

Liked And Disliked

Waking up in the morning was always the hardest thing to do, only because the world outside was so complicated. Having to be nice to everyone, and the fear of being rude scares me every day. Everyone wears must wear badges every day, there is two circle shaped buttons one green and one red. The green is the like button, and the red is the dislike button. And under the two buttons is a number count, which counts how many people have pressed your like or dislike button. From the day you are born your family must put a badge on you, my parents obviously wanted my first day on earth to be great, so they invited family from all over to come and press my like button. That day I received 50+ likes. Since I was born, I have always received a lot of likes. Because every day my parents would tell me "Be nice for more likes, a liked day is a good day". So, I would go to school and be as nice as a I can, I would even go out of my way to help random people. In primary school I had received up to 600 likes and 0 dislikes, until that one day me and my best friend got into our first ever argument about who's science project was better, I got so angry because I was never able to let my anger out until now. I pushed her science project off the table and I watched it shatter into pieces, the worst thing about the fight was that it was Infront of the whole school. Everyone heard the project shatter, and after they heard it, they all glared at me. I had never had anyone look at me like that, I felt a wave of nerves rush through me. Then suddenly everyone started chanting "PUSH THE BUTTON, JUST GO AHEAD AND PUSH THE BUTTON!" They all then lined up and took turns giving me a dislike, first it was my best friends, then the students, and then even a few teachers. That day I went home with 548 dislikes. When I came home that day, I saw the smiles form my parents faces drop, for next 2 hours my mum was angry at me saying things like "we are so disappointed in you" "you should have known better" "you took it way too far" "this isn't how we raised you". My dad didn't say very much at all, the only thing he said was "yes I agree with your mother" he didn't need to yell at me because the look on his face said it all.

After my mum stopped yelling at me, she sent me to my room, I was shaking in fear not knowing what's going to happen next. Will I go back to school? Will I have any friends left? I was sitting on my bedroom floor panicking, until my parents knocked on the door and came and sat down on my bed. I was scared that they were going to yell at me some more but instead they just calmy said "honey, we think it would be best for you to not to return to school. Me and your dad think it would be best for you to have a break, and then you can start going to school again when you start high school" the thought of not missing out on the end of year six made me feel sad, knowing that I will lose all my friends, and that I won't get to say goodbye to them when they leave for High school. But I knew my parents were right because they didn't want me going to a school where I was hated by everyone.

july- January was probably one of the most boring and lonely months of my life. Having no friends to talk to and having nowhere to go. I would ask my parents If they would want to go out for lunch or shopping, and they both would make up excuses like "sorry not today I'm not feeling well" or "I have a lot of work that needs to be done around the house, maybe another time" But I know that the real reason why they didn't want to take me anywhere was because they were embarred that their 12 year old daughter had over 500 dislikes. Having to many dislikes when you in primary school tells other people that you aren't a very good kid. So that's why I was looking forward to starting high school, so people don't see me as a naughty kid anymore.

Most nights I would look out my window and see all these school kids walking home with their friends, and I would just remember all the fun times I had with my friends. I was so jealous of the other kids that they were having such fun with their friends, and the only thing I wanted in the world was just one person my age to talk to without them glaring at me and turning away.

Finally, the day has come, my first day of high school. I put my school dress on, I rolled my socks up as high as I could get them, I put my freshly ironed blazer on, then I stuck my badge on under my left shoulder. My parents were nervous about me starting school but then they were also so excited for me. Mum took so many pictures which dad got annoyed about "come on enough with the pictures she's going to be late for school" dad said. I had asked dad to drive me to my first day of school because I knew he wouldn't make me as nervous as mum. Dad drives up to the front gate and of course says to me "remember to be nice for more likes, a liked day is a good day". I agreed and walked through the gates. As I was looking at everyone, I noticed that they don't have very many dislikes. I started panicking thinking that maybe high school isn't going to be so great after all until... I walked into the year 7 locker room. Everyone's eyes were glued to me, all with rude stares. All the girls moved away and were looking at me up and down, I started to think that the high socks weren't a good choice because none of the other girls had them pulled up like mine. My first few classes were quiet, it was hard finding a table to sit on. Then the time came that I was treading for... recess. I didn't want to look like a loser alone on my first day. I grabbed my big lunch box and sat on a free bench next to the year 7 locker rooms, I opened my lunch box and found a note from my mum. It was already embarrassing enough having to sit by myself, so I wasn't just about to go and open a note from my mum. When I'm sitting on the bench eating it gives me a chance to look around and see the other kids scores on their badges. Most of the older kids had over 1000 likes and under 20 dislikes. but one older kid caught my eye, he had 800 dislikes! the people who have a lot of dislikes usually were known as the losers or bullies. The older boy was taking some of the year 7s lunches and throwing them out which made the year 7s really upset. I turn away for one second and then the next thing I see is a soccer ball flying right towards me. I didn't have enough time to duck so the soccer ball hits me right in the stomach, making me drop my lunch all over the ground. The older boy and his loser friends start laughing at me, then he comes over to retrieve his ball and starts casually picking my lunch off the ground. He puts it all back into my lunchbox making me think his giving it back to me, once he is done picking it all up he looks at me, laughs and just walks back to his friends. Everyone in the year 7 locker room is watching as I just get my lunch stolen off me. I start to get angry knowing that he just so easily humiliated me. So, I get up and march over to him. "Hey, can you give me my lunch back!" him and his friends look at each other and laugh "no I think I'm going to keep it thanks" says the older boy. I look up at his badge and see that he has 20 likes and 800 dislikes. the only thing I can think to do is press his dislike button. Once I press it, he looks at me and says "did you seriously just press my dislike button over a lunchbox, what a little kid!"

At that moment I froze, I had no idea what to say or do. But then something came into my head, it was risky, but I took my chances. I raised my fist, and I punched him right in the nose. All his friends gasped as they weren't expecting a little year 7 to punch him in the face. After I punched him, the bell went, I grabbed my lunch box out of his hands and turned around to get my books from the locker room, when I see all the year 7s looking at me with wide eyes. I'm so scared that I don't know what to do, is my hair messed up? Do they think I'm mean for giving him a dislike?

They all then formed a long line starting from inside the locker room. The first thing I thought was 'great, how am I going to tell my parents that all the year 7s gave me dislikes, ill

never be able to leave the house again' Then one by one smiles started appearing on their faces. The first person walks up to me I close my eyes and except my fate, but then I realise, everyone is pressing my like button. I am in complete shock; I was expecting to have to go home and then move schools. The feeling of relief and excitement rushed through me when I realised that they were all proud of me for sticking up to that bully.

all the year 7s thanked me. All the girls started talking to me, I got so many different questions asked to me like "how did you do that?" "You are so brave I would never have been able to do that".

a few teachers and older kids even pressed my like button. I was so excited, once everyone had finished pressing my like button, they had all walked off. Then I realised that I was still by myself, without any friends. I walked by myself to class and as I walked through the doors, I hear everyone yell "come sit with us, come over here!!" that was probably the best first day of school anyone could've ever had.