

*I'm No  
Ordinary  
Girl*



*Written by:  
Destiny J. Constantin*



**DESTINY CONSTANTIN**

*I'm No Ordinary Girl:  
Sample Book*

*The Story of Samantha Taylor: Part One*



*First published by Destiny's Magical Creations 2022*

*Copyright © 2022 by Destiny Constantin*

*All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, scanning, or otherwise without written permission from the publisher. It is illegal to copy this book, post it to a website, or distribute it by any other means without permission.*

*This novel is entirely a work of fiction. The names, characters and incidents portrayed in it are the work of the author's imagination. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, events or localities is entirely coincidental.*

*Destiny Constantin asserts the moral right to be identified as the author of this work.*

*First edition*

*This book was professionally typeset on Reedsy.*

*Find out more at [reedsy.com](https://reedsy.com)*

# *Contents*

Through My Eyes	1
Where Am I?	14



## *Through My Eyes*



I lay at night in bed, experiencing unbelievable pain that no human should have to experience. I toss and turn throughout the night. I'm restless no matter how many times I fluff the pillows. Numbness and tingling throughout my limbs like a thunderstorm are brewing inside my body. My chest is moving up and down like mad. All the air I breathe is evaporating out of my lungs. I'm huffing and puffing like when I walked ten miles around Greenwood Park with my dad some time ago. There's a loud continuous beeping noise like when your wire up to the monitors when a person is in the hospital.

"I'm in the hospital!"

When I sit up, my mom is sleeping in a chair on the right side of my hospital bed. I glance over to the other side of the room. There's a teen girl who looks frightened to death and pale as a ghost. Can the girl be me?

There's a loud knocking sound at my bedroom door. "Samantha, time to get ready for school," Dad said.

"Thanks, Dad. I'm getting up." Thank goodness, it was a

dream.

Don't take me wrong, I enjoy going to school and learning new things, but it won't be the same this year. It will be like Deja Vu because whenever I enter a new school or class, they bully me. I am so sick and tired of enduring harassment because I am smart. Harass, because I am not the same waist size, has ninety-nine percent of the girls at my school. I am so sick and tired of everyone asking me a million times why I walk funny. They don't understand a dam thing about what I must live through. The worst part is I won't have my best friend by my side to stand up for me.

I always thought God made me different for a reason. I pray for it to come true because living with this disease is terrifying and frustrating at the same time. Sometimes, I want to escape, but I'm a strong young woman because a strong woman is raising me. I put on my fluffy unicorn slippers and tell myself that possibility today will be different. I stroll downstairs into the kitchen and give my mom a bear hug.

"Good morning, Mom."

"Are you excited for school, Samantha?"

It's hard to say, "Yes," deep inside, I know I'm not ready to be bullied for another school year. "Yes, Mom, I'm excited to meet my new teachers and find out what books I'll be reading in English class, but I'm terrified."

"I know it scares you, but we will make sure you get through this. You have worked very hard towards earning a spot at your dream school. Dad and I will tell the principal if you have any trouble.

"All right, thank you for all your encouragement.

"Anytime, take your medicine and make yourself a bagel for breakfast. I will make our lunches."



## *Through My Eyes*

I swallow my pills and insert a needle in my arm while I wait for my bagel to pop out of the toaster. I spread cream cheese on my bagel and bring it upstairs with me so I can get dress. I change into my favorite pink shirt with ruffles at the end of the sleeves. It's my favorite shirt because there're sparkles around the neckline. It also pairs well with my new dark denim skirt. I go into the linen closet to grab a washcloth and hand towel to wash my face and brush my teeth.

I stare at myself in the mirror, and memories of what happened to me last year stream through my mind. Kids kicking me because someone taped a "kick me if you think I'm fat" sign on my back. Being burned with a pencil and push down a flight of stairs.

"Honey, are you almost ready?"

"In five more minutes, Mom. I need to put everything in my backpack."

"Okay, only five minutes, it's almost time to leave."

