Ms. Legault

Block A1/2

**The End**

It had snowed that morning but like usual the snow didn’t stick. There was just a bare scraping on the ground and it was melted in most places, except where the sun didn’t hit. It was enough to make a couple of snowballs but not worth calling a snow day over, which was why we were still at school that day.

When the bell rang for recess, I went over to my locker and pulled out my blue and black jacket. It wasn’t the coolest but it kept me warm and I wore it pretty much every day. I pulled the jacket over my arms and then took the time to do up the zipper and then each of the snaps over top of it. When I looked up, my friends were already outside and in the courtyard. They were almost out of sight. I would have to hurry to catch up.

I slipped on my gloves and then slipped out the doors and into the courtyard. I could see my friends ahead of me. They were by the playground and almost on the field. This other girl from our class was with them. We didn’t always hang out with her but I liked her well enough. I picked up my pace, moving into a light jog as I made my way to the field.

“Hey!” I called. “Wait up!”

The wind was cold on my face as I ran and I could hear the shrieks and laughter that were indicative of recess at Sechelt Elementary School. Kids were playing on the playground and running past me. However, I was in grade seven and my friends and I were consequently too cool to play. We would probably spend the period walking around and just talking about stuff. It was what we did most days. As I jogged I passed the foursquare court where some of our male classmates were playing. I didn’t acknowledge them. I was focussed on reaching the field and my friends. It would have been easier if they had waited for me, but whatever. Hindsight is 20/20.

Finally I reached the field. I hopped the concrete ledge and approached my friends where they were standing, just a couple of feet into the field. They were grouped loosely and they were talking. When I approached they began to quiet.

“Hey!” I said with a smile. I was a little out of breath but I was happy that I had caught up with them. They were my best friends and I had known some of them since kindergarten.

No one spoke for a moment.

“What’s going on?” I asked.

The tallest of them stepped forward. She had a snowball in her hand. In one quick moment she lobbed it at me and it hit me in the chest. My brow furrowed in confusion and then she spoke.

“What are you even doing here, Ashley?”

It felt like something had smashed. Little pieces fell into place and suddenly some things made sense. They didn’t want my friendship anymore. My eyes began to sting. I turned on my heel and began to run back to the school. I could hear them laughing behind me, and it chased me all the way.

“Ashley? What’s wrong?” called one of the foursquare playing boys.

I pretended I didn’t hear or I really didn’t hear. I don’t remember.

Instead, I slipped inside the school and made my way past the computer room and into the foyer. It was pretty deserted at recess time because people preferred to be outside. I was glad because I didn’t particularly want anyone to see me crying. However, I still tried to hold off until I got inside the washroom.

The girls’ washroom at Sechelt Elementary was always a bit gross and grimy. There were two sinks with mirrors above them and several stalls on the wall opposite. The floor was laminate and the ceiling had the usual weird panels all schools have. However, these ones were slightly off colour and had several wads of toilet paper stuck to them. It was the last place I wanted to be right then but I couldn’t be anywhere else. I let the dam break and I began to cry.