

HATRED

Flesh, bones, blood, soul. Human. We're all human. Not all of us get treated like humans though. Screams and insults fill my already tired brain. I struggled not to cry and walk quickly down the hallway filled with shouting kids.

"Why does this happen to me?" I asked myself. All I ever wanted was a day without being shouted at.

As I sit down in the second row, someone pushed me and screeched, "Nerd! Go away somewhere else, you don't deserve to be here!" I nodded. This type of stuff has happened too many times already. I stumbled towards the back of the room so I could claim my spot. The tiny chair and desk in the dim left corner of the class.

I pulled up my ragged hood and placed out my old stationary. A tiny tear slid down my cheek. It was math. I could barely see the blackboard, but I managed to make out what it said. "X plus Y equals to 17 and Y take X equals to 1." The teacher yelled. I sighed, those questions were way too easy for me. I had already learnt this in grade 6.

I decided to skip the whole thing, sneaking out to the courtyard and sitting in a corner until English. Again, I sat as far back as I could from the others and pulled my hood up. Minutes felt like hours. The teacher's speech was so long that even the best of listeners zoned out. The teacher gave out a test. I groaned. This was the part where everyone would start acting nice so they could copy me.

"No, no and no!" I whispered to each and every one of them. I even had to put up some of my books to keep people from glancing at my test. Annoyed and frustrated, I managed to continue.

I could see people who struggled. I don't use names, so I'm not going to call them out. I passed the test with flying colours. Guess that's the only good thing that happened so far today.

"Riiiiinnnnngggggggg!" The lunch bell went. I tried to get out of the room first. It wasn't any better. The guy I hate walked in. I groan and rolled my eyes.

"Why didn't you let me copy your work loser?" The bully yells while standing in front of me. I shrugged, and tried to walk off. It wasn't the best idea, but it was the only one I had.

"Nope." He spoke, standing in front of me, "I will make you feel pain." I knew what was coming next.

A few minutes later, I'm in the bathroom with my uneaten lunch, trying to hide my bruises. I sniffed at a drop of blood dripping down my nose. Honestly, I just wanted to eat my food at that point. I was upset, and I really wanted to go home and just skip class.

I needed to stand up to the tough guy. Which was impossible as I am only known as the nerdy loser. So that wasn't an option. I couldn't do a thing about it, which killed me. Absolutely nothing. I wiped my tears away, revealing the bruises I had carefully hidden with makeup.

After all, there was absolutely no point in staying at school. My brain separated into two parts. One half told me to go home. The other half told me to stay. I didn't know what to do at all. The side telling me to go home screamed at the other until it retreated. I snuck out the building making sure no one saw me. I hoped that my mother would understand. Emotionally, I just couldn't go back at all. I didn't want to be beaten or be called names anymore.

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The smell of the hotdog stand filled my nose. My stomach started its way of begging for food. I managed to control it. But I really needed something to eat. The pine cones from the park smelled delicious for some reason. I suppose I was just really hungry.

Each step felt like a betrayal to my family and my education. I could see my house in the distance. It's the only one with the giant bushes. The thoughts of being a disappointment made me stop. I thought carefully about what would happen to me if I went home. If I went back to school, I would continue my horrifying life. There wasn't a choice anymore. I didn't want to use what my brain kept telling me. Run away. I had to, I just had to.

I knew my parents weren't home. I stuffed my backpack with my phone and the charger, water, money, and some clothes. Waves of tears started to roll down my cheek. I felt like I was such a disappointment to everyone I know. My dog looked at me as she thought we were going on a walk. She's so innocent. I sobbed harder and hugged my dog. There wasn't going to be anymore walks for her. I couldn't let that hug go. But I had to. Finally, I brought myself to open the front door and head out. It's going to be a long journey.