

Esther Rabenberg  
9th Grade

## Food Fight

~ Inspired by a true story ~

Never in my life have I hated such a girl as Myra Broadskie. Long ago we were the closest of friends, but once she stole my brand new iPhone 7 (I was in sixth grade, so back then, that would have been the best phone I could get) and flushed it down the toilet and then told me she wouldn't pay for a new phone, our friendship ended. All pictures of the two of us were thrown away. I also blocked her phone number once I got a new phone and tried to convince everyone that she is the worst girl on the planet.

Three tedious years later, we were in high school. Of course, since we live in a smaller town, known as Wensbrook, there is only one high school. We can't be homeschooled because our parents are too busy with their lives and they don't want to try to teach a high school girl by themselves (seriously, who would?). Before school started, we set up a time to meet with our counselors so we would be in different periods the entire school year. It was agonizing being in the same room with her for that long, but it was worth it. After thirty minutes, our schedules were made, and we were not in any of the same periods.

School started soon after, and it was going great, until two weeks in, I saw Myra sitting at a table with her friends during lunch. After school, I stormed into the counselor's office and explained how I am in the same lunch period as Myra, even though we asked them not to. The lady in the office said, "I'm sorry Catie, but it's past the time where we can switch classes. Anyway, it's been two weeks since school has started, and you just saw her today. Can't you just avoid her for the rest of the year?"

She had a good point. I nodded and left the office and walked toward the front doors of the school. *It's fine Catie*, I told myself, *sitting in the same room for lunch for the school year won't be too bad. It's huge anyway, we can sit on opposite sides of the room.* And that is exactly what we did, and it worked, for the first few months.

It was the beginning of November when the trouble finally happened. I was laughing my head off with my friend group at a table on the left side of the cafeteria. I finished my food, stood up, and started walking toward the tray drop off, which is located on the right side of the cafeteria. That day, Myra and her squad were sitting on the right side, but I didn't worry, because I have walked past her many times during lunch. I set my tray down on the belt and turned around. Myra was standing right behind me.

She was wearing a short yellow dress with sandals and had a bright sunflower tucked behind her right ear. Her outfit made me smirk because it was trying to disguise a monster as a lovely girl. She smirked back at me and said in a snarky way, "I see you are still wearing trash little Kitty." And, as a matter of fact, my outfit that day was amazing and was much better than her costume.

"And I see you still don't remember people's names," I replied, putting my hands on my hips.

Myra gripped her tray harder. "Here's this for you, I think it will help your attire suit you more." She threw her tray at my chest. I could feel the ranch dressing, marinara sauce, and milk that covered the front side of my body seep into my clothes. People around started laughing and pointing fingers, while teachers didn't even notice what happened yet. All the anger that I've had toward Myra and anyone or anything else flowed out of me like a broken dam. I picked the tray up from off the ground and swung it toward her. It hit her in the stomach and she fell on the messy ground. Almost instantly, she was back on her feet. I ran and grabbed food from one trash while she grabbed food from another one. We both started launching bits of bread, apples, lettuce, and anything else at each other. All the girls from our tables, even other students nearby joined the fight. The food fight was now in full swing. Teachers started coming towards us, trying to prevent us from fighting. After many minutes of battle, Myra and I were restrained, and the food stopped being thrown around the cafeteria.

Both of us were sent to the principal's office and had to be in out of school suspension for two days. After that, things went back to normal. No more fights between us occurred the rest of the school year. To this day, I still don't like Myra Broadskie, but that fight somehow lessened the tension between us, and for that, I am grateful.