

Stormy F.

Invisible

There I was in our school cafeteria listening to gossip, arguments, and dumb couples. I was reading and eating alone without anyone to talk to. I only have one friend, but she can never sit with me because of her schedule. Oh, I forgot, my name is Jessica and I'm only 15, but it's not much for anyone to notice. I think that's because most people would say I was an invisible person; even my teachers don't see me in class with hand raised. Sometimes it gets irritating; after a while, you get used to it. Mostly, the only thing I do in high school is practice for band, homework, and read. Yes, for what you are thinking, I am in band. I play the flute. The thing is, I am a logical person and extremely socially awkward. There are times when I just wish that someone would listen to what I have to say. I want to be heard, and not just heard, listened to. I want to be visible instead of being pushed aside in the halls. So the next day, I talked to my band director, which is more often than anyone else, and told him that I wanted to try and teach a beginning band student in middle school. He told me that was the best idea he had ever heard. He also told me that we should open it up to all the middle school and high school kids. I agreed and helped him set it up. When we were done I got this girl named Missy. She was a brilliant girl, but for a reason I did not know, she quit and that was all I heard of her. Sadly, this happened a few more times, until this girl came along. Her name was Caroline. She had walked up to me confidently and said that she wanted me to teach her, and I said of course and we worked it out. She was a bright and teachable person, which made it easier for me. There was also a certain side to her which is the side I knew well because I had that side myself. In a way she was just like me, but I knew I had to try and turn things around for her. I guess I didn't do it by myself; in a way she helped me help her. One day we were having a lesson and she said "how do you make friends?" I had to think about it for a second, then I replied, "Well I would try and find someone who you have a common interest with and just talk to them." This still continues to bother me, but I never knew why. I guess I still accomplished one of the things I set out to do. Here I am 20 years later still thinking about one conversation. Now I am 35, I still was never "visible" in high school, but at least I could make one person's life different. I never would have thought in the lessons we had, that she would change mine as well. She became something of beauty, strength, and intelligence, just like me, even when she quit after high school. However, I still play in concerts for a living, and more wonderful life experiences ahead, just like the one with Caroline Foster who was a very special soul.