

Victor Tam

Auggie's Birthday Party

October 10th. Today is August Pullman's birthday. Yes, yes, I know. He was the kid I used to bully and torment. But hey, you have to understand, Auggie gave me nightmares and sort of mentally tortured me. Anyways, after I pulled out of Beecher Prep and moved to New York, I wrote a letter to Auggie to apologise for my behaviour and actions. He replied by sending a voice message saying we were cool, even after all the bullying. I really hope he's cool with me.

Last week, my dad received an invitation in the mail. When I opened it, I was shocked. Written on a card in big bold letters with small birthday-themed pictures was: "YOU ARE INVITED TO AUGGIE'S BIRTHDAY PARTY!" As my dad glanced over my shoulder at the invitation, an arching frown slowly spread across his face. "Why would that deformed creature invite you to his party?" I shrugged in reply, but I couldn't stop worrying about my relationship with Auggie.

I stood outside Auggie's door. My hands were shaking so much that I almost dropped his present. My forehead was sweating. I couldn't think straight. Carefully, I placed my finger on the doorbell. Immediately, the door swung open, and I felt a twinge of regret. The face I dreaded to see most stared at me. Don't get me wrong, I dreaded to see Auggie's face because I did not want to find out how he would react to my arrival. "H-h-hi Auggie," I stammered. Normally, I would have called him a freak, but now that I was no longer a malevolent bully, I held back. Auggie beamed and waved me inside his house. "Come on Julian, you're late! Drop off your present! We're about to have some cake!"

I walked into the living room. Amos and Miles started towards me and shook their heads in hatred. "Dude, we used to love hanging out with you, but now that you've bullied Auggie, that respect is gone," Amos grunted. Jack strode towards me and gave me a look that made me freeze with terror. "Hey, remember when I punched you? You deserved it," he jutted a finger out at me. Auggie defended me: "Guys, Julian wrote me a letter of apology, it's fine. We're all friends here." I couldn't help but suspect the way Auggie defended me. Was Auggie pretending to defend me because he hadn't really forgiven me?

Auggie's mum had already lit the candles on Auggie's birthday cake, and everybody started to sing "Happy Birthday". I pushed my way through the crowd to join in the celebrations. However, my vision was blocked by a barricade of bodies. As I looked down, I tripped over

someone's foot. In an instant, I fell over, and the next thing I knew, I had landed face-first into Auggie's birthday cake. At once, all the clapping and cheering came to a halt. There was no booing or jeering. Everyone stared at me in complete shock. I muttered: "Sorry", not knowing what else to say. In utter embarrassment, I wiped my face. Tears started to roll down my face. Was Auggie ever going to be cool with me?

As I had expected, horrified and disgusted faces still stared at me. I stood right in front of Auggie and began: "I'm terribly sorry for ruining your special day, and I'm also sorry I used to bully you. My actions were unjust, and I feel remorse for what I did to you in the past. Mr. Tushman told me just because people look different, it doesn't mean they need to be treated differently. You probably won't forgive me, but I really hope I can make it up to you." I handed him my birthday present. "When you came to Beecher Prep, I could tell you were a Star Wars fanatic, so I decided to get you a lightsaber for your present." As soon as Auggie tore the present open, his face brightened up. "It's wonderful! Thanks, Julian! This is the best birthday present ever!", he exclaimed with excitement. He gave me the warmest hug anyone could ever give me. Everybody started to clap and cheer.

Although he didn't say the words while hugging me, I imagined him saying: "*I forgive you, Julian.*"