

WRITING

Why?

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Boston

TYPE

MEMOIR
NARRATIVE

GENRE

GRADE 4

It was a cold winter day. I was walking down the stairs into the auditorium. I almost tripped, but I was focusing on my homework. In my head I was saying, “Ten times two is 20 so 20 plus 39 equals 59.”

“All the buses are here!” yelled Ms. Stacy.

Lane, Andrea, Donna, and I all walked to our bus. As the bus doors opened we all squished through the door. We took the first two seats. We sat down and sank into the bench on the bus. Then I heard Donna say, “I’m done with my homework.”

“Me too,” I said.

Lane and Andrea were still working, so me and Donna chatted quietly.

A few moments later, Andrea and Lane unzipped their bags and put their paperwork away. Then, for some reason, Donna blurted out, “Hey, guys what clothes size are you?” Everybody said medium or small.

Well, I didn't say anything. I chose not to tell. Our bus ride continued slowly. Nobody talked. I pretended that the conversation did not happen.

Once we were super close to our stop, right out of the blue, Donna said one of the rudest words ever and started comparing everyone's weight again. She said she and Lane were skinny and Andrea was medium. Then, she looked at me and said, "Not to be rude, but you're sort of FAT."

My brain was like a blank piece of paper. Why would she say that? I felt tears swelling up in my eyes. Then I heard the door squeak open. I quickly filed off the bus and walked slightly ahead of everybody. I felt hot tears run down my face. Andrea sped up and caught up to me. I quickly wiped away my tears. She was now right next to me. Andrea put her hand on my shoulder and asked, "Hey, are you okay?" I didn't know how to answer. I just said, "I'm fine." I didn't tell anyone about the situation, not even my parents.

A month later the incident itched all the way out. I finally decided to tell my mom everything. She was glad I told her. I don't know what happened to Donna, but a few days later she apologized. We hugged and now I'm so glad we're friends.

I look back on this moment and remember that horrifying feeling. I get a little chill every time I think of it. I hope it never happens again.