

Bree

Mr. Lane

English 5

20 February 2012

Always Be Happy With What You Have

My name is Lilly Tomlinson, a normal 14 year old girl. I now have to move from Wisconsin to Texas. I am leaving behind all of my memories, friends, and home. I don't know anybody except my Aunt Calley. I am moving there because my father just passed away from cancer. He was only forty-two years old, but he got it when he was thirty. He stayed strong for so long. My mother passed away in a fire only two years ago. I never really talked to my mother very often because of her busy work schedule. I didn't like to think of myself as an orphan, though I know it's true.

I boarded my plane at 5:30 am. I hated flying, but I had to get to my aunt. When the plane finally landed, I found her waiting by the entrance. She saw me and ran towards me with tears in her eyes. She grabbed me in her arms and squeezed me until it was hard for me to breathe.

"It will get better, I promise!" She said through sobs, "I promise. Let's go home now."

I nodded.

I wasn't excited to be here. Not at all. All I wanted was to be with my parents. The next morning I woke up from the sound of my alarm clock. *Ring ring! Ring ring! Ring ring!* 6:30 am. Today is my first day of 8th grade in Texas. I miss my old friends and my old home. But most of all, I miss my parents. I'm scared to start a new school. Why did this have to happen to me?

So here I am, walking into what could be either the best, or worst day of my life. Every

one's staring at me. I walk faster, and faster, and faster. Suddenly, I'm on the ground, and all of my stuff is in front of me. "Great." I whispered to myself. Just what I need on the first day, I thought. I started to get up to run to the bathroom when someone interrupted me.

"Hey, do you need help?" Someone asked.

I looked up to find a boy with dark brown spiked hair and deep brown eyes.

"I'm Zayn, and you are?"

"Lilly Tomlinson. Thanks for helping me pick all of my stuff up. It's my first day here."

"No problem." He smiled "Maybe I could help you find you your classes?"

"Sure, sounds great!" I replied.

What started out to be the worst day, turned into a great one. Zayn showed me around, but we only have 2 classes together: science and English. I gave him my number and he calls me every night to say good night.

In Social Studies I met Tyler. He had light brown hair flipped to the side. It reminded me of Justin Bieber's a little. He also had bright blue eyes. I noticed that he had a massive bruise on his forearm. He let me copy his notes when I was behind in class, and he's really nice and funny. After school, he walked me home and we stopped for ice cream. It was fun!

As the weeks started to go by I made a lot of new friends, but my best friends are Zayn Tyler, and Olivia. Olivia has long blond hair with blue highlights. We always hangout, and tonight we're going to the movies.

Olivia and I got our tickets and waited in the lobby for Zayn and Tyler. It took them a while, so we decided to get our snacks and wait for them in the theater. The movie started and they still weren't here. Then we saw Zayn walking in, without Tyler.

"Where's Tyler?" I asked.

“He couldn’t come.” Zayn answered in a depressed way. Olivia and Zayn looked at each other, then both looked down.

“Where is he?” I asked again.

“I’ll tell you later,” whispered Olivia.

After the movie was over, Olivia and I started walking to her house when Zayn got picked up. It started to get dark, so we were walking quickly.

“Where was Tyler and why were you guys acting so weird at the movie?” I asked.

“I don’t know.” she answered with her head down.

I stopped her because I knew she was lying.

“Olivia, where’s Tyler?” I asked in a louder voice.

She sighed, “It’s his dad.”

“What about his dad?” I asked.

“Tyler’s dad abuses him.”

“So that’s why...” I whisper.

Olivia nods. “That’s why he’s misses school so much, that’s why he has so many cuts and bruises, and that’s probably why he was gone tonight. He has a little sister, Abby, she’s 7 and he takes care of her like his own daughter because his dad is gone most of the day, either drinking, or even in jail. Their mom left them after Abby was born.”

I couldn’t believe it. How could this happen to Tyler?

“Oh.” I said as I looked down.

“You know they like you, don’t you?” She asked.

“No they don’t!”

“Yes they do! They tell me all the time.”

“Oh.” I said.

Neither of us said anything after that. We walked to her house, and I spent the night there. I thought about Tyler, and what it must be like to be him, all night. I decided to talk to him the next day. I needed to see if he was okay. I wanted to help, but I didn’t know how to.

The next morning I walked to Tyler’s house. I knocked on the door. No one answered. I knocked again, but this time I heard Tyler answer.

“Hello? Who is it?” He asked through the door.

“Tyler! It’s me, Lilly! I have to talk to you.”

“Lilly? What are you doing here?” He said as he opened the door. He had a black eye.

“Tyler, I know about your dad. Are you okay?”

“Oh, I’m fine. I have to go now, bye.” He started to shut the door.

“Tyler, we have to talk.” I held on to the door so it wouldn’t shut.

“Fine. What do you wanna talk about?” He said as he peered down the street.

“Are you okay? Is there anything I can do?” I asked.

All of the sudden, he pulled me in by my sleeve and shut the door.

“Tyler!” I yelled.

“Shhh...” He whispered.

He grabbed my hand and dragged me through his house, down the hallways, and to a door.

“Tyler! What are you doing?” I whispered.

“My dad’s here. If he catches you-” He was cut off by the front door slamming shut.

“Tyler!” His dad screamed.

“Go through the basement and climb through the window, but be quiet. He can’t find

you.” He whispered.

“Yes dad?” He ran down the hallway.

I turned the door knob as quietly as I could and shut it behind me. It was pitch black. I couldn't see anything, I grabbed on to the railing and followed it down the stairs. I led my right foot in front of me as my navigator. As I got to the bottom, I saw a small light coming from a different room. I slowly walked towards it, grabbing onto things on the way. I finally found the small window. I was so close, only 10 feet away. I can do it. I can do it. I thought to myself. Suddenly, I heard the door slam open.

“Who's down here!” Tyler's dad shouted.

“I saw someone go down there daddy!” Someone said.

It must be Abby, I thought. She must have seen me go down here!

“Nobody!” Tyler shouted.

“I heard something!” He said.

He pushed Tyler out of the way and turned the light on. Then I saw what I had tripped on- a bucket full of water, I was soaked. I quickly got up and ran to the window, it was open! I climbed through it as fast as I could, I think I cut my leg on something. I got outside and ran to the corner of the street. I ran home and called Olivia, I was crying, that's all I could do.

The next day, Tyler never came to school. I tried calling him, but he never answered. About 3 days later, he finally answered. He told me everything that happened after I left: The neighbors heard what had happened and called the police. His dad went to jail, so Tyler had to stay home and take care of Abby. I never thought this would ever happen, not to Tyler.

When we were on the phone, he confessed that he had a crush on me.

“Why do you like me?” I asked.

“I don’t know, it’s just everything about you, I guess.” He answered. Then the line got cut. It was the last time I ever heard his voice again.

One month later, Tyler moved away to live with his grandparents in Colorado. I never got the chance to say goodbye. As I look at what had happened over the past year, I realized something very important. Always be happy with what you have, because you never know when you could lose it. I took many things for granted: my home, my friends, my parents, and Tyler.