

Two perspectives

by Kylie Cavilla

Amelia

Hi! I'm Amelia! Some kids would call me popular, But it depends what perspective you look at. If you look at me from most kids' perspectives, you'll see me as one of those snobby popular brats. But if you look from my perspective, I'm just a normal kid who's really good at making friends, that's all! But yes, I am popular. I try not to make a big deal out of it, but when every kid in the class would do anything and everything for you that's kinda hard. Now i'll admit, It's a bit of pressure being popular! It's hard to make everyone like you and not do anything wrong to reach people's expectations! That's the thing.

Everyone expects you to be perfect and if you can't reach that then there goes your life of being popular. I guess you just have to hang out with the right people, make the right jokes at the right time, and act right! A Lot of people in my class like to believe that I'm perfect but I know that some don't. But they never bring it up, because that's the whole class against one person. Everything was perfect and normal until about a month into school our teacher told us that there would be a new kid.

I wasn't too worried because I knew within a matter of days the kid would figure out who's the boss and they wouldn't try to do anything. But then I found out it was a girl. That made me a bit more worried, but not alot. Us girls just have this rivalry sometimes and it's kinda hard to explain. Basically we hate each other without even saying a word to each other.

Just one look and we make up our minds. And we both know we hate each other. On the day that the new girl was coming for her first day i honestly forgot that she was coming until i got to school. Then all my popular friends came over to me and started talking about what they thought she would be like. I have a friend group of three: me, Brandon, and Jack. We have been bestfriends since kindergarten! We have also been the most popular since kindergarten. "I hope she's pretty." Said Brandon. "Me too!" Jack agreed. Jack and Brandon have always been like this. If you dont know them well enough you would think that they were being stuck up and rude about the girl, But they were actually just joking. They make jokes like that all the time. "Oh just shut up. I hope she's nice." I chirp in. "Yeah yeah, you know we both hope she's nice too!" Jack said. "Yeah we were just joking, relax Amelia!" agreed Brandon. I laugh. "I know, but you guys cant being saying that around people! It's going to get you into trouble some day you know!" I say, nudging them

both into the lockers. Then the bell rings. We look at each other disappointed that we had to go to class.

I sit in my seat and sigh. I'm already bored. It's math which I'm okay at but it's not my favorite. About 20 Minutes into math I hear the door creak open. Everyone in the class looks up. That must be the new kid. Poor thing! She looks so nervous! She's probably not used to all of the attention. She has dark olive skin, green eyes and black hair. To be honest, I think she's beautiful!

But then when I look into her eyes I notice that she's looking right back into mine! Not in a good way. Then it happens, The hate thing I was talking about earlier! I can just tell the way her blank face turned into a slight scowl. Now I'm annoyed. I don't think she knows that I'm the boss around here and she can't mess with me. "So, why don't you come up to the front of the class and introduce yourself!" My teacher Mr. Wilson says. The girl looks away from me and goes back to the nervous blank look. She slowly walks up to the front fiddling with her fingers. "Hi... uh... I'm Mya... And uh..." I am about to fall asleep. I'd rather watch paint dry than listen to this girl mumble slower than molasses. She must have seen the look on my face because she straightens up and starts to talk like a normal person. Thank goodness! "I'm from India but I Moved to America two years ago. I've been homeschooled my whole life. My favorite subject is health because I want to be a nurse or a

doctor when I grow up." Mya says, looking at Mr. Wilson. "So class do you have any questions for Mya?" Mr. Wilson asks. I sit up in my seat and cross my arms. I don't have any questions but I'll think of one. Henry raises his hand. "Yes Henry?" Mr. Wilson says. "So is this your first time being in a real school?" Henry asks. "Yes it is!" Mya answers. Then Lucas raises his hand "Lucas?" Mr. Wilson says pointing at him "Why were you homeschooled?" He asked. "Well because I learn better that way. But my mom thought it would be good to make some new friends since I haven't been able to make any." Mya says. I see impressed looks on all my friends' faces. No way am I gonna let her steal all my friends! I look up at the clock. It's one minute until recess so I should be able to slip out unnoticed. I know what I was about to say was mean but I can't let her just walk in and steal my friends! I raise my hand.

"Amelia?" My teacher says, I can tell Mya doesn't want me to ask a question but I ask one anyways. "Aren't homeschooled people stupid?" I say. The moment it comes out of my mouth I regret it. I hear snickers escape people's mouths. I'm so mad at myself. It just slipped out! Before I know it the whole class is laughing and Mya is at the front blushing with embarrassment. The bell rings. Perfect timing! Before My teacher realized what just happened I slipped out of class and ran outside for recess. I have that guilty feeling in the bottom of my stomach but I ignore it when

I see my friends running towards me still giggling. "That was so funny!" Brandon says.