I went over to my desk and placed my backpack on the desk chair. I set my binders, folders, notebooks, pencil case, and agenda inside. In the small zipper pocket, I put money for lunch and my medical note to give to the school nurse. I felt somewhat ready for school. I kept thinking about dinner with Grandma at the Old Country Buffet last week, so; I didn't burst out into tears. I've fixed my hair and makeup earlier.

My grandma and I began a tradition when I started kindergarten. She gives me fifty dollars towards school supplies and clothes every year. After shopping, we go to our favorite restaurant. Although I'm getting older, I adore our traditions, especially baking cookies with her.

"Mom, I'm ready to leave."

"Okay, go tell Dad."

*I'm No Ordinary Girl: Sample Book*

“Let me guess; Dad fell asleep in the living room while watching the morning news.”

“I am ninety-nine percent sure,” Mom said.

I pour coffee into dad’s travel mug and set it down on the end table next to his cozy brown chair. “Dad, I have coffee for you. We have to leave now, or I will be late for school.” I have to say “dad” a few times before he opens his eyes and stretches his arms. Coffee is the only thing that gets dad moving in the morning.

My family and I are always late to every single appointment or event. We aren’t morning people, but, with school, I hate to be late. I need to pick up my class schedule and see the school nurse before homeroom. My parents and I met Mrs. Ellis last week at my special meeting.

She seems nice, and she understands my situation, which I’m grateful for because not everyone does. It’s essential I have accommodations at school because of my health. The school nurse needs to give me my medication before lunch because I’m a diabetic. I’m unable to climb stairs or do certain activities in gym class because of my bone disease, which is turning my life upside down.

Dad grabs the car keys while Mom grabs her bags from the coffee table. I’m directly behind my parents with my pink backpack. I step out of the front door of my house, and I notice a moving truck across the street. The house across the street is beautiful. The previous owners painted the house, sunken pool blue with white trim and shutters. It reminds me of one of those houses we see when we watch flipping house shows on television.

The house has been on the market for a year now. A newlywed couple lived in the house for almost two years, and they were

## *Through My Eyes*

expecting a baby girl. They moved because the husband got offered a job in California. I wouldn't mind making a new friend if the new neighbors have a child my age, but everyone always stares at me. I'm surprised that I have had a best friend for six years now. She's more than my best friend, my sister. We always say, "Friends by Chance and Sisters by Choice." I'll send her a happy back to school text while I'm the car.

"Honey, we're here," says Dad.

"Okay, thanks, Dad."

"Have a momentous day, sweetheart," says Mom.

"Thanks, I hope you and Dad have a wonderful day too!"

I arrive at Lincoln High School fifteen minutes before homeroom. I knock on Mrs. Ellis's office door. "Come in."

Mrs. Ellis's office smells like fresh flowers. "Good Morning Mrs. Ellis. What beautiful flowers you have on your desk."

"Thank you, Samantha. My husband brought me a dozen roses as a gift for the first day back to school."

"That's so sweet. I stop in to pick up my class schedule for the semester."

"Here's your schedule, I gave you gym class last period, so you will have enough time to rest and change clothes."

"Thanks so much, Mrs. Ellis. I appreciate it."

"Have a good day, and let me know if you need anything."

I wave goodbye and head to homeroom. I look down at my class schedule, and it reads, "Homeroom 230-Ms. Meghan," oh, I must turn around and go to the elevator. I walk into the classroom with a smile on my face, but in my mind, I'm feeling nervous. I take a seat in the front row and take out my agenda and wait for the three bells to ring. The clock struck 8:05 am, and everyone is rushing into the room.

Ms. Meghan introduces herself. She has long, curly blonde

*I'm No Ordinary Girl: Sample Book*

hair, she's tall with a petite waist, and she looks friendly. Ms. Meghan passes out index cards to every student.

"Please write your parent's contact information and anything I should know," says Ms. Meghan. I write my parents' phone numbers, and that I have type one diabetes, and theirs a medical note with the school nurse.

Diabetes runs in my family. I have been learning how to count carbs and inject insulin shots since; I was ten years old. My mom saved my life because the doctors didn't believe her; she fought for someone to test me. My mom knew that I had the symptoms and that diabetes runs in our family.

