In Class - Second Bullying Scene

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Once in the classroom, I made my way as quickly as possible to the site in the farthest corner from the entrance. I looked on in disgust as slags flirted shamelessly, practically showing their… you know… personal areas… while bending over the boys' desks in their diminutive skirts. I rolled my eyes before the group of popular girls of the school. "Don't you think her clothes are ugly?" I overhead from Angela, their leader or as I like to call her, the queen bee. It's no surprise. I know that they constantly criticise how weird my long hair is or how stupid my smart-ass questions are. My classmates don't really get me. For them talking to me would mean committing social suicide. I know my body and face aren't really attractive, but is it such an issue?

The teacher finally entered the room and started writing out today's assignment on the board. "I hate history" I whispered. It doesn't matter what era it is, I simply hate it. Classes concluded and as the clock struck five, a wolf pack noisily plodded out of the corridors yearning to meet their beloved families. Little they know about how solitary my meaningless insignificant life was at home.

I was so lost in my own little world that when a finger poked my shoulder, I jumped up and gave a little shriek. I turned with my face as red as it could get showing how abashed I was, and there she was, my science teacher, Miss. Blanchard, giving me a small smile. "Hi, love. I've noticed you were a bit lost in thoughts during the class. Are you feeling alright? Would you like to talk with me about anything that upsets you… home or maybe the kids in class?" she said. In that instant, I heard a voice inside me shouting desperately and begging for its release. That voice was eager to be manifested among those walls, longing to find understanding and consolation on that teacher. But I killed it. I smiled sheepishly. "No, everything is fine" I responded. Because I already knew what would come next: a sudden beating by the "Gods" of the school for being a snitch. I am just frightened, frightened of feeling more pain. I want everyone to leave me alone.

"You know you can tell me anything that disturbs you, right?" she stated. I nodded, rushed to pack my notebooks and quickly left the room heading towards my locker to pick up some books and return to what I unfortunately called home.