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The Delayed Realization

“Wake up! Wake up! Hope, you’re late to school!” my mother shouted.

“Okay...” I yawned with my eyes closed.

I quickly ran downstairs to shower, feeling exhausted. I had slept late again yesterday, trying to finish all of my homework. As I rushed to school, people began to greet me and I faked a smile so that none of them would ask me the popular question “What’s wrong?”. I went to my first class which was physics and while I was day dreaming, the teacher shouted “Sunshine Paradoxical!” into the microphone. I knew right away that I was in trouble. If a teacher calls you by your full name, you know that something isn’t right. She asked me to state the five laws of linear motion. I was blanked and she began scolding me. Since I rarely get rebuke, I was paranoid for the whole day and you could tell because I wasn’t able to concentrate to any classes that day. I stared at the clock, wishing it was the end of the day. Well, I didn’t feel like going home though.

As the class went on, I kept thinking about my “to do” list. There’s so much that had to be done and I wasn’t half way through it. The teachers gave out tons of projects and it was a torture because I was not able to understand any lessons from the classes. How am I supposed to do all of this?

“DINGGGGGG” the bell rang and the class ended.

Everyone had rushed to lunch, except for me. I didn’t feel like I was hungry and I don’t actually know who I should eat lunch with. Everyone had their friends, but I guess I don’t. It’s not that people hate me; I don’t have problem with anyone. I guess I just don’t have a best best friend that I could talk to them about things. Don’t get me wrong, I actually like staying alone but sometimes in life, you feel the need of having someone to talk things to. Apparently, I might not have one.

“Hope, you’re Hope right?” said a deep voice.

“Huh?”

“Your mother called me and she wanted you to talk to me. She wanted you to plan your university career with me. Today on your last period come and meet me in the office. You’re excused from class, I’ve talked to your teacher. Alright?” said Mrs. Loren, the student counselor.

“Okay.”

I got my agenda out and wrote down the appointment. I’m quite forgetful, so I won’t risk to forget quite an important meeting. I actually planned everything out, but well I guess I have no choice. I just hope that Mrs. Loren wouldn’t bother me much about my scores and life issues.

As the time passed by, lunch was over. I went back to class, trying to stay awake. It was almost the end of the day, I told myself. I reminded myself on how I would be able to skip last period, but it annoys me that I would have to catch up on the work that I missed. I looked around and my classmates was talking about a quiz. I got confused and realized that there was a quiz in this period. SHOOT! I totally forgot about it. I dumped out my bag and searched through the pile of sheets. I quickly read through it.

After five minutes, the teacher called out “Keep all of your sheets. We will now begin testing.”

I got this, I lied to myself. I’m going to cry myself to death. To me, grades are like Gods. I dedicated my life to it, enough that I don’t have time to talk to anyone. I spend most of the time reading and finishing up my homework. It’s just tough. I won’t forgive myself this time. If my grades fall, the straight As that I made last year won’t mean anything.

I opened the test and began flipping the pages through it. My tears almost dropped. What kind of test is this? It wasn’t like the homework. It was way harder. Tears began to drop as I was doing it. It’s over, Hope. You’re never going to get straight As again this year.

Time was over and I remembered that I had to go to the office to meet Mrs. Loren.

As I began to knock the door, she replied “Wait a moment.”

I peaked to the room and there was a guy standing there. I don’t actually know his name and grade, but it seems like he’s in trouble. To me, standing in the office makes people think that you’ve done something wrong. It seems that people accuse your actions without knowing the truth. Well, it doesn’t matter.

He left and Mrs. Loren called me, “Come in Hope.”

As the guy walked out of the room he whispered to me, “Good luck.” And he winked.

I went into the room and Mrs. Loren attacked me with a bunch of question “So, What branch are you planning to enter? Do you have your scores ready? Are you planning to go abroad?”

“Ummm... I’m planning to enter medical school. I already have my scores ready and I’m planning to stay here in Thailand.”

“Hmm.. That’s very good. You’re faster than I expected. I recommend you to join MUN club since it would look very good to your CV. You saw Josh right? He’s in MUN club and he’s going to America next month. If you would like to go, I might be able to add your name to the list of the delegates. Would you mind if I do that?”

“It’s not that I do not want to go, but I have no idea about MUN, Mrs. Loren”

“No worries, I’ll assign Josh to help you. He’s one of the best delegates. You may leave now.”

I left the room as I sigh. I hate it when people stick their nose into my business. What is MUN and delegates? This is annoying!

When I looked up, Josh was standing there with a smile.

“Did you get in trouble Hope?”

