

dynamite emotions

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dictionary of emotions



◀ CALM — No worries. *Rand was feeling calm as he lay in the warm sand at the beach.*



◀ LOVING — Liking someone a lot. *Kyleen was feeling loving towards her boyfriend.*



◀ HAPPY — Good mood. *Rand had everything to feel happy about on this gorgeous day.*



◀ PROUD — Did something well. *Rand was proud of the way he just parallel parked.*



◀ EXCITED — Looking forward to something good. *Rand was excited about tonight's soccer game.*



◀ **HYPHER** — A lot of nervous energy, making you jittery. *Kyleen was hyper, waiting to get into the game.*



◀ **SURPRISED** — Something unexpected. *Kyleen was surprised to find the back door open when she got home.*



◀ **SHY** — Not outgoing. *Rand felt shy at the party because he didn't know anyone.*



◀ **BORED** — Having nothing to do. *Kyleen finished her math homework and was bored for the last fifteen minutes of class.*



◀ **WORRIED** — Afraid that something bad will happen. *Kyleen was worried when her brother wasn't home at midnight.*

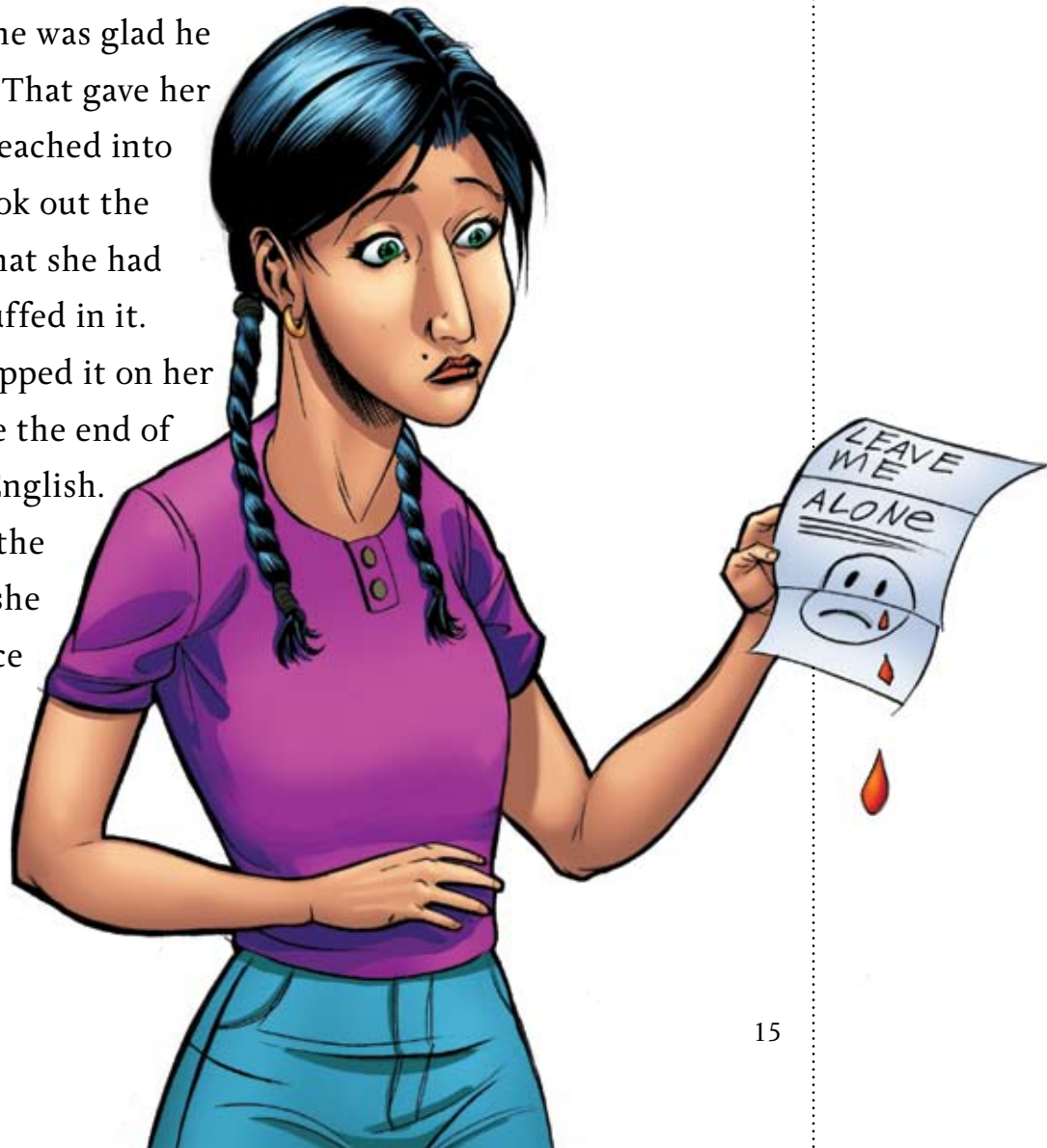


◀ **CONFUSED** — Not understanding. *Kyleen was confused when the directions her friend gave her led to the wrong house.*



