

The Little Hero

I don't want to go to school today. Heck, every day I don't want to go to school. I know I'm just going to get made fun of by Sasha Tomfrey and her gang of gals. It's been a week since I moved here from Florida, and yet I'm still being made fun of. I sigh. "Scarlet, the bus is going to be here any minute!" That's my mom, reminding me of that torture vehicle. I come out of my room dressed in a simple T-shirt and jeans. I hear the torture vehicle pull up outside. Great. "Have a good day! Be strong, be—" don't say it, mom! "-big!" Again, I sigh. Hearing the word big reminds me of how little I am. The bus doors open, and I go to the back like usual. My mind suddenly turns to the Disabilities program tomorrow. At my middle school, we're having a fundraiser for people like me. I was thinking of saying a speech or something, but I don't know. After a few more stops, we're at Jade's house. She gets on the bus wearing the flashiest necklace I've ever seen. "Where'd you get that?" I ask. "From the mall." "You're kidding." "Nope." "That flashy of a necklace comes from Macy's or something?" "Yeah, I got it at Charming Charlie's." "Oh." Soon the bus comes to a stop in front of my school. We get off the bus and go to our lockers, which are right next to each other. Of course I have a bottom locker, while she has a top locker. "So are you going say a speech at the program tomorrow?" Jade asks me. I sigh. "I don't know. I mean, if I do, Sasha might make fun of me 'till I'm eighty." The warning bell rings, and we go to Mr. Mackeli's ELA class. I sit down in front of Jade. Sasha walks in with her gals. "Everyone sit down and open your textbooks to page one hundred thirty-two. I want you to read the story, and then write a paragraph about it," Mr. Mackeli says. I open my textbook to the page. Uh-oh, it's about little people. I can feel Sasha staring at me. "Mr. Mackeli, can we write a paragraph about Scarlet? I mean, her being so little and all," she says. Everyone laughs except Jade. "Now Sasha, that's enough," Mr. Mackeli says. After class, Sasha blocks the doorway. "Sasha, can you move?" I ask, trying not to sound annoyed. "I don't have to. You can just slip through my legs, can't you?" She and her gals laugh and walk away. I feel like crying. "Ignore her, Scarlet. Let's go," Jade says. By the time it's lunch, I've made my decision. I pull out a piece of paper and begin to write. "What are you doing?" Jade asks. "I'm writing my speech for the program. I'm going to blow Sasha away," I reply. "Oh. Uh-oh, here she comes." I turn around and see my living nightmare and her minions walking over to us. "Why, hello Scarlet. Having a good lunch?" Sasha deviously asks me. I'm burning up inside, and I can tell she knows because she smiling. "May I sit with you?" "No." Sasha and her gals laugh. "Wow, you just can't contain all that anger in your little body, can you?" She walks away, laughing. I can't take it. I'm crying in front of my best friend. "I just want to be normal, Jade. Why? Why does Sasha do this?" Jade's hugging me, because she knows how much it hurts. "I don't know, Scarlet. But I would never do such a thing." "I know." When I get home, I finish my

homework and then go to my room and work on my speech. I hear a knock on the door. "Scarlet? Are you okay?" My mom asks. "Yeah, I'm just working on my speech for tomorrow." "Oh! You're working on a speech? Can I hear it?" "When I'm finished, yeah." When I'm finally done, I let my mom read the speech. "It's wonderful, Scarlet. You'll do great." "Thanks, mom." The next day I'm on the bus with Jade. "Did you finish it?" She asks. "Yeah, I finished it." "Is it good?" "My mom says it is. I practiced all last night and finally got it right. I feel confident about tonight." "That's good." Later, in Mr. Mackeli's class, he asks the class, "How many of you are going to say a speech tonight?" I'm the only person that raises a hand. Sasha and her gals giggle. She murmurs something to one of her gals, and they laugh even harder. "Sasha! That's enough!" Mr. Mackeli says. Later that day, Jade and I are at the Disabilities program. I'm so nervous; I think I'm going to puke my dress. "Don't be nervous," Jade tells me. I smile at her. "Next up, Scarlet Kelison!" The host says. I take a deep breath, and then walk up there. "I'm Scarlet Kelison, and as you can see, I'm a little person. Ever since I was little, I was made fun because I'm tiny. And I still am. But now I'm made fun of for two reasons. I moved to Texas from Florida. So I'm the new little kid. Every Saturday, I have to see the Little People Society of Houston. Going there reminds of how small I am," I start to tear up. "And all I want to be is normal. I just wish everyone would treat me as a normal person!" There's silence. Then I hear clapping and shouting. I walk off the stage proudly. Here comes Sasha. She stares hard at me, then falls to her knees, sobbing. "I'm sorry! I'm so sorry!" She says. Wow! Looks like I am normal! I guess I'm just a little hero then!