

I went down to the three year olds again, and still felt empty with their cheerful personalities. Sometimes it annoyed me when they talked about stuff, and I wanted to leave, but not go to service.

“Nichole, are you alright?”

I looked at Ms Joy and nodded slightly. “Yeah... I’m okay.” I said passing out papers. We didn’t talk for a little before I finish passing out papers. I part of me feels like she knows how empty I feel.

“I heard about your friend... I’m sorry.” She said softly. I felt anger boil, and I looked down. “It’s fine.” I said through clenched teeth.

I didn’t want to snap... not at church at least.

I had stopped praying, I mean, why would you pray to a God who is ‘so good’ that he destroyed your best friend’s life.

I walked out the second I could, and drove myself home. I obviously told my parents, so they didn’t worry, and just told them I didn’t feel well... which was a half truth. I felt terrible on the inside, which made my stomach hurt.

I sat down in my dark room, and continued to bottle up more and more feelings. I just felt so betrayed it hurt. I couldn’t even bring myself to talk to Griffon about it. I couldn’t stop imagining how it happened. Somehow, miraculously, the rider next to him tier’s popped off, and hit Griffon, as he was on the jump. He hit the ground, and the bike landed on his back. The rider next to him was okay?!

I looked down and felt a silent sob start. I pushed it back... I have to be tough. I’m a catcher... I have to be hard, I told myself.

I ended up leaving my dark room, and got an apple.

Practice.

That’s all I wanted to do. If I can practice... I can forget about everything for a little bit, I thought to myself. It convinced me, so I went outside and did squats, and threw a ball against the wall and caught it repeatedly.

“Nichole?”

I looked up, then at my watch. I had been doing this for an hour... and still felt terrible inside.

“Yeah?”

Mom looked at me carefully with her soft eyes. I hated that about her... her eyes could see through anyone. “Nicky... are you feeling better?”

“No.”

Mom raised an eyebrow. “Okay then. If your feeling ‘sick’ then why are your practicing?” She said with a small tone. I wanted to roll my eyes, but with my mom... DO NOT!

I shrugged. “I can’t sit still.” I explained softly. Mom nodded slightly.

“Oh how I know that. You wouldn’t happen to be feeling... anxious, nervous, and broken... would you?”

There it is. She saw right through me. Skin and bone... this is what I get for having a therapist for a mom isn’t it? It really sucks because she wants to ‘Talk It Out’.

She looked at me carefully. I was the odd one after all. My parents had brown hair and eyes, and I was a red head.

“Nichole... you will go to Germany—”

“WHAT?!”

“And you will talk to someone—”

“I’m sorry what?!”

“And you WILL be friends with him again, and stop bottling up what happened.”

I raised an eyebrow. How did she know I was avoiding Griffon?! I swear, moms have some sort of psychic thing going on. I wanted to yell back, but I didn’t have a choice. What mom said went, and what I said only would make mom want to send me more.

I groaned and walked inside.

“Love you.” She said in a playful tone. Dad walked up beside her.

“Your gonna break that kid.”

“You can’t break what’s broken. Germany is going to fix her. She’s like a puzzle, Mike. They start broken, but but back together they are beautiful.”

“Don’t they break again?”

“Shut it Mike!”