

# Just Me

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*Hello everone. I wrote this awhile ago and YES this really did happen I wrote this right after it happend. At first I wasn't going to put it up but Niki(my sis) though it might be a good idea so I decided to. I want to say sorry to anyone that this o*

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## 1 - Just Me

I run into my room, though I can barely see through the tears in my eyes that are streaming down my face with my parents' words still in the air and on my mind. It's the same as always after I talk to them for awhile they start to yell, then in my heart there's a pain and, I'm sure, now another scar. I don't expect them to care about what their words do to me. I don't expect it at all, one lesson that they taught me "NO ONE CARES FOR YOU AT ALL AND THEY NEVER WILL!" I look into the mirror on my wall, disgusted by the face I see. For the one I see is mine, I know I disgust myself and others because I've been told "YOU ARE THE MOST DISGUSTING AND UGLIEST THING IN THE ENTIRE WORLD!" I look at the tears running down my cheeks as more of the awful things they've always said to me come back to me. "YOU ARE WORTHLESS! YOU ARE NOTHING! WE WISH WE NEVER HAD YOU!" I have many dreams, hopes, and wishes I've been told are stupid, impossible they say. "YOU COULD NEVER HAVE FRIENDS, WHO WOULD EVER WANT TO BE YOUR FRIEND? YOU HAVE FRIENDS? THAT'S JUST THE BIGGEST LIE ON EARTH! NO ONE COULD POSSIBLY LOVE YOU AND NO ONE EVER WILL!" I know I'm worthless. I know I'm nothing. I know you wish I wasn't here. I know that no one cares and they never will. I know that all my friends are illusions and only there out of pity for me and that they wish that their friendship with me was the biggest lie on earth. I know no one will ever love me, though I wish someone would. I know this PLEASE don't tell me again. I dream of a Prince Charming to come, though I know it's impossible. Princes always look for and find the beautiful Princesses not the ugly beast like me, the ones that could make the "Phantom of the Opera" or the "Hunchback of Notre Dame" look good. I know I'm not the angel some people say I am I know I'm stuck just being me and maybe that's OK. I start to think, MAYBE behind the BEAST a BEAUTY lies. MAYBE my friends, MY FRIENDS really do like me for who I am. MAYBE I am the angel people say and maybe, just maybe, my dreams, my wishes, and my hopes are not as impossible as they say. I look in the mirror again and it's strange the face is still the same, it's still me but for some reason I don't seem as bad or ugly as before. Maybe I'm right; maybe it's okay to be me. Maybe I'm the way I'm supposed to be. I make a promise to myself that no matter what and no matter what anyone else says I'll always remember that this is true for me and everyone else. It's OK to be who you are; we're all just as we should be. And if I ever forget it I just have to remember that I am stronger than I seem, smarter than I think, and braver than I believe. I walk out of my room no longer the person I was, I know they were all wrong and I vow NEVER to believe what they say about me again.