

# Uh Huh, Her

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*A story about a girl...*

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Uh Huh, Her - White Ash

The date was October 24, 1983. On that day a baby was born, same as the rest of them. But this one was different than everyone else. At one month of age, she had developed a disease called Myasthenia Gravis, and it would stay with her forever. Fast forward to when she is about 16 years old, she looks over family photos. Her parents love her and buy her whatever she wants. She thinks she has a normal family...no. Growing up, this girl had a very screwed up life. At school, from the first day of 4th grade till 9th grade, she was tormented in the worst way. Everyone hated her. She didn't know why, though. Though all the taunting from her classmates made her feel unreal, she did very well in school and eventually made it into the 9th grade. But in between those times at school, things hit harder at home. Her mother drank and smoked cigarettes, and was a diabetic. The girl was about 15 years old at the time. The girl knew about her mother and her diabetes, but the mother never knew when to quit drinking. Then it began...the beatings. The girl would come home from school and for no reason at all, she would get beaten with a belt. Many times the girl would run crying to her grandmother about the beatings. As soon as the mother found out that the girl told on her, she beat the living crap out of the girl and sent her to her room. The girl knew why the mother beat her all the time...through sheer drunkenness! Possibly hatred as well. Eventually the girl's grandmother told her father. And eventually the horrid beatings stopped...as well as the drinking. Yes, the mother stopped the beatings and the drinking as well. Then, everything was alright again. For the time being anyway. When the girl then entered Junior High, it happened again...no, not the beatings...the hating. Every single day the poor girl would get teased in the worst way possible by her schoolmates. She was beat up after school at times. She would have things stolen from her...never to be seen again. By the time she had entered the 9th grade, she had enough. Thinking about all the beatings from her mother, and those tauntings by those kids made her want to kill herself. And she set out to do just that. Whenever her parents would leave, she then played with knives. She would always throw the knives up into the air, stick out her arm and see if one of the knives would just happen to slash it. No. A few months later, she got ahold of some Tylenol pills from the cabinet. Smiling to herself, she took a large amount of the pills, pleading that she would die a fast and quiet death. She passed out and found herself on her grandmother's couch later that night. That didn't work either, she thought. Then it came to her: school. Yes, that was it! She would kill herself at school! At school, she was always quiet. Her English teacher assigned her to write an essay. Instead of writing an essay, she wrote a suicide note. She left the note on her desk and went outside. She was starting to cry. Getting ahold of herself she went back inside the classroom, when she saw her friend pick up the note and then show it to the teacher. The teacher called the parents of the girl. They were alarmed. Then the biggest thing that shocked the teacher was that the girl had written the word suicide in block letters on her arm. Thus the girl sat down with her parents and was given a talking-to. Then, one day during class the girl asked if she could use the bathroom. She didn't go, but instead went to the nurses office and clearly stated "I want to kill myself." She was then taken into a room and she told the school nurse

everything that had happened in her miserable life. She was sent to therapy every Friday and prescribed Paxil pills. Eventually she stopped going, and stopped taking the pills. But what of the depression? It was to remain with her forever. Then, when she entered high school. Everything was alright. She had made a few friends. But as soon as she was in the 11th grade, things began falling apart. The usual stresses of high school took its toll. Everything had to be just perfect. Life wasn't perfect, especially for the girl. But she tried, and succeeded. She graduated from high school, made amends with her mother, and now she is 21 years old, getting good grades at her local college with a new outlook on life. She still has depression, it will never go away. And she still thinks of when she was younger. Why she was beaten, she'll never know the true reason. All the girl can say now is "Well, the past is the past and it's time to move on with my life." True. And she has found happiness as well. Along with graduating from high school in the Summer of 2003, she also found the one person who could really bring her happiness...well, three people, actually. A samurai, a gunman, and a damn good Master Thief. Just thinking about these three people make the girl forget she ever had a screwed up life at all. And that's a good thing. Where does the future of this girl lie? While she is uncertain of her future, she hopes that there will be lots of happiness in it, along with her family and that Master Thief.