To this day, I spend a handful of weekends at the hospital because my blood sugars are always fluctuating. My doctor should have a better treatment plan for my next appointment. Diabetes is another reason I deem different at school because no one understands why I'm going to the nurse's office all the time. Before leaving for the first period, everyone hands their index cards to Ms. Meghan. I glance at my schedule to see where I'm going for the first period.

"Oh, awesome! I have study hall," I say out loud without thinking. Fingers crossed, no one heard me. It's the first day of school, so, no homework, but I always carry a book with me because I'm a bookworm. Last week, I began reading *A Wrinkle in Time* by Madeline L'Engle. I believe the book is incredible; so far, I never read a book about time travel. I can relate to the main character because Meg wears glasses like me and gets teased at school. I'm reading the part where Meg's younger brother Charles Wallace takes Meg into the woods to meet Mrs. Which. When I read a book, I go into the pages and escape all my worries. One day, I aspire to create an amazing book for teenagers like me and like my favorite author Cassandra Clare.

## *Through My Eyes*

“One minute until the bell rings,” says the librarian.

I’m delighted when I see my second-period class is English, which is my favorite class. Reading a new book is embracing an adventure. When you read a book, you connect with a character and go into their world and follow their journey throughout the book. I scout out the classroom, and a poster catches my eyes that read, “Keep Calm and Read A Book.” I giggle and thought, that’s what I do.

All around the classroom, there are inspirational quotes hung on the walls. By the teacher’s desk, there are several bookcases full of classics like Lewis Carrol’s *Alice in Wonderland*. The teacher has the classroom decorated so cute, and a feeling of warmth and belonging runs through the air.

A short, chubby woman walks into the classroom with a smile on her face. She says, “Hello, class, who’s ready to learn about William Shakespeare?” Without even thinking twice, I raise my hand and shout, “Me!” A group of people laugh at me, and I hide my face into my hands. Why did I say that out loud? It’s another thing to get bullied about. I took a deep breath and thought about what my dad always tells me; “Don’t let their words break you.”

The English teacher, Mrs. Angelo, passes out the course syllabus, and as soon as I get a copy, I skim through to see what books we will read this year. The book title, “*To Kill A Mockingbird*,” grabs my attention, and I scratch my head, wondering what the book is about. *The title is very metaphorical.* Mrs. Angelo walks over to her maple color wood desk. She glowers into her pencil holder, trying to decide what color marker to use. She writes the supply list on the whiteboard with a red dry-erase marker. The only thing I didn’t buy is a composition notebook. I’ll write myself a note in my agenda,

*I'm No Ordinary Girl: Sample Book*

so I can tell my mom when I get home.

“One of our first books will be ‘Romeo and Juliet,’ written by William Shakespeare. As we read through ‘Romeo and Juliet,’ we will examine the story for literary devices like metaphors, etc.” The bell rings, and everyone jumps out of their seats except for me. Even if I could move fast, I would respectfully wait for the teacher to dismiss the class.

Over the sound of a herd of elephants. Mrs. Angelo shouts, “Please write a one-page essay about yourself for homework.”

I take joy in writing but always find it difficult to write about myself. Global History and Earth Science class went by hasty like English class. I can’t believe it’s twelve-thirty in the afternoon and time for lunch. I leave science class, walk down the hall, turn left, and wait for the elevator. As the elevator takes me downstairs, I get out my agenda because I tape my elevator pass on the inside cover. I wave hello to Mrs. Ellis as I turn the knob to enter the Nurse’s office.

“Hello, Samantha, how is your day going?”

“It’s going well, thanks for asking, Nurse Jackie.” I place my pink backpack onto the blue chair by the window. Nurse Jackie pulls my glucose meter out of the locked cabinet by the first aid station. I prick my finger with the needle and squeeze blood onto the test strip. “Nurse Jackie, can I please have some juice?”

“Is your blood sugar low?”

“Yes, it’s sixty-eight.”

