

Behind Closed Doors

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On a beautiful September day, I got up to go to school. First period was art. Arriving before all the other students, I stumbled across an exquisite mask with high cheek bones, oval eyes, and elaborate colors. People began to come in. Not wanting anyone to see me admiring the mask, I swiftly put it down and joined the others at my table. “Oh my gosh, look at Sally she’s so gross! Her hair is so greasy! Do you think she even knows that soap exists?” Making fun of people was a typical, fun activity for my friends and me.

Art finally came to an end. Everybody began to file out of the room, but I stayed behind wanting to get a second glance at the mask. I decided to try it on; wow, it was beautiful! Starting to hear the next class approaching, I rapidly put down the mask and went to find my friends.

On my way to another class, I began to get looked at funny, laughed at, and mocked. I wasn’t sure why I was being treated this way, so I went to the restroom to see what could be wrong. I went to the mirror and saw a reflection, not of me but of Sally! What had happened was I turned into such an unattractive person; this was incredible and sick!

I went through the day being laughed at, taunted, and deeply hurt. Still in Sally’s body, I arrived at her house. It was quite grotesque; she lived in a trailer that was filled with the stench of alcohol and must. All the sudden, this drunken woman came out of nowhere trying to hit me and punch me. I knew I couldn’t stay, so I ran out of the trailer pondering what could have made me turn into Sally. I finally concluded it must have been something related to the mask in the art room.

I ran back to the art room and quickly put the mask back on. I kept it on for a full five minutes to make sure it would take full effect. After roughly five minutes, I ran to the bathroom and saw a true reflection of myself. After a horrible day of getting laughed at and tortured, I am sure I will never make fun of someone again.

Although my story is fiction, it shares an important lesson. You can’t make fun of people because you never know what’s going on in their life. Typically “Sally” was being beat, living with an alcoholic, and mocked at school. My point is that you can never make fun of someone for his/her outside appearance because you don’t know what’s going on in the inside. The person you’re making fun of could be abused sexually, mentally, or physically. You can never tell. A “Sally” deserves kindness and respect just like every other human being. Just because of the way someone may look on the outside does not determine the way he/she appears or feels on the inside. Sensitivity to others along with respect for every person are crucial for building friendships and working relationships in life. Wearing the mask and becoming another person allowed me to learn more about myself and to more fully appreciate others. Each day I must make sincere efforts to treat people as I want to be treated.

