Imagine a day when hope and daring are all we need to build bridges. Courage and resolve could be used as materials. In my mind, an image formed. A glittering gold bridge, shining its radiance as people skipped across. A bridge, yellow as sunshine, with no handles, carefree of any ‘accidents’ occurring. The people, oh yes, the people are the main features of this image. In my mind, the people, varied like rainbows, laughed and giggled. They walked together, skipped together, laugh together, one another. They blended and mingled with each other, eyes with adoration, hearts with acceptance, and smiles genuine.

Even nature seems to agree with them. The skies hung low, reflecting the oceans with intensity, admirable and matched equally by the brilliance of the sun. A gentle breeze every now and then would bring the smell. The smell of Spring, with just a hint of honey and lemon.

I smiled, reflecting this image back home. I would travel to school freely on the bus. I could window-shop all day and sight see all the famous tourist spots with my friends. We can get ice cream in Summer and hot chocolate in Winter.

SMACK!

My eyes and sense snapped back to reality... uh oh! I should’ve known better than to daydream in Mrs Smith’s class. Now she’s gonna get me for it. But then again, she doesn’t really need a reason to do it. She gets me for anything anyway, that’s just the way she is.

“Missssss Jenna!” Extending the ‘miss’ so it was almost a hiss. “After class, please stay behind”

I grimaced knowing the fate of the horrid afternoons at school. It’s nothing to with the school really... it’s the people that hang around AFTER, that really makes life harder. I will never live to pass the gates if I stay.

RING!! RING!!!

The last bell, the home bell. I reluctantly left my seat and dragged my feet to Mrs Smith’s desk. I smiled anxiously hoping to relief some of her prejudice, not that it worked. It never would, not on someone who never reaped the fields. Not form someone who never knew the blatant difference between a weed and a plant.

I heaved my extension homework and slowly made my way to the gate. I took my time, even though I wish they weren’t there, I knew as straight as my heart beats, they would be there. To mock me. Threaten me. Provoke me. Sure enough as I looked up, there they were.

I was welcomed by the splattered of eggs on my head as I stepped from the protection of the shade.

“Oli! Niggeeler!” They giggled and laughed...at me...

Eyes stinging with tears, I raced home, bare footed. I honestly don’t know what they get from this. My mind flashed back to my Bridge. I hoped and prayed for my dream to come true. But again... in my heart, I knew it never will.