

## Perfectly Alone

What does it mean to be invisible? Does it mean that your unnoticed? Unwanted? That's what it feels like anyway. Invisible is one of the three types of popularity at my school. Type one- the poplars. The people who get fawned over, who everyone knows. Type two- the shy. The people who have their own group of friends, but don't like to interact with anyone else. Then there are the invisible, type three. These type of people are rare, but they exist in every school. They are the people who go unnoticed by everyone. They watch all interactions and know all the gossip. They could name every person in the school, but then they get mistaken for the new kid half way through senior year. Being invisible is an okay thing to be, as long as you can handle being alone all the time. I'm an invisible, I don't get noticed and I don't have any friends. But I am perfectly alone, I know that I'm not wanted. I know my place as an invisible. Besides some people know me.... Not my name but they know. At my school I'm known as "Supplies Girl" because I always have with everyone needs.

Every morning in first period, I hand a pen to Brian, the captain of the football team. I would tell him to keep it, but I pick it up off his desk everyday after class. Then in second period, I pass around lined paper but everyone thinks that that is the teacher. Pretty much, if you need anything then I have it. I keep everything with me at all times in my favourite, striped, bag. My grandma gave it to me a few weeks before she died. She told me that it has the magic to show me who I am. But who believes in magic?

My doctor always tells me that I need to start to believe in something and that I need friends. He says that my lack of social interactions is where my depression is coming from. But I prefer to go unnoticed. At least I think I do. He says that it is wrong for someone to be pushed out of society

the way I have been. He also says that cutting myself will never help me, that its actually putting my health at risk. I don't believe him though. I always cut one arm, once. Alternating arms each day. There is nothing wrong with that. Is there?

As I walk down the hall to 4th period, someone slams into me from behind. I'm not surprised that they didn't see me, but it didn't help that all of my books fell to the ground. Slowly as the hall clears, I pick up my books and run to class. Because I'm invisible the teacher doesn't notice me slip into class. Sometimes being invisible comes in really handy.

When I get home my mom is yelling at my sister. Sophie is 3 years younger than me and is always getting in trouble. As I walk up the stairs to my room, I see her auburn hair bouncing as she pleads her case. She has skipped classes all week and now has to face the wrath of our mom.

In my room, I start my homework. English, French, Science and History. This semester could not be more boring. Boring and stressful. The work load is bigger than last year and the teachers expect way more out of us. Just thinking about it all is driving me crazy. I get out of bed and walk into my bathroom. I reach under the sink and behind the extra toilet paper to pull out a cloth. Wrapped tightly in the cloth is a very small but very sharp blade. I rest the knife over my right wrist and slowly apply pressure. I feel the blood drip down my arm and into the sink below. The relief is instant. All the stress just seems to flow away, following my blood down the drain. But I still feel the tension that is piling up in my head, so I cut my left wrist, just once. The relief is better than before. All my woes and worries over school and keeping my grades up just wash away. I wrap up the knife and stow it away under the sink again. I clean up the blood and walk back to my bed. My head is feeling so heavy all of a sudden. I lay down and fall asleep instantly.

The next morning I wake up to my blaring alarm clock. The noise seems to be getting louder

every morning. I shut it off and get ready for school. I shower, brush and dry my bushy brown hair and put on my thick rimmed, black, glasses. I wear my dark green windbreaker and my favourite sneakers. Finally I sling my striped bag over my shoulder my right shoulder and head out the door.

At school everyone is acting strange. Brain didn't take the pen I held out for him first period, and no one took the paper I handed out in French. When Ms. Green entered the classroom, everyone asked her for paper. She looked rather confused so I raised my hand to explain, but she called on Rachel.

"Kayla always hands out lined paper before the start of class. But she's not here today." The look on my face must be priceless. Here I am right in front of everyone, yet they act like I'm absent. This is a whole new kind of invisible, a kind that I've never even heard of. But what I find even more interesting is that Rachel knows my name. No one knows me. But she does, how does that work?

During lunch I sit in the back corner, like I always do. I see Rachel talking to Brain and he mentions that I was absent in English so he couldn't take notes. I'm getting really confused. Are they trying to make me feel even more invisible than I already am? I walk over to where they are talking to hear what they are saying.

"This is the first time she's ever missed school. Where do you think she is? I couldn't even take notes in class because Supplies Girl didn't come to my rescue, like always"

"I don't know. The reason she's not here can't be good. She came to school even when she had the flu!" They remembered that? But I'm an invisible, no one is supposed to notice when I'm missing, or that I'm sick. I'm not needed. I'm never needed!

"Guys I'm right here. Why are you pretending that I'm not?" I spoke up for one of the first times in my high school career. It was strange to hear my voice, I never talk if I don't have to. Nether Brian nor Rachel reply. Nor do they act like they heard anything at all. I'm so confused.

"I really hope she's okay."

"Ya, me too." What is going on? They need me? They actually care? People know who I am? I'm so confused! I can't handle it anymore! I start to run in the direction of my house. But when I get there the scene is shocking.

My mother and Sophie are crying and holding each other in a tight embrace, while a police officer is trying to get them to explain the situation. Meanwhile I see a gurney being loaded onto an ambulance, a body bag is resting upon it. I walk over to see the paramedics zip up the bag. I stumble backwards when I see who it is. I was me! But that makes no sense! Here I am standing next to my body!

Then the entire day comes crashing back down upon me. The pen, Brian, the paper, Rachel, the conversations, no one hearing me. I was there but only in spirit. I'm a ghost. I'm dead. My wrists must have bled out too much last night. I accidentally committed suicide.

But I'm needed, people actually care. I wasn't really invisible. It's too late now though. I can't return from this place, where I have banished myself. A light appears in front of me. I slowly walk into what I know to be a new world, where I can be noticed. But at the same time perfectly alone.

