Student 1

Ms. Payne

English 1010

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Lost Voice

I was the ref. It was at a soccer field. The soccer field’s grass was more yellow then green, at times a cold breeze would blow through seemingly turning the world to ice. At the tops of Timpanogos and the surrounding mountains, snow and clouds could be seen. The sky and air were grey from overhead clouds blocking the sun. Kids were out playing kick ball. And I, a kid also, sat at the sidelines. Sports and I never go together, so, I often sat at the sidelines and watched other kids become heroes on their teams. As I watched, problems arose between the two teams.

I decided to help; I decided to use my voice.

I would mediate the game. I would watch, choose, and say who was out, who was in.

But in the wide world of sports refs are, apparently, hated. Quickly players started yelling at the calls, which led to pushing and shoving, which in turn led to heckling at the ref, me, and finally ended with both teams leaving.

I was silent. Too broken to speak by what had happened.

It was a Wednesday, the scout leader had left, leaving me and four other cub scouts alone in a room. The room’s walls were covered with saying such as “I am a child of God” and “Treat others as you want to be treated” and various primary songs teaching children the importance of kindness. Immediately two of the four cub scouts started arguing. I decided to try to split the two.

Instead, they turned on me.

“This is none of your business!” They yelled

“You’re not an adult, you can’t make us do anything. Just shut up and stay out of this.”

That’s what I did, for the rest of the night.

I stayed quiet about it, I didn’t tell the leader.

I stayed quiet.

The teacher was facing the whiteboard, teaching the class. The class room was lined with red-bricked walls. Desks were set in rows, each row facing the whiteboard. I was working on the assignment as the teacher taught. One of my friends, a row in front of me, was silently working as well. Slowly, a fellow student started messing with him.

After staying quiet about it, I had enough.

I spoke.

I told the student to leave him alone. But, the teacher, after hearing a commotion earlier, turned to find me talking.

“Stop talking” She scolded me “or you’ll be sent to the principal’s office.”

I went quiet again, too stunned to speak.

I guess I should explain why, why I don’t talk during class, why I don’t talk much during discussions, and why I, in all reality, I don’t talk much at all.

And there are lots of reasons why I’m quiet, but mostly it’s the ones I shared. It’s because of those particular moments from my life why I never like opening to people, even talking to people.

I don’t want to get shot down anymore. It hurts.

There are people in this world who can easily shrug off malicious comments, mocking, etc. But I’m not one of those people.

For some reason or another, it sticks.

It festers and doesn’t leave.

I try to push it aside and let it go.

But it always comes back.

What I’m trying to say is after all of these experiences I started to use my voice less and less. I became more afraid of people judging me. I also became tired of failing, getting shot down and heckled at. I tried being assertive and confident, like in the stories, but to no success. So, I stopped being assertive to stop the failing and the heckling. That’s why this English 1010 class is so hard for me. I hate opening up and I hate failing.

But I do hope this class will change me. To put an end to the quite insecure me.

To find my lost voice.

And learning to write is going to be part of that process to restore my voice. And those group discussions and book club meeting are going to help as well.

So, To Ms. Payne, I don’t want to write. But I’ll try as hard as I can.

To my table group, please force me into the discussions. I will stay quiet if given the option to.

To my book club people. Don’t let me be silent.

And, as an FYI, I will be terrible at talking in the beginning. But as time goes on I will get better; hopefully.

That is what I hope to get the most out of this class.

To find my lost voice.