

Outsider

by Tsita

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Chapter 1 of 1

For the outcast, overshadowed, social pariahs, there's hope. You just have to look.

Sitting in the shadows, I watch.

Waiting for a kind word, I listen.

Jealous that no light shines on me.

Wishing for a kind word, I dream.

Sitting in the shadows, I think.

Realizing that alone I don't wear the Mask.

The Mask of Fear.

Fear of doing something unacceptable.

I smile and walk away.

In the shadows.

As an outsider.

The moon and stars support me.

A/N: During the hell that is/was high school, I had no friends. In fact, I got along better with my teachers. Needless to say, I was the outcasts' outcast. I had no group to belong to. It bothered me, but yet it didn't. I saw quite a bit about the so-called mind-set of the teen species. I feel for everyone who has to go through high school.