

# Eruption

By: Sasha Butler

## Unit One: Snoh

Just like many other girls, Snoh was very friendly and had all of the boys' attention. She had the dream lifestyle that everyone wanted. Good grades, a nice group of friends and a mom who would buy anything she'd ask for. Everyone thought Snoh was perfect, but she herself thought otherwise. The only real family Snoh had was her mom. The rest of her family always judged her and called her "fast" due to her physical appearance. Her father passed away when she was a baby and ever since, it's only been Snoh, her dog Marco, and her mother, Storm.

Storm always wanted to spoil Snoh as a way to apologize for the loss of her father but it never changed the way Snoh felt since the tragedy.

On Wednesday evening, Snoh came home at 9:30. She walks in her house and sees her mother sitting on the sofa disappointed. "Why are you just now getting home? School is over at 2:45 and you didn't have dance class today." Snoh giggled. "Why should you care? You never pay attention to me. All you ever do is buy me things so I can ignore the fact that you've been sneaking around with some other guy! Dad hasn't even been gone for 15 years and you're already letting some random man into your life. That's so selfish. You never even asked me if I

was okay with it. That's not fair." Snoh paused as Storm was just staring at her daughter in shock. Snoh has never ever raised her voice at her mom before. Storm stood up with the biggest frown on her face. "You are a child. You don't get to decide what I do and who I involve myself with. That's none of your business. I know your fathers death has been hard on you but I also mourned his death, and I'm a grown adult who's allowed to move on! You don't have the right to talk to me like that and call me selfish because I'm your mother! You don't have any other family and I work my ass off just so you can have whatever you want. Now how about you answer my question before I put you on punishment." Snoh sighed. "I was with a friend." Storm looked up and said "What friend? And where?" "You don't know them, we went to see a movie and get dinner together". Snoh said. "Well if I don't know them then why are you sneaking around with them and not notifying me? Is it a boy?" Storm questioned. Snoh decided not to respond.

## **Unit Two: Reign**

Reign Jackson. Just your average quiet girl who sits in the back corner of every room she enters, praying to go home. Reign didn't have many friends. She always thought they would turn their back on her whenever they got the chance. Her dad, Jake Montana, was her only family in the picture. Reign never bothered to ask any questions about her birth mother because she didn't want to make her father upset but her mother's absence did make her sad in a way that no one understood. Reign always wished she had siblings and a nice perfect family, but her wish never came true. She used to think she was adopted because Jake doesn't have any pictures of her

mother. She didn't ever know her name. Reign had the same aqua blue eyes as her father with silky jet black hair, except reign had a natural red patch on the side of her head.

One morning before school, she needed to find Jake's spare key because Reign lost her own so she entered his office. As she was looking in drawers, Reign noticed a lot of papers but she didn't bother to examine them because she thought they were just letters from Jake's company since he was an architect. That was until she kept seeing the same name everywhere. **Storm Rigne Jackson-Montana.** Reign never entered her father's office because it was always locked. But for some reason Jake left the door wide open as if he wanted her to find something besides the key. Reign gasped and stood very still trying to process her thoughts. "Mom," Reign said. Reign saw a picture of this lady with dark red hair and her dad on a vacation together in 2002. From the looks of it, her dad and the woman were in Paris due to the gray beret and the Eiffel tower in the background. The caption stated — - *Vient de se marier avec mon amour* — -. Dad has been making me take French lessons since a young girl (which never stuck out to me) so I automatically translated the caption to "Just married my love." The words were in French of course. I never understood why I always had to take French lessons. Many thoughts rushed to my head. Is my mom French? Is that where my red patch came from? Did she forget about me? I began to look back at the papers, then quickly identified the last name. Jackson Montana, hm. This looks too familiar. I have her last name and she married into dad's last name, obviously Reign. I don't think that's exactly it. My name is made out of my mother's middle name, that's so cool. But where is she now?

