“Starlight, star bright, may I have the wish, I make tonight,” I whispered into the lightly, lighten sky while closing my eyes. I hear many stories of people wishing upon a star and all of a sudden their wishes coming true. This is my first time…... Under normal circumstances I would consider someone who does such a thing foolish, crazy, stupid, and childish! But here I am doing it. I’m making a wish upon a star, into the pure nothingness. It’s strange how circumstances change a person, how desperocity causes people to do things they would never imagine to do, forces them to see things in a way they would never see. What was once wrong becomes ever so right, what was once right becomes questionable. You are probably wondering what I am wishing for, but I cannot say you for if I do it won’t come true. I can, however, tell you about my past; a lousy, yet brilliant past.

It was the beginning of the school year and like every other university student I spent the first couple of weeks comparing schedules and talking about summer. Soon enough, the hype of comparing schedules and summer vacations simmered down and everyone settled into their routines. School rolled back into its never ending torturous ways; days seemed like months and seconds like hours. The first thing I thought of as soon as I got to school became ‘how much longer till I can go home?’ It became a trance where everything that happened was expected and my daily routine remained ever-so boring; wake up, go to school, do homework, go to sleep and then do it all over again.

“Stop requested- transfer 1414..” announced the radio on the bus. I hastily got off at my stop amidst a crowd of other students. “Here I go again, off to another jail, listening to my friend Maria’s rambling” I thought to myself. I began walking down the corridor and BAAAMMM! “ahhhhhh HOT HOT HOT!” I screamed trying to feather my shirt as hot coffee seeped down my shirt and bra. My skin felt like it was on blistering fire and I could feel the coffee soak into my shirt. “I am so sorry!” gasped the tall, brown haired guy who just bumped into me. “I have another shirt in my locker. I…I..I am completely sorry, I did not see you!” “You just fucking burned me! And fucking ruined my shirt!” I nastily screamed while glaring at him. I felt a rage I had never felt before coming over me. It was like I could lift an entire building if it was in my way. His face froze and for a second he looked as if was fighting for his life. I quickly recomposed myself, “I….I’m sorry…its just burns.” “Its ok” he quietly whispered “I…..I have a locker and you can use my gym shirt” he continued without looking at me. He began walking and I followed while staring at the back of his head. We walked all the way in dead silence. I wanted to ask him what was wrong. Why did look as if he just saw a ghost? What did I just do? I mean, people get angry when in shock but its generally understandable. As we went downstairs all eyes glared upon us but we continued to his locker, which was coincidently next to mine. “Here you can use these,” he said as he gave me his big black gym shirt. Without acknowledging him, I took it and headed to the bathroom to change. Three guesses who was waiting right outside. “Look….. I really am sorry that I spoiled your clothes. I’m Max.” Unable to respond I simply nodded and started to walk past him back to my locker. “How about I buy you a lunch as compensation? We can go to Tim Horton’s, Subway or whatever you feel like?...please?” he begged. Trying to recompose myself I replied “thanks, but its raining outside.” “Well the cafeteria has coffee, pizza and fries?” Not wanting to argue anymore I simply agreed and followed him.

Throughout lunch he continued with small talk and discussed everything from the weather to who won the football game. Like I cared. I was much more preoccupied with the cloud formations outside the window. Why does it always seem like the clouds are telling a story with the different figures they are moulded into? Today there was a mother with a baby who wanted to run away to a horse…. No it was a monster….no a wheel barrow?…. Could this be some subconscious psycho-whack thing? Nah….though I have always wanted a horse. “Hey Amber!” I turn around to see Maria frantically waving at me with Alex on her arm. “Completely ditched us eh?” she said jokingly gesturing towards Max. “No, no, I was just about to go look for you guys” I lied. Maria rolled her eyes while Alex just smiled. That is the one thing I love about Alex, he is my guy best friend and I could always count on him to understand things. People often complain about guy friends not caring but on a personal level I love it! When they know you are not in the mood they will just leave it alone, but listen to you when you need them to. Even better, they make your mountain of problems seem like a joke.

“Hi I’m Maria! I’m in 3rd year taking media studies.” Maria squealed as she dumped her food on the table and pulled up a chair. “I’m Max, I’m also in 3rd year but in political science. By the way, sorry about making her ditch you. We were actually just having coffee because I spilled mine on her,” he shyly replied with a guilty look. “Alex, in 3rd year computer science,” Alex nodded while extending his hand. Before I knew it Alex and Max were engrossed in conversation and I drifted off again. The rest of the day went by fast and I returned home to my mum’s rambling and homework.

As I laid down to sleep my head began throbbing. It felt like someone was beating my head like a drum. I hastily tossed my head to the other side. A sharp pain pierced through my head from one side to the next and a jolt of electricity pulsed through my spine. My head continued to throb, crushing my brain, as pins stabbed each corner. Sickness lurked over me and memories began flashing before my eyes. Vivid pictures of me growing up appeared: my birth, learning to walk, crying, more crying, going to school, burning my hand and slipping on ice. BBBRRRIIINNNGGG…… BBBRRRIIINNNGGG I opened my eyes to see the phone ringing beside me. I picked it up as the other person hung up. Without looking to see who it was I stared at the ceiling. My skin was moist with sweat, my breathing rapid like I just ran a mile and my body ever-so stiff. Gasping for air I thought “What just happened?....was it a nightmare?....no it couldn’t be…” With the fear of it happening again looming in my head, I sat by the window for the rest of the night.

The next week flew by as expected, I woke up went to school, did homework and headed back home. Initially thoughts of that night and the fear on Max’s face kept pestering me but were eventually drowned into background. With the amount information the professors loaded us with biology became my greatest concern and did not leave me with the energy to care about anything else.

Ideas of what can happen

-something could have happened in brain to trigger her to use more of her brain- sci-fi

-realistic= she could be have amnesia

-the stress of her life may be leading her to a strange kind of medical disorder

-she may have a brain tumour