

Joaquin

Joaquin was sitting in class that next day, the day after he ran from the mall. He couldn't pay attention in class, he still couldn't get his mind off his old breakdowns. He wondered if he described it well enough, then he remembered another instance. Worse than most the others.

One morning Joaquin had woken up early. In a few days it would be his favorite day of the year, Thanksgiving. This meant food. Lots of food. Amazing turkey, mash potatoes, and cranberry sauce. So he was in a good mood. The Buchanans throw a big party every thanksgiving with all their friends. All the thought of food made him hungry. He slowly trudged downstairs to find Mrs Buchanans washing dishes. Can you make me some eggs please? Joaquin asked. "Joaquin, you are almost a teenager, you can make your own breakfast." his mother replied. "Ohh and don't forget to clean your dishes, you guys have so step it up around here. That includes you to Nate" Mrs Buchanan said. Nate is Joaquin's brother. Nate is 8 years old, and was adopted by the Buchanas when he was 5. Joaquin never really understood him, how he could call them mom and dad, and how he felt as if he belonged. Joaquin gradually reached into the fridge and got out four eggs, whisked them up in a bowl, and then put it into the microwave. He had learned this technique from a pair of foster parents before he was adopted by the Buchanans, the Willmingtons. He had liked the Willmingtons, but they had been caught dealing weed, so he was forced yet again to move homes. "Hey", Nate said, "are you going to take that out of the microwave or what?" sometimes Joaquin wanted to just pound Nate's teeth into the back of his dumb skull. Joaquin took the salt and pepper out of the cabinet, and dressed his eggs. Mrs Buchanans sat down across the table from Joaquin, "I am going to need you to go with your dad to get the turkey for tonight alright?" "sure thing" Joaquin said. He was determined to get the biggest turkey in the store. "Dads

almost back from his run, so when he comes back and takes a shower be ready to leave” said Mrs Buchanas. At that moment Mr Buchanan's burst through the door, and the stink of sweat rolled through the air. He slowly made his way up the stairs and into the bathroom where the water of the shower started up. Joaquin picked up his eating speed so that he finished with plenty of time to spare before his dad came downstairs.

When he got done with breakfast he wasn't the only one excited for the turkey. “Can I go too?” Asked Nate. “Sure you can,” said mr. Buchanan, “We have enough space in the car.” Nate seemed excited by this as he ran to grab his coat and shoes. “How about you Joaquin? Are you ready to go?” asked Mr. Buchanan's. “Yup” Jouquin replied, as he quickly picked up his shoes and slid them on just before it was time to go.

On their way to Walmart to pick out the turkey, Nate would not stop bothering Joaquin. “How do you think they find the turkey?” “Why do we always eat turkey? Why not pigeons? I like turkey..... I don't like pigeons.” Eventually Mr. Buchanan had enough and told Nate to calm down. But that didn't seem to quiet him much. Jouquin had a breakdown last week. He had forgotten where he left his shoes one morning before school, and he couldn't control himself, and so he got mad, really mad. Jouquin could tell mr. Buchanan was nervous to take him to pick the turkey. It could be the perfect place for a meltdown. Joaquin didn't want this to happen though, he never did, it would just happen.

They finally arrived at walmart after the grueling 25 minute drive, which felt like hours with Nate in Joaquin's ear the whole time. But they had made it, which is what mattered. When they walked inside the Walmart Joaquin felt a refreshing hot breeze of air from the heaters, which was much better than the thirty five degree weather outside. “Lets go to the electronics section first,” said Mr. Buchanan, “I need a new phone charger. Then we'll go get the turkey after that.” When they reached the electronics Joaquin waited about three seconds before wandering to the other end of the aisle where they kept the phones and video

game discs, which were always locked to the shelf by the store. Joaquin wondered if anyone ever tried to steal it anyways, by somehow opening or cutting the lock. But that thought was cut short as Nate and Mr. Buchanan yelled down "Joaquin, let's go get the turkey now." So Joaquin ran back over.

When they reached the isle with the turkeys Joaquin was underwhelmed. They just didn't seem as big and pure as he had pictured in his head. Then he saw it. The biggest plump turkey out of the one in the store he pointed towards it, "Can we get this one?" he asked, "We don't need that one, 20 pounds is a bit much for what we need" Mr. Buchanan said as he picked up a smaller turkey. "But I want this one!" said Joaquin, sounding upset. "I'm sorry Joaquin but we just don't need that big of a turkey." Mr. Buchanan muttered. This just made Joaquin more upset and as quickly escalated, he snapped. He started to yell, scream, and kick. Looking back Joaquin could not remember much but a big red flash and the embarrassed look stained onto Nate and Mr. Buchanan's face. "Calm down, calm down!" they cried. But Joaquin was too far gone. As the situation progressed and the things Joaquin yelled got worse. Mr. Buchanan had to drag the kicking and screaming Joaquin out of the store while the other shoppers watched in awe. Joaquin still can remember the look on Nate's face, it was impossible to forget. And they didn't even get a turkey, or the phone charger.

The car ride home was silent. Joaquin could tell Mr. Buchanan was upset with him, he would be too in his position. After they calmed him down in the parking lot, everyone had been silent, especially Nate. He hadn't even looked at Joaquin. Joaquin felt ashamed, embarrassed, and guilty. He wasn't even that upset about the turkey that day. And as the bell rang in 17 year old Joaquin's class he wondered why he really snapped on that day.

