

Boy in the bubble

Michael was an ordinary boy. Young, happy, friendly, innocent... It wasn't hard for him to make friends at all. He wasn't concerned about the future; he was too busy enjoying being a child.

It was quite obvious that there would be a plot twist in his life. Once he got to middle school, everything changed. Everyone was so mean then. All his classmates changed, becoming so mean and shady towards any other who wasn't like them. Those kids he had got along with in the past, those who had let him play soccer with them, who had gone easy on him, who had always told him how talented he was... they turned into the complete opposite. Although they were the same kids, they were no longer how they used to be. This made Michael wonder what had happened.

- "Is it that they are just faking it? Or is it because it makes them feel *cool*?" he asked himself.

Whatever it was that had made them change, it was messing with his head. He started to be afraid of making eye contact with them, and they even started making comments about how he looked like or what he liked. This made him so insecure that he became afraid of meeting new people, being among crowds of people or even walking home alone.

No one knew how he was feeling inside. He isolated himself with his own feelings and thoughts in what, in his head, was pictured as some sort of **a bubble**. It would keep him away from anything or anyone bad. Then, life was getting better. He felt confident inside his bubble since no one, absolutely no one, could ever hurt him again. He was less socially awkward and was having fewer negative thoughts. He even created an entire new world in which he could do whatever he wanted to. It was great. It felt great. No one looked down on him in his own world, and he knew that. Thus, he was once again so happy that he forgot something...

Bubbles are fragile.