

Relentless Revenge: The Diary of Abby

By : Matthew Zabala

Abby Wilson is a 17 year old girl who is struggling with her own identity. She is being bullied at school because her mom suffers from Schizophrenia. As her mother's mental condition worsens, so does the severity of her means to get even with the culprits behind her daughter's misery. This novel is a collaboration with my good friend, Jarrett.



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Chapter 1 - Our Little Secret

Dear diary,

I am so sick of people teasing me. Today, Jennifer, Rachel, and all of their friends called me names the whole way to school. I wish they would be my friends again, or at least be civil. We all used to be friends before they got popular, and started treating me like shit. What makes them think they are so much better than me? Mr Walden is so dreamy. I wish we would tell me he loved me, and wanted to have sex with me. I think he likes me too. I bet he thinks that I don't notice the way he smiles at me, and talks to me in class. LOL!

Abby Wilson was 17 years old when she wrote this entry in her diary. Abby was a scraggly, red-head who had been made fun of most of her life. Her mother was diagnosed with schizophrenia, and had been in and out of mental institutions for most of Abby's life. When Abby was in sixth grade, her mom picked her up from school wearing nothing but a seatbelt. From that day on, Abby's so-called friends stopped talking to her, except for her best friend and neighbor, Tommy. Jennifer and Rachel's new goal in life was to make Abby's life a living hell.

Today, Abby was taking her favorite class, American History. Mr Walden welcomed her, as she walked into the classroom. She did her usual hair-check for gum and other foreign objects, and then made sure the screws in her chair were all there. Abby had adopted these daily rituals over many embarrassing moments the past few years. She had almost become used to people mistreating her. Abby started writing in her diary, as Mr. Walden began taking role. Jennifer took notice and was curious to see what Abby was writing. Jenn tapped Abby on the shoulder, and when she turned around, Rachel stole her diary, and read it to the class.

"Mr. Walden is so dreamy. I wish he would tell me he loved me..."

"Wow Abby, you are so pathetic." Rachel snickered.

Abby, not knowing how to react, snatched back her diary, and ran out of the classroom crying. She had never been so embarrassed before, except the time her mom picked her up from school in the nude. Abby despised people that went out of their way to make her miserable. What was once a dislike for Jenn and Rachel, was now a full-blown hatred.

Abby still had tears streaming down her face, as she busted through the front door of her house. Abby's mother, Lynette, was rocking in her favorite chair when Abby came home from school. Lynette noticed Abby's chagrin, and asked, "What's wrong, Ab?"

"I don't understand. What have I EVER done to those...those bitches?" Abby asked, crying even harder now. "I hate them. I wish they would die!" She screamed.

"Abigail! What happened?" Lynette asked, as she made her way toward her hysterical daughter.

Abby had reluctantly told her mother what happened in Mr. Walden's class.

"We can get them back, Abby. We can make them sorry." Her mother suggested. "You said that you wished they would die...Maybe they can." She continued.

"Stop talking like that, mom. Have you taken your meds today?" Abby posed.

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"Of course I did, Ab." Lynette reassured her.

"I'm going to lay down. I'm tired." Abby said, as she wiped her eyes.

"Think about it, Ab...No one would have to know." She suggested again.

Dear Diary,

WTF? Why do I let people walk all over me? I wish I could stick up for myself. Jenn and Rachel read my diary in Mr. Walden's class today. I HATE them! I want them to die! I really wish there was a way that I could make them feel how they make me feel. Maybe if they cried themselves to sleep too, they would know how it feels to be nothing. Picture that with a Kodak, Jenn and Rachel having people laugh at them when they walked by. I want to make those bitches pay! I wonder what Mr. Walden was thinking when he heard that I want him inside of me. I wonder what would happen if I stayed after class and tried to fuck him. He would probably just laugh at me like everyone else does. I hate my life.

BEEP, BEEP, BEEP, BEEP...

It was 6:03 am and Abby was still livid. "Have you given any thought to what we talked about yesterday?" Her mother was at the foot of the bed, watching her.

"Mom, stop saying that. I don't want to hurt them, I just want them to stop hurting me." Abby explained.

"They will stop hurting you, if you let them know that you aren't going to stand by and take it anymore...Trust me, Ab. We can show them just how serious we are." Lynette declared.

Abby got out of bed and stared at her reflection in the mirror. "Mom is right, no one would ever know it was us." She thought.

Abby opened up the medicine cabinet to take her Lithium. Her psychiatrist had her take it for anxiety and depression after the day her mom picked her up from school naked. Abby had a hard time dealing with that, on top of her mom getting institutionalized again. "That's weird." She said aloud. She had just refilled her medicine last week. She decided to wait until the next day to call the pharmacy. Abby got in the shower and was taking notice of her body, as she washed it. She could hear Jennifer's voice in her head as she washed her breasts. "*Awww, look at those little mosquito bites. Mr. Walden wouldn't touch you with a ten foot pole.*"

Abby looked down between her legs, and heard Jennifer's voice again. "*You little slut! Nobody wants to fuck you.*" The reservoir of tears busted wide open again. "Stop it! Please, just shut up." Abby whispered.

"Abby, Tommy's at the door." Lynette yelled upstairs. Abby finished getting dressed, and hurried downstairs. She opened the door, and stepped outside.

"Hey, Abby. I heard about what they did to you. Are you okay?" Tommy asked.

Please drop it, Tommy. I don't want to talk about it." She snipped.

"Sorry, Abby." Tommy said sincerely.

Abby realized that everyone had probably heard about what happened. She could feel the hatred swelling in her once more. "I hate the way they treat me. They act like they're not afraid of anything. So they make me not want to go to school, for fear of people picking on me." She confessed.

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"They're afraid of things too, Abby." Tommy said enthusiastically. "Remember at Jennifer's birthday party when she almost drowned because she couldn't swim? Jennifer is still scared to death of the water. Rachel's definitely still afraid of clowns. She freaks out whenever someone mentions 'It' around her." Tommy enlightened her.

"Well Ab, I have to go now. I just wanted to make sure you were alright. I'll see ya at the game later." Tommy sympathetically rubbed Abby's shoulder for a moment, and went home.

Dear diary,

Tommy stopped by. I guess that means everyone knows what they did to me. Tommy reminded me of a few things about Jennifer and Rachel. It's good to know that those stupid little bitches have fears too. I almost forgot about the time when Jenn freaked out and almost drowned at her own damn birthday party. LOL! And how funny would it be to scare the shit out of Rachel with a clown costume? God, it would be so nice to screw Mr. Walden right now. How amazing would it feel to have him rubbing his hands through my hair as we cuddled?

Abby finished getting ready to go to the softball game down at the park. "I'm leaving now, mom." She stated on her way out the door.

"Hey, Ab. Will you come here for a minute please." Lynette asked, stopping her short. Abby turned around, and let out a sigh.

Her mom gave her a hug, and whispered in her ear, "I'm serious about our little problem. No one will know. It'll be our little secret." Lynette promised, shooting Abby a wink.

"Shut up, mom. There is no secret!" Abby yelled, as she forced herself out of her mom's vice-like grip. "Take your meds, mom." She shouted as she slammed the door in her mom's face.

Abby's dad pulled up, as she was walking down the driveway. "Hey, Abigail. What's wrong, honey?" He inquired.

"Nothing, dad. I'm fine. I'm going to the softball game with Tommy. I'll be back later." Abby informed him.

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