

# Keep Beleiving

By DeathNinja919

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*This is a story I made for an important reason. Child Abuse. It's wrong, sickening, and just plain unbelievable that a human being can treat a young life like that.*

*Inspired by: "A Child Called 'It'" by David Pelzer*

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/DeathNinja919/46746/Keep-Beleiving>

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# 1 - Beleive

I wiped the tears off my face after my Mother had finished her lecture of: The Worthless Child Called Dameon. I couldn't wait to go to school, to escape the horrors of my Mother. My cuts ached with imense pain.

"STOP CRYING AND GET TO SCHOOL, dog!" my Mother screamed at me as she threw a beer bottle at me. It shattered by my arm. Glass was everywhere and some was in my arm. I ignored the pain and started out the door. "AND DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT GOING ANYWHERE AFTER SCHOOL!!"

Tears slipped out of my eyes and down my cheek as I walked with pain in my legs down the sidewalk. My best friend, and probably only friend, Yvette ran up next to me.

"How bad was it this morning?" she asked.

"Terrible!" I almost shouted.

"What happened?" Yvette worried.

"I was to wash the dishes... so I proceeded to do so. Wolf ran by me and the dish slipped out of my hand! It split into so many peices... Mother just ran downstairs and started beating me then give a lecture on how worthless I am." I explained showing her my cut.

"Dameon, this is insane!! You need to tell someone other than me." Yvette cried out. She pulled a tiny bag of chips from her backpack. "Please, take and eat."

I took the bag of chips gratefully.

"Thank you so much!" I said happily. I hadn't eaten in days.

I slumped down in my seat in Mrs. Figurelli's room.

"I hope you all did you're homework. Who wants to go first?" asked Mrs. Figurelli. Her hair was pulled up in a tight bun and her glasses were on her nose, upright and never messy.

I raised my hand shakily.

"Alright, Dameon, you may read yours."

I stepped up to the front of the room. Everyone's eyes were fixed on me.

"Scuba Diving..."

The water is brisk, but calm. A school of silver fish swim by me. Bubbles burst from me. Wobbling, like little jellyfish. Bursting at the surface. The reef is colorful and bright. I check my oxygen. I don't have as much time as I needed to see everything, but that's what makes it so special." I smiled weakly as I finished.

## 2 - Ugh...

Everyone clapped loudly and I was blushing furiously. I continued with the rest of my day happily. After a lunch-less.... lunch... we all walked into our classroom to see who won the essay contest.

"Alright, class, to see who won the essay contest. After all the votes and tallying, Dameon wins!!!" Mrs. Figurelli smiled.

Everybody clapped and smiled. I felt so good inside. I was never treated so well at home. But then, my happy feeling was crushed because it was time to go home for the weekend. Back to that hell-hole, I thought bitterly. I walked through the doors of Weismen Elementary School. Nervous and scared, I started down the sidewalk. I noticed another girl following behind me.

"Hi, what's your name?" she asked happily.

"It's Dameon..." I moped.

"Mine is Jamie! Jamie Hardy." she cheered.

"Why are you so happy?" I asked.

"I get to go home and play Sudoku with my Mom!" Jamie grinned.

"Yeah... and I get to go home and be abused..." I whispered under my breath.

"What? Did you say something about abuse?" Jamie asked.

"Uhhh... no." I murmured.

"OMIGOSH YES YOU DID!!!! YOU ARE ABU--" I covered Jamie's mouth.

"Shut up! If my Mother finds out anybody knows, I'm going to be K-I-L-L-E-D!!!" I worried.

Jamie broke off onto another street and I walked in.

"YOU'RE LATE! WHERE WERE YOU? I-- I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD SOMEWHERE... AND I-- I WOULD'VE BEEN GLAD... AND-- AND---" Mother said as she wobbled back and forth. I could tell, she was drunk. Really drunk.

Oh great, that means hell for me, I thought sadly.