## **Unit Three: Snoh**

I didn't want to answer my mom. I've never talked to her or anyone about my secret relationship with Kameron. I just never wanted anyone to know. I don't know what to say. Maybe I should tell her the truth, or maybe I shouldn't, hm? Snoh thought. Storm began to read directly through Snoh's eyes knowing she was going to lie. "You know what, you don't have to answer anything but for now on, you'll be on punishment until I say so, with a mandatory curfew of 4:30, no later than 4:45. Ok?" said Storm. "Ok." I whispered. It was like my mother had erupted. She never yelled at me like that before. I was filled with sadness and fear because my mom and I always get along. What has gotten into me? I don't know how to apologize to my mom about my choice of words and my actions, this sucks. Snoh continued to overthink all night. Then around 7 in the morning, she woke up to a text from an unknown number.

## **Unit Four: Reign**

I really want to go searching for my mother if she's alive. Dad never mentions her and I'm afraid to ask anything about her because I don't want him to get mad at me for being curious about the lady in the picture. I have so many questions and dad wouldn't be able to answer some of them. I love dad but I just wish I grew up with a mother, too. I know some people do not have both parents but there's so many things I went through that dad couldn't help me with so I had to go through them alone. It's not that I don't want dad's help, he just doesn't understand. When I got my first period, I couldn't run to dad. I had to ask the school nurse for help and I felt so embarrassed. My life is so hard. Sometimes I wish I could go to the mall and have lunch dates with my mom like the girls in the movies, but that's not possible. Some girls take their mothers for granted but they don't understand how it truly feels to live without one. I'm just angry. I feel

like a volcano preparing to erupt. I can't even tell dad how upset I am because he wouldn't know what to do. Dad never mentioned anything about mom dying, so I'll attempt to search for her.

## Unit five: Snoh

The message read *"Hello I am trying to reach Snoh Montana. I would've called but I prefer texting, excuse my manners. Please feel free to get back to me, I would love to have a talk with you. - J.M."* I couldn't tell whether this was a scam message or if someone actually wanted to reach me. Maybe someone at school sent my number around. Wait no. This person sounds like they already know me. No one at school uses my last name. I wonder who it could be.

I decided to text the number back and said *"Hi, this is Snoh. Can you inform me on who you are and how you got my number?"* Then a conversation began.

*"I'm Jake Montana. I'm your father."*

*"You are not my father. My dad died fourteen years ago."*

*"No sweetie. I've been alive this entire time and I actually received your number from your mother. She gave it to me."*

*"Why aren't you here? Why haven't you reached out or been there for me at times when I needed you the most? Why did both you and mom lie to me about your existence?"*

*"It's so much to explain and I can't answer all of your questions over the phone so I bought you plane tickets to come visit me in New Jersey. Your mother suggested it."*

*"What?"*

*"I'm sorry but you have no choice, I'm going to be a part of your life now whether you like it or not. Your plane leaves tomorrow at 10:00 am. I'll send you all of the details."*

## **Unit six: Reign**

I saw some letters that were addressed to *112 polamen dr 90212* in Beverly Hills, California. Maybe this is my mother's address. Does she still live here? Has she forgotten about me? I had so many questions but the only person who could truly answer them was Storm Jackson-Montana. I have to find a way to get to her but I'm all the way in New Jersey. Maybe if I use some of my savings, I could buy a plane ticket to LAX and not mention anything to dad. I began to pack five outfits for my trip. I wasn't sure how the weather was so I packed a mixture of hoodies and t-shirts. It's only October so I'm sure I'll be okay. I emailed my teachers saying that I caught the flu and that I won't be in for a while so I can be excused from school. Dad works from 3:00 am to 3:00 pm and my flight departs tomorrow at 5 am. No one knows what I am doing and I don't plan on telling anyone until I come back. I bought two plane tickets, round-trip with my weekly allowance and if I can't find my mother then I'll be staying in a hotel until it's time to return back to New Jersey.