While Brandon and Jack were joking around I saw Mya walk outside. I thought she would go hang out in the trees but instead she walked towards me. Jack and Brandon look over to see what I'm looking at and they get the hint. Soon enough I'm face to face with her. "So? Did you cry and tell on me?" I said in a mocking voice, even though I actually wanted to know. " No, I did not cry and tell on you because that would give you the satisfaction you were looking for. Mr.Wilson doesn't know what happened but i can go tell him if you want." Mya says. I don't want her to tell Mr.wilson so i just stand there and cross my arms.

Before I know it the whole class is watching. Even some people from the grades above us are watching! "Listen, what you said is not cool. It's offensive and rude to a lot of people. Home schooled people are not stupid for your information, infact-" I know what she was about to say was true so i cut her off. "Ok ok. I get it! The truth hurts sometimes! But don't walk in here and act like you know everything! You mess with me, you mess with my whole class. So don't cross me again or you'll be leaving this school within a week." I say as the crowd cheers. At that moment I can see in her eyes that she realized what role I play in this class. I'll admit I feel a little bad. But she made me mad so that's what she gets. I expect her to run away

but she doesn't. She stands there with her eyes dry. "I'll cross your path again if I have to. You are not my boss and I'll do whatever I want." Mya says. Then she calmly walks away. I stick my tongue out at her and talk with my friends like usual. The day goes by really slowly. With every teacher I pass I feel like I'm going to get in trouble. I guess I just feel super guilty. When I get home I sigh with relief. I lay down on my bed and close my eyes. It feels so good to be home! But I realize that Mya was right. What I said was offensive to a lot of people. Even some of my friends were homeschooled! I hope they won't be mad tomorrow...

Mya

Today is my first day of school. Well, my first day of in person school. Hi, I'm Mya. And I've been homeschooled my whole life, up until this year. It all started when my parents decided to move from India to America. This didn't affect me much because I didn't have a lot of friends in India anyways. We moved to a pretty big house in America. Well, It was a lot bigger than my house in India anyways. But maybe that's just all houses in America. I don't know and I don't really care. I'm an only child. It's just been me and my parents my whole life. I love my parents. I mean, I know every kid loves their parents, and I do too! But I also love the way my

parents act. Some kids get embarrassed, but my parents are pretty cool. They know what kids like and what they don't so they don't make all those cheesy jokes that make everything awkward. The jokes they make are actually funny! But most of all, my parents are the most loving parents on earth, and all they want is the best for me. That's why I rarely get mad at my parents. They do so much for me, it's hard to get mad at them. But when they told me I was going to an actual school I was a little mad. I love being home schooled. I've been homeschooled my whole life, and I wanted it to stay that way. But of course, I knew I couldn't do that. I knew it would be best for me to go to school so I agreed. I've read in some story books that being the new kid is hard, But I don't think it will be too hard. I hope!

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! That was my alarm. I completely ignored it though. Mom told me I could go to school late today, since she wanted to give me some time to prepare. Thing is, I'm not exactly sure what I'm supposed to be preparing for! So may as well sleep! A few minutes later my mom opens my door. I immediately put my head under my pillow to avoid getting the bright light in my eyes. Even though it's just a little hallway light, it seems super bright when I wake up in the morning. "Rise and shine pumpkin! First day of school! Yay!" I hear my mom say in a cheerful voice as she opens my Drapes. I groan and push the pillow harder on top of my head. "Listen honey, I know you're not used to getting up this early, but when I don't let you go

to school this late, it's gonna be even earlier!" My Moms say, rubbing my back.

"What time is it right now?" I groan in my croaky morning voice. My mom hesitates.

I can tell she regrets telling me that normally I'm gonna have to get up even

earlier. "9:00." She says hesitantly. "WHAT?!" I croak. I lift my head out of the

pillow. "What time will I normally have to get up at?" I say grumpily. "7:00." My mom

laughs nervously. "AHHHHHHHHHH" I groaned. I hate waking up early. " But

that's not until tomorrow so let's just focus on today, Okay?" Mom continued. My

mom is probably the most positive person you will ever meet on this green earth.

"There's toast downstairs for you. I recommend you come down before it gets

cold!" Mom's voice says in a singing voice. I sigh. I guess it can't be morning

forever. I slowly get out of bed. I look like a big slob. I walk like one too! I stumble

down the stairs with my eyes half open. I plopped down on the bar stool in front of

my toast. I slowly began eating it. I love toast in the morning. Normally I just have

cereal because that's all I feel like getting for myself, But today Mom made toast.

