

My Twist on a Tale

A Jump from Nerd to Popularity! By Emily Douthwaite – Year 7

I'm Mia and I go to Melody Secondary School. My only friend is my cat, Charly and that's it! When I was 9, my parents died in a car crash and whenever I try to think or talk about it, a tear comes to my eye. I'm the sort of person that hides their feelings, no matter what comes to mind. My elderly grandma now looks after me but she's getting old and I need to start looking after her myself. My daily life is quiet and I can definitely say that I'm not the popular type at school. I'm the nerd, the student that everyone makes fun of over something silly, the student that never gets respect, and the student that no one believes in!

I've always dreamt of having my own website to help people with mental health issues but no one thinks that I can do it.

It was a Friday morning when I left for school after feeding Charly. I can trust her and always go to her when I'm feeling down. Sometimes I come home from a bad day at school and I go and snuggle with her on the sofa. Just to know that I can have her by my side and I can say anything to her and she won't answer me back, is the best thing.

I thought to myself as I trudged the muddy bank along the perimeter of school, 'What would it be like if I had a big family to share my feelings with?'

A deep, piercing loneliness hit me as I walked through the school gates, my eyes went blurry, my head went numb and my body felt as hot as an iron. I fainted.

The next thing I saw was my guidance counsellor standing directly above me, she gave me a fright when I opened my eyes. I stayed quiet. At first, she started off with only a couple of simple questions, but then came a tsunami. I felt dizzy again and layed down. She continued, "Shall I call your parents?" I still remained quiet. Eventually, she told me just to return to class. I stood outside the door and quickly took my mirror out to see if my face was still red, then walked in. Everyone stared at me, which was so awkward.

It felt like hours before finally it was time to go home, I felt free!

The house was eerily quiet as I walked through the front door. There was Grandma, laying on the ground, not moving. I phoned the police as I shivered with fear. An ambulance took her away while I was left with two officers. They explained to me that Grandma might not come back home and I might have to move into foster care...

I felt cold, wet, tear drops streaming down my face, one, followed by another as the officers packed my stuff up.

We pulled up in front of a dull, dark, creepy building with cracks on the walls and a blackened chimney. It was happening. They took me inside and left me on a bench outside an office.

Another girl sat next to me and whispered in my ear, "Don't worry, I know how it feels."

It was my first night there and they gave me a room with the girl I'd met earlier.

I was shocked but relieved to see Charly waiting on the bed! The carers spoke to me and informed me that Charly could stay with me, in my room for as long as I was there. I was elated.

I soon made friends with the girl and learnt her name, Princess. It was nice to have someone I could finally trust to talk too.

A few nights later, I woke up and saw an outline of a person.

"Grandma", I said. "Is that you?"

The figure answered in a sweet voice. My eyes started to water as I began to see more of Grandma's features through the darkness. How wonderful it felt to see Grandma again but at that moment I understood she had passed away.

We talked through the night. She told me that even if no one else believed in me, she would never stop. This somehow boosted my confidence and I realised that I could comfort others as Grandma had to me.

It was time to make my website!

It took me absolutely ages to get the base of the website created, and way too long to find out how to make the videos. I shivered with nerves as I pressed the record button on my phone. I started the video.

The next day, I checked my emails and was amazed at the number of people that had liked the video on my website. The likes got up to two thousand in just one day!

My confidence slowly crept up as weeks sped past and more and more people visited my website. It was so heartwarming to read the positive reviews from everyone.

The biggest surprise came to me at the end of the summer holidays. A phone call from the government asking if I would like to have my website presented on national television. They said to me that it was one of the top ten most popular websites on the internet and that it was helping millions of people with their mental health issues. Of course I agreed and after the show had finished the number of views on my website doubled in only a week!

It was finally time to go back to school. The summer holidays were over!

As I walked through the gates, empowered by Grandma's support, I realised that my life had changed completely. No one was making fun of me, no one was bothering me, and no one was laughing at me. I wasn't known as the nerd anymore, I was known as the kind person that helps people in a good way!