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## Why Me?

Sealah Olive Seaman.

What I did in my mother's womb to provoke her to choose such a name for me, I'll never know. I would've apologized had I known the consequences of whatever pains I inflicted. What I also don't understand, is why my parents chose the letter "o" to be the leader of my middle name. I mean, there *are* 25 other letters that they could've picked and they choose the one that make the sum of my initials equal S.O.S.

S.O.S, as we all should know, was used as the distress signal when communicated by Morse code for ships. Distress signal pretty much meaning "help". Although, as much as I hate to admit it, the initials fit me well. I do wiggle myself into some tight situations. For instance, when I was driving in my car last month:

**"The looove shack is a little love place where we can get togetheerrr. The love shack *baaabyyyyy*-"**

*Cue the panicky breath.*

*Slowly start speeding up the heart rate.*

*Get ready curse word...and...*

***ACTION!***

**"AW SHIT!....OH GOD! OHGODOHGODOHGODOHGOD!.....Sir?! Sir! Are you okay?! Oh God! I'm sooooo soooo sorry!"**

***It's all my fault the radio was playing my favorite song-Oh God! I'm so sorry! Are you alright? I forgot there was a stop sign here! Oh God! I'm sorry it's all my fault! Is your little dog okay? Is he alright?...She? Oh, sorry, is she alright?! Do you need me to call a vet?!..."***

Yeah, you get the drift. I ran a BIG RED stop sign because I was singing along to an old dirty song. As for that stupid little mutt I was so concerned about, it bit me! I hate Chihuahuas.

Getting bit by ugly dogs and having the front of my tin car crushed like a tin can are not the only tight spots I've been shoved into by life. Oh no, my friend. Those are just the sprinkles on this whole banana split. I've had my window smashed, a couple of tail endings, and get this, the night before my final project in science was due, my car was stolen with my project in it. When my car was finally retrieved, the project was ruined and the CDs of my favorite jazz artists were missing. I guess some science-hating-jazz-loving idiot had nothing better to do that night than to temporarily ruin my life.

None of those, I must say, can compete for the title of "The Worst Moment in My Life". That award was taken when my mother, who was my best friend, suddenly died of a brain aneurism when I was 13-years-old. As if going through puberty and middle school drama aren't enough entertainment for him, God thinks, "Let's make things *real* interesting and take away the primary person in Sealah's life!" I haven't talked to God since. It would take a miracle for me to forgive him for taking my mom away.

Not to mention, my father was devastated as well. He loved my mom so much and he just hasn't been the same since. It's been four years since my mother's death, and he still can't get himself to jump over this hurdle. I've tried to help him, but he won't let me, he'll just push me away whenever I try to mention her. Which is such a shame because he was such a neat guy before mom died, and I hate seeing him giving up on life like this. It's hard for me to talk to him

because I never had a close relationship with him like I did with mom. My dad was always busy with his restaurant and mom stayed home and took care of me. Now, the restaurant is suffering and on the verge of closure if he doesn't start getting his act together.

So, recently, while my dad has been occupied with keeping his restaurant afloat, I've been a little distracted by something myself, something other than car wrecks and project-smashing-bandits: I think I'm psychic! Seriously! I don't know why or how but things have been happening to me these past few months and I can't explain it exactly, but here's how it started:

*Okay, I need pads really bad. I know that time of the month is on its way...wha-? They used to be kept here in this aisle! Great! Now I have to ask someone where they moved them to...Aren't there any women working today? Yeesh.*

**"Excuse me, sir."**

**"How can I help you, little lady?"**

*Yugh, I hate it when old guys call me "little lady".*

**"Um, where did you move the, uh, female items to?"**

**"Oh, um...they aren't right here?"**

*Uh oh, he's getting squirmy.*

**"No, that's why I had to ask you, sir."**

**"Oh, uh, well, let me call and ask someone. I never really keep track of...those...."**

*Oh no, I can just see this being made into a big shenanigan, I better put an end to it quick.*

**"Nonono, that's ok-"**

**"Oh it's no trouble, ma'am-"**

**“No really...I don’t really need them now. It’s ok. I’ll just see if I see them while I’m picking up...whatever else is on my list. Thanks anyways.”**

*Okay, walk away fast, Sealah...Phew, glad I wiggled out of that one. Okay, let’s see...pads? Nope. Any in this aisle? No. Hey, that shovel’s on sale. I should get it for Ms. Garbinsky. Whoa! Why the heck did I just think that? A shovel for my English teacher? Where in the world did that come from? I remember her mentioning her birthday is tomorrow for some reason. And I’ve heard her say she does enjoy planting her flowers in her yard. Eh, why not? I’ve never bought a shovel before and I could use a little boost in my English grade, heh heh.*

