

The Child

I looked at my mum, she smiled at me. My mum looked at my dad, he smiled back. The bright lights glared at us all in the shiny room, a beeping came from the black box

“Come on Karl, count to ten.”

“One...” I said

The room began to spin; the kites on the ceiling above my head began to fly.

“Two...”

Pain began to swell in my hand; it rose in temperature, pushing its liquid through.

“Three...”

I began to panic, the pain stabbing at me, the water flooding through my hand. I shook. The beeping rose, quickened. A headache began. The pain spread its poison up my arm.

“Four!” as darkness crept over me, I could feel nothing. I never reached number 10, I never did. I whispered number 5 and smiled.

Back at home the children used to tease me, call me names. They were all bullies. Monday morning, I walked through the school gates, everyone stared at me. I walked over to join some kids in my class, they walked away from me.

“Get a life Karl!” One person said. Others said worse things. Names I would be called regularly, greeted me again

“Flat nose!”

“Bent face!”

I would tell teachers if I could but that would only make things worse. I would then be a “Dobber”, someone that told.

I was on my own as usual, “The boy with scars on his face”, that was me. The bell rang; we all walked inside to our lessons. Up the stairs, I was barged, pushed over, and when I fell over people stood on my hands, kicked me, just because I was different. History was a bore, but I was hit by thrown pencils. I was stabbed ~~by~~ with a compass and chewing gum was stuck in my hair.

On the way ~~the way~~ to science Ryan tripped me up. I fell on the tarmac floor and ripped my trousers. I felt the burn of my grazed hands and the stones stinging inside of them.

I saw red.

He saw it in my eyes, and ran.

I ran after him, anger and adrenaline shaking me, pushing me, closer to him. I was slower than him, but I had it in me to catch him. I would catch him. It wasn't long and I caught him. I jumped at him and pounded his face to the ground. And with my bare knuckles, I punched him ferociously, *Crushing* ~~snapping~~ his nose and his jaw.

Enough, I got up and looked at him, his blood on my fists, streaming down his neck, staining his jumper. His nose resembled a mushy, bent shape.

"Are you happy now? You look like me!"

I walked back towards the school and saw the group of children following our trail.

"What have you done you ugly boy?"

"Go away!"

I was sent to the heads office, she said what was the matter with me? I couldn't tell her so I just cried and said I don't know.

On the way home from school a little boy asked me:

"Why is your nose bent?"

It was too much; I broke down into tears and ran home. The little boy was still staring after me. So that was when I made the decision to be corrected, to be normal.

I would be like everybody else.