She brings me a small bottle of orange juice and asks me, “Do you feel shaky, cold sweats, or any symptoms at all?”

“No, I don’t have any symptoms.” Nurse Jackie places her hand on my wrists and forehead to see if I feel clammy. For those who know little about diabetes, a person’s blood sugar is low when it is below seventy. As well, a person’s blood sugar

## *Through My Eyes*

is high if it's over one hundred and forty. If your blood sugar is low, the best thing to do is drink juice because it raises your sugar fast. I move my backpack off the chair and look out the window while I drink my juice. The clouds look like pillows floating across the bright blue sky. There's a patch of gray clouds sitting in one corner of the sky. I can't make out what could be inside the gray clouds. *Is it lightning or something else?*

"Nurse Jackie, is it going to rain this afternoon?"

"I'm not sure, Samantha, why do you ask?"

"A few clouds are dark like a rainstorm is brewing." Nurse Jackie looks out the window.

"The clouds look white and fluffy to me."

*That's strange, but the weather is ever-changing.* I go into the cafeteria, and I see all the girls gossiping with their friends, and it makes me miss my best friend. I was thinking about going to the same high school as her. Lilly told me I worked too hard to get accepted at Greenwood Technical High School. You know you have a true best friend when they think about what is best for you. I sit down at a round table towards the back of the cafeteria. I'm picturing my bestie with orange cheese dust on her fingers from eating Cheetos. When a cute guy walks by us, she always twirls the ends of her light brown hair.

I eat the turkey and cheese sandwich I made myself because I hate school lunches except when they have a pizza. I eat alone in the cafeteria, reading my book. I'm at the part where Meg realizes that her parents created the Tesseract. The Tesseract involves traveling through time and space. I have never read a book that dealt with time travel; it's so captivating and makes me not want to stop reading.

It may sound unrealistic, but I aspire to write an amazing story like my favorite authors Cassandra Clare, and far more. I

## *I'm No Ordinary Girl: Sample Book*

dream of becoming a teacher ever since I was four years old. It would be a dream come true to write a story and share it with the world. After I finish eating, I use the bathroom and head back to the elevator to go to Algebra I class. I'm not looking forward to math because it has always been challenging. I'm crossing my fingers that taking a math lab twice a week will help me improve. Sitting at my desk, waiting for the teacher skimming through the math textbook. Reading about what types of equations I will be learning this year. In the textbook, "Solving for slope, use the equation,  $Y=MX +B$ ." I deem confident that I can figure out Algebra if I study hard and ask for help.

A tall skinny man with glasses introduced himself as Mr. Dennis. He passes out a half sheet of paper and says, "Please write any equations that you can remember from last year." I drew a blank face; I presume I'm having a brain fart; the only equation I can remember is the one I read two minutes ago. It's the only thing I can think of, and I must write something. I pass my paper to the blonde hair girl sitting in front of me, and she brings all the papers from our row to Mr. Dennis's desk. Mr. Dennis has an intimidating look on his face as he skims through all the papers. All of a sudden, his frown turns into a smile, and says, "Who wrote the equation for slope?" I felt embarrassed about what happened in English class this morning, but I can't be rude. You must answer the teacher when spoken to.

I arose in fear and trembling in front of my desk. "I look at the textbook before class began, and I'm sorry, it was the only thing I could remember when I got the sheet of paper."

"Thank you for your honesty, Samantha," Mr. Dennis said with a smile on his face.

It sounded like I was at a concert because everyone is jeering "Nerd." I ask if I could use the bathroom even though I didn't



## *Through My Eyes*

have to go. I had to leave the classroom before they saw tears pour down my face. I peer into the bathroom mirror, feeling vulnerable — past experiences of being bullied float in the back of my mind. I wipe away my tears and splash cold water on my face. Whispering to myself, *what's doesn't kill you makes you stronger* like my favorite Kelly Clarkson song. I walk back to math class and went back to my seat.

Glaring at the supply list on the syllabus and making a note that I need a scientific calculator. I place the syllabus and the worksheet for homework in my blue glitter folder and pull out the matching notebook.

