who is nice, but is way into cats. Lizzie and I meet up at our usual meeting spot in the cafeteria.

The cafeteria is like a beehive, different people in different groups. There are the geniuses, the comedians, the gross ones and my group, the gals. You could say that the cafeteria is a big math problem. Where you divide the cafeteria by 3, then divide one part by 2. Or in other words each group has two parts. Our group was part one which is the sassies. In part 2 (me) it's the norms. The girls who are nice, funny and except one another. Another thing about the cafeteria is that if you piled up all the garbage it would equal to four whole trash bags. So, slipping on a banana peel ever so often isn't a surprise.

After lunch was Science with Mrs. Batter and that is when one of the most horrible things happened to me, ever. Mrs. Batter was blabbing on about bio as in life, when suddenly the last person I thought would come in is, my dad.

### Chapter Three

#### How Could This Happen?

When my dad walked in I freaked, because last time he came into the school he embarrassed me by kissing me and calling me "My little sweet potato." and everyone started laughing. Then something really freaky and odd happened. He kissed Mrs. Batter on the cheek, as if they were some couple who had been together for a long time. I felt like a cannon just hit me right in my face. My dad looked my way and smiled like it was alright. Butterflies flutter in my stomach and are crying "What do I do, what do I do?"

"Dad what was that?" I yelled at my dad as I threw my school bag across the living room. He gave me that inquisitive look and went on with his work of putting away the dishes. "Why did you just walk into the room like it was no big deal, and kiss Mrs. Batter on the the cheek, isn't she married too?" I said half screaming half crying.

"I am sorry I didn't tell you before, but we met at the parent teacher conferences and I had a great time. By the way she just got divorced so it's not against the rules." he replied looking quite happy. I couldn't believe how chill he was about this, he had been dating my least favorite teacher without telling me? This just wasn't him.

"What about mom?" I said almost crying by saying the words. This is where my dad got serious. He kitted his eyebrows together in a confused way and gave me puppy eyes.

"Lucy, she's gone, and I am alone." he replied still looking at my with his celebrity puppy look. Just hearing those words coming out of his mouth made my stomach lung and I felt like my tears were trying to escape from my eyes and just fall, slowly, but I kept back the tears and just said, "Well, I think she is still here, and I don't think she would like it if you cheated on her." then I stormed off into my room like a tornado that had been slightly damaged.

Over the past couple of days Mrs. Batter had been coming over, and it was hard to see my dad with someone new, especially if it was my Science teacher. They would nuzzle and rub their noses together like a normal happy couple would do. But not everyone was happy about it. Since Mrs. Batter started to date my dad she didn't give us homework which was good, but all the kids in my class would call me the teachers pet because of their relationship. Some nights I could tell my mother was in the presence and that she wasn't very happy. One night I even woke up because I had been dreaming about my mother suddenly walking through the front door and Mrs. Batter being there nuzzling with my father, and then she would walk out forever, but then I remember she already did walk out, but it wasn't her fault.

The next day I just stared at the door wondering if she would somehow just walk through the door and greet us all like she would after a long day at work. But she never came and as the sun went up and it fell back down I wondered if maybe it was my fault that she is gone, that the fire was made by me, and that god is punishing me by not bringing her back. Then reality stepped in and kicked me out of my thoughts.

Ding dong, ding dong. Went the doorbell at the early time of 8:00 on the morning of a Sunday. Our door wasn't see through and there weren't any windows around so we are never really able to see who is there. I opened the door to a broad looking man in a black suit and a badge in the top right corner. He had slick blonde hair and you could tell that he used way to many hair gel. His hat read **POLICE** and in his pocket was a gun and a long stick that got thicker by the end.

"Hello mam, I have come here to report to you that we have found the mystery behind why your house burned down." said the officer.

## Chapter Four

### "Fire in the House"

I almost fainted by just hearing the words. Finally they know what and how my mother died a question that had been bugging me for forever. This question also

brought back the memory that ruined my life. "Dad, the police are here about..um, the....the house!" I yelled down the hallway barely being able to shove the words out of my mouth. He comes slumping down the hallway and to the front door in his bathrobe and some vicious bunny slippers with teeth that Mrs. Batter had gotten him.

"Oh hello officer," he said half asleep. "What seems to be the problem?" he finishes the sentence.

