

Chastity is not just a girl I know, she's a friend of mine. Some act like she doesn't exist. Most know very little about her. She is pro-life and smart but also teased. Chastity just accepts it. She fights back only to keep them quiet.

"I try to treat my body like a temple," said Chastity.

"More like a prison!" the bully replied.

Chastity narrowed her eyes and replied, "Better than a visitor's center." And *everyone* went silent.

Everyone pretends Chastity doesn't exist. Chastity remains kind and respectful. I could learn something from her. The next time she was getting mistreated I was ready to support her.

"Back off," I told the bully. Chastity looked at me with surprise.

"My body, my choice," the bully replied and continued, "Chastity is not my conscience."

"She's trying to help." I pointed out, "Why should you give your boyfriend privileges of a spouse? How much are you willing to endure before you realize it's not worth it? Chastity isn't just a name, it's a virtue."

I continued, "It means purity, but more importantly, it means *respect*. Respect for all life *and* all women. Why should high school students be left out? What if we decided to focus on *our* happiness, real happiness?"

Chastity said my comment was very moving. I feel like something more should have happened. Everything seemed normal. People did look at me differently. I was the Girl who gave Chastity a voice.

Chastity was being taken seriously. One day the girl who started the argument spoke to me. "What you said, that day, it...meant something. You made me realize what I am capable of being and doing. You may have saved my future. I lost myself but with your help, I realized I needed to remove the negativity from my life and that happened to be my demanding boyfriend and friends. I wanted to tell you and Chastity thank you." I was speechless.

We never saw her much after that day, but we remembered the day we changed a life. Not the world, but a world. Her name was Hope.

Olivia Knobbe

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