

# Perfect

featuring Rachel from the book Braced  
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My name is Rachel and I am the definition of perfect. I have the perfect house, friends, and family. I thought the world revolved around me and me only. But then one day, I got in a horrible car crash.

While I was on the way to my best friend Hazel's house, a drunk driver ran a red light and hit my passenger door. My yellow Jeep Wrangler did a 360 turn and ended up in the middle of the street. I couldn't feel any part of my body. People surrounded my car, but I didn't care. I couldn't care any less. Everyone was just asking if I was ok and if I needed help sitting up but I wished they would just step away from me.

"When the paramedics arrived, you were slouched down in your seat with your legs in the air," my mom said. She had rushed to the scene after the police tracked her and told her the heart-breaking news. Of course I never

made it to Hazel's house and I'm always on time so Hazel was pretty worried.

I was rushed to the hospital and that is where I stayed for two and a half weeks. I was afraid of going back to school with a boot on my left foot, a neon pink cast on my right arm, and a splint on my middle left finger. I was afraid of people making fun of me because I couldn't do the awesome things I used to be able to do like doing the splits and performing mind blowing flips on the cheer team. I was afraid of losing all my friends, even Frannie and Hazel. But, of course, I was mainly afraid to go back because I thought my school life would never be the same again.

After almost three long weeks, I was home with my beautiful golden retriever, Lilly. I still had three more weeks in my boot and five more in my cast. My splint only has to stay on for one more week though. Finally something I can look forward to! My parents insisted on me going back to school and I knew I couldn't change their mind.

I just got to school and I was instantly getting millions of questions. "What happened?" "How can you walk?" and many

more. But the worst part of coming back was when my friends talked about how they were going to do things like go to the pool after school or go to open gym. All things that I couldn't do. They would snicker and laugh, smile and open their mouths like they were shocked.

I have now survived a month with all of that nonsense and realized a few things. First of all, no one is actually perfect. You just have to find yourself perfect the way you are and you can't let others tell you who or what you are. Just be yourself. Even though I lost friends, stopped driving, and lost the ability to do things that used to come naturally to me, I realized that I was never actually perfect and that I had to find myself and others perfect the way they are.