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Mrs. Carbone

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Friendship of Mistakes

Growing up as a little kid, I had a pretty good life. I always got new toys or new stuffed animals. I always had new shirts or rainbow shoes. I was a very bright and colorful child, full of excitement, singing made up songs about animals and those Kindergarten crushes. Over the years, I was the same kid who believed in anything that you told her: I dreamed of being an animal caretaker, drawing famous paintings, and writing big time books that everyone would want to buy and read. Over the years, nothing really changed for me. Everyone around me almost stayed the same. People decided to drift away and go their separate ways. People I used to talk to stopped and ignored me.

When I went into middle school, my friends and I became our own little group, calling ourselves the “Rejects,” saying we were the cool and unique ones, and everyone else were just droids following one another. About a month into 6th grade, we got a new student. This person immediately went and drowned themselves in with all the others. I unfortunately started to like this person. It was one of those crushes where it didn’t matter—you just suddenly liked the person.

Around the beginning of a new year, I was at home, texting friends and listening to music. This one person, who was my friend, started punching me. Fighting me, but not with hands. With his words. He started to call me names, telling me how I didn’t deserve to live. He mentioned to me how if I had a job of making friends, I would be fired in less than five seconds.

I tried to fight back, but all I did was hurt myself more. I felt my mind slowly give up as I tried to save myself. I felt like I was slowly being consumed by darkness; my thoughts were going away, along with my happiness. Over the months, I slowly drifted apart from people. I followed what they were telling me: I was too annoying, so I stopped talking; I didn't look pleasing, so I started to change my clothes. I didn't talk to anyone, afraid to say my opinions, afraid of being judged again.

I didn't want to be judged ever again, so I kept all my feelings inside and never told anyone. I never even made an attempt to stop it. I let them into my life, I let them change everything about me, and because I didn't want to tell anyone, it kept building up, just collected in my brain. Pain never mattered, so I started to self-harm. I didn't care what it did to me; it was so relieving at the time. My thoughts went black, and I started to think the way they were telling me. *I'm not worth it, I shouldn't be alive, all I do is mess life up...* My friends always said to me that I am the one who makes them smile and laugh each day, but because I wasn't alive like I used to be, they were upset....

Over that summer, I finally found the courage to tell my parents. They got mad at me, and said that I shouldn't have been on Instagram and all the others sites in the first place. They took my iPod and my privileges away. They didn't help me at all; they just made me feel worse. At the end of the summer, I gained the iPod back and deleted the people who hurt me, made a new Instagram, and tried to get my life back. The weeks went by, and I got a message. It was from a number I didn't recognize. As soon as I read it and I knew who it was from:

"Why are you back? We thought you died and we were just starting to celebrate."

I didn't feel like talking back, but I did, attempting to end this, saying how I changed and how I was different. This was a game to all of them, the person who hurts Abby the most wins. Whoever can make her cry gets a prize. I tried to stop them, saying that now I want to die, I'm hurting myself and others, I don't want to live life, I wished I wasn't born. They never thought about it deeply, they only said it was a good thing I thought that way. They said that they were proud of themselves, because they made me feel like I had to kill myself, so everyone would be happy, and no one would care.

I never knew that they were so wrong. The thing I never realized was that there were a lot of people who stood up with and for me. I closed everyone else out, so I never realized how many people actually cared. Two of my closest friends finally said something to the school counselor. They told me that they were sick of seeing me get hurt, and that they missed having my weird self around them. They missed me being my happy self, always making stupid jokes; they missed hearing my stupid laugh and just wanted to see me happy again. They helped me make it stop, and so did all the teachers.

Over the months, everything slowly went back to normal. Seventh grade was really fun; with my best friends, I learned how to draw better, reading, writing stories, and help other people get through bullying. I now speak more wisely and "professionally." I clearly think out what I say, but that depends who I am around at the time. My life is better, and so is everyone else. We have all moved on, all is forgotten. What I want people to take away from this story is that you should never be afraid to be who you are and do what you love.