

Where Do I Belong?

J.J.

No words slipped out of anyone's mouth this morning. My little brother looks like he aged five years since my dad died. Usually it's funny when there is awkward silence but now, just no. My family lives in a lot of places. What I mean is we move from place to place. We're a poor family.

The words from my mom keep warming up like popcorn in my mind. "Mijo, don't throw your life away. If something's going on talk to me. I was born in Mexico, and you were born here so do better than me." I was two hours late for school for absolutely no reason. I don't care about Lauren High, my new school, "MOZART, WHY ARE YOU STILL HERE! TODAY IS YOUR FIRST DAY," my mother yelled.

At least someone finally broke the silence. I walked slowly to school so I could miss more of it. When I got there, there was only two more hours left so there was no point of going inside. Until I saw a sign saying: "Lauren Lions VS. Spencer Spartans in basketball tonight" I had to be there. Saint Spencer's was my old school, all my homies go there.

Spencer lost. I got in a fight and my friends had to back my up. I don't have a life anymore. I have a cop to replace my dad, I have bad grades and a broken jaw because of a game. Where do I belong?