

## Grandma's Kitchen

By: Jesse Nienhueser

Ah, Grandma's Kitchen, filled with cookies made of  
Love, and the scent of an old, sweet farmhouse,  
With the racks of plates on the wall, that have  
Animals depicted on them. In the afternoon, we smell  
Yeast while she's baking fresh bread just for us. Oh,  
She will never not cook for us in her big, open kitchen.

Letting us come over whenever we want, welcoming us in her big,  
Open arms. Never letting us down by baking her own  
Very delectable chocolate chip cookies, letting us eat to our hearts content.  
In my later years, I will never forget Grandma, and her big,  
Never-ending huggable arms, and her  
Great, amazing Kitchen.



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## On the Spectrum:

I don't think of myself to be special or any more unique than my peers. I blend into the group when I can, though sometimes it's more fun to stand out. People perceive you differently based on what they can see or what you allow them to see. Even with my closest friends anytime I ask "How would you describe my personality?" most of them can't answer, and each time they ask I can answer for them almost perfectly. Maybe that's just because of my point of view on the world and how I see things, or maybe I'm just paying more attention to my friends. The point of this is that it can be hard for me let alone, others to describe me. Then I did some soul searching and deep thinking about myself, and came up with White Light. What is the definition of pure white light? White light is a complete mixture of all visible colors of light on the spectrum, by adding more green light makes the white light green or by adding more red to it makes it red. Like white light I'm added to things and seen differently because of it. When in reality I'm a complete mixture of all colors.

When I look back on my past and think about all of the experiences I've had all I can say is that nothing in particular sticks out. It's not like my life has a origin story like fantasy novels do, my parents are alive, my sister is alive, and all of my friends are alive. The closest thing I've seen to an origin story of my own is by watching anime. Well maybe that and when I moved up here I guess you could count that as my origin story. In that case allow me to start my journey of how I became who I am.

When I was 6 or 7 I moved away from all of my friends and had to start anew here in this quiet little town called Bloomsburg. I had to adapt to how people around here acted and their mannerisms since mine were a little different. This is probably when it first started, and the first streak of color was added to my blank canvas of light. Throughout the years of elementary school I hadn't realized that being who I want to be and being comfortable like that was something you could do around your "friends". It wasn't until my 8th grade year of middle school when that reality slapped me in the face.

In my final year of middle school the tints and hues of my light, my so called friends saw me as, had drastically changed. Instead of it being the normal blue or red that they painted me as my true color was slowly shining out above the other colors that they wanted to see. This led to us falling out and lots of drama over nothing. In all honesty that put me into a pretty bad place, but looking back on it I really should have seen it coming. Let me paint you a better picture. Imagine your 8th grade Sarah around the time of the book fair when this all starts. It began out of nowhere when (for the sake of privacy these are fake names) Lemon got mad at me over a silly



photo I posted, all Lemon had to say to me was “could you please take that down”, pssshhh, but no Lemon had some sort of superiority complex or something like that, and had to instantly say “Stop” “I hate you” “I told you to never post this and you did” Well I guess she really didn’t want that posted huh. I made a mistake there, but I didn’t think it would cost me a friend. 8th grade Sarah just liked to playfully tease her friends she never meant to hurt them and yeah this would damage her “White Light” that was finally shining through. She thought *what can I do to fix this, I’ll do anything, change myself, really anything*. She was an idiot for thinking that she should change for someone who doesn’t accept who you really want to be/are. One thing led to another and Lemon told Apple, Grape, Peach, and all of the other popular fruits in our 8th grade class. I felt like a total outcast and thought I had no friends anymore. (Again being dumb and not looking around to see the many of people who were there just waiting for me to notice). Though it had been really hard after I thought I was all alone, it was like a huge weight had been lifted off my back at the same time. My fake personas and extra colors that people saw slowly faded and I started to become pure white light. Then summer rolls along and we start freshman year of high school. I didn’t want to bear any animosity against those fruits, but sometimes it’s hard to be nice to rotten fruits who have no regard for other less popular fruits. Though I just kinda ignored them whenever I could, and enjoyed my freshman year. Which brings me to the present. I really am enjoying my life. I feel so much happier being with the people who let me shine whichever color I want to be with them. These people may not have even realized that they helped me become the person I am today and the person I want to be in the future.

No one really knows what the future has in store for us, but we strive to reach it like a runner's last yard before the finish line. We run and walk and jog at whatever pace we want to, to get where we see our finish line. I just want to be happy in my own light when I’m older. I want to meet, see, and experience all sorts of things/people, before I pass on. That’s why I’ve got a slight idea of what I need to do. I know that to do certain parts of my plan I’ll have to change the color of which a person perceives me as. That doesn’t make it permanent though it just means one of the many colors within my spectrum is more dominant at that time. Though it took me quite some time I’m really glad that I’ve come to the realization that I don’t have to be just one color within pure white light.

~The End~