Mr. Dennis is at the whiteboard explaining how to find the slope and the equation for slope. I write a word for word so I can do good on the homework. Class ends, and I put all my belongings into my backpack. On the way down to the elevator, I see a flyer that says, “Auditions for concert choir tomorrow after school.” Only a few people know that I have a passion for music, and I love to sing. I'm very shy, and I could never picture myself singing in front of hundreds of people, but I kind of want to audition. Another thing my great grandmother taught me is how to sing “Over the Rainbow” from the Wizard of Oz.

Before I go outside to wait for my dad to pick me up, I want to find out where my locker will be, so; I can use it tomorrow. Most often, they give out locker information with the class schedule, but I didn't see it on my schedule. I walk down the hall through the main office and knock on Mrs. Ellis's office door.

“Come in.”

“Sorry to bother you, Mrs. Ellis, but I have a question regarding locker assignments.”

“Oh, dear, I'm sorry, I forgot to give you your locker slip this

morning.”

“Thank you, Mrs. Ellis. See you tomorrow!”

I peeked out the window by the main entrance, and I see our family van outside. I’m so happy to see my dad.

“Hey, sweetie, how was your day?”

“It was good. I love my English teacher. Mrs. Angelo’s classroom is filled with many posters with inspirational quotes. Oh, and the best part is the row of bookcases on the back wall of the classroom.”

“I’m glad you had a wonderful day.”

Dad drives down Main Street jamming to the country radio station. Dad glances at me and smiles because I’m singing along to Taylor Swift. *Not sure if I should tell dad about the auditions.* I can sing in front of my parents, and sometimes with my best friend, but I don’t know if I can do it in front of everyone. I get teased about my weight, for being a nerd and special accommodations. *What else can they bully me for?*

When I arrive home, I take my backpack upstairs to my bedroom and set it down on my desk chair. I slowly go down the stairs and help mom went dinner in the kitchen. I am blessed to have such amazing parents, who always take incredible care of me and support me in everything I do. Mom hands me the brown salad bowl and orange knife. I pour the container of grape tomatoes into the strainer to wash them. I cut the tomatoes in half and threw them in with the roman lettuce and cucumbers. I always love being in the kitchen with my mom and watching her make food. My mom is always happy and, in her glory, when she is cooking because it’s her passion.

My parents and I sit down in the dining room and enjoy a home cook meal. The house smells like Olive Garden because we’re eating breadsticks, salad, and pasta. You can smell the

## *Through My Eyes*

garlic and herbs. While a dad is scraping the plate, I debate if I should say something about the singing auditions.

“Something on your mind, sweetheart?” Mom asks.

*How does she always know when something is bothering me?* “I want to talk to you and dad about auditioning for concert choir.”

“No, kidding, Samantha,” says Dad.

Mom has a concerned look on her face. “Honey, I know you love to sing, but you’re very shy.”

Dad says, “Give it a shot.”

“Thanks, Dad. I’m still thinking about it.” I go upstairs to work on my English essay. I consider what my parents told me, and if I could picture myself singing on stage in the auditorium.

*Four hours later.* I take my nighttime medication and eat a big bowl of my favorite ice cream, mint chocolate chip. I lay down in bed watching Full House on Nickelodeon and slowly drift to sleep. A girl is shaking from limb to limb. The girl is pale as a ghost. There is a continuous beeping noise in the background.

“I know your Destiny,” a mysterious voice said. My eyes awaken, and I scream, “Where am I?”

## *Where Am I?*



**T**here is darkness all around me. I don't feel anything. It's like I am floating in the air. Then, far away, I see something floating, and there is a bright white light glowing from an object; or is someone there? There is a voice saying, "I know your Destiny." Samantha is frightened to death and awakes in her bedroom, feeling chills down her spine.

I know everyone has dreams, and dreams are supposed to be good because it means you had a good night's sleep, but I don't think people are supposed to have dreams like mine.

