

Chapter Seven

I did as I said I would do. I kept to myself and concentrated whole heartedly on my school work during the following weeks. I took one weekend and put my room totally together. By Sunday afternoon I was completely spent, but my room looked terrific. I put all of my books in the bookshelf that was built into one of the walls. I set all of my make-up, hair brushes, and perfume bottles on my vanity. I put all of my folded clothes in my dresser and all of my hanging clothes in the closet. I filled my desk drawers with pens, pencils, paper, and various office supplies. My dad put up some shelves above my desk and a few more on my far wall for little knick knacks. He even put a hook on the back of my door for my bathrobe. When I had finished Mom took me out for new curtains, bed sheets and a comforter. She figured I had worked so hard I deserved something to make it all worth it. Mom also bought me some throw pillows and a pile of magazines to further plaster onto my locker door. After our shopping spree Mom and I went out for ice cream. I really enjoyed being with her. We have a great time when we're together.

Sunday evening I kicked back in my new room watching a little TV and thumbing through magazines. The magazines basically had the same information, but a few different page size posters. I found a lot of pictures of my favorite music group Denial. I carefully ripped out the pages and created a littler pile beside me. I also found a few good pictures of my favorite actors Brennan Stampler and Damon Asher and also of Debbie Lake, my favorite actress. I carefully put all the pictures I found in a folder along with a roll of tape. I found way more pictures than I could possibly fit into my locker, but that just gave me some extra to change around later on in the year. I was busy putting everything away when my mom came in to wish me goodnight.

"Would you like a ride early to school tomorrow so you can put that stuff up?"

"That would be great. Thanks Mom," I answered and reached under the mattress to grab my diary after Mom walked out the door.

Dear Diary,

This has been a great weekend. I feel so rested and organized. I haven't talked to Summer, Star, or Amber in about two weeks. From what I've overheard and from what I've seen with my own eyes Star's relationship has intensified with that other guy. I know I'm supposed to mind my own business, but it's too tantalizing. Besides, I see her everywhere kissing him and talking with him. Anyway, I've been successfully avoiding everyone. I do miss them though. I've enjoyed hanging out with Marissa, Meg and Maggie. Marissa is so cool and funny. She makes good company. I've been talking a lot to Steve in my English class. He's really nice. I've told him a bit about what has been going on. He's a good listener and very sympathetic. Well, tomorrow is Monday once again. Talk to ya later.

- Trinity

I woke up Monday feeling better than I had in a long time. My room was clean and I felt I had a firm grasp on everything. I took a quick shower, put on a long dress and some loafers, grabbed my book bag and went downstairs for some toast and juice. Mom was up and dressed and ready to drive me to school. After a bite to eat, Mom and I were on our way to school. When we got

there I made sure I had everything. There were a few kids filtering through the doors and some of the staff as well. The buses hadn't come yet so there wasn't full chaos. I kissed my mom goodbye and headed to my locker.

I had gotten to school thirty minutes earlier than usual. I figured that would give me enough time to move things around and put up some new stuff. I set to work immediately. I took down some so-so pictures to make room for some great pictures that I found. There was this one picture of Brennan Stampfer with his dark hair all tousled that just had to go on the door at eye level. There simply couldn't be any bending over to view that! I also had a few tiny pics that I was able to sprinkle around here and there as well. I was definitely a lot happier with this picture selection. I had just about finished when I turned around and noticed Steve standing behind me.

"Oh Steve! You scared me," I said with a hand over my pounding heart. "It's early. What are you doing here?"

"Well, I was up so I figured I'd come in early. I was going to see the coach about football try-outs anyway."

"Really? That sounds great. My little brother Bryan plays football for the community center. My Dad's the coach there."

"Wait! Trinity Thompson. Your Dad is Coach Thompson!"

"Why? Do you know him?"

"Yeah, I volunteer at the community center. Well, for now. If I make the team, then I'll have to give up my volunteer work."

"You're Steve!" I said pointing at him. "Yeah, my Dad has mentioned you."

There was an uncomfortable silence as the halls gradually filled up with other kids arriving at school.

"Well, I guess I better go."

"Yeah, the bell is going to ring shortly. We wouldn't want you to be late," I said with a prize winning smile.

Steve smiled back and slowly backed away down the hall. I stayed at my locker and taped up the last of my decorations. This is where my third week of school went on a rapid decline. Like I said before I had pretty much alienated Summer and the others. I was relatively happy until Summer came over to find out the problem.

"Okay Trinity," Summer began standing beside me with her hands on her hips. "You've been avoiding us. At first we let it go. We gave it time. Well, now we want a reason."

"A good one," Amber said coming up behind Summer with a hand on her hip too.

"What's going on?" I asked trying to sound stupid. "What's this whole "we" thing anyway? Upset because I'm breaking away from the mother country?"

"Come on Trinity," Summer said. "We don't care if you don't like us. That's fine. Well, not really, but we can deal with it, but at least let us know what we've done wrong."

"It's not you," I explained almost to the point of tears. "It's Star and Chris. Do you want the truth? Fine! I am in love with Chris. That's it. It's out now. I have been since the moment I met him. Then stupid me introduces him to plain ol' ugly Star and he flips for her. I think we all can agree she's not a looker. What does he see in her anyway?"

I kept digging a hole deeper and deeper. It never occurred to me that sooner or later I'd have to stop digging and start climbing.

“Anyway,” I continued “Like she’s the Queen of Sheba, she starts running around with every boy in school. She’s definitely earning a reputation and I don’t want to be involved in that.”

I quickly turned around to run, but instead I was looking straight at Star. She had heard everything! Her wide eyes and long frown spoke for itself. She didn’t have to say anything. Star stood for awhile gazing at me. I couldn’t say anything. Slowly, Star turned to the side and slowly walked down the hall towards her home room. Summer and Amber just shook their heads and followed Star. I could see them catch up with her down the hall and try to console her. Becca walked up as I was watching the trio disappear down the hall.

