

Life Savers

6-8

“You Don’t Know You’re Beautiful.” One of the amazing quotes from One Direction’s number one hit song, “What Makes You Beautiful.” This is also one of the quotes that kept me from crying myself to sleep at night. It even helped me get through most of my insecurities. It is a wonderful thing how just one small lyric from a song, can change someone’s life in such a phenomenal way.

I was in my small room flipping through the channels quickly on my large TV. Today was the auditions on the “X-Factor” and I could NOT miss them! I did not even have enough time to change out of my dirty sweaty soccer uniform! I had dirt all over my body from head to toe. But I did not care! I had to watch this! Finally! I thought. I had only missed the first few auditions.

It had been thirty minutes into the auditions and still NOBODY had caught my eye! I was getting very bored until a young man named Harry Styles came onto the stage. He looked very organized and clean. He was wearing a tan cardigan dark blue jeans, tan boots, and a nice warm grey scarf. I looked at his eyes and they were a beautiful green color. The brown curls on the top of his head bounced every time he walked. I took a look at the same brown curls that were sitting on the top of my head, in a bun, and realized they were almost exactly the same! You could tell that Harry was nervous. I would have been too!

At the end of his song, the judges were blown away. The same reaction had been shown, at the end of Niall, Zayn, Liam, and Louis’s performance as well. They were all amazing singers. They had so much talent.

Niall had gorgeous blue eyes that reminded me of the summer sky here in Michigan. He had short blond and brown locks that stayed flat to his head. He looked fairly tall compared to me. He had the cutest smile. His two front teeth were slightly crooked and he didn’t look ashamed of it either. He started to blush when he walked on stage. He started to talk and you could hear his Irish accent.

Zayn walked on stage with pride and power. He had dark eyes as well as hair, and he looked mysterious. Also his accent was perfectly British. Unlike Niall he didn't blush. Or at least I couldn't see it. He was too tan to tell. He also did wonderfully.

Liam. The boy who has already tried out 2 years before, but was rejected at the judge's house because they thought he was too young. The judges were slightly surprised to see him. "Welcome back, Liam." Said the famous judge Simon Cowell. "Its nice to see you again" said Cheryll. Liam continued to walk on stage and sing his heart out. If you listen closely enough you could hear his British accent showing as well. He reminded me of Justin Bieber. His hair looked exactly like Justin's. Liam's light brown eyes were shining during his whole performance. It was adorable.

Last but not least there was Louis. He looked like a baby. His hair was also much like Justin Bieber's. He has blue that weren't as bright a Niall's but were still a beautiful shade. His performance was astonishing just like the other boys as well.

Little did I know that those five boys where going to be formed into one of the biggest boy bands on earth. They were One Direction. Niall, Louis, Zayn, Liam, and Harry were formed and moved on to the judge's house where they would perform their first song together, "Torn." It was one of the most amazing performances I have ever seen. Their voices were perfectly harmonized and they had put so much feeling into that one song. From then on, I knew that they were going to succeed and get signed by one of the judges. They had to.

One year since the band was formed and they are about to end their first world tour. I came home crying. I had just found out that my Grandmother had just passed away. I was heartbroken. I lying in bed crying, wishing she could somehow come back and at last say goodbye to me. I was in pain.

Once I had recovered from my crying stage, I tried to fall asleep. I tried to get my body to forget what had happened that day. But in the inside, I know that

wouldn't work. Maybe I need some music, I thought to myself. I pulled my aching body out of the bed and walked slowly to my CD player. I pulled out my favorite album, "Up All Night", by One Direction and lightly pushed it in. I pressed play and let the calming, smooth, and beautiful voices of Niall, Louis, Liam, Zayn, and Harry flood and caress my ears and thoughts. I was instantly put into a deep sleep. But this time it was not a sad dream. It was a Happy one. I realized that Grandma was in a better place. And that she would always be watching me. I may not see her. But I can feel her. She was always going to be in my heart. That was all that mattered. One Direction soothed me and helped me realize how selfish I was being. They got me through a very hard time for me.

Not too many months had passed and yet again another member of my family had passed. Cancer had taken many of my family members and it hurt to think that it is a possibility that I might suffer the same death one day. Maybe even my mother, father, sister, or one of my brothers. In my head, no one knew what I had been going through. I was afraid. Questions without answers, were being flowing through my head all day. I just kept asking myself "why couldn't it had been someone else?" and " why did it always have to be the good people?" I wanted it to be someone else. I knew I couldn't change the past and go back. I think that was one of the main things that hurt the most. I guess in some way I was being very selfish. She was in a better place. And even though no one deserves to die I still wanted it to be someone else. That is what made me selfish. I needed to focus on the bright side. I guess I was only thinking of the things I wanted to happen other than the things that needed to happen. I can't just sit around on my bum all day and wish for something that will not happen. Yes, I know, Harsh, right? But it was the truth. And the truth hurts. I should have been around supporting my family, who had it 10 times worse than I did. My Mum was around for Katina's whole life. My Mum watched her grow and then she had to watch her disappear right in front of her eyes. I couldn't even imagine how emotionally painful that must have been for her. I had just gotten home from the funeral and I ran to my room. I already knew what to do. Once again, I went

my same routine with the CD player and pushed the CD in, careful not to scratch it. I, once again, fell asleep instantly with a happy dream playing through my head. There were red marks on my cheeks from the tears stains.

It has been another year since all this had happened to me. I am 12 years old, almost 13, and happy. Since, then One Direction had been promoted to the biggest Boy-band on earth! They have the biggest fan base ever known. They have millions of people that would die to spend 3 seconds with them, me being one of those people. I have now come to realize how much my life now depends and revolves around One Direction. It may not be the best thing for me, to get so connected to something, to love something so much. To most people they are just a Boy-band. But to me they are so much more. I can honestly say that I love One Direction. I hope one day I can tell them that. They are my Lifesavers.