Samantha reached for her glass of water from the nightstand and gulp the water down. Samantha placed her feet into her fuzzy pink slippers and walked towards the window. The sun is shining bright, the sky bright blue, and there is a black bird with a red belly chirping away, looking for worms in the grass. Samantha felt like today is going to be a beautiful day until Samantha felt lightheaded and fell to her knees onto the floor of her bedroom. Mrs. Taylor heard a loud thump and ran upstairs to her daughter's bedroom.

## *Where Am I?*

Mrs. Taylor flew open Samantha's bedroom door and looked all around the room until her eyes captured her daughter's pink fuzzy slippers peeking out from the foot of the bed. Tears came running down Mrs. Taylor's face at the same time she is shouting for her husband. Mr. Taylor runs down the hallway and up the stairs into his daughter's bedroom. Mr. Taylor is frozen still staring at his daughter lying still on the floor. He doesn't cry nor scream, or says anything at all. His only reaction is to pick up his daughter and carry her into the car and rush her to Children's Hospital. Mrs. Taylor is packing a bag with Samantha's clothes, medicine and making sure she has insurance information in her purse.

Samantha's father is driving as fast as he can and arrives at the hospital about twenty minutes later. Mr. Taylor lifts his daughter out of the car, and then a nurse rushes out with a wheelchair. Samantha is not alert, but can see everything that's going on in her mind. Samantha may be laying in a bed at Children's Hospital, but her mind and body are in a dark matter within her. Samantha sees her parents pacing back and forth waiting for the doctor to examine her.

Samantha lays in a hospital and at the same time, she floats within dark matter in her mind awaiting to awake. The white light appears and then Samantha awakes in the hospital and starts choking and gasping for air.

Mrs. Taylor runs to the nurse's station to ask if someone could check her daughter's oxygen level because Samantha is coughing and has shortness of breath. A nurse rushes into the room and places a pulse oximeter on Samantha's index finger.

The pulse oximeter read seventy-nine so, the nurse went to get an oxygen tank and tubing.

Mr. Taylor is freaking out, and he is scared that something

is seriously wrong with his daughter. Memories of when Samantha was diagnosed with diabetes at the age of ten come across his mind. Samantha was in and out of the hospital with her blood sugars continuously fluctuating and experimenting with different insulins to keep her under control.

Memories of her lying in the hospital getting several tubes of blood taken out of her and the doctors monitoring her kidney functions. Mr. Taylor had all these thoughts racing through his mind, and he just wished he could do something.

Samantha's parents watched their daughter sleep, hoping the Doctor would return soon.

"My husband and I are going to get coffee and something to eat from the cafeteria." Mrs. Taylor told Nurse Kim and gave the Nurse her cell phone number in case they needed to reach them. Mr. Taylor kissed his daughter's forehead and left the room to go to the cafeteria on the first floor of the hospital.

The hospital is unusually busy this morning Mrs. Taylor thought, but then again, it was the time of year where children get colds because of the change of weather. Mr. and Mrs. Taylor entered the cafeteria and smelled fresh coffee brewing which made Mr. Taylor extremely happy because he is addicted to coffee. Mrs. Taylor grabbed two turkey sandwiches from the refrigerator and asked the lady at the front counter for two large coffee with three sugars and cream.

Mr. and Mrs. Taylor sat down at the table and enjoyed their lunch and before leaving the cafeteria, they took each other hand and looked into each other eyes, and prayed to God that their daughter is going to be alright. They took the elevator up to the third floor to go back into their daughter's room.

Samantha's awake, and Nurse Kim is checking her vitals. So far, her blood pressure is normal, and the oxygen is helping

## *Where Am I?*

with the shortness of breath. Nurse Kim says, “Doctor Reed should be able to tell you what’s going on soon, he is reading the lab results.”

“Thank you, Nurse,” Mr. Taylor says.

Samantha couldn’t believe it’s afternoon already, the last time she looked at the clock it said seven in the morning. Mrs. Taylor told her daughter that she found her laying on the floor and asked her what happen.

Samantha says, “Mom, I woke up from a weird dream, drank some water, then I looked out the window and I felt lightheaded.”

