

Frank Lu

“Good Morning”

Every night was a battle against myself. There was no sound, no movement, and no one. Just me and my thoughts scrambling for inner peace. It was like going on a roller coaster called “memory lanes”; you think about the past and figure something out about yourself. I noticed how much I have changed and how much I have lost as time went on. I began to realize how little impact my life had on people and the world. I began to feel small and alone. My thoughts went on and on every night like a bottled up hurricane in the middle of the ocean. I was never able to silence my negative thoughts nor was I able to sleep soundly just like I did as a kid. But an encounter changed my life and the way I saw it.

I woke up to grey cloudy mornings. Get up, get dressed, brush my teeth. The same loathsome process every morning. Get on the 7:10 am train, arrive at school, 7:25 am, go up to the 5th floor, grab breakfast and sit by the nearest empty table. This routine never changed throughout my first two years of high school. I was constantly tired and lacked focus. At times I would doze off and fall asleep.

One day I woke up to a popsicle stick thrown at my forehead by a classmate who sat at the table next to me. It hurt a bit, but I was wide awake because of it. I remember seeing their face before in the lunchroom, they would always sit alone at the corner of the table and would never speak in classes. How weird. Where did they get the popsicle stick from? Did they just happen to have one in their bag? It was a weird encounter and we never talked before.

I became interested in this person's life: I went and asked them for help on homework from time to time. It sort of hit me later on that this person was like me; always quiet and trying to avoid people. It made me wonder what was going on in this person's head.

I remembered the popsicle incident and questioned them about it. I asked them why they threw the popsicle at me. I thought I was hearing things when they said, "I thought it would be a fun way to wake you up," after that reply they gave me a warm smile. We laughed and I said I would get them back.

I was back home and it was night time. I received a message. "Good Night :)." I was happy and giddy. I made a bond and felt different from before. That night I did not think at all, I went straight to sleep and could not be any happier.

I realized how a connection could help shape bonds between people. It was a way of making yourself feel a sense of belonging. I no longer had to be alone or feel that way. Connections shaped who I am today. They have made me much more proactive and outgoing. They have allowed me to keep growing as an individual and help impact others. I couldn't be more grateful to this person who has filled a hole in my heart and left me with memories that won't be forgotten. So now when I wake up, the sun shines through my window and I text this person, "Good Morning :)."