

The Rebel Girl

She walks the hallways, watching her peers do their best to exist in this world. Her ears may be filled with music most of the time, but she hears more than you. Her voice may be mute, but her actions speak louder. Her style bland, but her personality is more vibrant than the color spectrum. Her sense of social standards never wavering, not conforming but she is more aware than you expect.

In the morning, she watches the faculty, students, and parents prepare for the school day. She sees them eating their calories that will bolster a successful day full of learning and social cohesion. She also sees the student dig through the trash looking for their fair share of daily nutrition. She leaves her lunch sack on a nearby bench, prepared with love and admiration from her parents, she knows someone else needs it more.

When the bell rings and she is in class, she listens to the questions of the apprehensive. She waits for the response from her educator, but only finds the question to be met with the pretentious ridicule of others. She looks to the adult to resolve such meaningless resentment but finds nothing. She wants to yell at them all but instead, when the class is over, she finds the curious student and explains the solution.

After gym class, she changes in the locker room. She overhears her peers talk about dating and the scandalous texts they receive from the boys. The other girls think they are alone now, and share secrets and gossip about the friend that was just there. The rebel girl leaves the locker room to find the lonely friend.

Alone in the cafeteria, she watches the interactions of others. She sees when the older boy pushes the new kid down because he sat in the wrong area. When a fight ensues, the adults step in to assert moral authority, doing their best to understand the struggles inherent to the ever-evolving social constructs of the youth. When the altercation ends and the glutinous masses have had their fill of bloodshed, she cleans up the resulting mess.

She walks past the boy's restroom and hears loud commotion. Laughter, a thunderous crashing noise, followed up with more laughter. They push past her as they leave the restroom laughing, holding their phones watching the video they just took. She peaks in to see the destroyed sink. Actions meant to display anti-establishment rebellious intent, yet lost in the pursuits of clout. Going into a space she shouldn't, she picks up the pieces.

She goes home to parents that tell her she is anti-social and that she is to receive psychiatric help. With enough therapy and medicine, she will soon be playing with the others. They tell her that this is in her best interest. Her lack of involvement at school is becoming a detriment to her own wellbeing. She needs to act like the others or else she will be left behind. She will never conform to such low standards however, she will always rebel.