

Can you keep a  
secret?



**ASSIGN  
BUSTER**

By. Kasey Driggers Where am I? What am I? Who am I? How did I get here? I am asking myself all these questions as I am lost in my own thoughts. I don't know how I got in the place I am now. What has gone on in my mind to make me disobey my mother like I have. Running into different arms of different boys each time she turns around. Am I just seeking attention or is it love that I want to find? This is all so questionable when someone grows up in a fatherless home. I feel like I have fallen away from the person I once was.

It all began at the beginning of my Senior year when I had my first real serious relationship. You are probably thinking, wow Senior year and your first serious relationship? You must be ugly, slow, unwanted, or something close to one of those things but no, I am beautiful, there have been people who have wanted to care for me but I wouldn't let them. The number of guys I have turned to for support makes me look like the biggest whore but I'm not. I don't sleep around like the other girls.

I have let my mother down and she was afraid to tell my dad because she already knew I was going down a bad path and she didn't want to make it worse, she just tried to warn me and I never listened. I meet the guys I date, online and yes I know it's dangerous but is it such a bad thing? I could go to meet a new guy and that guy be the sweetest guy in the world, this has happened. Then there is a possibility that I could go to meet a new guy and not really know him that well, and that's what I have done. I was confined in a house and I always wished I would have listened to my mother.

I would wait at home until my " boyfriend" walked through the door. I had to be very careful not to offend him or do something I know he didn't like. I tried leaving but that seemed impossible. It sickens me to know I have let

my life fall this low. I had never been the one to do anything sinful, but getting beaten if you don't do as you are told really makes you rethink the things you would rather do. One thing no one really knows is that the reason he "went missing" is because of me. I got tired of having to live under the shadow of having to submit myself to whatever his wildest imagination made him wonder.

So one night we were laying in bed and I had been practicing on slowing my breathing to make it look like I had entered a dream world where only the memories of my life in high school replayed each night. His body finally became heavy and as I slowly moved myself from underneath his arm I went and retrieved the only thing that I had on my mind. The six inch knife that was always placed in the top drawer in the kitchen right next to the stove. As I quietly maneuvered my way down the hall my thoughts ran wild. What am I going to do after I do this? , am I going to go through with this?

I felt like I could scream and no one could hear me but if I dare do anything of that sort he would awake and he would probably end my life before I had the chance to put an end to my misery. There was only one thing that had ran through my mind for weeks and even months on end, I was going to kill George Thompson. No one would miss him, that I know of, and for all I care he could rot in hell for all the things that he had done to me and put me through. I had never been treated with so much disrespect and because of him I was disconnected from my family, my friends, and my church.

But yes, I went through with it and no one knows what happened to him. It's a wonder they didn't suspect me but I was never aloud to leave the house so no one ever knew I existed, so that kept me out of the suspect lineup. I

walked into the bedroom and he just lay there as if he didn't have anything to be scared of. Maybe he should rethink that but why would he if I never came across as a coniving revenge seeker? As I stand over him with the knife held high, I run through all the places I could go to get away.

My mother is the only one that comes to mind, she always told me no matter how old or on your own you want to be you will always have a place in the house I own. Yes, that's where I would go, I have no idea why that hadn't crossed my mind sooner. The only thing that I would have to hope for is that she is still in the same place with as good health as I remember her in. If something had happened to her would I hear about it? Did I let her down too much and her not leave anything behind to help me if I ever escaped? The thoughts quickly escaped my mind as George turned restless in bed yet staying asleep.

What an idiot, can he not feel that I am not in the bed? Yet this is something I am thankful for. I stand over him with knife in my hand wondering if I would ever be forgiven for the horrific thing I am about to do. Voices in my head keep repeating, Murderer, MURDERER, Murderer. But I don't care, I have to do this before he kills me! As I take a deep breath I plunge the knife deep in the dead center of his chest as hard as I possibly could. His body twitched around for a minute or two but it seemed like forever. And then finally his body was still, lifeless, he lay there breathless!

I felt relief but I also felt a hint of guilt in my head, but only in my head so that is no big deal it's something anyone would feel. Right? Oh well, it's done and over with now and I can run. I can run and go back to my mother, the thought of home makes me cry. Or am I crying because I just committed a

crime? No, that's not it, I am crying because I want to be home and it's hitting me hard in the face that If I had of just listened to what my mother was trying to tell me when I was in high school I wouldn't be having to run away leaving a dead body behind.

My mother is the only one that knows that I am the one that left him lifeless in bed. She forgave me and with held her " I told you so" statement to keep me happy. I am now back in church but still wondering if anyone will ever think I did it. I have asked for forgiveness and I have enough hope in my mind to think that I am forgiven but that is my secret. Notice how I didn't mention my own name in my story, that is because if you knew who I was you would probably be scared of me or turn me in, but I'm not letting that happen to me.

I have made it to far. I have my own family now and a husband that loves me and two kids that adore me. I only hope to keep them under my protection and hope the best for them! I hope my daughter doesn't do anything like I did. I will one day share with her what could happen but I won't tell her that I lived it myself. I only hope that she listens and believes me and lives a wonderful life without the complication that I had. But you know... I can only do as much as warn her and pray that she listens. Unlike me.