

Beautiful

"Caroline, look I'm you." someone yelled.

I spun around in the hallway to see a tall skinny girl with brown hair, Emily. Emily, Emily, Emily. I cant tell you how much I hate her. If I told my mother that she would say that's not a kind thing to say but, its only the truth.

She was bending down and waddling like a penguin. I'm short and I'm not the skinniest person. Nor am I the prettiest person either, or at least that's what Emily says.

Everyone in the hallway heard her and looked her direction. Every ear that heard her hurtful joke laughed except for Hannah. Hannah is a shy unknown person, also a minor victim of Emily. Of course not bullied as much as I am by her, no one is.

People were pointing at me and laughing and saying rude things. I walked towards the bathroom already having enough but surprise, surprise; Emily strikes again.

"Gonna go and sit your fat butt down on the toilet seat and cry little Caroline?" Emily asked, acting innocent.

Of course she would think I'm going to cry but I know myself way better. I haven't let myself cry about this whole situation with her because I am stronger than that. I know I am. They may not know but I do and that's what counts because in the end, they are probably never going to talk to me once I leave high school.

I walk into the bathroom anyways and turn around and lock the door.

I wait for the bell to ring so I don't have to deal with everyone in the hallway.

DING DING DING

Someone tries to open the door. Of course it doesn't work because I locked it. I just stare at my self in the mirror instead of even caring if it could be a teacher.

All I see is what they call me.

Fat, ugly, short, etc.

I cant do this to myself. Be positive.

That's stupid I think --be positive-- because, what is there to be positive about because, I lost my brother Ethan 8 months ago and he was the only person who knew about this... who cared.

Sure my mom and dad love me but my sister Anne has cancer. I love her to death and I would do anything for her but she just doesn't understand, she has other things on her mind, and so do my parents.

But I have myself, my closest friend and worst enemy.

Knock, knock, knock.

"Who is it?" I call out.

"Its me Hannah, Caroline please let me in."

I walked towards the door and unlock it.

"I'm really sorry if you need to use the bath-" I start to say.

Hannah wrapped her arms around me and said "I'm so sorry, I am here for you just know that."

I hugged her back.

A tear rolled down my cheek but not from sadness, from happiness. Because, someone actually cared.

"Thank you so so much." I said and I meant it.

I glanced at myself out of the corner of my eye, still hugging Hannah and all I thought and saw was *beautiful*.

A beautiful new friendship.

Hannah.

Me.