I wake up lying on the ground; I must have fallen off my {old, rickety} bed again. Looking up I see the ceiling in my room and realize I had been dreaming of a new house. *No one will ever like me*, I think sadly. *My clothes don’t fit me, I don’t look like the other girls, and my house is caving in.*

“Alyssa! I’m leaving! Come down and eat your food before it gets cold!”

“Bye Mom,” I grumble.

“I love you,” she calls.

“I love you too.” Don’t get me wrong; I love my mom and I am very grateful, I just wish we could afford a better house and nicer clothes. Hurriedly, I put on my ripped jeans and a tank top- one I wore just 2 days ago. I can’t help but hear Abby (a girl from my school) in my head, *her house was disgusting and caved in, she wears the same clothes every day, her mom works at McDonalds, and her dad works at Walmart*. I sniffle a tear as I put my worn-down shoes on. My orphaned cousin, Sharaerae is normally waiting for me outside but she isn’t here today, she doesn’t have shoes or a coat so it could be too cold.

Today I have to walk two miles to school, alone. I walk past the fields, I walk past the dump, then the shabby old post office, and finally past the rich folks. Walking past the rich neighborhoods is always really hard; people are always staring and laughing. Finally I arrive at school. I wait outside by myself. When the bell rings, I walk in behind the other kids, and when I get into class, I sit behind the other kids. \*Sigh\* another day in the life of Alyssa from Kentucky.