

A Pinch of Kindness

By Zoe Abraham

Some people say I am different, or “special” while others say I am awkward and strange. People usually make fun of me for being adopted. But I don’t blame my parents for putting me up for adoption. Why would anyone want a son who can’t even see his own hands right in front of him? There are some people in this world that make good decisions in life like Liam Clark. But unfortunately, there are people who make bad choices too. Those people can change for the better but all people like me can do to help them is be nice to them and give them a helping hand. We can’t make someone change, they must do it willingly with an open mind. People like this impacted my life so much and make me wonder about why I even exist on this Earth. The person who made my life so difficult is Charlotte Evans, along with her group of friends. Everyday at school they would bully me and make me want to quit trying anything. But my friend Liam helps make my life worth living. Especially on important days, like the first day of grade 6. I was worried that I would be all alone and like every other year have to sit beside Charlotte or one of her friends, like Isabell Phillips. They were part of the “mean girl” clique. I got ready for the day ahead of me. As I was eating my breakfast, I heard a loud knock on the door. I knew that it must be Liam. My parents handed my backpack to me. I threw it on my back as I strutted out the door with my cane in hand although at the moment, I lacked confidence. Liam was waiting near the door. We started walking down the street with a chilly breeze blowing against my face. I didn’t need to see where I was going because I had taken this walk to the same school my whole life and have memorized its curves and corners. As we arrived onto school property I came to a halt. It was as though I could feel the stares drilling a hole in my head. I wanted to disappear into thin air. But all I could do is keep going forward. I firmly held Liam’s elbow for guidance. I could hear Charlotte and her friends giggling from here. I already could plan in my head how this could go. But as we walked past, they didn’t even say a word to me. I thought that maybe she didn’t see me. The bell rang as an if it was yelling that it was time to head in the school. At my locker as I stuffed all my belongings into it, Liam helped guide me to our classroom. The principle had thoughtfully put Liam in my class to help me. Liam told me that everyone was staring at me, but I was used to it. The teacher was late for class, so Charlotte and her friends decided it was a perfect time to strike. Charlotte and her friends were laughing at me. I could tell because I occasionally heard my name then heard a roar of laughter. And instead of getting mad I decided to not say anything. I wasn’t going to let it get the best of me. It wasn’t worth wasting my time on. She was silent for the rest of the block. But at break she apparently had more to say, and then continued to say rude comments throughout the day, I was still friendly to her although she insulted me. I did this for

multiple days. On the twelfth day of school Charlotte came up to me tapped me on the shoulder and said, "Why are you being so nice to me when all I have done is disrespect you." And I said, "All you need is a little kindness – it can bring out the best in anyone". After that day Charlotte ended up starting to treat everyone around her nicer, and we actually started to become friends. Although I am blind, I can see that Charlotte had a Jurassic change, her friends started to change too. I guess this year might not be as bad as I thought it was.