

My Voice
By Margaret Shepherd

“So you think I’m crazy?”

In unison, they both said, “No!” They said it as if they didn’t mean it. I stormed up the stairs, slammed the door, and sat on my bed looking dazed. I guess I was a little abnormal: not caring if girls saw me with the most unpopular boys in the grade. Then again, I wasn’t popular either.

Then when I learned to unicycle, I discovered I could twist, turn, and twirl into my surroundings.

Obviously, I hadn’t told my parents about my feelings. But my annoying little sister read my journal, and told my parents. She was murdered a few hours later. The reason I think she was murdered is when she died, I was on my unicycle, and in the darkness. Then I looked over my shoulder and saw a giant spike going into my sister’s bedroom just as she screamed. I remember that day like yesterday. Or course, the police didn’t know what to think of the death.

I snapped into reality and started packing random things that I might need on my journey into my owl tote bag. I couldn’t live at home anymore.