

Matthew Zemaitaitis Jr

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Red stream

The Artist Statement

I made this story about how a traumatic experience makes kids who are not family come together to act like a family. I would like to show why people who don't even know their "favorite food or color" all know each other's name. I wanted them to get "close" or "together" and just talk and get to know each other for that one day and then that best day of all time would turn into the most traumatic experience a child can go through.

Trama When We All First Met

Brayden

"Ahhhhhhhhhh." I had a weird dream that some people and I, that I don't even know, just got HIT BY A CAR! "It's just a dream," I say with my heart beating out of my chest, it felt like I couldn't breathe. I put that behind me, I don't worry about it. I get up and find what I want to wear for school. "The blue or the green," I look at the mirror and hold up the 2 shirts. "Ummm, the blue one" I put the shirt on and went to the bathroom to brush my teeth. I smell my breath to make sure it smells good. I go downstairs and make cereal. I go outside and run to the bus stop. I put on headphones and waited. 20 minutes later I finally got there. "Ugh, I'm late." I get to class and I accidentally slam the door but then I look to the table on my right and I'm In shock.

Ameila

"Ahhhhhh, What the hell was that?" I had a crazy dream, there was a kid in a blue shirt and we all got hit by a car. "That was weird, but anyways I should get ready for school." I go to the bathroom and brush my teeth, then I hear my annoying baby brother. He is 5 months old and doesn't know how to stop crying. All night long, all he knows how to do is cry, cry, cry. He crawls to me, I bend down to see what he wants. He pulled my hair and pointed at the door. "That's weird," I checked my watch and the bus was gonna get here in 1 minute. I run to put my shoes on. "Bye mom," I yelled then pouncing for the door. The bus got to a red light. "Whew," I get on the bus. It takes about 10 minutes to get to school. I hang outside and go on my phone. "Ding, ding," The bell rings. I get to my class and sit down. "Hmmm, these people look familiar," I say in my head. "Hi, I'm Amelia," I say to my table
"Hi, I'm Sasha"
"And I'm Jackson but you can call me Jack,"
Then it got really quiet here. The door slams right open. "Omg, he looks familiar too!"

Sasha

“Ahhhhh” I wake up and my heart is pounding at the speed of light. All I saw was a car going straight at me. It was almost dark outside and I screamed. I look at the time and it's 5:30 a.m. “Jess, can I get a ride to school?”

“No,” she says with an attitude.

“Ugh, Oh my god!” My stepmom and I don't get along. She one time put gum in her own hair and blamed it on me! My dad took away my phone for a month! I was so angry! That day I wanted revenge, So when my stepmom asked to borrow my dad's car, I hit my dad's car with a bat before she took it. She went outside and she didn't notice the big dent in the car then she drove away. When she came back my dad went outside to help her with groceries, his jaw dropped. My dad was pist. I was mad about why she couldn't take me but whatever. I finally get ready and then my little sister comes up to me and points at the closet. “Hey girl, what are you pointing at?” I tippy toe to the closet, I never walked so slow. From where the closet was from where I was, it was like 2 steps away but it took me 2 minutes to get over there. I finally get there and I open it really quick and jump back. All there was a toy car. I give the car and she started to cry. “Oh no, don't cry,” I say feeling bad. I kiss her on the cheek and I head out the door. I walked to the bus stop and I just missed it. “UGHHH!” This happens only on the first day of school. I start to walk and it's about 1 mile and a half. While walking to school I think about my sister. Her name is Rita and she is 2 years old but I really question why she would cry when I gave her the car. “Whatever,” I say in my head. I finally got there and it took about 20 minutes. I get inside and I sit in the corner, just minding my own business and this kid sits next to me. He is so hot! Every time I turn my head the sunlight shines on him while the background gets darker like a play or when you go to the movie theaters and the movie just started up and the lights dim. Then this girl walks in, she greets us so all I say is, “Hi, I'm Sasha.” She seems nice but I hope she doesn't like the kid next to me. He says, “Hi, I'm Jackson but you can call me Jack.” Then it just got really awkward and quiet. All of a sudden the door slammed right open and the kid in the doorway looked...shocked.

Jackson

“Ahhhhhh,” I say while huffing and puffing. I had a crazy dream. I heard a car beeping and people screaming, “GET OUT THE WAY!” Then I turned my head around and all I saw were car headlights, then BOOM, I woke up. I get out of my bed and go to the bathroom. I look in the mirror and my hair is messed up. I jump in the shower, fix my hair, and get changed. I put on a black shirt with a black leather jacket with black ripped jeans. “Ummm, don't you think it's too hot for that,” my sister says.

“GET OUT OF MY ROOM!”

“Whatever,” she says while walking away.

