

It Would Kill Me More

The Funeral [35]

Hello everyone, I'm Yesi uhm, Stormie's best friend. I'd like to share with you all who Stormie was to me if that's okay.

Stormie, was a handful at times. She always felt the need to be a somewhat of a "social warrior"- as she put it. She was always standing up for what she thought was right- unapologetically. Stormie was the reason why I survived high school, as we were the only two curly headed multiracial girls, so we were picked on a lot. I always begged Stormie to just stay quiet, to just leave it alone and just behave. But, that just wasn't the way Stormie was built, when she *did* remain quite it seemed as if it would kill her more to be something she wasn't than it'd kill her clock. I am going to share with you all why my best friend died so early, and why me and every single one of you are partially to blame for her premature death.

This is the story of Stormie Leigh.

Mr. White calls out to the class, "Stormie, can you come here?". Stormie rolls her eyes, stands up and slowly approaches Mr. White's desk as if she was mentally preparing for what he had to say. As she approaches his desk he watches her every move like he can't seem to peel his eyes off her, as if he was mesmerized. Stormie quietly announces her presence as she reaches Mr. Whites desk even though he hadn't taken his eyes off her, "Yes, Mr. White?". Mr. White licking his lips by this time was looking Stormie up and down, "I noticed on the survey that you turned in you that you created a box titled, *other*. You can't create your own box, Stormie. I need you to erase it and check African American.". Immediately with no hesitation Stormie fires, "I am not "African American, Mr. White. You've met my mom and you know that she isn't black". Mr. White's face turns red and he with anger, he stands up and inches himself closer to Stormie

and whispers, “You’re black, Stormie, even if you have a little bit of black in you, you’re still black. Your little friend *Yesi* was obedient and followed the rules and she checked the corresponding box, why can’t you follow instructions?”.

Yesi’s Internal Dialogue

[50]

...oh, Lord this isn’t going to end well. I was thinking the same thing that I should create a box titled “other” but I knew this would happen, why can’t Stormie just behave...

Stormie’s Internal Dialogue

[49]

..fuck this dude. I swear he is always picking on me for something, he is just a racist piece of shit that can’t decide if he hates me because I don’t feel I am only black or he hates me because he thinks I’m attractive. He looks at me just like other dudes do that want me, here goes nothing...

“Mr. White, frankly I do not give two fucks what you have to say, it’s illegal for you to change my answer so go right ahead, but I’m not changing it” Stormie proudly proclaims. Mr. White dumbfounded, stumbles to find the words to reply to Stormie as if he had never had a woman stand up for herself before to him manages to mutter, “Principle, go to the principal’s office now”. Stormie laughs at Mr. Whites face in utter shock, grabs her things and yells “you probably beat your meat to black porn, don’t you? Deuces Mr. White!” as she walks out of class and down the hall.

Stormie’s Internal Dialogue

Holy shit, my clock went down! It’s real, what was I supposed to do? Just let him blatantly pick on me? Hell no, fuck that. It would’ve killed me more to just obey him.

Stormie [35]

Stormie walks the halls of Smalls High School proud of herself with her chest high on the way to Mrs. diStasio’s office. “Hi I’m Stormie Leigh, I’m here to see”. Mrs. diStasio interrupts

Stormie and yells from her office, “Stormie, come in! Take a seat. I’m not very happy with you. Now that you are 18 you are expected to act like a lady, Stormie. We talked about your inappropriate language JUST last week”. Stormie rolls her eyes, plops herself down in a seat and replies, “you do realize none of this would’ve happened if you would have listened to me last time I told you that I don’t want to be in Mr. White’s class anymore. He is always on my case about something and he looks at me weird”. As expected Mrs. diStasio downplayed Mr. Whites part in the situation by scolding Stormie and then commenting “Stormie, why have you been dressing like a boy lately? You almost even look like a boy. Put your hair down, wear a dress try some makeup on and stop picking fights with men”. Mid way through Mrs. diStasio talking, Stormie stands up and slams the door behind her.

