

My diary of pain

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By : maystar

Josie is being bullied



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Dear diary,

Today was a horrible day. I simply can't explain how much I hate school. Anyway I am Josie. Josie Lichfield; I am the type who does well in school and gets high grades. I don't really revise until have a test. I do better in tests than my school work. That's the weird thing. When everyone is hyping on how low that they will get, I sit back relaxed and confident. When the teacher calls out the grades and I get one of the highest marks people look at me in a harsh way. They call me a geek. I am just misunderstood girl. I may act confident at times but it doesn't mean that people can use that to bully me. So yeah I hate school and the way that people treat me. At times I just want to hide away and lock the door on myself; but everywhere I go is surrounded by people; People who judge me for who I am. Sometimes I just want to cry out as loud as I can and release my anger but who can I talk to? Who can I take my anger out on? My nine other brothers and sisters? My parents? Teachers?

I result to bunking when I just get so pissed at the world. It is because when I bunk I am all by myself. It seems as if I am all by myself in the world and it calms me down. Bunking is what got me in lots of trouble; it is how my parents found out...

This is how it all started...

Basically I hate my French teacher. I didn't bunk because even though I hate it I am still good at it and my parents want me to do it for my GCSE's. So I was in French and then May started to pick on me again. She was like 'Josie is a bitch,' The teacher was not in the class. The reason she had called me a bitch was because she always bullied me to do her homework.

Today she asked me before French, 'So where's my homework?'

I replied to her 'I haven't got it.' Then she punched me in my stomach and began to threaten me.

'What the fuck. I told you to do it and now I'll get a detention.'

I then walked into the class feeling like crying out.

So any way in class when she had called me a bitch.

I replied with, 'You lazy low live. Can't you do your homework? Just leave me alone.'

She became red and approached me slowly when she got to me she was fierce and angry. She then screamed in my face, 'Look yeah you do what I tell you to do and if you don't.' Then she slapped me across my face and returned to her seat. The whole class laughed apart from Tara. She was my best friend and she felt sorry for me. She couldn't say anything because she knew what it was like to be in constant fear.

After the lesson she called her older sister on me and she warned mw. 'Snitch and your dead. Don't ever get rude to my sister do you understand?!' I was so scared so I nodded my head and ran till they couldn't see me any longer. I wanted to cry so much but no one would listen it was as if I was a forgotten child.

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