

Lesley Glasgow was a perfectly normal 16 year old high-schooler. Well, besides the fact that she was dying and nobody knew. Ever since Lesley turned 16, she had been coughing a lot more than usual and was told she might have had post nasal drip. Being the 16 year old girly girl that she was, she would always try not to let anyone find out about her gross condition. Over the length of a few months she started getting more noticeable issues like her sweating at night when it's freezing or getting the chills when its hot. Lesley didn't think much about these problems since it didn't change her social life one bit. And that's all Lesley really cared about.

It was 1 pm and Lesley was sitting in her class doodling like she always did. She managed to get amazing grades even though she never payed attention or took notes. She hadn't been feeling bubbly lately like she did normally, and today was Friday, too. Usually she'd be pumped to be able to hang out with her friends till late at night, but not today. She put her pencil back into her binder and closed up her notebook so she could lay her head down.

"Lesley, please sit up." Mr. Rayshens said from the front of the room. Lesley's head shot straight up, not just from the fact that the teacher startled her, but because she didn't enjoy getting in trouble.

"I'm sorry, I don't really feel good..." Lesley groaned right as she clenched her stomach tightly. Right then and there, she threw up all over the desk next to her. Thankfully, Lesley's best friend, Andria, wasn't there to sit next to her today. She was on vacation in California.

"Alright! I believe you! Now take your things and head to the office." Mr. Rayshens exclaimed, trying to add humor to what just happened. Just like he does with anything and everything else. Lesley stuffed her items into her bag and left as quickly as she could manage. She hurried down the hall to the nurses office before she had to puke again. She walked in and instantly ran to the garbage can to throw up, once more. Being the same girly girl she had been since she was born, she was embarrassed that people had seen her sick. All she could think about was her becoming the schools new laughing-stock.

“Well, we know why you’re here now.” The woman behind the shabby desk said with a rather sassy tone. Even though she wasn’t trying, Lesley found the woman to be rather rude.

“Is it that obvious?” Lesley said sarcastically, not wanting anymore attitude from anyone. Lesley was in a bad mood, worrying about if her Uggs were still alright and wondering what her classmates now think of her. What she didn’t know, is that nobody actually cared.

After a week of Lesley being home sick with her parents babying her, they figured it was time to take her to the doctor. She was refusing to eat and she was getting skinnier by the second, and she had had an on and off fever, too. She wasn’t too happy about having to suffer through X-rays and other obscure contraptions swallowing her up while she felt like passing out. After a few days, the results came in. And nobody liked finding out what was really wrong. It wasn’t just a bad fever or some sort of flu. It was worse, it was terrible, it was saddening. But Lesley didn’t understand.

No more going out with friends on the weekends. No more hanging out at the movies with her boyfriend on school nights. No more seeing people, really. Lesley had active Tuberculosis. It’s contagious, it’s gross, and it’s deathly.

That weekend was probably the most depressing weekend of her life. Doing tests all day making sure she wasn’t misdiagnosed. Talking to friends over text and saying that she doesn’t know what’s wrong exactly. Telling her boyfriend she’ll see him on Monday, when really that won’t happen. And worst of all, letting the fact that she may be dying, sink in. The only reason Lesley was able to not have to be homeschooled and to get every treatment available, was because her parents both had very good jobs. Her mom was a successful interior designer and her dad mostly stayed at home writing weird books and creating websites for people with growing companies. Somehow, Lesley’s family was practically rich. Up until that weekend, rich was all Lesley cared for.

-Two Months Later-

Lesley Glasgow walked out of her house feeling as if she was never sick, even though she still was. The medicine she had taken made her feel as if she could

accomplish anything, or at least live for a while longer. Lesley walked into class and was welcomed by all of her friends she hadn't seen in so long. Friends that thought she went to visit her family in Scotland for many months. Friends that loved the girl obsessed with Uggs and shopping at the mall. But Lesley wasn't that girl. That was all an ugly mask put on by the prettiest girl around. A girl who liked to play video-games in bed all day. A girl who could lay around and eat while her hair was in a messy bun. A girl who was the exact opposite of the old Lesley Glasgow.

"Lesley you're back! We missed you at lunch because you were the only one who had funny stories about seeing nerds at the mall." Sasha said with a fake giggle at the end. Everyone agreed and nodded with her and begged Lesley to tell embarrassing things from her "vacation".

"Guys, that's kind of rude, don't you think? Is it that bad to know what an anesthesiologist is or who the U.S presidents were?" Lesley said in a snobby, disappointed tone.

"Ummmm... Lesley? You there? You're the one making 'rude' jokes usually."

"Well, I'm gonna stop. Imagine if you were the one laughed at because you liked video games or because you were lazy sometimes." Lesley replied, starting to get angered at the fact that these were her friends. "I'm gonna go to math now. It's not that hard, I don't know how you're flunking." She ended the conversation rudely, and walked away.

Lesley entered her math class and ignored everyone that she realized was now a rich snob, like she used to be. She took a seat next to Bella, one of the more nerdy girls who hung out with the weirdos. She sat down and pulled out her binder filled with work from before she left.

"Hey, I'm Lesley. You probably know that and I'm sorry that you do. I realized that I was a pretty mean person before and I'd like to make it up. Can we start over?"

"I-uh... I guess so. Where were you for the last few months? I've heard tons of rumors and I really wanna know. It's ok if you don't wanna tell me, since we're hardly friends." Bella shyly answered, but with a spark of confidence, knowing that Lesley

wasn't the same bully she was just months ago. She could tell that Lesley's smile was entirely sincere and begging for a friend.

"Well, I was sick. I wasn't doing very well and I had to stay home since the disease was contagious. It's not though, anymore. I'm taking medication so you won't get sick, it's alright. Ok, so, that's really all... Besides the fact I learned the most valuable thing I might ever learn." Lesley said gaining "Awe"s and laughs from Bella as she talked.

"What is it?" Bella asked quickly.

"Don't ever let anyone control you. Even if you think you're the leader of the pack, be yourself. Because if your friends don't accept you for who you really are, then they don't deserve you. There are always people who will understand and love you, you just have to search for them. And if you waste time with your phony friends, that may be what you end with too. Since you never know when everything could just go downhill and disappear forever. Almost like what happened to me"

"Wow, that was so deep." Bella laughed out, yet she was entirely serious. "I'm sorry about you being sick though, Lesley. But, I think today we've both figured out who our real friends are. And possibly our only friends for now."

"I was just thinking that. I know we've just met practically, but I already really like you, Bella." Lesley said as she stood up to get her 2 months of missed assignments.