

I'm Valid

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My name is Richelle, a 15 year old boy in high school, constantly bullied for being who I am, I can't help it, people say it's a choice, it isn't. I'm pansexual, meaning I like people of all genders, no, I am not bisexual, I like people of all genders, that includes everybody, basically I like your personality, regardless of gender, whereass bisexuals like people of male and female genders, onto my story then.

"Oh look, it's the confused loser boy!" giggled Lilly. "Shut up Lilly, and I am not confused, nor am I a boy." I muttered back. That's when she grabbed my arm, I turned around, while she simply laughed: "You aren't valid Smith." Smith was my last name, she always used it, refusing to call me by the name I now go by, and she couldn't remember my old first name anymore. "I am perfectly valid." I said with a smile, then I turned and walked off, Continuing to walk down the hall to get to my science class. I heard comments about my being muttered, but it happens so often I just ignore them, they say if you ignore them they can't hurt you, they lied. Trust me, they lied. Then I heard someone utter one sentence: "You aren't valid!" That was it. I turned around and punched Dylan Archer right in the nose, as hard as possible, there was some blood, but not much. Turns out I broke it, he didn't tell a teacher, he was too scared, he said he'd run into a pole. I ran and hid in the library, tears ran down my face, I was there for who knows how long, I had obviously skipped at least three classes, yet I stayed, when someone approached me, "Are you OK?" she asked, she sounded worried, I looked up, she was beautiful, her long hair was dyed bubblegum pink, she wore a top which went off the shoulder on one side, she wore black denim shorts, and the top was a light grey with pink accents, her eyes were bright blue and looked like the ocean. "I..." I stuttered, feeling like an absolute idiot, I finally said: "I'm fine." forcing a smile, "I'm not dumb" she said with a giggle. "Then why did you ask?" I said with a small laugh. "It's common courtesy, is it not?" she said, attempting to put on a serious face and failing miserably. We both broke into laughter, she made me feel better, She slumped against the bookshelf next to me, "seriously though, what's up?" she asked, her face looking serious and worried, she really cared. Trying to stop the tears I almost yelled, "Them! They are what's wrong! I am constantly bullied for being myself!" She placed her hand on my shoulder. "They can shut up! They don't know a thing!" I almost laughed. "You wouldn't know..." She laughed, her laugh was light airy, but understanding. "I know more than you think." she winked. "I'm lesbian, I have been through it all, even my parents are homophobic." I felt bad, I didn't know what to say. "I'm Emily." she said.

Days, then months, then a year went by and we hung out everyday, then I realised, I cussed under my breath, I couldn't have, no! I liked Emily! That day at lunch we were in the library as always and I decided to tell her,"Emily..." I started off. "Yeah?" She asked, her bubblegum pink hair flowing behind her, she was wearing the same outfit as the day we met and looked as beautiful as ever. "I..." my heart skipped a beat, and my face was red. "Emily, I like you, like I like, like you!" I blurted it out, I was frantic, what if she didn't like me back!? Then she said it: "I like you too, Richelle!" she had tears in her eyes and I felt like crying, I hugged her, I felt amazing, she actually liked me back!

A couple months later we decided to tell her parents, it didn't go well, her mother yelled at her, almost hit her, she was crying for hours before she left my house to go back to hers, we decided to tell her mother that we broke up, and she was no longer lesbian and had realised what's "Right"

A month later she came crying to me, she was moving, I yelled, I almost cried she was all I had, and she was leaving! Leaving me...

That day came two weeks later, I went to see her off. She ran up to me and kissed me, it was amazing, the best feeling in the world, it made me feel even worse that she was leaving. "Richelle..." she whispered. "I love you." "I love you too..." I whispered back. Then she whispered something unexpected: "You are valid." then she left.