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Malia Andersen

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Friday the 13th

By Malia Andersen

I have been hearing horror stories about Friday the 13th ever since I can remember. Of course, I didn't believe them, until it happened to me. I was disappointed, because it was the day of the middle school dance in McKinleyville, and my parents weren't letting me go. I had promised to drive some of my friends there, so I had to break the news to them that they would have to find a different ride. Thankfully, I still had an inkling of hope that I could at least go to Coffee Break after school.

Unfortunately for my friends, my teacher broke the news that the dance was canceled anyways. We were sad, but still happy about Coffee Break. At lunch, I followed my friend Emily outside. As soon as we walked out the door, Emily spilled her entire bag of microwave popcorn! Just a second afterwards, I tripped over a stump and almost fell on my face. I just thought it was a trace of bad luck. Little did I know, it was just the beginning of a day that turned my whole life upside down.

It was also my friend Landon's 12th birthday. I promised to buy him a biscotti at Coffee Break as his birthday present. In the middle of lunch, my friend Layla pulled me into the middle room. All the girls in my class were making birthday cards for Landon. As soon as I was done with my card, Layla sent me and

my friend David outside to distract Landon. David insisted on performing our tap dance for him. Finally, I caved in. We performed the dance for Landon and my friend Lorenzo. After that, we sang a rendition of Let it Go from Frozen. Since Lorenzo and Landon were getting quite bored, we decided to switch tactics. We started picking up random rocks and giving Landon “Birthday rocks.” He was really confused and overwhelmed. He was also very skeptical of why he was not allowed in the middle room. When lunch ended, he walked into the middle room to see his entire desk covered with birthday cards. We had convinced some of the boys in our class to make him cards too. His jaw dropped, and his face turned bright red. He had no clue where to put all those cards. Hopefully it was worth it, because I am definitely not embarrassing myself by doing a tap dance in front of the whole school again.

I tried to make it through all my boring classes without crying. Like every Friday, I was trying to make it to the end of the day, and Coffee Break.

At the end of the day, my teacher came into our classroom to give us more bad news. It was definitely not the worst news I would be hearing that day though. My teacher, Patti told us that none of us would be going to Coffee Break. We had to stay in afterschool, and our parents would come and get us. All my dreams about buying Landon a biscotti were flushed down the drain. I was in afterschool with my friends, Zander and Layla. Every single time our after school teacher, Sarah made us do something we didn’t want to do, Zander and I would tell her

what we would be doing at Coffee Break at that exact moment. One time, as Zander got up to use the stapler, we said, “At this moment I would be getting a milkshake and a biscotti.”

Sarah got quite fed up with us. Obviously, she did not want to hear that we thought after school was boring. Honestly, I don’t mind after school, just on Fridays I really look forward to going to Coffee Break. My parents only let me go on Fridays. Finally, my mom picked me up from school, and we drove home. I almost cried when I got home, it had been such a terrible day. We had tacos for dinner. Since I didn’t get to actually go to the dance, I decided to reenact it in the back room of my house. I started it about ten minutes later than the actual dance starts. First, I watched one episode of one of my favorite shows, Greenhouse Academy.

I went into the room, and closed the door to block out any noise my parents and my brother were to make. I turned on my Taylor Swift Cd, Lover, that my Aunt Sarah had gotten me for Christmas, and began to dance around the room like I would at the actual dance. About halfway through the second song, I texted my ex. At the beginning of the fourth song, I got a response. I spent about two hours of the reenactment talking to him. I had been in an argument with him, so we made up. That was the highlight of the day.

Later that night, at about 10:30, my family turned on the news. We heard some very disturbing news. The whole world would be put in quarantine. Which means my school was canceled, and I had to do online learning. I didn’t think it would be that hard. I had friends who were homeschooled, and

I also had read lots of books about people who were homeschooled. Oh boy, was I wrong. Every day, I get frustrated by my homework. School was so much easier when I had a teacher's help. I miss my friends more and more each day. Facetiming and texting them is definitely not the same as actual contact. But that's a different story. This is the story of my Friday the 13th. And it's not over yet!