

# Peer pressure–Everyone can become a better person no matter the past!

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In high school I met a friend who was loving and caring to all the learners in school. She did not like to criticise people, and that is why I fell in love with her. Even though there is a saying you cannot judge a book by its cover, I became her friend.

She was the kind of girl who loved to show off. She wanted people to notice her. When she wore new shoes she made sure everyone noticed, she would dance in front of you in order to get noticed.

She always had a lot of money but I did not know where she got her money. Because I was not clever enough I liked her style and everything she was doing. I hate myself because I did not give myself a chance to think. I just joined her.

She introduced me to how she got her money. She had lots of boyfriends. She told me the one provides money, the other one buys her clothes, the other one is for hair and nails Always she was making sure she was up to standard in how she looked and how she dressed.

She hoped I would join her. I wanted to join her because to me her life style was perfect. Even though there was something telling me 'don't do this', I wanted to be like her. I got interested fast and a smile appeared on my face. All that was running in my head was money. I wanted to change my hair style every two days. And of course I wanted beautiful clothes and shoes. She showed me every

move to get a man interested. Because I am a fast learner within two days I had lots of sugar daddies and I was going places in men's cars.

I forgot where I was coming from and what I wanted to become. I forgot my dream of a career. I enjoyed myself without thinking of the consequences. Everything in the world has consequences.

Every Friday my friend and I would go out with our sugar daddies. We did not go to school on Fridays. All of our sugar daddies had cars and they were all married. Friday we would go to clubs and do things that are bad for teenagers. Every time we saw a beautiful car we wished that man would take us far away from our houses.

We were living alone. Our parents came home at the end of the month. When our parents came we acted as if we were good children who were going to school every day. We also made sure that when they came home they found the house clean and in a proper way.

We enjoyed moving around places, getting to know real people who lived in the real world. We didn't think one of us could get kidnapped one day.

One Sunday morning sugar daddy and I were coming from Kwalaka lodge where we had been since Friday. He dropped me off in the street close to my home. When I got off his car I met an old woman who was sweeping her yard. She had on sunglasses and was wearing an apron. She shouted at me saying 'Hey little girl do you think you are special?' I said nothing. She continued 'Stupid girl wearing ugly clothes'. I ignored her, pretending I am listening to music on my ear phones. That rude old lady came to me and beat me with her broom stick. She wanted to know where I was coming from with that sugar daddy of mine. I played the part of being rude so well. I did not want to hear the old woman. But I ended up running from the old woman because people started to come

out of their houses and were staring at me. Some of them were my class mates. So I didn't have a choice but to run away.

Monday when my friend and I were coming from school, wearing our uniforms, a car stopped right next to us. It was a black car, a BMW XS. There were two men in the car. They said 'Beautiful ladies come inside.' Before they had even finished saying this, my friend opened the door and got inside – so fast, as if they were holding a gun.

Those men said to me 'You don't want to go with us – shame on you. You are too ugly to get inside this car'. My friend opened the window to laugh at me. She was acting so strange. As if she did not know me. As if this was the first time she saw me. I was quiet for a moment, waiting at a distance from the car, thinking maybe she will get off. Well she didn't get off and the car moved away at high speed. Because it was a gravel road I did not see where it went. All I saw was dust.

I thought maybe before the TV soapie Generations she will be back her place. But I just found no one because she was living alone. I thought maybe she will be back at the end of the week. I did not take it seriously. The first week passed without seeing her, and the month was now coming to an end.

I started to worry. I was nervous, shaking. I did not know who to tell. Because the community knew we were rubbish no one would trust me. I was afraid to report to the police because they would say I was the one who took her.

The thing that was eating me was that those men had seen me. If they came back to kidnap me what would I do? They knew where I attended school. I did not know where to hide myself.

At the end of the month my friend's parents came back from work. They did not have a key to unlock the house. They were

surprised to find everything dirty—the yard and also the house. Her mother knew I am her friend and she came to me to ask about her daughter. She didn't get any information from me.

After a few days we saw in The Daily Sun that she was raped and stabbed to death by seven men. From that time I realised the life I was living was a dangerous life.

I was a young girl, not knowing anything about life. I can say I am lucky because I did not get killed. As a young girl I crossed that dirty road as part of experience. It was not a good experience that I can be proud of.

Peer pressure is a problem we as youth are facing. People say youth of today don't have respect and are irresponsible. As teenagers and youth don't get into something just because your friend is in that thing. In the end you will fall in danger. Before you get to engage in something you have to rethink a hundred times.