Yeah, that’s right. I bought a *shovel* for my English teacher’s birthday. Who in their right mind does that? No one! That is, unless, you’re the teacher’s pet or child, which, I am neither. It was so random I still have no idea why that shovel just popped out at me. Well, here is what happened when I gave it to her during lunch the next day at school:

**“Hey, Ms. Garbinsky. I got this for you for your birthday.”**

**“Oh...”**

*Crap. Maybe her birthday isn’t today.*

**“Today’s your birthday isn’t it? I remember you saying yesterday it was.”**

**“Oh no, it is. It’s just that-um-why are you giving me a shovel?”**

**“It’s for when you plant your flowers. You have flowers in your garden don’t you?”**

**“Yes, but they’re not-. Um, thank you, Sealah.”**

**“You’re, uh...welcome...”**

*Woo boy, this is awkward. Think of an excuse and escape immediately, Sealah.*

**“Ooooooh shoot. I’m late for the teacher’s meeting. I better go. Bye!”**

*Oh good. She got away before me.*

I couldn't have been more embarrassed. Here I was trying to do something nice for someone else's birthday (and my grade benefit) and all I get is a puzzled look. What the heck was that all about? Well, I found out the next day when Ms. Garbinsky approached me during class:

**"Sealah, may I talk to you for a minute?"**

**"Uh, sure."**

*She's gonna tell me off for giving her the shovel, I just know it.*

**"Remember that shovel you gave me for my birthday yesterday?"**

**"Yeah, look, I'm real sorry about that-"**

**"No! Please! Don't be sorry. I wanted to say 'thanks' for it. It actually, oh this is going to sound really funny, well not funny, but, it saved my mother's life last night."**

**"How?"**

**"Well, before I went home yesterday, I stopped by my mother's house like I always do. Now, please don't be mad at me, Sealah, I decided I was going to give my mother the shovel. Only because, she has more room at her place than I do..."**

*Psh, as if a shovel takes up a lot of space.*

**"...and I already have a shovel at home. I'm sorry about that. But it was a good thing I left it there in her kitchen, Sealah, because later that night when my mom was in her kitchen making her tea, her house was broken into by some man, who I assume, was going to hurt her. He was approaching her when my mom grabbed the shovel and started swinging it around! And she started screaming and yelling at him and I think she hit him once with on the side of the head with it before he ran off scared."**

**"Whoa! Is she alright?"**

**“Oh my mother is fine. She’s one of a kind, that woman. So, thank you, Sealah, for that shovel. I don’t know how you knew to get it...”**

*That makes two of us.*

**“...but thank you.”**

Totally random, right? How the heck did I know to get that stupid shovel? Then the same thing happened again with a girl I know, Kristie. Kristie and I work on the yearbook together. She is the editor-in-chief of yearbook this year and I guess she is pretty cool. I had no idea why I gave her a flashlight on her birthday. She, too, gave me that weird look that Ms. Garbinsky did when I gave her the shovel. I should’ve known I was going to get that reaction again, but, you never know who desperately wants a flashlight for their birthday, right?

It was a pretty nice flashlight, too. When I turned it on at the store, I had it pointed up at my face (big mistake) and my pupils must have disappeared for a few seconds because I could not see. I seriously thought I had gone blind, it was that bright. I don’t know if that kind of wattage is even legal, but I bought it for Kristie anyways.

Then what do you know, the next day in yearbook I was approached by Kristie who had an interesting story to tell me:

**“Sealah, I have to thank you for that flashlight! I’m sorry I was so rude when you gave it to me yesterday, I just didn’t know why the heck you gave me a flashlight for my birthday.”**

**“Yeah, well.”**

**“Anyways, it’s a good thing you did!”**

**“Why? Did someone break into your house and you hit them on the head with it?”**

**“No...”**

**“Oh, okay. Never mind. Continue.”**

**“I left school late yesterday because I was finishing some stuff up for the yearbook. Which, by the way, I still need those poems and pictures of the students.”**

*Crap. I knew I forgot something. Better work on that today.*

**“Oh don’t worry about them. They’re pretty much all ready for you.”**

**“Good. Anyways, when I left school it was pretty late, and I was listening to the radio and the news came on talking about this guy on the run who tried to attack this old crazy woman with a shovel...”**

*Aaaand whoooo gave her the shovel? Me! Well, in an indirect way, but still.*

**“...a few weeks ago. Then when the news was describing the guy, I got distracted and went off the road a little and somehow got a flat tire. So I stopped the car and got out and, luckily, I had that flashlight you gave me.”**

**“Oh good! I’m glad it came in handy then.”**

*At least she wasn’t attacked by some psycho.*

**“But that’s not the only reason why I’m thanking you for it. Let me finish. I had just hung up with my dad and told him what happened and where I was and all that, when a car pulls over and this guy gets out of the car. He wanted to know if I could use some help and I told him my dad was on the way. When I turned the flashlight in his direction he seemed like an alright guy, but my eye caught this injury on his head...”**