“No.” I began to walk away. Again with this guy. Doesn’t he have his own business to mind?

I went back into my car and I was surprised. My dad and grandma was there. They shouted “Surprise!” and smiled cheerfully. Finally, they came. They took me to dinner and in the first time of the year, I started to smile. I can’t even express how much I’ve miss them. It feels like ages that I haven’t seen them. It feels like home when I stay with them and it might be because they understand me. Whenever I told them I needed to do my homework or that I was stressed out, they would tell me to relax off and that I just do my best. I guess that was enough. It was all I needed. I didn’t need fancy things nor everything in the whole universe. I just needed these two human beings with me.

The next day, I went to school smiling and the world seemed to be a better place. I got my inspiration and I was ready to learn. Although, no one seemed to realize there was one.

“What makes you smile so much today? Are you in love or did something good happened?” Josh said in a teasing voice.

“Nothing.”

“You look better when you smile. You should smile more.”

I walked away blushing. Well, it feels weird when someone compliments you. Josh is a tall person. People say he’s good looking and handsome, but I totally disagree. It might be because I look at people from their personality and Josh is just not my kind. My first impression with him wasn’t good, plus I think he’s too flirty. He probably flirts with every girl. Knowing all of this makes me avoid getting close to him. He’s the target of many girls and I hate the facts that once you’re close to a popular person, people will start to gossip about you also. Anyways, a hot guy like him wouldn’t care much about an ordinary girl like me, so I better not think to much about him.

Time passed by like wind. It was time for me to travel to America. I had to attend the conference there and I was actually nervous. I did not know how to write an opening statement neither the definition of my motion. I knew I was in trouble until Josh sat next to me on the plane. He showed me his position paper and he seemed to know everything about MUN. It was the first time I think I had to rely on him for help. I began talking to him and we got closer to each other. He was the first guy that I trust.

Since we were in different committees, he decided to text me and we began talking through text. I did not realize that he was so much of an influence in my life. He would always invite me to sing while he would be the one playing guitar. He would drag me to watch his basketball games and made me cheer for him. Since I'm very slow in the morning, he would be the only one that waited for me even if everyone had left. Every night here in America, he would always tell me to sleep early since I always went to bed late. We always walked together and sat next to each other. He was always there for me. I began to realize that I like him.

It was time to go back. It feels weird having to go back there. I was worried. Will he change? Will we still talk? Will everything be the same? The world turned upside down. During the trip in the airplane, Josh was very quiet. He did not look at me neither sat next to me. My heart was shaking.

When we arrive at Bangkok, we had no time to talk. Everyone went on their way. My parents picked me up and Josh disappeared.

When I arrive on the car, my dad looked anxious. It seems like he wanted to tell me something, but he was scared.

“Hope... your grandmother... She's at the hospital. I'll have to take care of her, so we won't be able to stay with you for a while.”

“What happened? Why is she there?”

“She was crossing the road, but then a guy drove passed her and she fell down.”

I don't know what to say after that. The only thing in my head is Why? Why do all the bad things have to happen to me? I hope my grandmother is fine and I wished that I could go to visit her. Although, I know that it's impossible because I have to go to school.

Arriving back home, I tried to hold back my tears. However, I failed. Without realizing, I was crying myself to death. I wanted to tell Josh about this terrible thing. He was always the first person I think of when anything happens. I decided to text him.

“Josh... What's wrong? Why aren't you answering me?”

He did not reply.

The next day going back to school, I was trying to search for him. Sadly, he was nowhere in sight. My dad and my grandma is now gone. Josh is leaving me. Is this a movie or something? Such a perfect timing.

POOF! Josh was right in front of me. He walked away from me and I just stood there. I was blanked. It's like we're back to being strangers again. Unexpectedly, he turned back. I looked down because I knew that I would cry if I did look at him.

“Sorry. I'm going to exchange this month and I don't want to start a relationship just before going there.”

“It was never your fault. It was never your fault that you talked to me or cared for me. It was my fault for felling for you. It was mine to begin it. It was my fault for thinking that you liked me, but I guess you just didn't feel the same way. Thank you for everything and I wished you luck.”

My cheeks were burned red with anger. I felt as if he slapped me with the reality. I was off alone, back to the journey where I begin with.

The Delayed Realization

Sunshine Paradoxical, Hope. I guess that's where my name came from. The hoping of having someone next to me. The hope of having my sunshine. Hope, a hope that will never be true...

After that day, I never talked to anyone ever again. Nobody seemed to realized how much I've change. Well, even if they did, there was nothing they could do. It would then be The Delayed Realization.