

Sorrow

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Submitted: February 20, 2006

Updated: February 20, 2006

this is a story about my character foxx. she was bullied at school and this is what happened to her... flames are welcome...

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1 - bullies will be bullies

When I went to my old school, I was always being bullied. I had no friends. And everyone had some reason to think I was a pile of shoot under their pampered feet. Preppy girls, jock boys, I didn't matter, but the one that would make me hurt the most was Kojo. He was the worst of the worst, the nastiest of them all.

I'll never forget the day I started to really feel the pain of bullying.

It was just a normal day. I would walk to school so I wouldn't get beaten on the bus. Then when I got close enough to the school, Kojo was waiting for me there.

He called me but I didn't answer. He called me again, but still I didn't answer him. I just kept on walking and ignored him. But as soon as I walked into the classroom, he was there to greet me.

“Come on Foxx, let's be friends...” he said holding up a pair of pliers from the janitors closet. I didn't know what he had in store for me, but I knew it was going to be bad.

“Hold her,” he said, and his minions that he controlled were so eager to comply. I didn't have a fighting chance, they were on me in seconds. They held me down as I looked up in horror at what he planned to do. He held the pliers up and had one of his slaves open my mouth. All I can remember in the pain. The pain of having one of my teeth ripped out.

The blood flowed out of my mouth as Kojo laughed. I put one of my paws up to my mouth to catch the blood before it hit the floor.

“What's the matter Foxx, can't you talk?”

I was just silent, I didn't say a word.

“I don't think she's going to talk Kojo,”

“Well then, we'll just have to ruin her pretty little mouth then won't we?”

I just stared up at him as he told one of his `friends' to get a paper clip. He untwined it and opened my mouth. Holding the tip to my bleeding wound, he pushed it in, slowly so he could hear my cry of pain. I didn't know what to do, I was at their mercy. I was their toy for the next five hours of the day. When he was finished, over half of the paper clip was in my jaw. I pulled it out and even more blood came out of my mouth. I held my paws up to my mouth and cried as they laughed. They were laughing at my pain, laughing at the way I cowered in front of them. It was enough to make any human person sick, but these kids weren't human, they were demons. What normal human could have enough hate inside of their heart to do such horrible things to someone different then them.

When the teacher walked in he saw the blood on the floor, he immediately got suspicious.

“Rockbell, what happened in here?” he said getting down to my level.

Kojo and the others looked at me and I got the message.

“I, I just ran into the corner of this desk sir,” I said holding the shaking in my voice to a minimum.

“Well, go wash up in the bathroom, and next time be more careful,”

“Yes sir,” I ran to the bathroom, and as soon as I got there, I screamed, in the confines of my mind, I thought of how I could kill them all. Every single one of them. I was drowning in self pity. Trying to seem like everything was going to be okay if I killed them. But it wouldn't. Little did I know that for the next two months, I would come to school and would be beaten until the bell rang, beaten in between classes, beaten outside of school. But the worst part about this all is, is that my mother wouldn't do anything about it. She would just come home and comfort me, then send me off to bed without another word. Sure all of my physical wounds would heal quickly. But my mental and emotional ones would never heal. They would always be with me for the rest of my life.

The girls would make me eat wood glue. The boys would stab tacks into my neck and I couldn't do anything about it. I was helpless. And no one would do anything to help me. But that still was only the beginning of it all. I would still be hung from door frames by my hair, almost drown in a toilet, and then be made to jump off of the school roof. All of this would play into my life. The cruelty of a human is even worse than that of a demon someone once told me...And I believed it.