It all starts with that voice inside your head. The one when someone asks you a question and you have a total different answer than you say. The one that always tells the truth and says exactly what you feel. The one where it's the answer that you want to tell someone but you just can't or different words come out of your mouth. Most people don't use this voice; they forget about it and say the thing that won't get them in trouble. But the one's that do, they speak their mind.

 Inside your head is a whole other person. It's like the angel and devil on your shoulders. It's like when you are upset, and someone asks you "Are you okay." Inside your head that voice is screaming "No, No, No, does it look like I'm ok?" But instead you keep it simple and say "Yes everything is fine." For some reason we say the easiest thing to keep things short. Someone that you haven't talked to for a while asks "what's new?" You keep it straightforward and say "not much", even though your best friend moved, you just got a new puppy and you are in a fight with your brother.

We let that little voice stay inside us, bottled up in our minds, and no one else but you will be affected by it. Which in some cases can be a good thing? Just try to imagine if everyone spoke their mind. Our world would turn into a selfish place. But I always wondered why? Why do people just let this annoyance slip their mind? They say it in their head, but decide to say the answer the person is looking for.

The hardest thing about this is that it shrieks in your head, some people can't handle the constant truth bothering them so they speak their minds. But me, I like to keep things short. I will only speak my mind if something is driving me so insane I can't handle it anymore.

My name is Rachel. I am 13 years old, and everything wonders me. My world is a massive place, and I am trying to figure things out before I find my future. I am big for my age, tallest girl in my class actually. I am very proud of that! I am only in grade 8 and have a list of things to do before I die. I have such a big imagination that I can make up stories as I walk into a room. Most people find me quite weird because of my thirst to learn but I have one best friend and that's all I need to be happy.

By Jordan Fawcett
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