



photo taken by high school student, Caitlyn Smith

True Colors Smear

a story by Alyssa, a seventh grade writer

I remain sitting, staring, on this hard gravel road. The icing of what once--a birthday surprise--smeard like a rainbow shielded by clouds. The crumbs splattered, but it's more than just a cake. The feeling inside is like an eye of a storm, reaching its strongest gust. Is it forgotten? The hidden feeling of sorrow can't be revealed. It's as if the world has stopped turning. The sun has gone dark. I stare as the other teenagers walk together, laughing, talking, and happy as can be. They don't have to glare at me to know what they are thinking and mumbling behind my back. Why can't it be easy enough for a single soul to remember? Has the word forgotten I exist, or have I? Is it the confidence I lack? Is my birthday the start of forgiveness, or the end of me? Perhaps. I'm not able to answer. Way over my head, in the endless black hole, filled with the tears I cry.

She looks as if she was in piercing pain, inside and out, as she kneeled in her torn denim jeans. The twisting, wide gravel road does not appear visible to her. Her flowing chocolate brown hair hides the sorrow from her longing face. Soft vanilla crumbs escape the slits between her shaking fingers. Smeard ocean-blue icing covers the ground, like a rainbow shielded by storm clouds. The tears trickling over her arctic blue eyes escape rapidly, like the eye of a storm at its strongest gust. She closes her eyes, dripping anger-filled tears. Faint black lines drip down as her dark makeup runs down her rosy cheeks. A group of teenage girls walk by, in designer label clothes, perfectly styled hair, not a single strand out of place. Their eyes narrow on her, their heels clacking the pavement as they walk with hurtful attitude past her. Her world has stopped turning. The earth seems to spiral. Maybe she's caught in some sort of trap, just sucking in all the sorrow from her drooping heart. The sky goes dim, the sun disappears, but still she remains, waiting for the world to remember.



What do you like about Alyssa's writing style? Which writing trait(s) does she excel with?

What story or poem might you write inspired by this photograph?