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The Outcome

(A Fiction Story)

"I don't feel good mom!" I said.

"Honey I know you just don't want to go to school." She answered.

"I do though mom, they are having a pizza party! Why would I want to miss that?!" (Fake cough) "Besides this will give me extra time to spend with grandma, even though I don't feel good she can comfort me." (Sweetly smile)

"Ok, but you are going to school tomorrow young lady!" she lectures.

"Ok mom, love you! Have a good time at work!" I say as she starts to walk out of the room. I sit there and think about how I am going to get out of school tomorrow. Would stomach ache work? How about sore throat? Then I hear a knock on the door, I run down the stairs. (Expecting to see my grandma there I reach out for a hug, but realize it is my best friend here to pick me up to walk to school together.)

"Oh sorry, I don't feel well. I am not going to school today." I say while looking down. I can't look her in the eyes.

"Saige, I know it is because of them. You may be able to trick your mom but you can't trick me!" Emily smiles. "Come on we are going to be late!"

"I told you I don't feel well!" I scream and shut the door. I wait a few seconds and then I look out the window to see my best friend walking to school without me. I wish I went to school but I don't. I can't go back there again. See them. I roll up my shirt and stare at the bruise on my stomach. Why would they do something like that? How could they laugh after doing that to someone? I run upstairs, and open my computer. I start to do the report that was doing yesterday. I haven't been to school for the past 4 days, I think to myself why? Why don't I just ignore them? I hate how people think they can just ignore bullies! You can't just ignore someone hitting you, kicking you, calling you fat, and stupid, it isn't as easy as just thinking you can ignore them!

I hear someone walking up the stairs and stuff my computer under my bed. I quickly get under the covers, and stare at the door waiting for someone to walk in. The door swings open, and standing in the doorway is my father. The father I haven't seen in 5 years.

"What are you doing here?" I ask. He says nothing. "Answer me!" I scream. I wipe my eyes, and open them. He is gone. That has been happening to me a lot lately. He shows up, but he isn't really there. Besides why would he want to come back to me? The girl who is obese, and ugly, and stupid, there are so many things wrong with me, I can't name them all. Why would he want a daughter like me? Sometimes, at night I can hear my mom crying and talking about how nice of a man he was. How he was always so romantic and, nice. Then he found out she was having me, and he changed. He started being really mean and abusing her. It wasn't until 6 years ago, when I was 7, that she filed a restraining order. Then, the next year they got divorced. It is all because of me. He left us because of me; he abused her because of me! I start to drift off to sleep.

My mom wakes me up the next morning. "Sweaty times for school and no matter what, you are going so don't even try anything!" she tells me. I tell her I haven't finished any of my homework but she said she will write a note. This is it, I have to go back and face them.

I hear a knock at the door a minute after the knock came yesterday. I open it and there is my best friend starting to go on about how I need to confront them.