

Riley's Dilemma

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“Stop pushing me Jackson!” I yelled tears staining my cheeks, I clutched on to my books and hoped he would stop “Aw but Im only getting started, pig!” he announced to the big crowd around us, his friends walked up to me and joined in “Jackson, please just leave me alone!” I begged but he wouldn't stop, his friend, Cameron, walked up to me and took my books “Do you want these, little R?” he teased, the crowd was cheering while he started to rip my books up “NO!” I screamed, I ripped my books out of his hands and ran through the crowd, everyone was laughing and yelling at me.

I ran home that afternoon and my mum ran up to me “Riley!” she yelled “Are you okay baby girl?” she asked “I'm fine” I smile through the pain as she hugged me. We heard a car door slam and I looked at the door “He's home” I whispered “Quick! Go upsides and hide, ill take care of him” she whispered while shoving me to the stairs “But mum he-” she cut me off “No, im your mother, Im supposed to protect you now go upside” she said firmly “Okay” I said while running upstairs but it was to late, he grabbed me by the hair making me turn around and whimper “You useless piece of garbage!” his words slurred as the alcohol hit my face, my mum looked at me as he dragged me into the kitchen, she had tears on her face but she followed my dad and me “let go of her!” my mum squealed “She's my daughter, ill do what I want with her!” he yelled while slamming me against the wall “I will

never be your daughter!" I whispered/shouted "What did you just say to me?" my dad came close to my face and grabbed my arm "I said I .will .never .be .your .daughter" I yelled in his face, he raised his other hand and punched me straight in the face. I whimpered but he kept going, I tried to block the hits but he just wouldn't stop but then I blacked out....

I woke up the next morning in my bed, my mum was at my side staring at me "He's gone now we're safe" she smiled touching my face, it stung so I flinched "Ill get the makeup" she said while walking out the door, I walked over to the mirror, my face had purple bruises and red marks on where he slapped and punched me, I looked down at my legs and I have kick marks and dried blood. I sighed and my mum walked in with the make up "Here get dressed and put this on" she kissed my head and went down stairs. I put my ripped jeans on and a baggy jumper then I put the make up one that completely covered up my bruises. I looked around my room searching for a shiny metal thing, i found it and walked over to it, I grab it and put it on my skin.

I walked into 3rd period which is science, Regina May decided it would be funny to throw water on my face while we were doing a experiment "Hey bitch!" she yelled tapping my shoulder, I didn't turn around at first but she pulled my arm a which made me spin around and the water came spashing on my face "Agh" I yelled and my make started to run and show the scars, everyone stopped at what they were doing just to look at me. I touched my face with my finger and wiped some of that water off and then put my hands

in front of me, the water was red. As I bolted out of the classroom I heard gasps and whispers but I didn't care I just kept running straight to the bathroom. When I got to the bathroom I looked at my face in the mirror and saw the dry blood dripping, my face was still a bit purple but you could still see the bruises, I rolled up my sleeves and splashed water on my face, it stung a little but I didn't care, I got some tissue paper and gently dapped my face with it, luckily no one was in the bathroom to see me at this hideous state, I pulled the make up out of my pocket and applied it to my face and then hid in one of the toilet stalls until lunch "God, im so pathetic" tears started to run down my face as I held my knees up and rested my chin "I wish I wasn't alive" I cried until the bell rang, I wiped my face and applied more make up and walked into the cafeteria, I ignored all the glares and whispering and sat by myself until I heard a voice "Did it hurt?" I recognised the voice and looked up, it was Mason Alter the most popular kid in school, he sat down next to me "Did what hurt?" I asked, he stared at my arm and I looked down at it *Crap I forgot to put my sleeves down* "Um, no, not anymore" I answered as I rolled my sleeves down "What do you mean?" he asked me "Well once you do it for along time, it stops hurting" I told him "Why? Why do you do it?" he asked "What you haven't seen the things the kids do to me? The pushing, the shoving, the teasing and name calling?" I started to cry as the memories flooded my brain "I never watch anything, that happens between people, I find it disgusting and horrible" his face scrunched up "Oh, im sorry" by now I had tear after tear just running freely down my face "Oh no, its okay" he wrapped his arms around me and hugged

me tightly "I know how you feel" he said, I looked up into his big blue eyes
"Pardon?" I asked "I know how you feel," he repeated "I have the same
problem as you, I saw your face and I ran after you but you were to fast" he
said "really?" I asked "Yeah" he answered "Im sorry about everything but
can I show you something" he asked "Sure" I whispered, he rolled up his
sleeve "I cut to"