

All I want is to be Pretty

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Rachel is a 14 year old who has to cope with home problems, insecurities, and bullying. How will she deal with all the stres at once? Will she turn back to self harm and purging or will she seek help at her worst point?

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All I want is to be Pretty : Chapter 1

I walked into my sixth hour class and took my regular seat at the back of the room. I pulled my sleeves of my jacket into my hands, ignoring the looks of disdain from students around me. I could hear the popular girls in front of the room gossiping about someone, most likely me. I just looked down at the old wooden desk.

"Hey, fatty!" Someone said in front of me, I looked around, "Yeah, I'm talking to you!" The voice came from Abigail Pasely, the head cheerleader, she was glaring straight at me like I was some disgusting animal.

"What?" I mumbled, looking away.

"Why don't you just go back to whatever planet you came from, cow," she retorted.

"Yeah ugly, go back to Planet Fatso," Candace Anderson said.

I shook my head and tried to wipe away a tear without drawing attention to it.

"Oh, look, she's crying, you're so puny Rachel, just go crawl in a hole and die!" Abigail snickered, taking her seat as the bell rang and Mr. Vaut came in.

I raised my hand, "Mr. Vaut, can I go to the restroom?"

"Yes, quickly Mr Remington," he replied as I walked to his desk to get a pass.

Once in the bathroom, I ran quickly to the last stall and pulled my hair back. It had been two weeks since I had purged and I was about to break that record. I shoved my finger down my throat and instantly gagged, I pressed it back farther and leaned into the toilet bowl, getting rid of my lunch. I grabbed a piece of toilet paper and wiped my mouth. I flushed the toilet and walked to the mirror. My eyes were blood shot and my face was flushed. I grabbed out my eye drops from my jacket pocket and dripped them in my eyes, getting rid of the irritation. I grabbed a paper towel and wet it, then dabbed it on my face and neck. I checked back in the mirror, I looked better, no one would know. I couldn't help wishing I was pretty; I had stringy brown hair and poop brown eyes, 'no one would ever think I was beautiful, never, no one ever cares about me' I thought to myself.

I got through the day with a lot of difficulty and ran home, trying not to run into the popular crowd again. I kept replaying the memory of sixth period in my head as I made my way back to my house. When I walked in the door, I ran to my room, intentionally avoiding my mom.

"Go clean your room, Rachel, your grandparents are coming over tonight!" She yelled in her high pitched voice as I sped past her.

"Maybe I will just stay in there all night then," I mumbled as I opened my door. I flipped on the light and flopped on my bed, then grabbed out my homework and tried to work on it.

I couldn't believe that my grandparents were coming over, they always compare me to my brother and sister and all of my cousins, how I'm not in all advanced classes and that I am not an MVP of my sports team, I hate when they come over.

After I finished my homework, I cleaned my room then was called downstairs. I could hear people talking and slowly walked down the steps.

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My grandma was at the base of the steps, I started to retreat when we locked eyes.

"Oh Rachel, you have put on a little weight I see," she mumbled scrutinizing me, 'this is gonna be a bad night' was all I could think.

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Chapter 2

I was on my bed, face down in my pillow, hands over my ears as I tried not to listen to my mother and grandmother downstairs talking. It didn't work because their voices still carried up to my room. "Rachel is a troubling child," my grandmother began, her rough voice full of arrogance, "she needs to learn respect, something all women need to have, but she doesn't have it. Marybeth, are you listening to me?" "Yes, mother, I am, what do you suggest I do?" My mom asked her as she paced down the stairs, I could hear her heels clinking against the kitchen floor. "I don't know, something, anything! Just teach that girl how to behave or I will," she retorted, her voice getting louder. "You won't have to do anything, I will take care of it, ok?" My mother always was a coward, the tiniest bit of peer pressure and she would give in, and I was just like her. "Do it quickly, Marybeth, or I swear, I will step in, and if I do, it won't be pretty," her voice got quieter as she walked down the stairs, about to leave, "I have to go, good luck, with your devil child," and in an instant the door slammed behind her, a car started and she was gone. I cried into my pillow, muffling my loud sobs, I fell asleep crying a little while later.

Chapter 3

I woke up a few hours later, my bedroom light still on. My face was still wet, probably from crying while I was asleep, I couldn't stand this. The pain was way to much, I had no friends, my family hated me, and so did everyone I went to school with. I looked down at my arm and pulled up the sleeve where my cuts were. I hadn't cut in two days but I was about to do it again. I reached into my dresser drawer and pulled out my pencil sharpener blade, the metal was cold and familiar in my hand, I loved the feel of holding it. The tip had a small red stain on the top from where I had bleed onto it, a constant reminder of the pain I had let go of. I gripped it tightly in my hand and held it against my wrist. I pressed it straight down into the scarred skin,, careful not to cut into my major veins. I felt the instant pain of the blade but it subsided and my thoughts cleared. I let out a ragged breath and closed my eyes, leaning my head back against the cold wall, letting all my bad feelings escape. After a few minutes the weight was back on my mind and I felt like crying once more. The blood was dried on my wrist, so I found a healed scar below it and cut again, this time going deeper so it would bleed longer. My mind cleared again as it bleed and bleed, leaving me feeling happy and euphoric , but that never lasted long, and this time was no different. I had to make new cuts every five minutes before I could feel well enough to go to sleep without wanted to cry my eyes out. I would have to wipe off the caked blood tomorrow but I could wait, right now I needed sleep, even if all my dreams were haunted by the people who hated me.

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