

Child of the Stars

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When Rachael, a girl struggling with Severe Autism, meets a boy who truly understands her, her family's lives change forever. She wants to teach her friend how to catch the stars, but how can she say it to him?

This is based on dreams/visions I had!

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/CreamandPoppufan166/59026/Child-of-Stars>

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1 - An Average Beginning

A girl stood on a balcony, looking at the stars. She opened her arms, as if she were trying to catch the sparkling objects she loved ever since she was a small child. She could not speak, and she felt that the stars could speak her words.

The girl is autistic, and hers is a severe type that might never be cured. Sometimes she'd flap her hands, spin around for hours, or even cry over a change. She would only eat the things she liked, which was a problem for her parents. The girl's name is Rachael.

"Yo, Rach!"

Rachael turned to see her older brother, Andrew.

"Still looking at the stars?" he asked.

Rachael nods and turns back to the gleaming lights that she adores.

Andrew sighs and stands next to her, giving her a small box. "It's the mood ring I promised you," he whispers.

Rachael opened the box, and her brother was right! She squealed happily as she put the ring on.

It's so pretty, Rachael thought in her intelligent mind. The ring turned pink, a color of happiness, and her eyes glittered.

"We're going to have dinner, sis. Come on!" Andrew shouts as he runs inside. Rachael decides to follow him, and she sees many things on the table.

What should I take?! Rachael thought, confused. *There's macaroni and cheese, steak, ham, carrots... and a bunch of stuff I don't like at all.*

"Come on, sis!" Aaron, Rachael's little brother, shouted. "I'm hungry!"

Rachael's ring turned purple, meaning embarrassed or mysterious, so she sat down in the seat she usually sits in during every meal. She took the large spoon that sat in the macaroni bowl and put some on her plate. She tapped Andrew's shoulder.

"Oh! The steak, Rach?" Andrew asks.

Rachael nods as she smiles. She then puts carrots and a piece of ham on her plate. *What a feast!* her mind shouted. *I'm digging in!* She started eating the carrots. Carrots always came first for her. Then the steak, the ham, and last but not least, macaroni and cheese.

Before she took her first bite of macaroni, she heard a booming noise outside and shrieked a little.

Andrew saw something land in the backyard, and it was a already-burnt magazine. He ran to it and brushed off some of the burnt crap... whatever it's called. It said NEW YORK TIMES on the cover.

Whoa! For an unusual family in Massachussetts, this was extraordinary!

"New York Times!" Andrew shouted. "How sweet! There's even stuff about the Red Sox winning the World Series in 2004!"

"Let me see!" Aaron screams as he runs outside to observe the magazine.

Rachael runs out as well, but to look at the gleaming stars and cherish them for a few more hours. She ate her macaroni as she looked at them.

2 - Trouble

Rachael's theme in artwork was stars. She knew every single constellation, star, and origin. Her class was currently in Art, and Rachael drew the constellation Taurus.

"Rachael-chan, that's *amazing!*" Delaney, Rachael's friend, cried happily.

"You're so great at drawing these things, Rachael," Shannon, another friend, said. "Can you draw Sagittarius for me later?"

Rachael looks at Shannon and nods yes.

"Thanks!" Shannon's smile is a little bigger now.

"Rachael, we're supposed to do the assignment on the board," the Art teacher scolds.

Rachael turns to the Art teacher with a confused look. *Can't you see I'm drawing my favorite constellation?* she thought.

"Rachael, I know you love stars, and I appreciate that. Can you draw what's on the board, please?"

Rachael nods and gets out another piece of paper. She starts drawing a flower field. The board says "Nature Artwork", and Rachael knew she could have it set at night. She could still draw stars! She began to sketch a couple constellations on the top of the paper after she finished with the field, but a pushy girl slapped her hand onto the paper.

Rachael stopped drawing and looked up-- it was Cassie.

"There's no *time* for you to draw your *crappy* stars," Cassie snapped as she snickered.

"Cassie, shut up!" Megan cried.

"Yeah!" Joseph shouted.

"Hmph," Cassie snorted.

Then, something Rachael never expected just happened, Cassie began to crumple Rachael's drawing, trying not to laugh evilly.

Rachael tackled Cassie as some of the girls screamed. Some of the boys, and maybe a few girls, were shouting "Fight! Fight! Fight!" or cheering for one of the girls to win. Robert had a camcorder out, starting when Cassie crumpled the amazing drawing Rachael did.

The Art teacher separated the two girls. "What is with you two?!" she asked angrily.

