

Synopsis

Freeze Frame

Freeze Frame is about a girl with ADHD who has the ability to freeze the events that happen to her and try to change them. She shows the reader in flashbacks the events and how she could change the events. Sometimes she does and other times she shows the results and what really happens. There are two versions of the character. A thirty two year old version, the narrator, and a 13-year-old version. The 13-year-old version is the one presented in the flashbacks. When the 32-year-old yells Freeze Frame, she goes into the climactic scene and from there one sees the resolution and the end result of the event.

[Excerpt]

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ONE: Nature's Classroom

The lumbar support built into the seat cushion of my dad's *Honda Accord* irritated my shoulder blades as I attempted to rest my eyes. On the ride back home, exhaustion from a week of drama was getting to me. My best friend Bianca and our middle school classmates trekked through mountains of New Hampshire for what the teacher has called "Nature's Classroom" in truth; it was meant to be more about making new friends than being in nature. However, we quickly realized that this trip was going to solidify our reputations for the next three years. My life was changing and it was frightening to think about.

A few days before, we rode together to the camp with my mom whom I convinced to become a chaperone. On the car ride there, I could feel my nerves rise up to the surface. These were mostly, people who I've never met in a place I have ever been. It was an unpredictable blank slate. I could start over and be whomever I wanted. However, I started to worry about what would happen if old habits starting slipping out. Would the same results apply to this group of students? If I embarrassed myself, would they forget about it the next day? Could I just walk away from a situation to prevent myself from getting upset? Would I be able to find other people who accepted my flaws like Bianca did? I thought about these questions over and over again, as I looked out the window at the miles and miles of trees.

I had known Bianca since we were six years old. She was tall with brown eyes and short curly hair, almost Brazilian *Annie* like. We met at our own summer camp and we became friends because we both loved music, singing and musical theater. I formed a group to sing *Tomorrow* from *Annie* at our camp talent show and she was in the group. Most of the group members didn't show up but she did. It was the first time in many years that a friend was there for me when I

asked for support. She had my back, we sang the song, and from that day on, I promised myself I'd be there when she needed me. Fast forward to when we were eight years old and we are both performing separate acts during the same talent show. I had performed my act and it was her turn. She got stage fright towards the end of her song she runs off the stage and grabs me. I help her finish the song.

We had this event the year before school started called step up day, which gave the kids a chance to meet and get used to the school before they were actually assigned homeroom teachers. I stepped into the room and took my seat at a table. A boy with ocean blue eyes, dirty blonde hair down to his ears, wearing a baseball snapback and a basketball jersey. I watched him walk in and he sad diagonally from me. He turned his head and looked at me. I thought I felt his eyes piercing into mine. Then it ended. I kept looking out in the hallway to watch more kids coming into the hallway and walking into the classrooms. I notice a couple of familiar faces from my elementary school. One of them was a boy named Marcus Odom. He looked like a mini mix of Usher and Biggie together. He was always really nice to me. I figured it was because he also was nice to my friends so I was just liked by association. He looked up at me as he passed my classroom in the hallway and gave me a head nod and a smile. I smiled back and held my hand up to wave. Another one of the faces was a boy named Jimmy Underwood. He was 5 foot with chocolate brown eyes and a brown haircut that consisted of a half bowl cut half Zac Efron swoop cut. He had always been a brownnoser with a hidden agenda ever since I'd met him saying that his name was Mark. He felt like he had to prank me just because he was insulted that I didn't know who he was. He manipulated all of my friends into thinking he had crushes on them by complimenting them all at the same time like he was a popstar writing a song that could relate to every girl ever. He just gave me this itchy feeling all over. He was almost like an actual disease.

Seeing him walk through that hallway made my stomach churn. I was starting to worry I wouldn't make any friends. I knew that I could be loud at times. No one seemed like they could mesh with my personality. Until, I saw Bianca walk into the building. "Oh my gosh Bianca!? Is that you?" I asked in total shock.

"Rosiiiiiee!!!! It's been forever? Are you going to be going to school her?" She responded.

"Well I was thinking about it, but I definitely will be now," I said.

"Yay!!! We'll finally get to see each other more!" She replied.

We hugged and jumped up and down full of happiness. In the back of my mind, I was a little fearful of the fact that I knew we were of a very different kind of personality than everyone else. However, from what I had heard about this school, it was supposed to be for the kids who felt like they needed a place to belong. The one thing I knew for sure was that I was happy to have Bianca by my side to experience this new journey with. After our first week of school, we get a letter sent home to our parents inviting us to go on the trip. They said it would be a "team building experience" while exploring the great outdoors. On one hand, it sounded super fun while super nerve wracking at the same time. I'd be in a new place with new people. What if something bad happened? I'd have Bianca but what if something happened between us. Therefore, I convinced my mom to sign up to be a chaperone. We were able to convince the teachers to get let the three of us all drive up to Nature's Classroom together.

As soon as we arrived at the camp, my mother dropped Bianca and me off with the other students. We left our luggage with the other kids and we went to this open field. They collected our cellphones, which back in 2007 wasn't many. You either had a cell phone or you didn't and they were all flip phones. A group of older people who looked like they were in their thirties and

forties stood in a row and our teachers made us sit on the ground in front of them. As each one of them introduced themselves, it was revealed to us that these people would be our somewhat “counselors” even though we were only staying at the camp for a week. Then the counselors and the teachers decided to split us up into groups assigned to a counselor. Luckily, Bianca and I ended up in the same group and my mom got to be with our group as well. I felt more secure knowing I wouldn’t be with complete strangers. Being with people I didn’t know gave me anxiety ever since I had the wakeup call that not everyone would be nice to you when you meet them. After that, they assigned us to our cabins. Bianca and I ended up being roommates with five other girls named Isabelle, Alexa, Maggie, Kaylee, and Cierra. Isabelle was a short girl with Almond brown hair with blonde highlights and almond shaped; hazel eyes freckles and braces on her teeth.

“Whoa,” we said simultaneously as we walked in together. “This place is freaking huge!!!” Isabelle exclaimed.

“It looks new given how shiny the wood looks,” I responded. She giggled a little with a smile.

“I’m glad we got paired up together Kaylee,” said Maggie. She had blue eyes, freckles and blonde hair with pigtails. Apparently, the two had been friends since elementary school.

“Yeah I wrote you on my list, and you too Cierra,” Kaylee who had short pinewood brown hair, freckles, grey-blue eyes, and braces.

Cierra rolled her eyes. “Well, I hope we can have fun on this trip and not just have it be educational. This is supposed to be like camping right? Camping is supposed to be fun,” she said as if she was already complaining and we had only just arrived. She was the tallest of all of us with brown eyes and long layered brown hair like a horse’s main.