*This is getting slightly eerie.*

**“...and then I remembered hearing the radio description and them saying that he should have an injury on the left side of his head where the old lady hit him. It all fit together. He wasn’t wearing the same clothes, but I had this gut feeling. So I kept my cool,**

**and I was thinking of a way to call the police without him getting suspicious. Then before I know it, he starts closing in on me and I shine the flashlight right in his face, and I kick him really hard in the balls, then I jump into my car and take off! Flat tire or no flat tire I wasn't staying there!"**

**"Did he chase you, though?"**

**"I have no idea. I just drove as fast as I could and I found this random store and I quickly pulled in there and ran inside so I could be with other people and called the police in there on my cell."**

**"Did they find the guy, do you know?"**

**"I'm not sure, but thanks to that flashlight you gave me it must've blinded him long enough for me to get away."**

**"Yeah, that thing was pretty bright."**

**"Yeah. Did you somehow know I was going to need it?"**

**"Not really. I just thought you might like it for some...odd reason."**

**"Um, well thanks again. I really owe you one."**

Twice in one month! I'm telling you, I must be psychic or something or some greater force is telling me to get these things for the most random people in my life. Then it all somehow works out and a criminal is caught (they eventually found the guy when someone spotted him at a gas station). Am I supposed to be a cop or something? Is this life's way of telling me to take up a life catching the bad guys? I hope not. I hate the show "Cops".

So here I am now, at home trying to makeup something believable enough to write about this unknown author from a heck of a long time ago. Apparently, saving your English teacher's



mother's life doesn't exempt you from writing papers. What's the point of this psychic gift thing if you can't get favors in return?

Oh well, at least I had the chance to stop by that sweet little charity shop after school. I found this cool looking jacket that I think might cheer dad up. He's been so down because he'll probably have to close down the restaurant pretty soon. I thought this jacket would look pretty good on him. My dad's a good looking guy; I'm sure he can pull a jacket like this off.

*What was that? Oh, dad must be home early today. I wonder if he's feeling any better today.*

**“Hey dad. What're you doing home so early? Is Jon covering for you tonight?”**

**“No. I closed early today.”**

**“Oh, why?”**

**“There are no customers to serve! And I don't have enough money to pay my staff to wait around and do nothing!”**

**“Okay! Don't take it out on me I was just asking!”**

*Okay. I think it's time to retreat back to the room and leave him alone.*

**“Hey, Sealah. Come back. I'm sorry. I just wish I could afford to keep this restaurant open. You're mom really loved that place.”**

**“Yeah. I think it was cute that you named it after her when you guys got married.”**

**“I'm glad I did, but the thought of closing Marie's doors is killing me. It's like losing her all over again.”**

**“Oh dad, things will turn out alright. You can finally take that job that Uncle Craig has constantly been offering you at his business. It'll be fine, dad.”**

**“I know, Sealah, thanks for being so strong for me.”**

**“Anytime, dad. Oh! I have something for you. I’ll be right back.”**

*I hope he likes it. If not...I’ll just donate it back, I suppose.*

**“Here. I bought this for you today! I saw it at that little charity shop by school. I thought to myself, ‘I think dad would look splendid in this.’”**

**“Splendid, huh?”**

**“Yeah, splendid. Try it on!”**

**“This looks a lot like the one that your mom bought for me. It is kind of an interesting looking jacket, isn’t it?”**

**“Yes. Now put it on, dad.”**

**“Alright, alright.”**

*Not too bad looking.*

**“Hey, I think this is the jacket your mom bought for me.”**

**“That would be kind of weird, huh? Mom and I picking out the same jacket for you.”**

**“Yeah...Sealah...it is the same jacket!”**

**“How do you know?”**

**“Because there is a hole in the right hand pocket from my car keys and...oh my God...”**

**“What is it, dad?”**

**“Oh my God...they’re in here! Oh my God! The earrings! Sealah, your mom’s emerald earrings that I bought for her for our first anniversary! Do you know how much these are worth?”**

**“More than fifty cents I presume?”**

**“Try \$50,000.”**

**“What?! How on earth could you afford those, dad?”**

**“I had a good friend who went into the jewelry business. They pulled some strings for me and I did some stuff for him. But never mind that! Sealah, these will save the restaurant! I could sell them and get enough money to save Marie’s!”**

**“Oh my God! This is so great, dad!”**

**“I know! Thank you, Sealah! Thank you for finding the jacket!”**

**“Oof! Easy on the hugs dad, I enjoy breathing!”**

**“I’m sorry! I’m just so-oh my God! This is a miracle! Thank you, Sealah!”**

*Hey, God...It’s me, Sealah...thanks.*