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Do the Write Thing, Boston

Breaking the Cycle of Violence

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### Do The Write Thing Essay, 2014

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## Life

Forty days... is that how long it had been? Forty terrifying days living in the shadow of the nobodies. To think that she was in Vermont in her sweet little maple syrup smelling house only a month ago, and now she, Sara Luis was in the sunshine state California the worst place in history according to her oh how she hated it. Her parents had moved the family right when she had entered high school, stupid parents. She had been told lately that she would find, an "outlet" that she would have forever (like that would ever happen). People had been talking about her behind her back, she knew that of course because the "it" girls had tried to make fun of her in the locker rooms after her swim practice, which swim was the one thing that made her feel like she belonged in California but after they found out about her, the people she loved, she liked, the "it" girls had messed up everything.

People at school had looked at her the way that her boyfriend had looked at her when she had told him why she couldn't do it any more. It wasn't her fault that she loved the people the same gender as her, she just followed her heart. It had began at summer camp when she met Lindsay Howe, Lindsay was a swimmer and that summer they had sparks, She hadn't told her parents about this because she knew that they would go berserks about this but when she broke up her boyfriend, her parents had asked her why and she had told them about that summer and that she was different. Her parents three days later had told her that they were moving because of her dad's work. Though she knew that it was because her school had bullied her because of who she was, why couldn't they accept who she was?

When it was her first day she had crushed on one of the "it" girls, she had thought that one of them had liked her the way that she had liked her. The girl's name was Alice Frontier, she had helped Sara study in writing and she had gotten the wrong the idea of the "studying" wrong idea! The next day the "it" girls had torched her in front of the whole school, since then she had been bullied throughout the halls. Just in twenty days she had been hurt, twenty days. The next day the girls had targeted her in the hallways and in the cafeteria, than at swim practice it was the worse they had taken all her clothes hid them in someone else's locker but she didn't know who because the person had anonymously had turned in her stuff thank goodness. That was all on Thursday. One Monday evening her teacher had called her into class, the teacher being an adult had ask what was going on it seemed as if the teacher was the one that would understand her, but the teacher just took it to the principal's office which to

be honestly didn't help it made it worst. She thought that all wasn't hopeful until, she meet Jasmine Darkbloom, she was the captain of the lacrosse team and had the most beautiful black highlighted hair, there was no reason that anyone wouldn't like her. Sixty days had gone by including the forty so technically only twenty days and these were the best days. People had felt sorry for her and tried to make her feel better. The only person that actually offered to be her friend was Jasmine and her lacrosse posse. It had happened like this. "Hi, Sara right?"

"That's me" she replied back.

"Oh, hi my name is Jasmine Darkbloom, captain of the lacrosse team" Jasmine had introduced herself to Sara. The following day the other members of the team had come and she joined her at her used to be lonesome table. By the end of the day she had made new friends and they understood her as she did them. The lacross team now her new friends. That year Sara, had made friends that truly understood her and didn't judge her the way that the other people had described her. Though that was in the past, but she still thought about that and how they judged her. It still hurt her but she had her companions to help her.

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One year later, Senior year, Sara graduated with full scholarships and same with her friends it was fun to be going off to college some place that she could be free and meet new people that loved her as a friend did and as she did to them. She had been grateful towards her friends especially to Jasmine who in the future became the one that was standing at the altar the day of the big day. But, that's a different and, non-giving up story for another day

"Too often we underestimate the power of a touch, a smile, a kind word, a listening ear, an honest compliment, or the smallest act of caring, all of which have the potential to turn a life around."

Leo Buscaglia

That is just what Sara's friends did to make her feel important. It's always important to have back-up that cares about you and you know they are the people that is right for you. That you feel accepted as Sara in this story did. Find an outlet to plug your wires into.