

"Another bad day, Izzy," she said. By her tone, I didn't know if my sister was asking a question or stating a fact. Whichever it was, it didn't matter. I was sobbing all the same.

**"IT'S POINTLESS! THEY GET MAD AT ME NO MATTER WHAT I DO!"**

"Get up and come sit with me. Tell me what happened." Maya held out her hands, pulled me up, and led me to the kitchen table.

"Well... I took your advice and didn't talk over anyone, not once all day."

**"OK. SO WHAT'S WRONG?"**

