

SELBAKK SKOLE BEST ESSAY

by

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“Who am I and why are you so different”

“I am not perfect – neither am I”

I wake up. My eyes strive to get up, and a little light comes through the window and hit my face. I crawl under the duvet, but understand that I have to get up. I have to go to school.

My feet hit the ground, I run. Blueberry shrubs strike my legs. It is cold. All I can see is the blue ocean in front of me. What is hid on the other side?

I am sitting in the classroom. My teacher, Anita, tries to explain the class how other teenagers live in this world, so very different from our way of living. I'm not listening. I don't care about school. I look through the window and see her standing there. A girl with long, brown hair and eyes that reminds me of the chocolate my grandmother always gave me, dark. She is wearing a winter jacket, but it isn't winter yet. She looks nervous, takes a step back, afraid of doing something wrong. My enthusiastic teacher claps her hands and bursts out: “oh, there you are! My students are looking forward to have you in our class.” Are we going to have a new girl in class? “Elena is a girl from Italy, she has just moved here”, my teacher continues. “Elena, just sit down beside Julie. You will become great friends.” Julie is the coolest girl in class. No one says anything against her. And she is mean. All the “losers” just have to back off.

Elena takes her books and runs out when school is finished. She seems confused and still afraid. Julie comes behind her, shouting. “Why did you come to Norway! We don't need more Italians to work in taxies! Go home!” Elena runs with tears in her eyes, doesn't look back.

I go home. The wind blows around me, but it is actually quite warm outside, 15 degrees or something. I can see our house from the road, a little, red house with white window frames. I go in and shout that I am home. No one answers. Then I go into the kitchen. I haven't eaten anything since breakfast, so I take a slice of bread with brown cheese and put it into my greedy mouth. Then I go up to my room. Posters of celebrities engrave my room, and a mirror takes almost the whole place on the left wall. I look into it and study my face slowly. I have two blue eyes which are too close. I have a nose which actually looks like a potato. My mouth is too big. My light skin makes me look like a ghost, mystically and silent. I have curly hair that stands around me like a cloud. Why did I become me? Why couldn't I just be a perfect, popular girl with slim body and dark straight hair, why? Why was I so shy? Couldn't I be the outgoing girl with many friends? When did I become me, and why did I become this fat girl who loves food? I jump up in my bed and hold my pillow over my face. I am wearing a trouser which are too big, a sweater that is so long that it reaches my knees. Doesn't show anything...

My naked feet are frozen, and my pyjamas doesn't warm much either. The sky is light pink and orange. It is morning. The wind is playing with my curly hair, and far down the waves punches the stones with big enthusiasm.

“Elena, it's dinner!” Elena lies in bed with her face in her pillow. She is crying. Why did they move here? She couldn't understand it. It is cold here, she has to learn a new language, she doesn't get any friends, and the food they eat here, it's just so strange. She knows that they had to move because they got the opportunity to get work here. No one says no to a job in one of the world's richest countries, but is it actually that great here? They have beautiful nature of course, fjords and mountains. In Italy they have beaches along the coast. Oh, she just misses to feel the hot sun burn her golden skin. She goes down to the kitchen. Her three brothers sit by the table, highly laughing. Someone doesn't have so crappy life, or what?

It is Monday and school. I look through my window as usual. I can hear Julie teases Elena. “I have seen your house! Haha... if you can call it that!”. Can you really enjoy someone's sadness so much! And is it bad to be different? Can you say that someone is different? Aren't we all quite alike? We are humans, aren't we? Shouldn't we act like humans too?

I just look at the ocean. The height makes me want to jump, and my feet are close to the rock, close to death.

I am eating dinner with my family, fish and potatoes. My mum is sitting towards me, and my ten years old brother is laughing with potato and fish in his mouth. He is wearing a big knitted sweater in red, blue and white. He is looking like a walking Norwegian flag. "I am not hungry". I am whispering. My mum looks concerned at me. "Emma, you have to eat something". "I am not hungry I said" I shout, and run to my room. "I am not perfect", I scream when I am using all my powers to remove the posters from my wall, celebrities who smiles at me with white teeth and golden skin.

Why is everybody so different from me? Elena looks at herself in the mirror at the bathroom. Everybody here plays handball and football. In the winter they go skiing. Someone in class have already done that up at the mountains. It is just so cold here now, and it is just the very beginning of November! In the mirror she can see two dark eyes that stare back. The same eyes that stared at her mother fourteen years ago. It is her birthday.

The big rock wishes me welcome, but the grass and the blueberry shrubs stick my pale legs. The wind ravages with my pyjamas, but I am not fighting against it. "Dear mum and brother", my voice sounds tiny out here. "I have taken this conclusion. Is it right to just take place in this world? I am just a young, fat Norwegian girl. I don't play handball or football like the others. I actually don't like to go skiing either. Isn't that strange! I am Norwegian, am I not?" I am just a few centimetres from death now, one last step. My life passes in front of me. Summer, spring, autumn and winter. I hit the water. It is so cold.

Elena looks towards the rocks. Is it a girl who stands there? What is she doing? Elena runs, she falls, but doesn't care. Down in the water Elena can see the girl. Isn't it Emma from class? Emma gets thrown between the big waves, and then Elena understands it. Not everybody is happy with their life. As she jumps down in the water she thinks about her family. Will they miss her? What will she miss? Mum's pasta salad maybe or laying on the beach a warm summer day in Italy.

I have water in my mouth, and soon I am going under, but I am not afraid. Suddenly a hand grabs mine. I get up to the surface again. It is Elena! Did she jump after me? I look into her eyes, they are afraid. I hold her hand. It is small, but kind of strong. We both go under as a new wave hits the rock. "We aren't so different we", I say when I fight to the surface again. Elena smiles, but it doesn't last. A new wave makes us go under again. I am thinking of everything I am going to miss: the snow, the presents for Christmas and 17. of May, and grandmother's homemade bread with brown cheese. I will miss all these things, but I am also wondering what will happen in heaven... I am on my way!