“Oh, sweetie”

Samantha turned the television on and watched *The Young and Restless* with her Momma. Samantha has been watching soap operas with her Mom since she was in her mother’s belly. Samantha laughed at Victor Newman calling his daughter’s husband Billy boy.

Doctor Reed walked into the room and says, “Glad to see you in good spirits, Samantha.” Mr. Taylor turned off the television.

Doctor Reed asked to speak to Samantha’s parents privately in the hallway. “Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, it seems to me your daughter had a hypoglycemia episode.” Hypoglycemia is when a person’s blood sugar drops extremely low.

Doctor Reed says, “It looked like Samantha’s blood sugar dropped an extremely low while sleeping and when she woke up her body awaken, and then she passed out.”

Mrs. Taylor says, “It was frightening to see her lying on the floored.”

Mr. Taylor says, “I even gave her a bedtime snack.”

“I would like to monitor Samantha overnight to see if we need to adjust her medication.”

*I'm No Ordinary Girl: Sample Book*

Mr. and Mrs. Taylor felt relieved, but concerned. Nurse Kim came into the room to check Samantha's blood sugar and bring her a menu to order lunch.

Samantha blood sugar went up to one hundred and sixty after all the sugar water they gave her. A tall gentleman with snoopy on his scrubs brought Samantha chocolate pudding, fruit cup and a ham sandwich. Samantha is happy to see food because suddenly, she felt starving.

Samantha ate the food quickly and felt relieved that she finally had something to eat. Nurse Kim came in the room to check Samantha's vitals and to take away the food tray. Samantha felt tired, so, she closed her eyes and rested.

Mr. Taylor sat by his daughter's bedside and watched her sleep while Mrs. Taylor read a book to calm herself down. Samantha lays asleep in the hospital, but her body goes back into her mind and the dark matter appears again.

Samantha screams!! Samantha doesn't understand what is happening to her, but she knows it must mean something. Something like this must mean something, right? There is darkness all around me. The white light appears and reveals an image. There is a young girl who looks sick, she is strapped to a metal table, and it looks like someone is dressed in all black with a needle in their hand. The image disappears, and Samantha is gasping for air.

Her parents rush to her and Samantha grabbed her father's fingers just like the day she was born. Mr. Taylor held his daughter's hand for as long as she needed him too, it always comforted her. Samantha's mother went to get Nurse Kim to examine her daughter. Nurse Kim removed Samantha's oxygen tube to give her a tube that looked like an inhaler to breathe into to check her levels. Samantha blew into the tube and could



## *Where Am I?*

not get the red marker up very high.

Nurse Kim gave Samantha back the oxygen tube and raise the tank to give her three liters of oxygen and the Nurse also tested Samantha blood sugar again. Samantha's blood sugar is eighty and dinner is not going to be distributed until six o'clock so, Nurse Kim went to get Samantha a snack and diet soda.

Samantha says, "Dad, can you turn the television on?"

"Of course, sweetie."

Samantha watched one of her favorite shows on Food Network, Cupcake Wars, and enjoyed her snack. Samantha started to feel better, but she was scared to stay overnight at the hospital because she didn't want to have another dream like she has been having. At least Samantha didn't have to worry about bedtime for a while.

Mr. Taylor went downstairs to the cafeteria to get more coffee and Mrs. Taylor lay next to her daughter watching another episode of Cupcake Wars. Samantha has been very passionate about baking since she learned how to make cookies from her great grandmother, and one day she wants to make beautifully decorated cupcakes just like the bakers on television.

Out of the corner of Samantha's eye, she saw a beautiful woman with long black hair and heard the woman say, "I am looking for my granddaughter."

Samantha perked up and knew instantly her Grandma Mary has come to visit her. Mrs. Taylor is surprised to see her mother.

Grandma says, "I received your message and wanted to check on my granddaughter."

Mrs. Taylor says, "That's so sweet of you." Grandma gave Samantha a huge hug and kissed her forehead.

"Samantha, I have been worried about you." "Sorry, Grandma, I collapsed in my room this morning because my blood sugar

dropped very low.”

