

## **Prose Second Place**

### **“I Hate When People Look at Me Like That” by Madeline McDiarmid St. Francis Xavier School, 8th Grade**

I hate when people look at me like that.

#### The Wallflower

I hate when people look at me like that. I feel like I could shrink and die. I can always tell when they're judging me, and it makes me want to run and hide. I walked in the classroom and I felt too many eyes looking at me. From my beat up sneakers to my jeans that are a bit too long. My shirts never fit just right and my hair is always tangled. It's so embarrassing to look the way I do. My stupid brown eyes, and my face is so freckled that it looks like I'm permanently in the sun. I know I should love myself and my insecurities because that's what makes me, me, but I can't. I'm constantly comparing myself to other girls, even though it probably makes everything worse. I'm my own worst enemy, and I know it. I try to love myself more, but there's always that voice in my head that says I'll never be enough. What if I alter my personality? Maybe that will make people like me more. This feels like a problem I can't overcome. Why can't I look like the pretty girls that I'm too scared to talk to?

#### The Prom-Queen

I hate when people look at me like that. I'm not just an object that people can admire. Just because I look the way I do, doesn't mean that people should ignore it when I do bad things. I wish everyone would just treat me normal and judge me like they do everybody else. All eyes are on me when I walk in the classroom, but I feel no judgment, just admiration. Still, they don't even know who I really am. I could be harsh or impolite, like those people that are rude to servers. Just because I'm the size on the mannequin doesn't mean people should automatically like me more. I love my green eyes and long blonde hair, but does that stuff even matter? I don't think it does. The worst part is, I never know if people are fake and just want to be friends with me for the popularity. Everytime I get close to someone they start acting differently, like they don't really care about me. I love myself, but why don't I ever feel loved back? I feel so trapped. Why did I ever want to be popular? I just want to feel normal again.

This story proves that you are perfect just the way you are. Don't change yourself for anyone, it's not worth it.