

- By: Lillian Lamarche
- Grade: 6th
- School: Harbor Springs Middle School

Whispers Behind Me

I hear something soft and quiet.

A whisper.

I turn around to see

Kids whispering and looking at me.

I feel self-conscious,

So I turn my head and look away.

Are they whispering about me?

What I look like, how I feel?

I try to push it away

But it comes back every single day.

How do I get rid of it?

Now I'm back to where I was standing

And I hear more whispers behind me.

Close behind me,

Nagging at me,

Making me feel worthless.

I have to do something about this!

I go to my loved ones,

But where did they go?

I'm alone, all alone.

Can I save myself now?

I can try at least,

And maybe I'll succeed.

When I'm back in the same place the next day,

I hear them again.

The whispers,

The horrible, nagging whispers.

But I won't let them bring me down this time,

Because I am strong.

I walk away,

But the whispers follow me.

I wasn't expecting this!

I thought they stayed,

Letting themselves float away into the wind,

Not caring about a soul.

But I was wrong!

I have to stay strong.

But it's hard, so hard.

Can I do this any longer?

Suddenly,

In the blink of an eye,

They fade away.

I see a figure walking towards me.

I'm scared at first, but its presence is reassuring.

It rests a hand on my shoulder

As if it was saying,

"You got this."

And now I'm back there again,

Standing.

That figure gave me hope.

I'll do it this time!

I hear them again.

I've done this for too long,
And it's time for it to stop.
For them to stop bringing me down,
Hurting me,
Nagging me.
I walk away,
And I can still hear them.
I feel the figure's presence again
And now I feel stronger.
I'm not alone,
I'm surrounded by people who love me.
I'm not afraid,
I'm strong.
The whispers slowly fade away,
And I look back at the figure.
I start to see it in more detail.
Short brown hair,
Deep brown eyes,
And a warm smile.
It's me.
I smile back.
I wasn't alone.
I always had someone with me.
Myself.
My beautiful self.