

Bittersweet Silence

By Lena Milsch (10a)

I looked in the mirror. I was so excited about the day. The mirror belonged to my best friend Sophie. I saw myself in it, in a midnight blue glittering dress that went down to my knees, which matched perfectly with my dark skin tone and the white handbag that one of Sophie's sisters lent me. I loved my dress. My mom probably would have cried when she saw me like that and would have said something like "Time goes by so fast, my little baby is growing up." But luckily I was spared from that because we were at Sophie's house. It was her birthday and since her parents were on a business trip, they allowed her to have a small party. "Come on Delilah, you've looked in the mirror for long enough now, it's time to go down to the others." Sophie sighed, wriggling one foot up and down. With rolling eyes I agreed but I was really upset that she was so impatient. That was the first time I knew this day might not be as perfect as I thought. But my mood lifted again when I saw our best friend Amber who came up to us with a big smile. "Oh my god, y'all are beautiful! Delilah, wow, I love this dress!" giggled Amber excitedly while she gave us a big hug. We thanked her, talked a little bit more about our outfits and how we were doing and then walked slowly down to the party room. More and more people came in, it got darker and the music louder. We all had a lot of fun. Having danced until we were out of breath, we drank a Coke together. But then my hope that this day would be wonderful disappeared and the argument between me and Sophie began. I even don't know what it really was about, some stupid topic where nobody was actually right. We both yelled at each other, Amber completely overwhelmed by the situation. The others were standing around us, greedy for more content from both of us screaming girls. So yeah...and then she said it. What I would have never expected from my best friend since kindergarten. From a person who I trusted with all my secrets. I don't really want to go into detail, but what she said contained a pretty direct racial slur and something like I was 'different'. Everyone looked at me, nobody said anything. Not even Amber made any signs of standing up for me. Sophie was just standing there; I couldn't tell from her face what she was thinking, I just knew that she really meant what she had said. So I ran. I ran as fast as I could with tears dropping down my face. I didn't cry tears of sadness but rather of anger at those people in this room who I called my friends. Outside I sat alone on a wet staircase, which completely ruined my dress, but I hadn't thought about it at that moment. Then I turned around and saw Amber coming. "Wow that was really bad what she said," she stuttered while playing with her hair. "Why didn't you say anything Amber, why? Why are you always on Sophie's side?" I said desperately. Amber probably didn't know what to say. So I just got up. Turning around again, I said my last words to her. "Being quiet is sometimes as bad as saying something like Sophie."