Chicken Soup

for the Soul.

Teens Talk

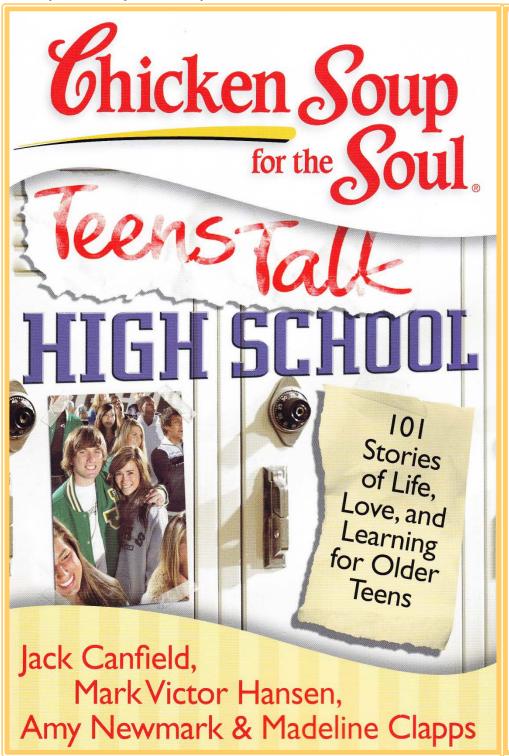
HIGH SCHOOL





Mark Victor Hansen,

Amy Newmark & Madeline Clapps





What we do flows from who we are. ~Paul Vitale

y future held all the promises of classroom daydreams. I'd be graduating high school early due to exceptional grades, and I'd also been voted to May Court-an honor reserved for the most popular girls.

"I made lasagna," my mother told me after I returned home from school, "Your favorite."

I nodded, noticing that she'd been reminding me of what my favorite slices of life had been. There were times, too, when I'd find her lingering near my bedroom door, appearing uncertain as to whether she should knock or leave. We rarely faced the difficulties most of my friends experienced with their own mothers; yet, something was changing between us.

However, preoccupation with my own world hindered me from thinking much of parent-child relationships. "I'm not hungry now," I said. "I'll eat a sandwich later."

An odd expression crossed her features. "Maybe this evening we can make those chocolate sundaes like we used to?" she asked.

"Can't," I blurted. "I've been invited to a party. Another time, all right?" Not waiting for an answer, I rushed to my bedroom.

Freshening up, I then left the house. While driving to the party, I contemplated my future. My older sister in Florida had invited me to live with her. I could attend a renowned college there, or take time