"Thank you!" I say gratefully. My Mom smiles " No problem! Today is a very special

day after all." I laugh. So far I'm off to a good start! Let's just hope it stays that

way! When I'm finished gobbling down my toast, I run upstairs to get ready. Now

I'm starting to feel a little excited! I brush my teeth and my hair and walk over to

my room. I stand in front of my closet for a good five minutes. I have no idea what

to wear! What if the kids at school make fun of me for my style of clothing? What if it is way different than theirs? What if I stick out like a sore thumb?! I plop down onto my bed. Now I think I'm more stressed and nervous than excited. I sigh. I look at my closet and decide to go with a simple outfit. Because what is there to make fun of if the outfit is super simple, right? I throw on a plain purple shirt, jeans, and my lucky pair of socks! I look in the mirror, pretty impressed with myself for finally finding an outfit, then I remember I still have to do my hair. I brush it back into a low ponytail and put on a purple charm bracelet to go with my shirt. "Perfect!" I say to myself. At that moment I heard my mom calling me. "Mya! Come down and pack your back or else you're not gonna have any lunch!" My mom says. "Coming!" I say. I run down the stairs, get my water bottle and lunch. I walk up to my brand new school bag (which is also my first school bag) and pop my lunch and water in. Before I know it, I'm in the school's parking lot. Now I'm getting pretty nervous. "I'll walk you to the front desk, okay honey?" My mom says while getting out of the car. "Okay." I say with a sigh of relief. I'm so nervous! I think my mom can tell so she holds my hand. Before we walk into the school I give my mom a big hug. "I hope you have a great day Mya!" My mom says squeezing me. She sounds so proud! When we walked into the school I completely forgot about my feelings and became amazed! The school is so big! I was not expecting this! There

was a huge staircase and a lot of different hallways. I thought I was gonna get lost! My thoughts were interrupted when I heard the front desk lady ask me my name. She had a very kind smile and she looked very nice. "What's your name?" She asks me. I'm a pretty shy person to be honest. But at this moment I felt ultra shy! I had no idea what to say for a split second, I was just so confused! "Mya, she asked you your name!" My mom says thinking I wasn't listening. Which I was! Kinda. "Oh right! Mya! My name's Mya." I say quickly. "Well Maya, You are a very pretty girl! I hope you enjoy this school!" The front desk lady says. "**I hope so too!**" I think to myself. Instead of saying something I just give the lady a nervous smile. "Alright well, you say bye to your mom and I'll take you to your classroom!" The lady says. I give my Mom a huge hug. "I love you! I hope you have a great day!" My mom says. I can tell she's about to cry, and I know my mom never cries! I squeeze her harder. "I love you too mom!" I say. "Alright ready to go?" The lady says I nod and take a deep breath. I follow her towards the big staircase and we start going up. I think my classroom is up here! Yay! After we get up the stairs, we pass a classroom. There's a few kids laughing and having fun. Maybe I'll make some friends that will laugh and have fun with me. "This is your classroom. And this is your locker!" she says after we pass a few lockers. "You can put all your stuff in your locker. Then I'll take you into your classroom." She says she steps back so I

can get into my locker. I didn't get a lock because I wasn't expecting a locker. It looks so empty inside. Me and my mom will definitely be going locker shopping! I hang my sweater and my backpack. Then I unzip my backpack and get my water bottle. I shut my locker and turn around. "Ready?" The lady says. I nod. "I'm Miss Honey by the way, But you can call me Miss H. That's what everyone calls me!" Miss honey says "Thanks." I say smiling. "Alright, here you go! Have fun!" She says. I walk into the warm classroom. Everybody is looking at me. I see a blond girl looking at me. She looks rude, I just know it. She's looking straight back into my eyes in a fake friendly way. But She didn't even smile at me! I hope she isn't one of those mean girls, and that it was just a misunderstanding! "Hello Mya! Class this is a new kid who will be joining our class! Would you like to come and introduce yourself?" Says a man sitting behind a desk in the corner of the room. I'm assuming that's my teacher! I slowly walk up to the front of the room. This is not what I wanted! This is so nerve racking! "Hi, I'm... Mya and....Uh..." I see that mean girl looking all annoyed at me. All of a sudden I'm not nervous anymore. I'm annoyed with her! "I'm Mya and I'm from india. I moved here two years ago and I've been homeschooled my whole life. My favorite subject is health because I want to be a nurse when I grow up!" I smile at Mr. willson. Nailed it! "Okay class, does anyone have any questions for Mya?" Mr. Willson says, looking at the class. A boy in the

