

Narrative assignment

Education



Realizing True Beauty From the time I started kindergarten until now, I have encountered many peers. Always having the personality of a social and outgoing person I met and mingled with many types of cliches in high school. At Spanaway Lake High during my sophomore year, there were many stereotypical cliches, the jocks, rockers, preps, and what I would refer to as, "the outsiders." In my eyes I mingled and functioned well within each group except for the "outsiders." Throughout the halls amongst the jocks, rockers, and preps there were always kids with their heads hung low getting lost in the crowd.

Those kids were the "outsiders." Nobody seemed to care if they nudged them in the hall on accident or if they even existed. The "outsides" never wore clothes that were in season, instead of colorful converse to match an outfit they would wear plain dirty sneakers and tattered clothes. The "outsiders" were always teased and rarely befriended. Never would I imaged that an "outsider" would become one of my closest friends, but that sophomore year at high school I learned no matter what cliché you are in that true beauty comes from having a kind heart and be secure in yourself. 003 was my first year in high school and like many other students I anticipated the social life and parties that were ahead of me. Walking through the creepy, black doors of the school I remember seeing many groups of people talking in circles and like all others I too wanted to have a group of friends. At lunch time there were a group of kids with uncombed hair and holes in their clothes sitting alone in the corner. Noticing these kids I went to my table and sat down while others made smirks and comments regarding their unprompted appearance. Just look at them, how can

someone be so nasty! ” “ If I were them I would die! ” Sitting at the table with other well dressed, awkward teenagers was no different. They too also laughed at the kids in the corner with their mangled hair, and nauseating appearance. From that day on I would be mortified to even be seen or talk with one of those kids from that corner for I would never want to be teased like they were. Those kids were the “ outsiders”. Within a month of high school I engaged in conversation with all the cliches at Spanaway Lake High school, except for the untouchable “ outsiders”.

I could be seen chatting in the hall with the rockers or on the outside bench listening to one of them playing the guitar. In gym, I huddled in the circles next to the men of school spirit, or the jocks as many referred to them. I had lots of friends but my closet friends were the preps with attitude. Shelly, Jennifer, Lindsay, Sam, Stephanie and I could be seen any day skipping classes or diving into a senior’s car to go have a party. Most of the time we wore designer clothes that had cost our parents a fortune, but when we didn’t it was okay because our reputation was already established as, “ fun party girls! We always would talk about the kids with dirt on their face and make nasty comments for our own self pleasure. Being so close to these girls I thought that they were my best of friends, loyal and honest. I figured that they would always be there for me just in case I got into too much trouble, but at the drop of a dime I was the left out one. All of us girls; Shelly, Jennifer, Lindsay, Sam, Stephanie, and I had science with Mrs. Bishop. Being non separable we always sat together or in very close proximity and caused ruckus. Over the course of months Mrs.

Bishop was agitated from all of our endless chattered and assignment a seating chart. Hearing her call my name I arose and dragged my feet over to my new seat, right next to Alex. Alex was a short pudgy girl with brown ratted hair which always seemed to be in an unmanageable pony tail. Alex was what I considered an “ outsider. ” Every day it seemed she wore the same maroon over sized sweatshirt with jeans that were too tight for her body. All my friends chuckled as I took my seat plugging their noses precluding that she smelt of yesterday’s sewage.

Alex looked over to me and said, “ I” I smirked knowing that I would never want to associate myself with an “ outsider. ” After class my friends laughed at the fact that my new place in the classroom was assigned right next to Alex. They teased me saying, “ Alex is your new best friend, hahaha you are just as gross as she is. ” and in a month Alex really became my new best friend. When I first sat next to Alex she smiled brightly and said, “ Hi”, that gesture of kindness was more than those six girls would even bestow upon their grandma .

Within a week of my newly assigned placement I found that I enjoyed talking with Alex. Alex always had a positive attitude never saying a mean thing about anyone else, even when she knew they were making assumptions about her. Shelly would laugh at me from across the room but I no longer cared for I had met someone with substance. Alex came from a poor family, her dad died when she was young and her elderly grandmother watched after her. Having not much money she often shopped at good will and say gel as a want more than a necessity.

Alex was grateful for everything she had in her life and taught me that there is more to life than looking good. As soon as I started talking to Alex, my other friends betrayed me by saying that I was an “outsider” too. They started spreading nasty rumors and one girl even asked me if the statement was true that, “I was a lesbian?” Shelly, Jennifer, Lindsay, Sam, Stephanie were never truly my friends. Alex opened my eyes to realize that there is more to people than just the way they looked or social status.

That sophomore year I was so enthused to meet Alex, who is still my closest friend to this day. Alex taught me how to have a kinder heart and not to judge people on their outer appearance. Alex always says, “You never know what trials and tribulations another human has endured, so who are you to judge them.” Alex has been a loyal and trustworthy friend who has never let me down. Just because I skipped school and partied with Shelly, Jennifer, Lindsay, Sam, and Stephanie I assumed that their friendship would also be loyal and true, but it turned out I was wrong.

As soon as me and Alex started talking they disowned me calling me a “dirty outsider.” Alex and I ate lunch together every day for the rest of our high school experience. People talked about us, but we did not care for we were confident in ourselves. Alex is one of the friendliest, most genuine people I have ever met despite what she looks like on the outside. Those six girls were gorgeous and always appeared well dressed and manicured, but they had a pessimistic attitude with nothing nice to say. I thought that what you look liked was so important that it judged who you are as a person.

Alex opened my eyes to the fact that no matter what you dress like you can still obtain a heart full of hate. Alex did not appear proper on the outside, but as a person she was so beautiful, kind, and pure hearted that her appearance was over shone by the true characteristics of beauty. That year I discovered who the real " outsiders" were: Shelly, Jennifer, Lindsay, Sam, and Stephanie with their uncompassionate demeanors. Never again would I considered a person who did not fall into a typical cliché an " outsider" for the true " outsiders" are the people who show no mercy to others.