◀ **LONELY** — When you have no friends. *Rand was lonely when his family moved to a new town.*

Kyleen didn't know what to think. She ran through the parking lot and yanked on the rusty door of her brother's red truck which made a terrible sound as it opened and then shut. She was glad he wasn't there yet. That gave her some time. She reached into her purse and took out the crumpled note that she had balled up and stuffed in it. Dominic had dropped it on her desk right before the end of the day, during English. As she unfolded the note on her lap, she could feel her face getting hot all over again, the same as the first time she read it.





Dominic had written, “LEAVE ME ALONE,” in huge letters across the whole page and then had drawn a face on the bottom with big eyes and a tear squeezing out. He’d used a red marker on the tear, the only color on the whole note, making it look like blood. Kyleen realized she was holding her breath, she’d been focusing so hard on the note.

She just about jumped through the roof when Rand, her brother yanked open the driver’s door and slammed it shut.

He snarled at her, “What’re you doin?” as she quickly put her purse on top of the note on her lap. He had a messed-up face because when he was little, he’d had surgery on his lip and it made him look like he was always kind of sneering. That never kept him from having friends though.

“So what’s your problem,” he asked as he jammed his key into the ignition, starting up the engine and making it roar. “Nothin’,” Kyleen said, looking out the window. Nothin,’ she thought, that you can do anything about. You hate Dominic anyway. But she didn’t tell him that. Rand had told her once that he thought Dominic was a freak. He’d been mad because she had stayed after school talking to him making Rand late for work that day.

Her brother wasn’t too bad most of the time, just sometimes when he was thinking about his own problems. And he did drive her home so she didn’t have to ride the bus. She couldn’t stand it that Dominic was avoiding her. It hurt her feelings and made her crazy. And now this note! Why didn’t he have the guts to just tell her in person? She couldn’t think of anything she’d done wrong. She’d have to get some answers because if she didn’t, she wouldn’t be able to concentrate on anything.

Rand stopped in front of their house. He wasn’t even mad anymore. He said, “See ya later, gotta go do something,” as Kyleen jumped out of the truck and walked towards the back door, fishing her key out of her purse.



She dumped her backpack on the kitchen floor and grabbed a soda out of the refrigerator. She plopped on the couch and clicked on the T.V. She couldn't keep her mind on the stupid show. Mom wasn't home yet, but she said she'd be home tonight to make supper.



Kyleen walked up the stairs to her room with her cell phone in her hand. She punched in Dominic's number. She was sweating, she was so nervous. Dominic picked up. "H'lo"? Kyleen knew he knew it was her, but he just said "H'lo" kind of cold. She blurted out, "Can we talk?"

He was quiet and she could hear an electric guitar playing in the background. He must be over at Danny's. She wondered who else was there. She heard a shriek and some high pitched giggling. Dominic still hadn't said anything. She was getting uncomfortable. It was like she wasn't even there. Then she heard him say,

"Yeah, you can have that CD," and she knew he wasn't paying any attention to her. She heard the giggling again and it sounded closer. Then the phone just clicked off. Kyleen couldn't believe it, staring at the dead phone in her hand.

She could feel her chest getting tight and she wanted to scream. She barged out of her room, slamming the door. She ran downstairs

and into the kitchen. Her mom had come home and was frying up some hamburgers on the stove for supper. She turned towards Kyleen with a greasy spatula in her hand. Kyleen yanked open the refrigerator so hard that the bottles on the shelf crashed together. Her mom yelled out, “What’re you doing? Get out of there!”

Kyleen slammed the refrigerator door shut and ran out of the kitchen. She stumbled over Rand’s boots in the living room and she kicked one. It flew into the plant and scattered dirt on the carpet. Her mom had followed her into the living room screaming at her, “Now look what you’ve done, what a mess — you better clean that up!”

Kyleen pressed her hands over her ears. She didn’t want to hear any more yelling from her mom. She ran up to her room and slammed the door behind her, sprawling on her bed. She could feel the tears starting to run down her face.

