Shouting In Silence

Chapter 1:
Introduction

Hello there! I hear that you're here for me to tell you a story with the theme of “I belong”, is that correct? O.K. good, I thought I misheard you for a minute because I’ve told you like 10 stories about how I belong, oh, wait, that wasn’t you, sorry! So, this is my before-and-after story of me belonging. Well, belonging enough to have some friends to play with when it's recess time. O.K., Let’s start the story. Oh, and by the way this is a true story about me. So get comfortable, and here goes…

Chapter 2:
Before Belonging

Before I start, I want me and you to be on the same page. So I will try my hardest to make you understand that everyone, (according to lots of people, not me!) should have a place in life. Oh, and you don’t get to choose your place, it’s chosen for you. It’s based on your gender; if you're a girl, you do girl things, and if you're a boy you do boy things. I’m a girl, but I don’t belong in my “girl place” that I’m supposed to. So it’s hard for me to belong anywhere, especially at school. When my dad died it got even harder. For the first couple weeks everyone was so sorry for me that I could barely go 1 hour without someone saying sorry. So I just kept quiet and didn’t have much hope of happiness, if I even thought that happiness existed. It became even harder when 2 new girls

became popular and took most of my friends away. Well, the few friends I had. I barely had any friends left.

Chapter 3:
After It All

Now if you're not fine with girls hanging out with boys, then this is NOT the chapter for you. O.K., now, back to the story. Months passed, and I was sick of having very few friends so I started to hang out with the “cool boys”. It was hard to make that big of a change but it was worth it. It was also kind of weird being the only girl in my grade that hung out with boys at first, but after a few weeks I got used to being the weird one in my grade, and the boys seemed to be more used to hanging out with a girl too. After a few years I also started to hang out with the crew who followed the popular girls. It was somewhat annoying hanging out with them since they wanted us to do everything the popular girls said. And the popular girls didn’t respect the kids who followed them.I just tried to go about my business and ignore them. Now I hang out with the boys at lunch and I hang out with the girls at wiggle since the boys are playing soccer. I don’t like playing soccer that much so it’s a perfect time to hang out with the girls. So that is my story, I hope you enjoyed it! Now I have to go make lunch. Bye! Oh, and by the way stop by any time, I’m always open to telling someone a story.

The End