

The Day I Made a Difference

By S. Castro

I grab my laptop and head over to Read 'Em and Drink, my favorite coffee shop. Wendy says that if I don't finish my essay now, I'll never get it done. I have been watching too much TV and I can't live on a diet that only consists of potato chips. Read 'Em and Drink is my favorite coffee place because of their delicious lemonades. I order the same peach raspberry lemonade every time I go there. I walk in, their bright floral wallpaper greeting my eyes.

"Hi, Kelly!" I say.

"Oh, hey Raine!" Kelly replies, tying her auburn hair in a knot. "You want the usual I assume?"

I smile. Kelly knows me all too well.

"Thanks,"

I sit down and pull out my laptop, dreading having to work on my droningly boring memoir due tomorrow. After about 10 minutes of typing, my drink comes.

"Oh, thank-"

My drink is definitely not what I ordered. Served in a crystal goblet, a swirling golden sparkly mixture stood before me.

"Wait what? I didn't order this."

I look at the waitress before me. She has overly long dark brown hair and her eyes... well, her eyes were the most piercing golden yellow, the same color as the drink, and they stared right into my soul. But all of a sudden, I blinked, and she was gone.

I stare at the drink in front of me, wondering what could possibly happen if I drank it. Well, I needed something to write about for my memoir. I grabbed the goblet and downed the drink. A billion flavors shot around my mouth at once as the world faded to white.

When I woke up, a blurry face of girl was standing over me, her face serene. When my vision cleared, I could see that she had brown hair and... piercing golden eyes!

"You're the girl who gave me that drink!" I exclaim.

“Yes, Raine. I am Deja,” she replies, “I need you too see something.”

She snaps her fingers and suddenly we are standing on a road that isn't paved, tumbleweeds tumbling along just like those western movies. I see an old woman on the sidewalk with a shopping cart filled with random items like doormats and cardboard boxes. She is dressed in 7 layers of clothing, and her scraggly gray hair is caked with dirt. She picks up litter from the ground and puts it in her shopping cart.

“This is a homeless woman who is still doing her part to help the earth, even when it doesn't help her. Now, you do your part, and assist this woman.” says Deja.

I bend over, pick up a coca cola can, and hand it to her. She smiles at me and I smile back. Together, we spend an hour cleaning up all the trash on the side of the road, and through all that time, a warm fuzzy feeling is inside me, a feeling of happiness and helping, if that's a feeling. Right when I try to pick up another can, Deja snaps her fingers and I am dipping my fingers into cold water. I look up.

We are in an aquarium. However, it is a dirty, disgusting, cheap aquarium, with pieces of plastic in the 3 tanks of fish. I watch in disgust as a guy rips the label of his soda bottle and dumps it into the tank.

“What will you do to make this better?” Deja asks.

I wonder if this whole thing is a test. Even if it isn't, I want to help these fish. I take one of the tanks into a kitchen I found. I put the fish into a different container, then I clean out the tank and put in new water. I put the fish back in, add some water temperature solution and some fish food, and then put the tank back. After doing this to the other tanks, I see Deja snap her fingers once more.

We are in a room that is all black. In the far distance, I see a white door.

“Have you wondered why I brought you on this journey?” Deja asks.

“I think it's because you wanted me to see how I could do so much to help the world, instead of just sitting on the couch.” I answer.

“That is correct,” she says, and smiles.

She leads me to the white door and I walk through.

I am sitting at the table in Read 'Em and Drink, my peach raspberry lemonade in front me, Kelly waving her hand in front of my face.

“Raine? You okay?” she says.

I smile. “Doing great,”

While she walks away, I open a new document on my laptop and title it The Day I Made a Difference.