“Do you realize there were only three musketeers?” Becca asked.

“What?”

“Well, actually there were probably four, but one had to go. The four musketeers sounds a bit foolish wouldn’t you agree?” she said with a smirk.

“You’re not funny Becca,” I told her and grabbed my things for home room.

The morning continued to drag. Meg wrote me a short note before homeroom which made me smile, but that smile was wiped away when I thought about the hurt look that was on Star’s face. I’m sure that she would tell Chris all about it too and then I could just add him to the list of people that I had totally destroyed with my out-of-control mouth. To add insult to injury, he now knew that I liked him! My main objective for the day was to find a rock small enough for me to crawl under.

Art class was extremely lonely. Star sat in an empty seat across the class with her back to me. That really hurt, but I guess I deserved it. I thought about writing her a letter, but I just couldn’t think of anything to write. I had really hurt Star’s feelings so how was I going to find words that wouldn’t cheapen the situation. Maybe I could handle Star being upset with me, but Star, Summer, and Amber was entirely too much. I had to deal with Summer in pre-Algebra, Amber in Geography and Star in Earth Science. There were nothing but miserable stares being shot at me all morning. I was so glad when the lunch bell rung and I was free for an hour. On my way to my locker I ran into Steve.

“Hey Trinity,” he greeted me with a giant smile.

“Hi,” I replied. I was in no mood for idle chit chat.

He followed me to my locker and stood beside me while I opened the door. I was becoming a bit irritable, but kept my cool. I had upset enough people today.

“I can listen if you want to talk about it,” Steve said.

“About what? Do you think that you could help me? I just don’t think so!” I flared back at him.

“What’s that all about?” he flared right back. “Just because you’re in a bad mood does not give you the right to be nasty to me. I haven’t done anything to you. Look, you look really upset and I figured maybe I could help a little.”

“Well, maybe you can’t,” I replied as my voice cracked a bit as I held back the tears that were trying to come out. I may as well take as many down with me as I could I figured. Luckily, my salvation arrived in the faces of Meg, Maggie and Marissa. I turned and walked past them towards the lunchroom. They watched me walk down the hall and then turned to look at Steve. His face was still a mixture of disbelief and anger and I was ashamed to know that I was the one

who did that. He was always so cheerful. He always had a smile on his face. It hurt me to know that I could just wipe it all away with one insensitive comment.

The girls had to run to catch up to me. I had gotten all the way up the stairs and almost to the hallway that lead to the cafeteria.

“Can we say anything yet?” Meg asked softly.

“Yes!” I said in a rushed sigh as I stopped and slammed my back against the hallway wall.

“What was that all about?” Marissa asked.

“I just don’t know,” I began. “Everything has gotten so complicated and so out of control. I thought this was going to be my new beginning. I thought this was going to be the best years of my life. It can start being great now!”

“Who told you these were going to be the best years of your life?” Marissa asked curiously.

“Well, no one, I guess,” I said. The words quietly and humbly fell from my lips and it was then that I realized that I had no guarantees that things were going to be great when I entered the doors of the school. It was all just an image that I had put together on my own. My eyes had begun to well up as I looked into Marissa’s green, intense eyes looking for sympathy, but only finding questions. She held out her arms and I fell into them and just let the sobs fall onto her shoulder.

“I’m sorry Trinity. No one can see the future. You just have to live through it,” she said as she patted my back.

When the tears had finally stopped, I excused myself to the nearest restroom. I thanked Marissa and told everyone I’d meet them in the cafeteria. When I got to a mirror my face looked so drawn. I couldn’t even remember what it felt like to be happy anymore. My nose looked like a giant red ball and fought with my eyes over who was more red and swollen. I splashed cool water all over my face and felt immediate relief. My face cooled down and began to look more normal. I softly patted off the water to avoid totally ruining my fading make-up and with a huge sigh left the quiet confines of the bathroom to find my friends and once again try to explain myself. I was hoping that this time I could do it with a little more tact.

I felt like the whole cafeteria was watching me as I walked through the doors. I quickly saw Meg, Maggie and Marissa and quickly walked over to them and sat down. I wasn’t in much of a mood to eat lunch and they were anxious to figure out what happened this morning to make me so upset. I told them that I had come into school early to add some pictures to my locker and Summer and Amber came up behind me and began to question where I had been and why I had been ignoring them. I told them how I just completely lost it and began to ramble about how much I liked Chris and how much of a loser I thought Star was and that she was making a reputation for herself. I then told them that Star had been standing right behind me and heard everything. Their mouths fell open.

“Why didn’t you say anything about any of this to us?” Maggie asked looking almost hurt.

Once again I felt like I had hurt yet someone else. I didn’t even think that I could hurt any of them by not including them in what I was feeling.

“I thought that maybe if I ignored the situation that maybe it would go away.”

“Did it?” Marissa asked.

“No. I guess it didn’t. I guess I just made it worse.”

“Do you really think of Star that way?” Marissa asked.

“You know, that’s the worst part of it all. I really like Star. I didn’t mean any of it. I was just angry and I wanted someone to hurt as bad as I did.”

“Maybe you should tell her that,” Maggie added.

“Maybe you should write her a letter,” suggested Meg. “Maybe you should write her a letter like this one. I found this on the floor by your locker Trinity. It has your name on it.”

Meg handed over the little piece of paper neatly folded into a square. My name was written in blue pen across the front. I slowly opened it up to find the same typed handwriting as before.

Trinity,

Follow me to the hilltop

Hold on to my hand

Let me dance to the sound of your laughter

And find home in your smile

I just put my head on the table and sobbed...again.