

(By Kiara Robertson)

“I dare you to push her, Kiara,” said my friend Patreiiyana. Patreiiyana is a tall, mean girl. She is the kind of girl who would pass gas and blame it on someone nearby, but we have known each other since third grade, and no matter what happens, nothing will come between us.

“No,” I said.

“Come on, man, you got to. It’s a dare.”

“First of all, I’m not a man, and no.”

“Please, Kiara.”

“Girl, okay.”

We were in a wide long hallway with no teachers present. The girl, Kylaya, was the kind of girl who thinks she’s better than everyone. She had very long hair. Every day she came to school, she had on a different new pair of classy high shoes. I couldn’t stand her.

I pushed Kylaya and she just kept on walking, but she looked at me with a mean vulture’s eye. It felt good and bad at the same time. *Why did I do it?* I was thinking. After I pushed her, I wanted to apologize. I didn’t have the guts to. I wondered, *Will she tell? Who will she tell? What kind of trouble will I get in? And also, will my so-called friend put it all on me?*

“Girl, you bad,” said Patreiiyana, as we laughed like nothing happened.

“No, I’m not. You dared me to.”

The next day at lunch, I was approached by the girl and the assistant principal. The principal looked like a mean little bear. Out of all people, I was pulled out. My “buddy” turned her head and kept her head faced towards her lunch, a piled up tray of spoiled spaghetti. I’m thinking, *Man, I hope she confesses also.*

“Young lady,” the principal said, “come with me.” My eyes rolled to the back of my head. “You know what I want with you, right?”

I could do nothing but look over at the girl. “I guess so,” I said.

“You could be in very big trouble.”

At that moment, my heart started to pound at the rate of a running cheetah. Tears rolled down my face. If only I wouldn’t have listened to Patreiiyana. Look what I got myself into, following her. Right then, I confessed.

“Yes, I pushed her. I apologize!”

“I accept your apology,” the girl said. She looked down at the brown wooden table like she was searching for gold.

“I’m going to let you go this time, but you better not let your name come up in anything else like this. Do you understand?” the principal asked.

“Yes ma’am,” I said.

As I walked away, I dried my face and thought about what I did. I wouldn’t want anyone to do this to me. I now remember that I can’t do what others say to do because I’m a young, productive lady for the future.