

My High School Years

I was never a part of the cliques of the rich kids, prom queens, fashion divas, cheerleaders, multi-talented, popular, super nerds, geeks or even the simplest set of students. I was in a class all by myself. As I stood at the gate of the school I would now call home, my mother ushered me inside what seemed would be hell. My stomach slowly turned into a giant knot of fear. Nevertheless I ventured with no great expectations, for I was convinced that I did not belong. Each step I took with immense struggle, I felt the preying eyes of those around me piercing my soul. The light blue sky that was in actuality filled with fluffy white clouds began to resemble a sky saturated with dark, tumultuous clouds; it reflected the emotions of fear, confusion and anxiety that captivated my mind. Just as I stepped into the classroom I had an epiphany; the reality that my high school years had just begun and would not be easy slapped me across the face and awakened my denial.

In my first two years I remained the carefree church girl who had no interest in changing my perspective on life. All that mattered to me at that time was food, fun, school and when the newest episode of my favourite Disney channel show would air. My unrealistic goals of becoming the best doctor and lawyer at the same time seemed permanent. I had it all planned out and nothing in the world could deter me from achieving my goals. I was ignorant to the fact that I had not yet reached the stage of self-realization; I had a lot more to learn. During these few years I had repressed my talents and abilities from the whole school population. I was barely noticed although I managed to have a few people that actually wanted to be my friend.