## **Unit Seven: Snoh**

I was getting ready to leave home. It was time to see my dad. I don't even remember what he looks like. I don't think I'm prepared. I'm not even sure if I should actually go. All of these thoughts are rushing through my head and I don't know what to do. I think I'm panicking. I arrived at the airport with two suitcases. One for my outfits, and one for my shoes. I managed to get to the airport an hour early so I decided to grab some breakfast from the food court. As I was

making my way over to terminal A, my eyes popped. There was a young girl with silky black hair with a touch of fire red. An oversized hoodie with humble written over it, and an all black sweatpants-shoe combo. She looked as if she could be a 5 foot 3 teenager from Chicago. The first thing I noticed was that she looked similar to me. We both had a red patch of hair in the exact same place on our heads, a crooked smile and a mean resting bitch face.

I had a gut feeling telling me not to board the plane so I didn't. I walked up to the similar girl and had a long conversation. She was very cool. Her name Is Reign. The conversation was going so smoothly until I asked her where she was going. "Where are you headed to?" I said. "I'm going to

*112 polamen dr 90212."*

I was in complete shock. Why is a girl who looks just like me going to my house? Why do I feel like an erupting volcano? Am I related to Reign? I have so many questions. Is this why I was flying to New Jersey the same day? What is going on!?

Later that day, the plane I was supposed to board crashed during its landing and injured 37 people.

## **Unit Eight: Reign**

It was strange. I met a girl who looked exactly like me, except with blonde hair instead of black. I'm going to her house to find my mother but what if that's *our* mother. I knew she was confused, because I was confused too.

*Snoh.*

That was her name. We decided to leave the questions and answers up to Storm

Jackson-Montana but we put the pieces together on our own and found out that we are sisters. It

wasn't our fault. We couldn't blame each other for our parents' choice on separating us since birth. We just had one major question.

*Why?*

We couldn't seem to pinpoint and come up with any possible solutions but I didn't let that thought leave my mind.

*We arrived at our destination.*

Woah. Is the first thing I thought when I saw this rich Beverly mansion. A young lady with dark red hair opened the door. "Hi girls, I see you've already met each other. Come on in." This was awkward. Snoh was used to this place because she was born and raised here, but I only lived here for a few months so it didn't feel like home at all. "I called your dad, he's on his way now."

Storm said.

After hours of catching up on all of the girl talk we missed over the years, dad arrived.

We all got a chance to connect with each other and understand who we really are and what we like. Snoh and I are not quite different from each other. In fact, we are technically the same person split in halves. Our parents told us everything down from the red hair patch to us being named after weather conditions. Mom and dad began to speak. "The real reason why we decided to split our family up and change our lives like this was because..."----- TO BE CONTINUED.

## **My statement**

As I sat back and wrote this multi-narrative story, I came to a realization that family isn't just about portraits on the wall and annual vacations every summer. It's about deeply understanding and valuing someone for who they are and not what you expect them to be. Snoh and Reign, just



like snow and rain. Two things who appear to be completely different from one another but are actually very similar. Neither Snoh or Reign knew how it felt to be in a happy family. They never grew up with one but that's all they've ever wanted. My story included many thoughtshots but one that I really enjoyed was when Reign and Snoh met but they were both confused on what was going on when Reign stated where she was heading. A snapshot of mine was Snoh's reaction to Reign when she first noticed her. This was a different feeling coming from Snoh. She was used to ignoring everyone but Reign really caught her eye. She never saw someone appear just like her own self. Not even her mother. The dramatic irony included in this story was created during Storm and Snoh's argument. Snoh was very upset at her mom but Storm was also upset for being disrespected. Not only did Storm feel disrespected but she felt guilty about lying to Snoh for all of these years. The dialogue in this multi-narrative story was during the time period when Snoh found out her father was alive. Though they were communicating via text, there was still a deep sense of dialogue being expressed throughout this story scene. The two girls, Reign and Snoh were never completely happy. There was always something missing. No matter how many times their parents would spoil each child with gifts, that didn't change the fact that their family was broken. All the twins ever wanted was to have a nice wholesome family and they didn't get that until the age of sixteen.