

Cracking English Economy.

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The things I experience on a daily basis, good old England, yet they say they help and protect us all...

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I love the sound of London, I was born there and raised in a town called High Wycombe.

In High Wycombe, it seemed a good place, country style when Mum and Dad had brought me here. Now that I think of it, there were always little lies behind this perfect structure for a good community, behind are a million cracks, like shards of glass awaiting to be delicately misplaced.

So let me cut it short on the history and get onto my story.

I was walking home from my school, my school was recovering from bad reports and dramatically changing behaviour within the school. However this does not affect the outer shell of the school and those pupils within. Every day I'd walk home in the summer, sometimes alone and sometimes with a friend.

In the summer there are a lot of gang's about, it's like the cold is too much for them, they run away from the cold breeze. Anywho the part of Wycombe I live in, is deeply hated by others. There's always been a crime rate, home's being burnt down to the floor every 2 to 3 months and those gangs reign terror on us.

Back to the damn story:

I walk home with a girl (this isn't really her name) Jamey, she's a bubbly blonde girl, she has a lot of family issues but she's an amazing person. She's a good listener, and she has a lot of stories to share, so I never get bored of her, she's amazing to me. Any who, one day in the summer I saw her after school, we decided to walk home together, when we got towards the park, which is one of the main area's that contain the gang of the crazy red bandanna group. They're all consisting of creepy looking pre adults, who constantly look at you in the worst of ways.

So we walked towards the park, I was fearless of them at the time, I didn't care as I don't mind being stabbed. I was worried what can happen to Jamey if they saw her alone. However it was rather empty inside the park, there was a sign of them so far, so we continued walking, happy and not expecting what would happen next.

Across the park theres an alley way on the other side of the street, it's very dingy. Jamey walk's through it a lot, to get to her nan's home as she can't live with her mother, her mother blames Jamey for being born, as Jamey nearly killed her mother during child birth. How can you blame your child? Anyway back to the frigging story!

We were walking towards the alley so I could drop Jamey off at home, as soon as we turned in to go through the alley at the sharp turn, one of the worst of the gang mebers bashed into us. He spilt vodka all over me, even though he's meant to be a muslim. He'd had a record of stabbing people and abusing girls, oh and don't forget the house fires, he was in charge of those ambushes too. Anyway, he see's Jamey and smiles in a horrible way at her, then his fellow drunkards form in a bulk behind him. He slurs too both of us " you should get the f*ck out of here you little twa*s, or i'll bash your heads in", another drunken pervy smile towards us.

I lose my temper, I don't care if they hurt me, but I never thought about what could possibly happen to Jamey. I began to rant into his face, I took Jameys hand, walked around them while saying "That f*cking pr*ck thinks he can boss me about, hahahahaha, pfft. I wish he'd show me what he would do if I didn't follow the big mans orders". Jamey looked horrified, she stared at me in astonishment, she began walking quickly and dragging me down the road. I said "Hey Jamey why aren't you going through the f*cking alley?". She didn't say a word, she looked as if she may throw up.

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That's when I heard the horribly slurry voice yell again, he was dropping vodka everywhere yet again all over his black hoodie, he said "Thass it". Then when I heard an army of footsteps chasing, I had the vodka bottle thrown close to my head, thank god his aim was bent from his blurry drunk vision. I wouldn't of ran if it wasn't for Jamey. She didn't like any of those boys, they'd previously tried to attack her. She was petrified, dragging me as fast as she could from them.

We were both out of breath after running a mile around the whole of our area, we lost them, but I had a feeling they may of gotten in a car to find us. I quickly ran to drop Jamey off home, making sure she was safe.

I walked home silently, headphones in and happily thinking that I confronted them, and I wasn't scared.

I got inside the door and thought about it for a long time after.

I still see them oftenly, I manage to duck away or take a different root before they spot me, I'm not scared but I'd rather avoid trouble for a while.

So this is England life, people who hurt others, people who have been convicted and sentenced with too little time, still free to roam the streets and hurt us, abusing girls, treating my home, like a pile of crap, yet they get away with it day in day out...

Good old England will never let you down.

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