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Lina Zhang

Do the Write Thing

Let's Make a Change

Everybody has a story. Most have stories of love, hate, and pain. But I'm going to tell you about a little Texan girl named Natalya Rivers. 1 story in the midst of 7 billion, but Natalya's story is a very unique one.

I like to believe that God gives everyone a life. (Imagine God picking fates out of a black top hat) Unfortunately, Natalya wasn't lucky that day. She ended up with the worst life anyone could've had, one that only exists in our worst nightmares.

At just age 5, Natalya was being whisked away in a mysterious black car. The car smelled faintly of smoke and the driver as cursing at every red light. Natalya was sitting with her knees to her chest, sobbing into her hands. You may hate them, but you truly do love your parents, and I guarantee when they die, you will cry your eyes out. Natalya's parents were stabbed to death, and her house was burnt to shreds. She was left to live with her uncle, who had never even saw Natalya, and hadn't talked to her dad in 20 years.

"Grab me a beer, Natalie! Poker chips John! Poker chips!" uncle Joe slurred. He's been hitting the happy juice as usual, his apartment filled with the grotesque smell of alcohol. You could barely call him a man, much rather a legal guardian.

"It's Natalya," Natalya muttered. She loathed Joe, it was hard to believe he had legal custody of her.

"What did you say?! You live in my house, you do what I say to do, got it? You don't want me to get the whip do you?" Joe sneered. He was stroking his greasy beard like he was making a genius plan, and was putting a new bunch of chewing tobacco in his beer stained teeth.

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Natalya cringed and whispered, "I'll get you a beer."

"You don't like that do you pretty girl?" Joe laughed while crunching his tobacco. "Little girls should do what they're told! I'm the boss, you're my servant." With that he stuck the finger at his poker friend and took a long swig of his half empty beer and returned to his game.

"What was homework last night?" Natalya asked perkily. She was twisting a strand of her blond hair while tapping the end of her pencil on the desk.

"Why are you wearing long sleeves today? I like that shirt but, it's 90 degrees today Nat!" Natalya's best friend Jenna giggled.

"Because..." Natalya was pulling her sleeves down even more. She was sweating like a pig, but she needed to hide her arms, they couldn't find out.

"Come on!" Jenna flipped her long brown ponytail. Jenna pulled Natalya's sleeves up and her smile quickly faded. "Nat, what are... these?" Natalya's arms were covered with whip marks and cuts just like the rest of her body was.

"Get away!" Natalya shrieked. She pulled her sleeves down, tears springing from her eyes, and ran out the classroom. Everyone stared at her with a bewildered expression and Natalya's teacher had a shocked expression on her face.

Natalya ran into the girl's bathroom, sobbing and locked herself into a bathroom stall. She ripped the handle of the stall door and held it in front of her chest, shaking.

"I'll see you soon mommy and daddy," Natalya whispered, and with a yell she plunged the stall handle into her heart.

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No one ever knew Natalya was living a life like this. She was the gorgeous, beloved, and bubbly Natalya Rivers. But she was also the whipped, crying, hurt girl behind the scenes. You have look at the people around you and wonder if they're wearing a mask. A mask that hides their true self from the people around them. You need to help them take the mask off and reveal their true self. There are millions of kids living like Natalya. Walk people home, take them to after school programs, help them mend their heart so they don't end up like hurt or scarred for life.

No

One

Should

Live

Like

This

No

One

Let's make a change

"The world needs us, and we need each other. We must not hide forever."

-Jenn Reese