

WHEN I WAS TEN

By Skyler Celeste

I asked my mom why I needed to brush my hair when she said appearances didn't matter. Stumped her with that one, until she brought up hygiene. Remember when I had self-esteem? That was a weird time in my life. At 15, I decided there was no one more cruel than me. Does everyone hate themselves at 15? When I was ten my favorite shirts were my cousin's hand-me-down polos, two sizes too big. I parted my hair down the middle and wrote stories I thought would become famous one day. Had lucky glasses and broom brush bangs; a gap in my teeth and a jaw I didn't know would be broken. When I was ten I plagiarized everything I wrote. Called myself genius, and humble, too. You could see all my teeth when I smiled. I left everything on my sleeve. Didn't know yet why anyone wouldn't.