Honorable Mention Prose – Middle School

"The Perfect Fantasy"
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8th Grade
St. Francis Xavier

I've never been the perfect girl next door. I've actually always been very far from it. Sometimes I just like to think, what would it be like to be perfect? Perfect body, perfect clothes, perfect face, just perfect.

They all tell me that I could be pretty if I tried harder. "You should try makeup. You would look really good!" "Maybe try tighter clothes, that might help." The fact that all of these people have to tell me these things makes me sick to my stomach. I should feel good in my own body, not how other people want to see me. But still I try to listen. I've never liked the thought of makeup, covering up the imperfect perfections about you. But yet I decided to try it out, i watched tutorials and went through a lot of makeup wipes but I just couldn't do it. I also tried tighter and more modern looking clothes, but since I've never been very skinny, they didn't look good on me.

I'm still mad I even tried to make myself look better, I've always been very confident but ever since high school and all the bullying happened, I've lost a lot of my confidence. I've always thought that it doesn't matter how you look; it matters what's on the inside. But some people don't see that they think the outside of what you can see that's all that's there.

I've always loved the thought of counselling as a profession when I grew up. I've been through enough to know how to help other people. My two friends have always come to me for advice, they think I'm magical or something because I always know what to say and what to do to make them feel better. The truth is, I am good at giving advice. to other people, but I can't listen to myself when something goes wrong in my life. I breakdown and don't leave my room for hours on end. No one checks on me, no one cares. I just lay there, thinking if people notice I'm gone, or if they just go on with their lives like nothing ever happened. Like I was just one of those background people in movies that no one cares to even notice.

Maybe I am just a background person that no one cares to think about that no one even pays attention to. I'm just there in the background for filler space. So it doesn't look so empty but maybe if people used their head a little bit more they would realize I was the empty one.