Elizabeth Michie

Bigelow

English 10

12/4/13

Powerful Memory

I never knew that a group of people that were once my equals, my friends, and ultimately my sisters could make me feel so inferior. Make me feel so small, frustrated, and angry. I never knew about the demons that were living within me until they opened their cage door and set them free. I never knew how capable I was to feel such raw emotion until last year…

We were all closer than we had ever been. Practically sisters, we spent every waking moment laughing and talking together. Unfortunately, some of us had been bottling up our thoughts and feelings and annoyances about one another because we did not want to jeopardize our friendship. Until Halloween 2012 when my clumsiness and lots of misinterpretations would open everyone up and let those feelings and hurtful annoyances out to destroy us.

“Trick or Treat!!!” we all shout, with our mouths spread wide in an anticipated smile. The kind, wrinkled women at the doors face suddenly looks confused.

She asks, “Aren’t you guys a little old to still be trick or treating?”

We all claim that we will never be old enough to stop going out for free candy on Halloween. She rolls her eyes and puts candy in our bags.

“Thank you!” My friends and I giggle as we run away. They all get ahead of me and run faster, glancing over their shoulders at me.

“All the girls are ahead of me. They haven’t talked to me all night. Why won’t they slow down? Did I do something..?” I think to myself.

“Guys wait up!” I yell. They ignore me. I start to run to catch up.

“Guys! Waa..AAAHHHH!!!” I screech, trip on the sidewalk, and smack my face. I get up, nose gushing blood, destroying my costume. I look around and I don’t see my friends anywhere. I decide to head home alone and let them go on without me. I thought they would try and understand. But, I suppose to them, they felt like they had been ditched, betrayed, abandoned. I still don’t fully remember or completely understand the chain of events that followed shortly after that or the giant fight that occurred. All I do know is that it ended in a lot of tears, a very strong bond was broken, and it set the stage for a completely awful, drama filled ninth grade year.

That’s how it all started; a simple nose bleed. Who knew that it would be the undoing of an entire group of friends? I certainly didn’t. You may be wondering how tripping and getting hurt could’ve resulted in so many problems. You may also be thinking that this was no big deal and is just teenage drama and confused hormones. I wouldn’t blame you. For me, although it was just teenage drama, it was an entire year of emotional pain and embarrassment.