

Silence is Golden

By Emily T.

I can tell when people are talking about me. They give me darting glances, and whenever I walk by, their mouths clamp up. This is an event that I have to endure day by day. Here is my exact story.

Heads are closed together; mouths are moving rapidly, when I walk by, no movements... nothing. I can hear nothing, but I can only read lips which make it all seem worse. No one understands how I feel. Sad cannot describe me, the word lonely comes close. I have no friends and everyone around me thinks that I am just a “snobby, proud, little-miss-goodie, and too-good for anyone.” How to explain? How to start a conversation? How to make friends with kids that are not the same as me?????

When I first walked in school on that first Monday knowing that the same routine was going to repeat, I get pictures in my head, people who are treating me as the person they think I am. All through the beginning of school those instant replays, images and all sorts of jumbled up words keep repeating in my mind. I feel as if bursting out in tears leaving the whole school drowning. I rush out of the classroom down to the counselor’s office, and of course I cannot see anything because my eyes are so blurry that I bump into someone in the hallway, I look up and that girl is making signs with her hands. I suddenly feel a burst of electricity surge through my whole body. Someone that is like me, FINALLY! We get along quite well now and we do everything together. When we walk through the hallway, we are now known as someone important.