



LEXEE DALGLEISH

is an outgoing seventh grader at Learwood Middle School in Avon Lake. She loves to play volleyball and spend time with her friends. When she is finished with her schooling she would like to pursue a career in costume design.

“For the rest of class, you guys will be working in partners.” All the kids in the crowded gymnasium begin making silent agreements with the person they were going to be partners with. Except one person. Mae*. She looks a little different than everyone else. Most people can accept that, but some middle school girls can’t take an outsider in. Mae awkwardly stood around in the back waiting for someone to be forced to be partners with her. All pairs went to one side of the gym until two people were left in the middle with no partner. That time it was Mae and a popular girl left out from her two friends that partnered without her. She looked as if this class may be the death of her. As Mae and Claire* walked to where all the other groups were standing, Claire received pitiful looks from all around the room. Like, “Poor Claire, has to be with Mae.” The thing they don’t know is that Mae is just another sweet girl that wasn’t given a chance because of her unique looks.

The rest of gym class, I had a little hole in my heart for Mae. This wasn’t the first time Mae had harmful actions directed towards her. She never did anything wrong, so why’d everyone have to be mean to her? These words stuck with me a couple of days until I came across her in the hallway. I stopped and gave her a smile. “I like your boots. They’re really cute!” She blushed, said thank you and happily walked away, (doing something as little as that not only made her day brighter, but also made mine brighter). It feels good telling a classmate something they’ve been waiting so long to hear.

Seeing such hateful acts made me realize that Mae most likely isn’t the only student at our school, let alone schools all around the world, being discriminated against because of their disabilities, race, or differences. I would call myself a sympathetic person, but I definitely think anyone should feel bad for someone getting bullied or hated on. That’s why I believe that we can change someone’s day by giving a compliment, a wave, or even a smile. You don’t realize that the smallest acts of kindness slowly make the world a better place. No one has to be a superhero just to save someone’s day.

**Names have been changed*