

November the eleventh essay



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

My mother took no concern whatever and just told me that we were going to be leaving Zimbabwe, my home country, on twenty sixth of December.

At first I thought it was just like before, when she got stressed and had a phase and said things but later went back on them. She had often said we were leaving but we had never gone through with it. After a week, when the plans were slowly taking shape I realized that it was true. Maybe it was my way of blocking everything out, of pretending that it wasn't true.

Maybe I just had to deny it a while longer, or maybe it was just taking time to sink in. It was me who saw it first; it was me who felt the pain. It was self-inflicted, blood trickled from my wrists and I just sat there staring, watching, and doing nothing to stop it. This was my last resort.

My life was falling apart all around me and I could do nothing to stop it. Everywhere I looked I was just another place, everyone I ran to didn't seem to care, with their programmed smile and fake voices with concern. Nothing was all right; I was running out of time. The thought of going, of having to leave my life behind, the thought of leaving my best friends, family and the country I was born in was too much for me to contemplate. All I wanted was for someone to say it was all a dream, that everything was fine and I was fine. But no one did ever say that and I felt I couldn't go on anymore.

No one can feel the pain that I felt, the cold sick feeling that rose in my body every time it was mentioned to me, every time I realized it was one day closer. My strength and will power were no longer a part of me. It had taken me so long to build my life here, I had made friends and I had been going out

with my boyfriend for five months. I was close to Sean; he was my best friend, the one person I knew I could rely on no matter what.

He wasn't just my boy friend. But today it was all slipping away from me so fast and I didn't know what to do or where to turn. I was finally doing well in school, people were taking note of who I was at last and now I had to go, leave everything I had built behind, the friendships I had made and the relationships I was forming, my family, my home, my memories and my school. Also readLife had knocked me down and I had suffered so many blows in the past that I could not be bothered to stand up from this one. I was going to wallow in pain, but soon it would all be over, I wouldn't have to feel this anymore, and I wouldn't feel anything.

I was sitting here with blood escaping my veins turning my clean white sheets into deep purple and all I felt was numbness, I couldn't think and I couldn't react, all I did was stare into nothingness. I wish I had gone then. I wanted so badly to leave life behind, to leave the pain, the suffering and the pressure behind me. Instead I had stopped it, a part of me wanted to know what the pain of moving and leaving everything would be like.

To be honest I think what I wanted was an excuse. My words were weapon with which I tortured myself with every day that went by. I was tiptoeing a fine line between life a death. My life was like a tight rope that I was walking down, so high I did not want to look down. I realize there is no beginning or end to pain, only change in the pain I felt, it just got worse, harder to handle every day.

The move to England left me silent. I was no longer the girl I use to be. I had lost my laughter, I was lonely, sad and all I did was cry alone in my room or write ' dear diary' letters which would be thrown in the bin no sooner than they had been finished. I spent my days inside, doing nothing. I didn't say a word to anyone. As far as I was concerned I had nothing to say to that bitch, my mother, who has taken me away from everything I knew and all I wanted to do was disappear.

I had done it many times before, stood on the side of the road holding out my hand waiting for someone to stop and give me lift, but that was when I was home, when I knew where I was going and who I was going to see. Now I was in a new country where I knew no one and had nowhere else to go. All I could feel was emptiness. I took sanity and compassion and realized that I was responsible for my every action. Its my life, so why couldn't I take it with my own hands? I had the choice, I still have the choice, I am not happy with my place in the world and I want to get off.

But the world doesn't stop for the pope let alone little old me, so I should do what I wanted with my life. I have freedom of choice and no one can save me because I don't want to be saved.