

"52RS9BS1a"

District # 52

A.A.

Grade 11/12

Student Initials: S. V.

Sample # 1

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S.V. #1



To Belong.

Nov 05//

There are days that I wished I could just sit back and relax with my friends. I always felt as if I had to do something to please them. It was hard at times but I pulled through. I liked my friends, they were so cool; everyone envied them, including me. I felt like I belonged, even though I wasn't me, I was someone I wished I was. Yet I didn't know, to belong is actually when your friends accept you for who you are. And they didn't accept me, they accepted the fake me.

I was 10 years old, still figuring out things in my life. I lived with my grandparents Judy and Jim, I never really had a mom or dad so they were the closest I could ever get. Sometimes I wished I had parents like my friends, but I knew it wasn't going to happen because they were gone; I had no clue of where they went, I've been living with my grandparents for as long as I could remember. My friends use to fool around with me because of it, till I made up a phoney little lie saying they were undercover spies. Not like they would ever find out I was lying, anything that was said seemed so true at that age. But that was when I got my friends Jake, Rose, Lizzy, Hunter and Ashley. They were the "cool-cats" on the block. Everyone thought they were fabulous, I mean they were, they were the coolest group of friends I knew in Elementary School.

Having them as my friends made me so proud, I was actually cool like they were. I was apart of that group everyone wanted to be apart of. I went from a lonesome little girl in school, to the most

envied one in school. I could describe how I felt. But having them as friends was so confusing. I couldn't be myself, they would look at me weirdly and walk away. I didn't quite understand until my grandma Judy told me some people were like that and that they aren't true friends. I didn't want to believe it, they were cool, how could they not be true?

The next day we hung out, was the day I realized I had to lie out my rear-end for them to stay and hang out with me. I had to act like a completely different person with them. It was hard work, especially because I wanted to be me so bad, but I wanted to be apart of their group. People didn't really like me anymore, they thought I was so mean and girly. Even though it's not who I was, I was actually the nicest, sweetest, tom-boy girl ever, but this mask I had on made it seem like I was rude and girly. But I continued anyway because I had the coolest friends ever.

I met a girl one day, her name was Kyla, she was just like the old me before the new me took over. She was quiet, shy and really nice. We sat beside each other one day in the computer lab, and that was when we clinged together, she was my new friend, I could be me and she would laugh and be herself too. We were so weird together but it felt nice to actually not try be someone else for a change. I brought her to my friends after class, but we ended up ditching her at the park to go play four-square. I felt bad for doing that but I was having so much fun, and it was back to the fake me again..

I talked to my grandma about the new friend I made in class, she said she wanted to meet her and asked me to ask her to come over tomorrow for a picnic. So that day in the computer lab I looked for her but I couldn't see her, I sat in the same spot as last time and did our typing lessons as I waited for her. She finally showed up but she looked upset, so I asked what was wrong and she said that I disappeared on her and she ~~got~~^{was} getting a friendship bracelet for me that day. I had no idea she would feel so upset, and to receive a friendship bracelet meant so much to me. I apologized and asked if she wanted to come over after school for a picnic and she said yes. I was so excited ~~and~~ I didn't even talk to my friends after school, I was actually having a friend come over for the first time!

I rushed in the door and told grandma to hurry and that she was coming over any time soon. We had everything ready and a couple seconds later she showed up at our gate. We had grandmas freshly baked bread with peanut butter and jam, with cookies and chocolate milk. My grandma loved spoiling us. After we played with Barbies and played cops and robbers with my grandparents and brothers Pete and Zareen. We had so much fun but then it was almost 8 and time for bedtime so she had to go and we had to get ready for bed.

The next day I was so excited to see her again, we had such a blast together. When I got to school I saw my friends, it was so boring hanging out with them all we did was play

four-square and play on the big park. I saw Kyla from a mile away and went to get her to bring her with my friends again. My friends didn't like her, they thought she was weird. So I told them to be nice and that we were friends. But then they looked at me weirdly and said I was a freak.

I was shocked and hurt that they would say that. Maybe my grandma was right about them. Kyla told me it was okay and that she's my friend. I felt a little better after that, but I felt way better when she handed me the friendship bracelet, it was so pretty it was pink, my favorite color. After that we went to the end of the field and did cart-wheels, played tag, and cops and robbers before lunch ended. Right then and there I realized that I didn't really belong with Jake, Rose, Hunter and Ashley, I wasn't myself. But with Kyla I did belong, because I was myself and she accepted it. Our friendship lasted years from then. And we are like sisters now. And now I definitely know our friendship is real. And it was the greatest feeling that I ever had.