

Around December 14, 2016, I moved from New York to Arizona. It was a sad one, since when I moved, making friends was hard. People were stuck up, they just look at me weird, and ignored me. It made me develop a hatred for them. If I were there today, I could've done something unimaginable to them. Thankfully, I am not the protagonist of Postal, and was just 9 at that time. Another thing was that this place was a desert, and since we lived in Surprise and not somewhere like Tucson or Flagstaff, it gets really humid, especially during the summer.

Around February - March 2017, we met a this girl. Her name was "Smiley". Initially my feeling towards her was neutral, but it went down when she started hugging me whenever we go home. Sure, she's 5-6 (at that time) and you might find that cute, but the one thing is that she NEVER, and I mean, NEVER, showers. Could you just imagine? That's just really disgusting, I don't want her lice (nor anyone else). And when we visited her house for her birthday, you needed a gas mask if you wanted to enter. It's Chernobyl there. It's a zoo combined with a World War 1 battlefield. For the zoo part, she has atleast 5 animals, and of course there would be a lot of animal waste there, probably some that hasn't been cleaned up. For the World War 1 battlefield part, you know how they would deploy poisonous gas? That's pretty much her house. Her entire family smokes, probably a pack a day too, and not to much around 5 people (not counting her) live in that house. I don't get how they can survive and live with that everyday, but I can guarantee they would all die before the age of 50, both from lung cancer and secondhand smokes.

Now ever since we met her and she sees us again somewhere (usually the park), we have no choice to stay and play with her. I would usually do nothing, and when we go home, I would

always deal with her hugging me. Sure, I had the same problem as her - usually alone, rare to find someone to hang with, people don't talk to you - but there's a good reason for that. Like mentioned before, she never showers, and yet people still sympathize with her. Meanwhile I shower everyday and people treat me like I'm sort of alien or something. The only ever time I've been able to hang out with someone that's not her was during New Years 2017, and sometime before June at the park. That's it. I am able to hang out with one kid though, named Adrian, and it's only every day after school, and sometimes that doesn't last long. Starting around March however, is when I absolutely started my antipathy for her.

One of her relatives rang our doorbell, inviting us to her birthday party. Unfortunately, I had to go, since life in Arizona was mostly mundane (at that time my PC was unable to use the internet because of that one unholy function the laptop has) and I had nothing to do. When we got there, that's how I became aware of how she lives, and why I compared it to a zoo and a battlefield during World War 1. In addition, there was dog poop everywhere outside, so it was also pretty much a minefield. After doing all the cake blowing and pinata whacking, we went home, but yes, she did also try to hug me. It didn't stop there. After that, things started getting worse. I used to hang out with a kid named Luke (I think) a lot, but since this girl, that's his mentor (atleast) named Sevin, said that we were both teaming up against Smiley, and the next time I saw him, I simply ignored him. I felt bad for doing that, but Sevin was there, and I just couldn't. I just couldn't. It's like Smiley is becoming a source of all my problems.

Thankfully, things started to level down a bit the closer we got to June (when we were moving), but it still didn't end there. The rest of the details were usually the same. She encounters us, we

forcefully hang out with her, and when we're about to go home, I almost or would get hugged by that girl. Pretty much it.

When the end of May was around, someone reminded her (I don't remember who) that we were moving. Finally, I could get away from that ordeal. And thankfully she didn't hug me, but unfortunately, I couldn't tell Debra (my neighbor, as she was in Mexico) that I was moving, but I did tell her dad. I just wished that we snuck out without her noticing though, but she still would notice anyway. And that day we moved, is the day we ended contact with her.