

Sometimes, when you see things it's hard to forget. Like, for instance, if you see a horrific scene on the news, it replays in your mind from the minute you wake up to the second you enter sleep. Or even something small, like an annoying song stuck in your head, the one that somehow started appearing more often when you liked it the least. There's a song that's been playing in my head for over a year. And I can't forget it. Even when I try to tune it out, by reading my favorite book, I see the lyrics on the pages. When I try to take a walk, I feel the beat, thumping in my heart. No matter how hard I try, I cannot forget the way it makes everything better. I remember when I first started hearing the song, I remember that one day...

It was during Summer, on a Tuesday, when she first moved into the house down the street. She had a thick british accent, but reeked of Tacos and rice. Poor girl, The woman who lives in that old creaky building, the haunted house, as me and my friends called, must have fed her enough food to last a week. My mother made me go introduce myself to the new neighbors. She always did that, she never asked my siblings to do it. Secretly, I liked to think it was because I was her favorite. Either way, I brought the pineapple tarts that my sister had made as a housewarming gift. I knocked on the door and there was the girl. I had only just been spying so I never got a good look at her. She seemed nice, shy, but nice. I wanted to break the silence so badly that I decided to introduce myself first. *Hi, I'm Zina, I live next door.* I sounded so awkward, but I guess the girl didn't notice because she smiled and repeated my name. *Zee-nah.* It was close enough. *I'm Brittany, but you can call me Tanny if you want, all of my closest friends do.* I smiled back and held out the pineapple tarts. *Sorry, I'm lactose intolerant.* I felt silly, I should have gone with something basic, like a nail polish kit or something. She must have sensed my embarrassment because she laughed and just said *don't worry, i'm sure my parents would love them.* I looked relieved and said my goodbyes, but not before she asked me if I could show her around town tomorrow. That was when I felt the first beat, it was the spark of a blossoming friendship. Me and Tanny hung out every day after that, I had never had any close friends, most of them became fake and chased the spotlight after a while. It turns out Tanny is originally from China, and spent half of her childhood there until she and

her parents moved to England, and then here. Both of her parents were vaccinated and since she was of age, she was too. I'm the last one in my whole family that hasn't yet been vaccinated, I didn't really trust it. My dad told me that I just needed to have faith. So the next day, I went with Tanny and I got vaccinated. It was even worse because I'm completely freaked out by needles. I mean, who would want to poke a hole in their skin, now matter how small it may be? The mere idea of it was outrageous. I Was in line with Tanny when it happened, a man appeared out of nowhere and started yelling at Tanny to "Go back where she came from and take the virus back with her." It was completely absurd! I wasn't going to just stand there while my friend was getting blamed for something that wasn't her fault. So I looked the man straight in the eye and I told him that he was speaking to the daughter of the famous Cassandra May. Of course I had no idea if there was even a Cassandra May in this world but the man looked startled and backed off mumbling his apologies. But apologies wouldn't fix what he had said. It wouldn't fix the hurt in which he had inflicted upon my friend. *Don't worry Tanny, it'll be okay.* I tried to reassure my friend by taking her to Pastel Patisserie, my favorite french bakery. They always had the best crepes. For every bite I took, and every moment that flew by, every single time. A song was forming inside my head. And this time, it couldn't be ignored.