

## Is The Truth the Best Policy?

From the time I was old enough to speak, I had strict parents that would turn my butt black and blue for the slightest thing I did wrong. I would always feel compelled to save my butt from an interesting shade of purple. I would lie and deceive my parents to get out of trouble. Sometimes it would work and sometimes I would have to walk into my room and see my dad with his belt in his hand, and I would think to myself, was it worth it? Well eventually I grew out of spankings and I would get a punishment way worse than the crime. I learned if you tell them your version of the truth, nobody suffers any heartache. That theory was put to rest a few months ago. *What I used to think.*

I had just gotten my driver's license and was going out every night. Well, one night I told my parents that I was going to Helotes to be with my girl. My girl lived over by Madison High School, which in my parent's eye might and well be on the other side of the world. All night we just sat around and basically did what I told my parents I would be doing. When I left, something happened that could only happen to me. *the lie*

As I was backing out, I hit my girl's mother's car. My girl's mom was standing right there. No real damage had been done, just a scratch. So, we left the insurance companies out of it, however a police report was filled out. Now I was faced with a decision. Do I tell the folks or hope to god it goes away. It was a long ride home. As I drove the truck, I watched the white lines in the payment pass by and I thought to myself about how many parties and how many privileges I would be losing. I prayed that dad wasn't awake because I knew it would be easier to tell him. At least it would be easier than telling my mother.

As I pulled into the driveway, I parked the truck and sat inside telling myself, "you have to tell them, it's better if they find out from you than them." I kept repeating this to myself over and over. I finally walked into the house and into the bed room and saw a cold chilling sight. My dad was sound asleep and my mom was awake. The feeling I got when I hit the car came back to me again. I got my mom into the kitchen and just hit her between the eyes with the truth. All except where I was. Then she asked... "where were you again?" I had to tell her and I did. She wasn't happy about where I was, but to my surprise she didn't kill me. She told me that I acted like an adult and since things were taken care of, to not let it happen again. I went to bed feeling relieved.

This incident showed me that sometimes it's just better to be straight with people. If I had lied, I would have been a nervous wreck all week. But knowing that it was out in the open and everything was okay, I had nothing to worry about. Now, me and my parents are real straight with each other. I learned a valuable lesson. (When you are too deep and it's way over your head, truth is just the best policy.) *(Truth or "Now I think")*

—Kyle Lockamy, grade 11

## Your Essay

By Lauren Jacob  
EASTERN HIGH SCHOOL

I remember sitting in the truck, crying, and waiting for Mom to pack my things so we could head to the hospital. I had been sick for weeks and weeks before we finally went to the doctors. They thought that I may have had an eating disorder, which couldn't be further from the truth. I had lost about 25 pounds over the course of a month, despite the fact that I had been eating at an amazing pace. I sat in the doctors' office describing the symptoms: always eating yet always being hungry, excessive weight loss, drinking gallons of water but always being thirsty; put simply, I was wasting away. After listing symptoms, a nurse swooped in, pricked my finger, and took a

reading of my blood sugar. It was off the charts; it was so high they couldn't get a proper reading, because their monitor only went up to 700. "We think she may have juvenile diabetes," the doctor said.

I went silent. This, my dear reader, is when my life changed. Who would have known a little prick of the finger would have changed my life so drastically?

The smell of hospital food filled the room, but I wasn't allowed to eat anything. The doctors needed to stabilize my sugar levels and only let me drink water. To describe how I was feeling I would use words like *irritated*, *hungry*, see also: *confused*.

During the days we would be taught how to test my blood sugar, prepare needles, and how to count carbohydrates. We were given exams to test our knowledge, of which Dad would score the highest out of the three of us. (Though by the next year he would forget everything he learned). I would be given hospital food, which



wasn't all that bad, and delicious Teddy Grahams, which were my favorite. During the daytime I would spend my time learning, scooting around the floors in hospital socks, and visiting the library.

The nights, however, were the worst. Mom would sleep in a chair next to the hospital bed, which was filled with stuffed animals. Throughout the night we were awakened by nurses who would do their best to

make me sit up, sleepy-eyed, and give them a sugar reading. When hustling nurses weren't waking me in the night, I would have my own personal alarm clock: my roommate.

My roommate was a girl, a couple years older than I was, with dirty blonde hair that looked like she hadn't showered in days. She was loud, obnoxious and nocturnal, apparently. I would ring off the hook some 40 times during the night, and her nightly fits of rage with the nurses. I think that was when nurses fully gained my respect.

Before we could leave the hospital, I would have to administer my own shot (Mom and Dad had been the ones giving my insulin up until that point). I was terrified of needles and the thought of giving myself a needle horrified me. A nurse said, "Why not kill two birds with one stone and give the needle in your stomach?" As if the pressure wasn't intense enough, I was terrified of a needle in my stomach. (Who wouldn't be?) I

drew in a long breath, gave the shot, which seemed like an eternity, and breathed out. It seemed like the most rewarding pain I had ever been in. I had given my first needle in the place I was most afraid of.

That night I was sent home. It was the eve of my 13th birthday. I remember walking in and seeing a giant box on the kitchen table with my name written all over it. It was a Bratz Spa play set, which I had been oogling over since I first saw it advertised.

In the end, diabetes gave me an incredible gift (No, not the play set); when you go through a big bump in life you stop dwelling on the small ones and started to appreciate them. Suddenly those pimples don't seem like craters, and fights with friends don't seem all that traumatic. You learn to change the things that you can't accept the things that you can't and move on with life because that pimple won't be the last to grace your chin.

Lauren Jacob, of Voorhees, is in 11th grade.

What did she used to think?

Now I think