

Courage

Never have I ever had the feeling that I belonged, this is town too focused on their own views and their imaginary line of what is right and what is wrong, people in the streets are quick to judge you if you don't fit the standards of the town, and think the same way they do. It's sad to see that my world has lost their sense of what makes us all human, and what makes us real. Growing up I refused to look through they eyes of the town, I wanted to live for myself and make up my own mind on what I feel is right and what is wrong, I had to find the courage to form myself as an individual.

What made me realize this was my first few years of grade school, I was quickly outcated for being strange, I would often get harassed in the halls, even in school rooms. The disappointing thing about that was their inability to accept my differences, not the harassing it's self. In that frame of time I didn't have the courage to stand up for myself, but as time went on my courage to stand up for others grew. I remember this time in the fifth grade I was siting with a group of people in the lunch room, and a girl with mental disability's asked to sit by us and was mocked horribly by the other people at the lunch table. I sat there shocked at what I just had witnessed, I was to afraid to say anything so I picked up my tray and joined the girl at the almost vacant table.

Although I didn't notice at first as time went on I started to build courage to stand up for myself little by little. This became clear to me in the Eighth grade. A staff member at that time would always try to get me in trouble for things I didn't to, I remember them saying,

”Hailey, I know you did it. There are students who said they saw you”.

After a while it got really annoying, I was sick of getting pestered by this person, and I was sick of

always getting in trouble. And so I finally said something along these lines,

“There must be a lot of lairs in this school, I didn't do the first thing you accused me of and I did not do this. You are being rude”.

All I remember is the look this person gave me, So intense. After that was a blur but I remember my mother giving them strong words after. I surprised myself, but who wouldn't do the same in my given situation?

Now this was the biggest test of all, my friends and I went to a christian oriented camp. I'm not a christian but I went anyway because my friends were going and I thought nothing of it. I was polite I went along with the activity's, the prayers, everything. This one night we were all in the cabin along with about five or six other girls and what I assume to some of the girls mothers. We were sitting in a circle on the floor introducing ourselves, it was one of my friends turns to introduce herself. After she did one of the girls already knowing asked her,

“What does your rainbow bracelet mean”?

Nervousness grew on my friends face as she was looking down at her wrist

The girl seemed to embody my town, I told her off and explain to her according to her beliefs how its wrong to judge. It was hard to face the mentality she had like my town, but I did it.