

*Ironically, when I arrived at the hospital for my checkups I always felt worse than before I got there. The sterile smell burned the inside of my nose. The paper slid restlessly on the bed as the doctor prodded me with various utensils. I stared at him, taking in his dull grey eyes. He noticed and forced a smile that never reached those lifeless eyes.*

*"Well, the good news is there are no new tumours," he said nonchalantly, as if he was discussing what shopping to get after work, not the fate of my life. "However," he continued "there are... unusual levels of energy in his brain"*

*He paused while mother thought, scratching her head anxiously.*

*"What does this mean then?" mother asked cautiously her eyes wild with anticipation.*

*"Well it doesn't appear to be doing him any harm, so I would say keep an eye on him in case anything changes." He concluded his tone final. "However," he started slowly "I think you should bring him in here soon so I can run a few tests, for medical reasons of course."*

*My mind darted to that fateful day when I first discovered I was different in more ways than I had imagined. I would tell them that they had to come get me soon, before anyone else found out...*

*Its evening. I am standing on the patio. My darting eyes illuminate each tree as they flit over them casting an eerie blue light. A car roars past and immediately I shut off my eyes. The light dies. I know they are coming for me. But I am not afraid. A shooting star streaks across the sky at the perfect moment, giving me hope. Anyway, how can I be afraid of my family?*

*I see a car pull up. The gentle hum of the engine slowing then dying altogether. My mother emerges from the car grasping the arm of a man I don't know. My grip tightens on the binoculars. Mother's painted lipstick is slightly smeared and when she speaks her words are slurred.*

*"Hello sweetie", she drawls, her sweet voice now rough and hoarse. "Tom and I are just going inside for a bit" she pauses and hiccups loudly, "just for a quick drink and a look around the house". She giggles and 'Tom' as a support as she trips.*

*I turn my back on them as they traipse into the house in a drunken stupor, giggling as they go. My nerves are pulsing now. Electricity hums in my veins, in my bones, in my blood. I am a living shooting star. I am invincible. I am loud and I am silent. I barely hear as the binoculars fall to the ground.*

*I see the comforting blue light which matches that of my own blue light surround me. And as my feet lift off the ground and I am pulled upwards into the stars, past planets and galaxies, I imagine it is mother leading me to where I belong. My real family.*

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*I think how bizarre it will be for Roseanne to come into my room to take me for dinner as she does every day at this time and find me incapable of eating because I will be dead.*

*Gently, I caress the case of the binoculars as I close my eyes. I see the stars and galaxies shooting past me and tugging me insistently further into the blinding light of the stars is a small hand...*

→ characterization  
→ style → great style ✓  
→ setting → ideas ✓