Stormie [25]

“What happened when you went to Mrs. diStasio’s office?” Yesi invasively asked Stormie. Stormie not wanting to talk about it changes the subject and asks Yesi, “Do you think I’m fat?”. Yesi is completely taken back by her question and caught off guard, “you’re most definitely not fat, Stormie! Where is this coming from?”. Stormie tucks a piece of her hair behind her ear and shyly looks Yesi in the eyes and says, “well, in gym class Mr. Kenya said that I was over on my BMI (body mass index). He said that the normal BMI is between 22-25 and I’m at solid 27 BMI. He advised that I lose some weight. And, you know me I went off on the dude I told him off. But I still can’t help but to feel like I’m fat, so just answer the question, please?”.

Yesi’s Internal Dialogue

[50]

..I never see Stormie act shy like this..If Stormie is fat, then I am a fucking whale. Last I heard BMI doesn't take body composition into consideration, which is like not taking other races into consideration at all. But, I mean should we both lose some weight? BMI is supposed to be a way to determine if you are at a healthy body weight to fat ratio."

Yesi looks Stormie dead in the eyes, lays her hand on her shoulder and reassures her,
"Stormie, fuck Mr. Kenya and fuck BMI. You're not fat, you're thick and beautiful BMI does not take into consideration any body types other than skinny white girls.

Yesi [45]

Anyways, are you stoked for Valentine's Day? Who is your valentine?". Stormie laughs, "well you are, aren't you? Oh, wait no I'm sure you and that pathetic loser are valentines this year. Are you guys having sex?". Yesi yells, "Stormie, stop. Why do you hate Daniel so much?". Stormie gladly replies, "I'm glad you asked, Yesi. Well, for starters because he is banging my best friend and he doesn't treat you right". Annoyed Yesi rolls her eyes, "I love you, Stormie! I hope you have a good day! I'll catch you later?". As Yesi turns to walk away Stormie says, "Don't get the clap, bestie! I love you too!".

Stormie's Internal Dialogue

[25]

God she is so beautiful, I just want her to feel special on Valentines Day...I really want to get Yesi something just to ensure that she will be happy. I know I will have to beg my mom for the money- I just want her to feel special since Darryl is a complete tool bag and I'm sure he will mess it up, I just know he is going to mess it up. Her favorite color is purple, I wonder if I can find purple tipped roses I can't wait to see her smile...

“Mom what do I have to do to borrow \$30, I will do anything?” Stormie’s mom takes a brief look away from the T.V and puffing on her cigarette and answers, “what do you need it for? To buy one of your little flavors a gift for Valentine’s Day?” Stormie sighs and says, “Maybe mom, what does it matter? It’s for Yesi, I want her to have a good valentine’s day”. Stormie’s mom looks shocked and mildly upset and yells, “are you fucking Yesi now too, Stormie? I told you about your promiscuous ass!”. Yesi discouraged replies, “Mom I shouldn’t have said anything, don’t worry about it, I’ll figure it out”.

Stormie’s Internal Dialogue

[25]

.. I know that I have \$10 in change. I can sell, who am I kidding I don’t have shit. Fuck it, I’m getting these flowers no matter what.

“I’ll be back mom I’m going to the store!” Stormie yells and darts out of the door before her mom can respond. As she walks out to the porch she hears an arrangement of curse words and decided it wasn’t important.

Stormie’s Internal Dialogue

[25]

I shouldn’t even be scared, I bet Lucky’s makes so much money, me taking one set of flowers is not going to break the owner of this damn store from having a wonderful vacation while they have other folks work to make their dreams come true. I noticed when I went with mom to Sam’s club that a box of chips with 24 bags inside was 7.68\$. Lucky’s sells theirs for 1.00\$ each that means that they each bag originally bought for .32\$ and they are making .68\$ profit every time someone buys a pack of chips. THEY MAKE 16.32\$ EVERY 24 PACKS OF CHIPS IMAGINE WHAT ELSE THEY MARK UP AND MAKE A PROFIT FROM.

Stormie stands outside of Lucky’s contemplating if she should steal flowers for Yesi or not for Valentine’s Day. She musters the courage, walks inside and goes directly to the flower

section. She spends about 5-10 minutes trying to find the perfect purple tipped flowers, once she finds them she looks both ways, grabs them and walks extremely casually right back out of the store. Once Stormie is about a block away from the store, she drops the flowers and gasps for air and exhales relief. She hears a weird beeping noise, “what the hell is that?”.

