

# Press Pass Gazette

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## BUZZ

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I see a girl. She wanders down the hallway alone. She refrains from walking any closer to the circle of girls standing at its end. Their murmur of rumours can be heard bouncing off the walls. Aware that they are talking about her, she turns the corner fast, avoiding any stares which may be thrown her way. Her face collapses as if it were a pricked balloon. She might as well change her name to 'Slut' seeming as it is the only thing people call her anymore.

I see a boy. He stands away from his friends. He feels invisible, yet everyone who walks by him seems to stare. A tattle of voices can be heard as they walk by him, "Did you hear about what he did?" They all whisper discretely, yet not discretely enough for it not to reach his ear. The rumour had circulated the whole school faster than the blood in his veins could circulate his body. He is embarrassed. A story which he only intended on one-person knowing suddenly became broadcasted to the world, throwing him into the limelight. It seemed to him like the whole school was playing a game of Chinese whispers. Rumours circulating from ear to ear, getting twisted. Taken as truth.

I see a woman. She types away on her keyboard vigorously. Almost like she was doing it in order to mute the chatter coming from her coworkers from the other end of the office. They are as cruel as creeping tigers, glancing over at her

occasionally between whispers. The rumours spread round the office like a plague. Started by envious acquaintances, believed by fools. But who will stop the spread?

I see a group of friends. They have faces like flowers, but their tongues are as fatal as the fang of the most venomous snake. A snake disguised as a friend. Smiles forced so hard their teeth hurt. As one leaves, the others turn and blabber about how 'disgusting she looks today' or how 'her laugh is annoying'. Yet she is not blind to this fakeness. She is aware of exactly what goes on and what they say, yet she still choses to stay friends with them.

She sees a girl. Affected by the insults and lies which come from people she once considered her friends. These thoughts pierce her like thorns. Maybe someday it'll all go away.

A rumour is like a disease. A contagious one at that. And they spread. They spread like fire. And in this fires path of destruction stand the people who fall victim to these rumours, not the ones who spread them. Don't follow these rumours, don't take them as truth. You can't change the world in a day, but maybe

Someday it'll go away.