ID: EPJUL2012

Cruel laughter rang in my ears as I was brutally pushed down to the floor. I felt the blood trickle down my nose. “What’s that Kieth? Too shy to speak up?” the school bully, Jonathan, smirked at me with an expression of pure hate. For years now, I had lived under this oppressive force, pushing me from doing anything special. This all started 4 years ago, when I first joined Morning Glory International School. I had appeared cowardly, craven and shy. A great victim for bullying. Over the years, I had been sent to the hospital because of a broken body part 17 times. 6 of them being my left wrist. They say it's a stage, a phase, but I don't think its supposed to last that long. They say that I will grow stronger one day, but I don't know when that day would come.

Then one day, the final straw broke. And of course it had to be in who else but Jonathan's hands. I was peacefully walking down what seemed to me a 30 meter hallway when all of a sudden, I was shoved against the previously pearl-white wall, which had become an alarmingly shade of red. Jonathan raised a hand and slapped my head back and forth as if it was some tetherball. At the last slap, he released me and I crumpled to the floor, but not because I was tired. Because I had become a vessel for a beast. The monster's awakening. The result of bottling up my emotions for 4 years and 7 months. I leapt forward in a frenzied fury and grabbed Jonathan by the throat. I bit, I scratched, I kicked, I slapped, I tore open his flesh. At the last moment, Jonathan was motionless. Not dead, but in a serious state of injury.

I ran back to my shed and panicked. Did I kill him? What have I done? Why did I do that? It was obvious that I had become a threat. And what do people do with threats? They eliminate them. And that's what I was going to do. I held it back for a few weeks, but the thought couldn't escape my mind. Occasionally, I would see a figure following me, but I put that worry away. I eventually went to the DIY store and gathered as many kitchen knives as possible. The price was surprisingly expensive, but I didn't care. "After all, why bother paying prices when you're going to leave the world?" I locked myself in the shed, and unwrapped the packaging to see which knife would be sharpest. Eventually, I found the perfect one; a 16cm long knife. Without hesitation, I slowly raised the knife.

Suddenly, the shed door clicked open. A short girl with pink, wavy hair was standing at the door. The exact same figure that had been following me at school. She convulsed in horror at the sight, but quickly leapt to action and wrestled the knife away from me. "My name's Anne," she said in a reassuring tone. "I come from a family where I... wasn't very happy with." She showed me some scars on her face that never healed.

"I had the same intrusive thoughts as you once, and there was no one there to support me. But I learnt to control my actions. If support is what you need, support is what I'll give." She held out a hand. But not the hand that could choke me to death. A hand that was worth holding. A hand that understood. A hand that cared. A hand that could help...From then on, I had put the thought of suicide behind me. At long last, there is someone who cares, who is willing to help, who is willing to support. Finally, there could be an era of peace.