Stormie’s clock:

[25,23,22,21,20]

Stormie’s Internal Dialogue

[20]

Do I care about this damn clock? Will I really die? What am I supposed to do about this? Why has no one ever talked to me about this or talked about their clock before? It seems anytime I do what I must do, or I be myself this clock goes down. Mine must be broken..

With flowers in hand, Stormie walks home with tears falling down her face. When she gets home, she sets Yesi’s flowers in a McDonald’s cup with water and goes to sleep, with hopes that the look on Yesi’s face when she sees the flowers will brighten her make it all worth it in the morning.

February 14th

Stormie [20]

Yesi [45]

The next morning at school Yesi finds Stormie and obnoxiously yells, “Morning, Stormie! Happy Valentine’s Day!”. “Good morning Yesi, what did boy toy get you for Valentine’s Day? Chlamydia?” Stormie says with a dry sense of humor. Shaking her head Yesi replies, “I haven’t even spoke to him today, but it’s fine Stormie, it’s not a big deal!”. Stormie is half upset half happy and half not surprised, she opens her locker and whips out the purple tipped roses and hands them to Yesi. Stormie doesn’t say a word, she just has a cheek to cheek smile on her face, waiting and expecting Yesi to hug her and jump for joy, at very least have a smile on

her face. “Stormie, what the hell? People are watching us, why would you do this? Is this some sick joke?” Yesi whispers to Stormie while she looks around the room. Stormie is in utter shock, typically she fires back in these situations but this one hit her so deep, and so unexpectedly she just freezes and doesn’t say a word. “Hello? You’ve always got something to say and you don’t now? Why did you get me these!” Yesi demands an answer. “I just knew that dip-shit was going to fuck up your Valentine’s Day, Yesi I wanted you to know you were special- that’s all”. Yesi grabs the flowers, runs over to the trash and tosses them, “Stormie Leigh that is not your job to buy me flowers!” and then she stomps away, extremely embarrassed and upset at what Stormie had done”.

Stormie [10]

Yesi [47]

Later that night Stormie was just fed up, she had got into another fight with her mom where it had resulted in her being called every name under the sun. Nothing was going Stormie’s way it seemed. Why was Stormie different? Why didn’t Yesi love her the way she loved her? Why was she always being attack for who she was and asked to someone that she wasn’t? These are all questions Stormie asked herself that night.

Stormie’s Internal Dialogue

[10]

..It would kill me more to walk around and be who everybody wants me to be..

Stormie screams out loud alone in a park, “fuck this world, fuck men, fuck Mrs. diStasio, fuck my mom, fuck school and to Yesi, fuck you too Yesi. Even though I’m in love with you”. Stormie is surprised of what had just rolled off of her tongue, but once she said it out loud she realized that it was actually true, and it had explained a lot of the feelings she had that she had

always tried to channel in other ways. Interrupting her thought Stormie hears the beeping sound again.

[10,9,8,7,6,5,4,3,2]

Stormie cries, “oh no, what have I done?”. Her clock is declining rapidly.

Stormie [1]

Not knowing if she going to die that night or not, Stormie quickly takes out a piece of paper form her bag and writes something down addressing it to Yesi.

The Funeral [35]

Yesi takes a deep breath and a deep pause, she reaches in her pocket and pulls out a crumbled piece of paper. She reads out loud, “Yesi, I love you and I’ve always loved you. I’m sorry, but it would kill me more..”

Don’t you all see? Anytime Stormie was who she truly was me or you guys scolded her, we tried to make her into something that she wasn’t because we are all something that we are not! We are scared of what will happen if these stupid clocks hit 0. My best friend wasn’t scared, and I am not scared any more either. I loved Stormie Leigh, with everything in my heart and [34][32] evetime I pushed her away it killed me, but I didn’t know it was an option to love her the way I felt [25][23][18]. I didn’t know that I could love her!

To finish Stormie’s sentence- it would kill me more to not be who I truly am!

Yesi

[17,10,4,2,0]

In that moment, exactly 7 days after Stormie had died in front of Stormie’s casket, Yesi died too.