

Today, I can decide my faith. Today's the first day of middle school. "Olivia?" My mom shouts from the living room. "Yes?" I shout back at her. "Can you come here?" I sigh. "Yup!" I can't believe, I'm still in a wheelchair. My life changed, only three months ago. I shake my head. I try to forget everything and roll to the living room towards my mom.





“Yes?”

“Are you ready? We leave in a couple minutes” she asks.

“I’m ready!”

But am I? The answer is no. I’m not ready. But I tell my mom what she wants to hear.

“Perfect! Well- you can get in the car when you’re ready!”

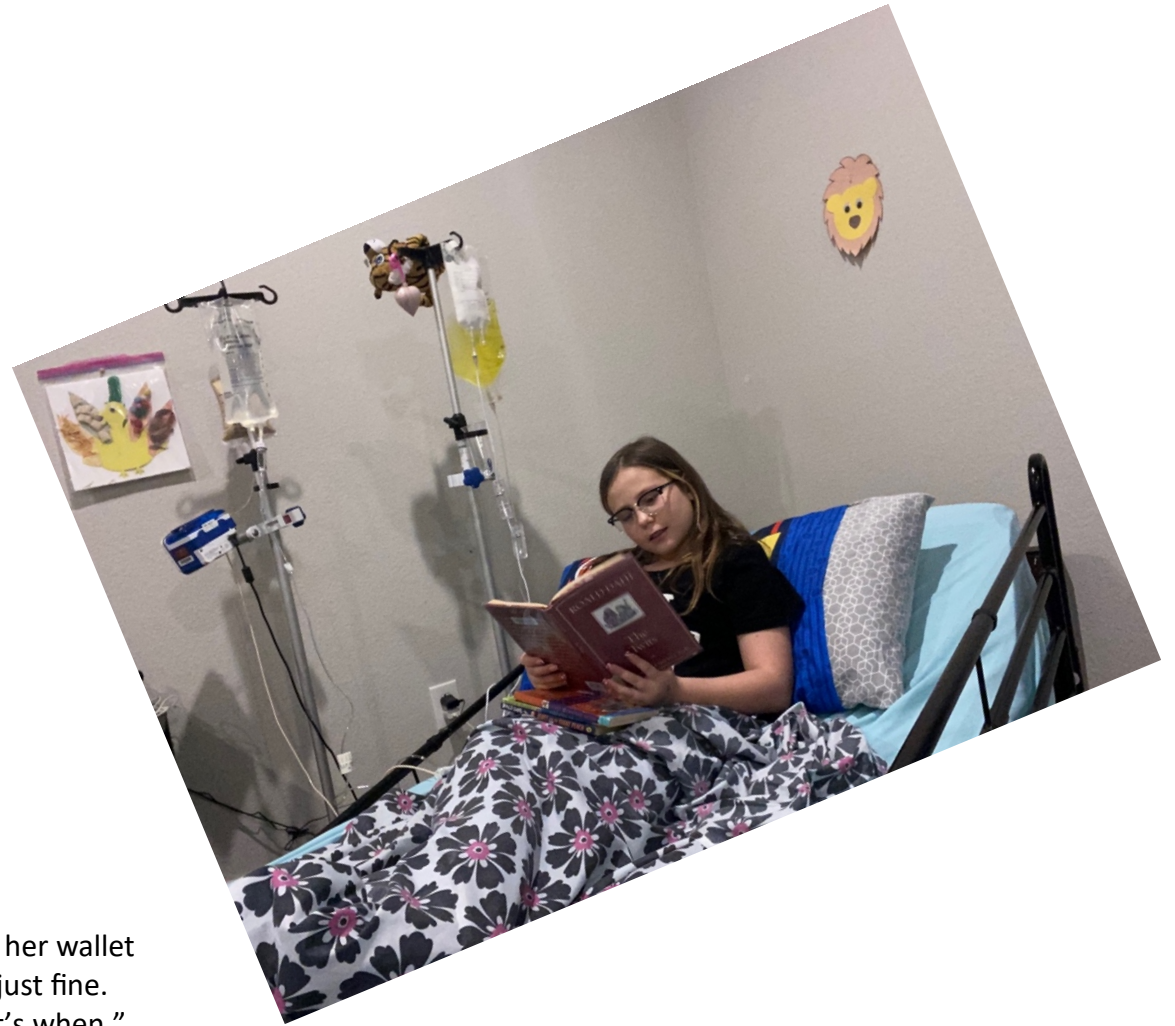
“Ok!”

I’m dreading it already; I don’t want people to think of me differently. I grab my backpack and go to the car. I have to go through the garage instead of the front door which has stairs. Eight minutes later, I arrived at school early.

My friend Madison is the first person to notice. "I look away for one second, and you're in a wheelchair?" She asks me. "What happened?"

I take a little to respond. Annoyed. The first thing she asks me is "what happened?" Like I didn't already tell her, but did she forget?





“My mom drove me to a grocery store. She forgot her wallet in the car and asked me to go get it. I got the wallet just fine. However, when I went back to the grocery store that’s when.”
I pause, “That was when... I got hit by a car...”
“Oh,”
“Yea”
I managed to get out of the awkward conversation.

The first thing I do is pull out my phone to look at my schedule. The first class I have is... social studies. In 5th grade, social studies was my second favorite subject. Next to music of course. I hope middle school social studies is the same.

Once I get in the class, I can feel the teacher's eyes on me.

"Oliva!" He yells "I'm Mr. Brown!"

"Hi."

"I'm so glad to have you in my class!"

"Thanks."

I grab my book out of my backpack silently to let Mr. Brown know the conversation is over. I just don't want to look like a suck-up!

"Ooh! Is that Ronald Dahl?" Someone says

"Yea, it is, he's my favorite author."

"Same! My favorite book is Fantastic Mr. Fox"

"Mine is The Twits"

"That's good too!"



We talk some more and then I ask “Are you new? What’s your name?”

“Oh right! Sorry my name is Riley!”

Did she not notice I’m in a wheelchair? She didn’t ask. I won’t be the one to mention it. Maybe she’s blind? No, she can’t be, she saw my book.

“Have you even noticed my wheelchair?” I blurt out

God, I guess I will be the one to bring it up.

She doesn’t say anything.

“Yea! I have.”

“You haven’t said anything?”

“My sister is also in a wheelchair.”

“Oh! I’m so sorry!”

“It’s fine! But being in a wheelchair isn’t the most important thing about you. You are funny, have a great personality and most of all, have a great taste in books.

The bell rings for school to start.

Maybe...

Maybe I can get used to this. Just maybe.