“Really, shut my door next time you barge in!” I say while shutting my door. I get change because she is right but I won’t tell her that. I changed into a blue T-shirt and blue shorts. “Mom, can you drive me to school?”

“Sure honey,” she says. I get driven to school and I’m a bit early but it’s fine. I get into school and luckily they have a breakfast bar because I forgot to eat breakfast. I grab a smoothie and walk to class and there is a girl sitting by herself. I go over to her and sit next to her but we don’t say anything. She is really pretty. Then this girl comes up to us and greets us.

“Hi, I’m Amelia,”

“Hi, I’m Sasha,”

I didn’t know what to say so all I said was “And I’m Jackson but you can call me Jack.” Then out of nowhere the door slammed open and a guy with the same damn shirt walks in. He seems like he is in shock.

The Trip

“Hi, I’m Brayden.” he sits down and it's awkward.

“Good Morning freshmen, how are we all doing, with a show of your thumbs how are you feeling?” some people put a thumb up but most of us put it down. I start talking to my tablemates and we start getting along well. “So what are your favorite hobbies?”

“Ummm, probably drawing,” Sasha says.

“I like to skateboard,” says Jack.

“AHHHHH, HE SKATEBOARDS TOO!” Sasha screamed in my head while blushing.

“I like to write,” says Ameila.

“Nice!” Brayden says

“So there’s a park right by the school I saw on the way to school, do you want to hangout there?”

Jack says.

“Umm...I'm free, I just have to tell my stepmom.”

“Yeah, I can go,” says Amelia

“I can go as well,” So after school we go right outside to the entrance and we talk for a little while.

“My stepmom said I can go,” so we head off and we don’t pay any attention, we just talk. So we just keep walking straight. 1 hour passed and we were lost.

“Umm..so what do we do now?” We all check our phones. We all have no signal and it's almost 5:45 p.m. We walk backwards but then all of sudden we are missing Jack.

“JACK!”

“JACKSON!”

“YO JACK!” we all try to find him but nothing. We sit down and in the distance we hear a faint noise

“Sasha, Amelia, Brayden!” we all run to him and he runs to us too and we all scream.

“JACK GET OUT THE WAY!”

“BEEP BEEP!” The car roars and Jack flies. The car turns and hits everyone. The man calls nine one one.

“911, what is your emergency?”

“HELP! I KIDS RAN IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD AND I HIT THEM, THEY ALL ARE INJURED!”

“Ok, I’m going to need you to calm down and tell me your name and where you are?”

“My name is Willow and I’m at east mildred avenue! PLEASE HURRY!”

In the distance there are sirens and all I remember is getting picked up by the medics.

“Girl, what is your name? They say while pushing me in the back of the ambulance.

“My name is S…”

“She’s flat lining!”

“Doing CPR!”

Gasp of air

“My na..name is sa…Sasha and I don’t wa..want to d..d..die.”

We get to the hospital and we are all in different rooms but right next to each other.

“Sasha..Umm one of your friends didn’t make it.

“NOOOO!” I cry.

“We don’t know there name so we are going to have to tell us”

They wheel me over to a room.

“Who is this?”

“NOOOO!” I sobbed even harder. “Tha..tha..” Then everything turned black.

“Is she alive!” “Sasha!”

“Ameila?”

“Yes, yes I’m right here.

“He’s dead”

“Who? Sasha, who’s dead?”

“J..Jac..Jackson.”

“OH MY GOD!”

“Sasha you are going into surgery, your brain is damaged and you have internal bleeding.”

“O..o..”

“SASHA!”

“Ameila move out the way”

“I’m doing CPR!”

beep, beep, beeeeeeeeeeeeeeeep

“Flat lining”

“Ameila, I’m really sorry”

“NOOO”

3 weeks later

“Here lies the body of 2 children that only saw and met each other once, god took them too soon” brayden and I watched as they lay the two bodies in the ground. Sasha’s family and Jackson’s family cry and start to get closer together.

“I knew we shouldn’t have gone.” Brayden says really angry.

“It’s over and done with, there's nothing we can do now,” I say

“Ughhh!” Brayden screams. No one is happy. I was behind Brayden and Sasha so wasn't injured badly. I have a broken arm and a sprained ankle. Brayden was in between Sasha and I, so he just has a dislocated shoulder.

“I should have said we could’ve hung out at my house!” Brayden says.

“It’s okay.”

1 year later

I go out with Amelia now and we are still upset about the accident. We get PTSD whenever a car passes by the house. We still visit Jackson and Sasha’s grave. “I wonder if they liked each other”

“I think they did.” We still get around but we all get upset. We talk to Sasha and Jackson’s parents. We are Sophomores now and we have so much work but every Friday Ameila and I go and visit.