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Do The Write Thing Essay, 2014

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Why So Difficult?

While I sit in the corner, I think to myself, what did I do wrong? The sounds of people saying, you're not good enough. What horrible words that comes from the mouths of others, who had always thought I was different. Who thought I was the kind of person who would be quirky or award, who no one wants to hang out with, the outsider?

I was the person who felt so alone. So afraid I could drown in my own tears. I try so hard to be like everyone else. Then finally, a comforting voice came out. It was like the voice was calling me, cradling me in its arms. Like it was my mother, and I was its child. The voice asked if I was ok, and who had hurt me? I could only mummer under my breath and try to reply but failed. Then I knew what had happened. I knew it was only a figment of my imagination, telling me it was all right to tell an adult about my problem. That the solution isn't to stay home and sulk. That I can stand up for myself.

I tried to avoid going near the classes so that no one would know I was the t5attle tale. Something inside me was saying, don't tattle tale, everyone will hate you even more. I pushed that thought away just like people pushed me away. I finally held my head higher than the the me before I stood up for myself.