Introduction – On the Bus Scene

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I sat at the back of the bus with my forehead pressed against the window, hoping that they wouldn't be here today. As the bus pulled up to its final stop, I realised that I would be as unlucky today as I was every other day of my pathetic life. Why should today be any different, even if it is my birthday? That's right. Today should be my especial day, but I don't expect nothing else than the "warm" affection of my classmates and mother.  
  
I knew the moment they found me hidden in the very last seat on the school bus that it was going to be worse than in the past few days. They hate it when I try to hide…

One of my classmates approached me. "How is it going, dyke?" he said. He spat the last word as it were poison on his tongue. I chose to ignore him, knowing it would only irritate him, not really caring at the moment.

"I'm talking to you, chick!" he glared fiercely at me. I don't know what I ever did to him, but apparently it was enough to make him hate me for life. He suddenly started smacking me, tangling up and yanking on my long hair. I held back the tears and bit my tongue imploring I would get to school sooner rather than later. I wished the day would already end.

The toxic sound of his friends laughing and applauding him for his actions reverberated in my ears as the school came into view. "Just another day in hell" I thought to myself. My life is indeed far from a paradise. As I was leaving the bus, I received a look of pity from the middle-aged bus driver, but I already knew no one would ever speak of the things they were doing to me. No one. At some moment in my past, I thought that while growing up everything will be great. All that hope has been shattered over time. Everyone around me is out to get me, trying to hurt me, whishing I was dead. Is that the only truth?

And the day was just beginning.