front row raises his hand. "Henry?" Mr. Willson says. " So this is your first time being in a real school?" The boy asks. "Yes, it is!" I answered. Then another boy raises his hand. "Lucas?" The teacher says. "Why were you homeschooled?" He asks "Well because I learn better that way, but my mom thought it would be best if I made some new friends." I answer smiling. This class seems nice! Maybe it won't be so bad after all! The mean girl raises her hand. "Amelia?" The teacher says. I really don't want her to ask a question but i try not to let it show. " Arnt homeschooled people stupid?" She says smirking. Nope, nope, nope, I was wrong this school is awful! I'm in complete shock. Why would someone say something so wrong and so rude? **RINGGGGG!!** How rude! She knew it was going to be recess! She did now just so she wouldn't get in trouble! I see her run out of the classroom with her friends following behind. Soon it's just me standing up front in shock. " What happened? I didn't quite hear what she said." Mr.Wilson says, rubbing his forehead. "It didn't seem very nice." He continues. If someone is going to put that girl in her place, it's gonna be me. " Nothing important." I say while I walk out of the room. I calmly walk outside. I'm so mad but I can't let her see that. I walk up to her, feeling a little nervous. "So? Did you cry and tell on me?" Amelia says in a mocking voice " No, I did not cry and tell on you because that would give you the satisfaction you were

looking for. Mr. Wilson doesn't know what happened but i can go tell him if you want." I say.

Before I know it everyone is watching, which makes me even more nervous. "Listen, what you said is not cool. It's offensive and rude to a lot of people. Home schooled people are not stupid for your information, infact-" Amelia cuts me off. "Ok ok. I get it! The truth hurts sometimes! But don't walk in here and act like you know everything! You mess with me, you mess with my whole class. So don't cross me again or you'll be leaving this school within a week!" I see what role this girl plays. She's a popular snob! . "I'll cross your path again if I have to. You are not my boss and I'll do whatever I want." I say. I can't let her think she can walk all over me or else she'll be right, I won't make it through a week at this school!

Amelia

Ugh. Morning. I have to go to school, which for once in my life, I don't want to go to. I don't wanna face Mya. I don't wanna face how rude I was. All of a sudden I now want to be friends with her. I feel bad. I guess I can be a snobby popular girl sometimes. Before I deal with Mya, I have to make sure none of my friends are

mad at me. I slowly sit up in my bed. I take a deep breath and prepare myself for the day. Once I finally have enough energy to get out of my bed I do. I go down the stairs to get breakfast. No one else is up except for my sister, Payton. My mom is at work and my dad is sleeping. " Good morning Amelia. I wish I had a good stay but I had to get to the bus stop. Dad will drive you today okay?" she says, giving me a hug. Payton is like my stand in mom. My mom is rarely home so she normally does everything. She's 17 and so she's been driving for a year. "Okay love you!" I say giving her a hug as she walks out the door. *click* Silence. Just me now. And before I know it I'm off to school. It's just as silent outside as it is inside. Not a gust of wind. Before I can get my thoughts together I'm at school. Now or never I guess. I slowly walk up to my friends praying that they won't be mad. " Hey Amelia! You okay? You look really sad and tired." Brandon says coming up beside me. I quickly get my act together now that I know at least one person isn't mad at me. "Yeah I'm fine." I say forcing a smile. " Hey guys!" Jack says coming up behind us. " we better get to class." "We know!" I say. Once I sit at my desk my mind goes straight back to thinking about what I'm going to do with Mya. Write a note! I can write a note to her! I quickly whip out a post it note and start writing "***To Mya. I'm sorry for what I said. It was wrong. Do you want to be friends? Check yes or no.***" It's perfect. Just as the bell rings I slap it onto mya's desk. A few minutes later I see

a small paper airplane fly on my desk. I think it's from mya. I slowly unfold it. I looked at the boxes. The No one is checked out. I'm so confused. I thought she would for sure say yes! Then I see there's writing. It says "*Sorry Amelia but I'm looking for a real friend who is kind. Not a snobby popular girl. I'm sorry again. - Mya*" How rude. But then again, I guess I just wanted her to be on my side, I didn't really wanna be her friend. This left me thinking the whole day but in the end, I realized that me and mya would probably be better off not being friends. And that's what it's like being popular. Drama left right and center, and lots of surprises and realization. And that's why being popular is actually pretty fun! You just never know!

The end