"She just HAS to draw her *so-called 'perfect'* stars all the time!" Cassie screamed.

Rachael started to cry. *It was her fault!* she wanted to say. *She was the one who crumpled up my epic drawing I worked hard on!*

"Come on, teacher!" Robert shouted. "I wanted a good fight to post on YouTube and Facebook!"

"That's enough with your camera, Robert. Put it away," the teacher instructed.

Robert was smart enough to shut up and put the camcorder in his backpack.

"Cassie, Rachael, you two will have detention due to the fight you caused," the teacher said, as if it were a final warning.

This is the consequence, Rachael thought. *I can deal with that.* She ran to Megan and gave her the Taurus picture.

"Thanks, Rachael," Megan whispered, smiling.

Rachael just hugged her in return.

Robert took a picture of the hug with his camera. "Time to put this on Facebook!" he gleefully bragged.

"Robert, put that away!" the teacher warned, "Do you want to end up in detention like these two?"

Robert put the camera away.

In the classroom, Rachael was looking at the announcement TV, waiting for 3:30 PM to come, while Cassie was mumbling a few things and the teacher read a book about Down Syndrome. Rachael began to fidget with her ring, which was green, meaning calm.

It was finally 3:30, and the teacher said, "Go on, you two."

Rachael sprang out of her seat and opened the door, keeping it open for Cassie. She learned that you can become other people's friend if you help them.

"Thanks," Cassie said as she strolled through the exit. Rachael began to run for it, as well.

When she was outside, Rachael began to run home as quick as she could. She went through the shortcut, which was where the river was. She didn't mind getting her shoes and socks wet, as long as they were in a color she hated, like gray or black. She ran through the river, where she almost noticed a frog jumping from lily to lily. If she noticed the frog, she'd chase it and get lost, which would cause her parents to panic.

At 3:45 PM, Rachael was at home safely. She finished her Science homework, which was about constellations (she would probably ace that unit), and now she was looking for something to watch. Di Gi Charat, Sonic X, The Simpsons, Kirby Right Back At Ya, Spirited Away, Ponyo, My Neighbor Totoro, Kiki's Delivery Service, Disney cartoons, Adventure Time, or The Super Mario Super Show? She decided on The Simpsons, and she got her snack ready. As soon as the couch gag occurred, Rachael looked at the screen.

3 - Jon, The Stars, and a Miracle

The next day, at school, there was a new student at Rachael's school. He had on a black hat, a silver shirt with Sonic on it, green pants, and black shoes. The boy was truly handsome.

"Introduce yourself, please," the teacher instructed.

The boy turned to the class and smiled. "Hi! My name's Jon. I like *The Simpsons*, Sonic the Hedgehog, other games, and the stars. Nice to meet all of you!"

Rachael immediately thought of a song and began to hum it a little.

"Oh! You like *The Simpsons*, too?" Jon asked.

Rachael nodded and squealed a little.

"Your name's Rachael?" Jon asked as he looked at the small nametag bracelet Rachael is wearing.

Rachael nods again.

"Maybe we can go to your house and look at the stars?" Jon asked, holding Rachael's hand.

Rachael nods yes and spins around, not hitting other people. *I finally have another autistic friend, Rachael thought. He's like me.*

After getting home through the brook, watching *The Simpsons Movie*, and eating dinner, Jon and Rachael finally made popcorn, went to the balcony, and sat down. Rachael's eyes glitter as she adores the sparkling gems in the sky.

"They're pretty, huh?" Jon asks, which makes Rachael squeal happily.

"They remind me of your eyes, how they sparkle and shine."

Rachael never heard that describer about stars, and she decided she liked it. She began to flap her hands and squeak a little.

Jon put his hand on Rachael's, and the squeaking stopped. She stared at Jon, her eyes blinking and sparkling.

"Well, I'd better get going," Jon whispered as he got up.

Rachael waved goodbye, and Jon jumped off the balcony and landed on the roof. He slid down the roof, resulting in landing on the garage. He jumped off that, and he miraculously landed on his feet.

Rachael didn't know this was a miracle.

But it was.

The next day was Art at school again, and Cassie was absent. Nobody to ruin Rachael's artwork.

Rachael smiled as she finished the flower field and night sky picture. She noticed Jon making a picture like hers. Rachael felt happy that her art inspired Jon, so she hugged him in front of her class.

A miracle.

Rachael felt actually loved for the first time in her life. All she had to do now is find out how to speak.