"Well, Mr. Rampter for the past couple of weeks we have been back on the case of how your house burnt down, and we have cracked the case." he replies in police language. All my father says or I should actually say, all my father does is drop his jaw as if he were trying to eat a hippo and he does this while making a weird noise that sounded like a dying cat. I had never seen him do this before so it was really weird and kind of scary. The officer just stood there like he didn't look weird or anything. Finally my father got some words out. "I go get my coat." and so he does.

We pull up to the old house that has a big sign on the front saying UNDER INVESTIGATION. Half of the house was black with ashes around as if the fire was fresh, the other half was covered in a light blue covering that read police in random places. We walked up the stairs and all the memories from the house flooded back. The door was covered in covering too but the police officer just ripped it off, no sweat. inside was all black and only a few things survived. There was a bone crunching under my feet as I took the first steps in. Then I stepped on the worst thing possible, it was a picture of the whole family that we used to keep in the living room next to the tv. I couldn't help it I had to cry and this time I didn't push them back. "Well here is the cause of the problem." said the officer as he pointed to a familiar object, but none of us could tell what it was since it was almost completely destroyed. It was a big object and was in a square shape. There were lines up and down the object and it had a leg on each corner. "It was and still is a heater found in the room near the window in the front of the house." he explained. Then I realized that the room with the window in the front was my room. I also remember the night before of the fire how I had turned on the heater to dry my bathing suit from going to the pool. So, then I realized the fire was all my fault.

## Chapter Five

### Not Now

"So that means that I killed my mother." I said aloud still petrified of the idea and the feeling. Those words repeated in my mind over and over again. It was all my fault I can actually walk up to someone and say, "Hey, I killed my mother." My dad gave me a look of both disappointment and sorrow, and I couldn't blame him. My brother started crying and ran out the house and to the car. My father and the police officer talked a little but I headed back to the car.

The next day was Monday but my father let me stay at home because of all the stress. He sat down next to me to talk about it, "Lucy, I am very disappointed in you. You should have known that drying clothes on a heater is very dangerous and that you should have come to me first. If you wouldn't have done that mom could still be with us." I couldn't believe he was saying this to my face, I really didn't mean to I loved and still love my mother.

"Well, I didn't mean to, you know I didn't. This is really hard for my too right now at this time, with you seeing Mrs. Batter and this whole mother responsibility, it's hard. I know the whole family hates me and that is even harder!" I reply with tears dripping down my pale cheeks. All he did was give a nod in a way showing he is not convinced. Then he does the meanest thing possible, he just gets up and leaves after saying, "It's all your fault."

School was hard, I couldn't focus and nothing, and nothing could bring a smile to my face. I felt like my heart had fell 100 stories high onto a pile of knives pointing straight up. I was in a wonderful dream about ponies and rainbows with leprechauns

and pots of gold, when suddenly my math teacher out of the blue asked me something, "Mrs. Rampter can you please tell me what the ratio is of this table on the board?" I had just gotten out of a nice dream so of course I said something stupid,

"Unicorns?" once I heard the words come out I regretted it, the whole class started laughing at me not with me. I got scared and sad so I ran out the room and to

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the girls bathroom, probably the most stupid thing I have ever done besides from killing my own mother. All at once the bad memories from the past month came flowing to my head which made me cry more and more. I was determined that my life was officially ruined.

I woke up in the main office in a black leather couch, my dad sat next to me dabbing a wet towel at my forehead. "Hi sweetie." then he told me all that had happened, I had fainted from the stress and was found in the girls bathroom by some girl in the eighth grade. Then they called my father and he came and so my life continued. "Listen, I am sorry for lashing out at you about..mom, I know that is wasn't your fault and that if you could you would have changed what you did. I am also sorry for not confronting you about the whole dating your teacher thing, I know it is hard for you to see me with some one else, but I get lonely and it would be nice if I had some one there for me to help with you two kids." he gave me another puppy dog look for my forgiveness, and I did forgive him, and I forgave myself. He was right he needed some one and all along I didn't see that mom being away would affect his way of life too, and that he misses her and that he wants her back too.

## Chapter Six

### One Year Later

I woke up to a sunny Saturday morning, the birds were singing their way through life and the sunshine was peeking in through the cracks of the window in my room.

"Lucy time to get up! I made pancakes and bacon!" yelled my stepmother Destiny from the kitchen. I swing out of bed and race down the hallway to the kitchen. The whole

family is gathered around the the glass and marble table. "Well, what crazy adventures are we going on today?"