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Trapped inside a prison cell, I began to wonder whether I would ever get out. The bars enclosing me in, chains around my ankles, and constant ridicule were starting to get to me. I realized I had no future waiting around for a miracle to occur. I had to do something myself. I needed to break out. Ever since I was young, I was always overweight, but I never felt as though I was any less of a person because of this. Although, it dawned on me one day, when I looked at myself in the mirror and told myself, "I can't deal with this anymore. I've had enough. I'm really, really tired of it all." I was engulfed inside a cell of fat that I could not break out of.

After being ridiculed for my weight, my self-esteem started to drop, but I knew that I was a first-rate person inside and that was all that mattered to me. However, this kind of thinking didn't last long. "Mom, can I stay home today?" "Why? It's not good to skip school." "Because. . . Nevermind." The thought of going to school had always been a stresser; there were the smart kids, cool kids, weird kids, and then me. I thought to myself, "I didn't even do anything. Why does everyone have to be so mean to me?" "How come nobody wants to be my friend?" I remember wishing to God, "Please! Let me meet somebody who likes me for me; Someone who actually wants to talk to me; Who enjoys my presence."

Setting foot inside the classroom, I felt the knot in my stomach tighten as thirty sets of eyes stared my way. A downpour of sweat soaked my armpits and shirt. Trickle of sweat even rolled down my back. My mouth went so dry it felt like I hadn't swallowed in years. When I glanced at one of my classmates, my stomach rumbled. I prayed that I wouldn't need to make a mad dash to the bathroom. "Okay kids, partner up and start working on arts and crafts." I remember feeling apprehensive everytime I heard the words, "Partner, group, in twos, etc." "Can anybody let Adrian join their group?" Giggles and whispers filled the room. My dark hair was now damp with perspiration and the anticipation of the event. Arms never flailed upward, and voices echoed in varying tones. "Adrian, go join those two over there." Sitting at his desk, his jaw tightened. His eyes flashed heat waves at me. The words erupted from his mouth, "Ugh. Why do you have to be in our group?" The final hiss in his voice gave me a "heart drop" feeling. My nose turned bright red and my vision turned blurry. "Wow, you're such a crybaby."

There came a point in my life where I told myself, "Adrian, you can't trust anybody in this world. The only one you can trust is yourself. Everybody is your enemy." Many years passed, my waistline had gotten much bigger, and eating habits grew worse. It was the same routine everyday; I would go to school, and then come home and plop onto the couch while eating junk food. "How was school Adrian?" my sister asked. "Stop asking! You don't really care!" I gave her an evil glare and dashed towards my room, locking the door behind me. "Why can't everybody just go away? Nobody really cares about me."

Not until recently, have I found a way around these bullies. I kept telling myself, "Wait till everybody sees me, they won't be able to call me fat ever again! I'm gonna look so good!". After this I knew that I could not give up no matter what. For a year, I worked tirelessly to get myself in shape. Slowly but surely I was witnessing a miracle before my eyes. My appearance may have changed, but deep down, I'm still the same person inside. At times, I would find myself feeling despondent as I felt that these experiences that life has given me has stripped the lighthearted and joyful years out of my life. As Maya Angelou once said, "I've learned that people will forget what you said, people will forget what you did, but people will never forget how you made them feel." To be honest, "It's been a while, last time my heart felt a smile."