

My year in review

From the fake ones to the real ones, my 9th grade year was a roller coaster I never saw coming. High school isn't just about grades and learning it's a place where people reveal who they really are. Some lifted me up when I was down, showing me what true friendship looks like. Others smiled at my face while hiding intentions I couldn't see at first. I met some fake friends, and those experiences taught me some of the hardest, most unexpected lessons. But through it all, I found the people who genuinely cared about me, the ones who stayed with me. This year was full of twists, turns, twins, and moments that changed how I see the people around me.

The first day of 9th grade was exciting like it is for most people. I walked into the school with hope, thinking maybe this would be the year I'd find the best friends out there in Texas. My first class was math. Not my favorite subject, but surprisingly, I enjoyed it. Everyone in the room was kind to me, the teacher cared about me and answered my stupid questions, and that made the start of the year feel promising. Then came PE, at first, I thought it was going to be the best part of my day. Looking back now, it turned out to be the worst. I found 3 or 4 friends in that class, and for someone shy and introverted like me, that felt like a big win. I didn't make many close friends after that as I thought that I have these people as my friends.

Then homecoming week rolled around and everything started to shift. My friends began acting strange, distant, not like themselves. And when homecoming night came, I was betrayed in a way I didn't see coming. They lied to me, told me they had classes and doctor appointments. I believed them. I trusted them. But it was all a setup to make me feel left out to make me feel lost. I gave them loyalty, but they gave me lies. That night changed the way I saw everything. I saw their posts getting ready together...

After homecoming, I turned to the other friends I had made in my other classes, hoping things would get better. But somehow, I was betrayed again not once, but twice in a row. They didn't argue, didn't explain, they just stopped talking to me, like I never mattered at all. I started to wonder if real friendship even existed in high school.

Then, one day, I noticed a group of classmates always laughing together, sharing inside jokes, and making even the boring parts of the day fun. Slowly, I started talking to them just a little at first. But something felt different. They didn't do the fake smiles I got from others. They didn't leave people out like others did to me. They welcomed me in, and over time we all realized that we have each other in every class. It became more fun to learn in my classes now, and then it hit me that I had finally found the real friends I had been searching

for all year. They aren't going to leave me like others, they truly liked me, they truly cared for me.

We became close, the kind of close where we helped each other with homework, shared snacks like it was second nature, and found reasons to laugh even on stressful days. For the first time, school felt like a place of true happiness. With them, I didn't have to wonder if I really belonged in this school, I just did.

My high school year was crazy full of unexpected turns, tough moments, and people I never thought would hurt me. But looking back, I'm grateful for everything it taught me. It showed me how to be strong, how to stay confident even when things fall apart. I learned that tears aren't the only way to handle pain sometimes, the real answer is to rise above it. To keep going. To succeed in silence and let your growth speak louder than anything they said or did. I learned not just how to survive the hard moments, but how to make those who doubted me rethink everything. I learnt a lot of new things in 9th grade, and I would forever be thankful for it.