

R., Alyssa
February 2015

The Outcast

Do you know what it's like to be turned down by every boy in school? To be pushed around and humiliated for something you were born with? I do. Ever since the day I was born, people have thought of me as, "The outcast." Until today.

1st period ended with a big project due next Friday. As I make my way to second period I bump into a boy. I fall to the ground and all my papers fly and books scatter across the tile. I look up to see a not-so-familiar face. His dark blue eyes stare straight at mine, with his shaggy brown hair and perfect face. I feel as if time froze, and all that's left is he and I. I snap out of it. He holds his hand out right in front of me. Me? Nobody ever does that! I take it and scurry up to my feet. He helps me with my books and papers. I'm not the best at talking, so I hurry and get to class.

In second period I see the boy. He sits right in front of me. Ms. Tally hands us our work and we get right to it. He turns around, "Hey, can I have help with number 3?"

OMG. I'm freaking out. What do I do? I ask *my* tutor for help with everything. What if I need help? How could I say no? "Uhh..." I stutter, "I guess."

The bell rings and the hallway roars with talking and laughter. The rest of the day I couldn't stop thinking about him. As I open the door with a push a cold hand touches my shoulder and sends a shiver down my spine. I look back and see the boy.

"Hey? Need a ride?" he asks.

"Umm...thanks but I already have o-one," I exclaim. He walks with me outside. My mom's red buggy awaits me. I open the door and get in. I ask my mom, "Did you see that boy I was t-talking to?"

"Mhmm," she nods.

"You see I w-wonder if he knows about me? You know, my down syndrome?"

"Mhmm, and you know what I think?" she questions me.

"What?"

“ I think no matter what you have, he will still become your friend.”

I pick up my 1,000 pound backpack and get out of the car. I smile the biggest smile I have ever smiled before. I feel happy inside. I go home and run straight to my room. I pull out my red sparkly journal, and it feels grainy in my hands. I grab my special pen and start writing.

12/3/14

Dear Diary,

Today was pretty hard for me. Every day is. A new guy came to our school, and he actually was nice to me! I hope he stays that way. I'm not sure if he knows I have Down Syndrome or not yet. I don't think anyone thinks I'm as attractive as most girls because of my really short blonde hair, brown eyes, and I am short and stubby. Anyway, I still wish to have somebody to love someday. Maybe the one is not as far as I think...

I also hate that words just don't flow out of me as well as the other kids, but at least I can still write. Right? Adios!

*Love,
Josey <3*

It has been three months and is February now, and the boy never stopped talking to me. We are really close friends, yet I still haven't flat out told him about *you know what*. First period ended and as I'm walking down the hallway a bright red and pink poster catches my eye.

Valentines Dance/Sadie Hawkins Dance. Girls ask guys.

Tickets are \$5 each. February 13. From 6:00 to 9:00.

I know the perfect guy, but does he feel the same way? I take my eyes off the poster and skip on down to second period. Jackson waits for me by the door.

"I need to tell you something important," I speak nervously.

"Ok anything," he says as a smile spreads across his face.

"So, umm..." I speak as my hands start to sweat. "Are you g-going to the dance?" I say.

“Uh. I don't know, no girl has asked me yet.” He looks down at his feet.

“ Will you go with m-me? As a date?” I finally blurt out.

“ I..... would love to,” he says.

I flinch as I wait for a, “*but...*” to come out of his mouth. No *but* comes out.

I arrive at the dance in a dark red and black high-low dress. I hope I'm not too fancy. Or too casual. My mind is racing and all I can think about is how I look. I open the gym doors and hand a lady my red ticket. I step on the flat gym floor and I look around.

“Wow,” I whisper under my breath. Everything is decorated in streamers and red and pink hearts. It's beautiful. I see Jackson.

“Oh my,” I mumble. He is dressed in a black and white tuxedo with a red flower and bow tie.

“Wow, Josey. You look amazing!” He compliments me, and I compliment him back.

We dance and have a fun time, and then a slow song comes on. *Oh no. What do I do? I have never done this before? Just stay calm.* He grabs my waist with a touch as delicate as a feather, and I still don't know what to do. He lets go and sets my hands on his shoulders, and then grabs my waist again. He starts to sway, so I follow. The song is about to end. I look at our feet moving perfectly in unison. I look back up and once again I get lost in his dark blue eyes. He moves closer. Everything stops. His lips touch mine. We come apart and I run away into the bathroom. I look in the mirror. I smile, and can't stop. I guess I'm pretty normal after all.