

Forget? Never...

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By : Rhensis

I will never forget the way you tormented me. A short story devoted to someone trying to explain bullying. It is quite short, so please read:)) For Unknown Girl's contest. My prompt was no. 1 and I chose 'will never forget'



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I will never forget the way you jeered and tormented me.

The adults who surrounded me said, one day, I will look back on those days and no longer feel the hurt that you caused me. They were wrong.

Was it my fault? I often think it was. Had I done something to provoke you one day, something which you never forgot?

Even so, what thing could I have done for your hatred to last all these years? I dodged you in corridors, afraid of what you might do next. I hid my face, and ultimately my tears from you, afraid of how you would tease me next. I ran away from you on the playground, scared of what you might do to me this time.

And everybody followed you, joined in willingly. Even those who were supposed to be my friends stood back and simply watched. Watched what happened to me. Watched how my feelings were slowly, painfully, ripped to irreparable shreds.

When I spoke of it to others, they told me I was being silly; that simple words couldn't hurt me as much as I claimed they were. I believed them. I hid myself away from them, thinking that I was being stupid, that I was over-reacting. It took me years to realise that they were wrong.

After the years of suffering silently, I left that place. I was prepared to put my past behind me. I thought that this would be a fresh start.

I was wrong.

Still I find myself surrounded by cruel laughter. My tears go ignored, my pleas even more so. I tried to put on a brave face and pull through, but it hasn't worked.

And now as you look at me, smiling at my grief, I realise why.

Cowards can't risk it happening to themselves.

Cowards can't stand someone who wants to change things.

Cowards can't sit by and watch someone be different.

How many cowards does this world have?

How many children can torment another for no particular reason?

Almost all of them, that's how many. All because of a few words, placed on Earth for no particular reason.

Jealousy.

Hatred.

Vanity.

Fear.

But, even with an answer, I will never forget.

As, after all, no one ever came to aid me, no one ever came to help me forget.

- 'In the end, we will remember not the words of our enemies, but the silence of our friends.' (Martin Luther King)

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