“Oh dear”

Mrs. Taylor explained to her mother that they are going to be keeping Samantha overnight for observation.

“Samantha, I have a gift for you.”

Grandma brought Samantha a crossword puzzle to keep her occupy during her stay at the hospital.

“Thank you so much, Grandma.”

Mrs. Taylor asked her mother to stay with Samantha while she went downstairs to the cafeteria to get food for everyone.

“Of course, I will stay with my granddaughter.” Samantha and her grandma took turns searching for words to complete the puzzle. Nurse Kim interrupted to check Samantha’s vitals and to give Samantha her medicine. Grandma didn’t know much about diabetes, so Grandma asks Nurse Kim questions about the medication. Nurse Kim explained to Samantha’s grandmother that she is giving Samantha twenty units of Humalog insulin to control her blood sugar while she eats dinner.

Nurse Kim says, “Dinner will be delivered shortly.”

“Thank you.”

“Grandma, will you eat with us?”

“Of course, I will.”

Samantha and her grandma watched an episode of Family Feud and waited for her parents to come back. Samantha smell something good, maybe French fries. Mr. and Mrs. Taylor walk in the room with French fries, sandwiches, salad, and drinks for everyone, and the tall gentlemen with snoopy on his scrubs deliver Samantha’s meal. There’s a fruit cup, milk, turkey, and mashed potatoes on the tray. Samantha has always been a picky eater since she was a little girl.

## *Where Am I?*

Samantha took a few bites of the turkey and ate the fruit. Next, Samantha tasted the mashed potatoes. “Mom, these potatoes taste nothing like yours.” Samantha’s mother cooked very well. Her mother is a chef at a local cafe called “Tina’s Italian American Cuisine.”

“These potatoes taste like box potatoes, and your taste creamy and buttery.”

“Sorry dear, not everyone cooks like mama.” Samantha stole some of her parents’ food. She ate half of her father’s sandwich and her mother’s French fries. Grandma laughs as Samantha grabs food while her parents are chatting.

A staff member comes to pick up Samantha’s food tray, and then she tries to get out of bed. Samantha takes two steps and feels like she goes to collapse again. This time her father able to catch her. Samantha wraps her arms around her father’s neck, and together they slowly get Samantha to the bathroom.

Samantha had never felt so weak or scared before in her life. Both of her parents assisted her in getting back into the hospital bed. Grandma kissed her granddaughter’s forehead and waved goodbye as Samantha is starting to fall asleep again. Samantha took about an hour’s nap, and she is happy that she didn’t see anything supernatural or not normal in her mind. Nurse Kim came to check on Samantha. The Nurse checked Samantha’s vitals, refilled her IV bag, and checked her blood sugar. The glucose monitor reads one hundred and twenty, which is normal.

Mrs. Taylor felt relieved that her daughter’s sugar is not fluctuating as much. The hospital is starting to look dark and like a ghost town as visitors leave, and patients get ready for bed. Thankfully, the hospital is letting Mr. and Mrs. Taylor stay overnight at the hospital with their daughter.

*I'm No Ordinary Girl: Sample Book*

Mr. Taylor and Mrs. Taylor both have reclining chairs, pillows, and a white blanket to use for the time that the Doctors are keeping Samantha at the hospital. Mr. Taylor is snoring in the chair by the window, and Mrs. Taylor is slowly falling asleep, and you can see the tablet sliding off her stomach. Samantha is laughing quietly. Mrs. Taylor always made her daughter laugh, rather it was by saying funny things or dancing in the kitchen.

Samantha felt so lucky and grateful to God that he has gifted her with the greatest parents in the entire world. They always take care of her and work hard to give her everything she needs to live her life. Samantha tries to relax, but it's so difficult to get sleep at the hospital when all you hear is beeping noises from the IV machine and the clock on the wall ticking.

As she closes her eyes, a voice is calling her name. The voice is saying, "SSSSSSSSSSSAMANTHA, I KNOW WHAT YOU ARE!"

End of Sample

Destiny hopes to finish writing her book by the end of the year so that she can publish it in early 2023.