

Release



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

I was in the only room where I could be myself, the only room where I could let out the constant pain within me, the only room where I could breathe. My bedroom. As I sat there in the middle of the room on the sun warmed pine floor, I gazed out the window at the handsome autumn colours of beige, mahogany and ochre. The scene was seemingly 'perfect' but there was something inside of me which I dared not speak about. I dreaded the mere thought of it, but it still managed to flood my mind every second and dominate my every thought.

Even though my hate for them came from deep within my heart, a single thought of them managed to gain power over my actions and influence me in every way. Everyday I reached my absolute limit determined not to let this happen, but its power was inescapable. The clock alarm went off at twenty past seven. It was another day and I had to face everything again. I remember waking up in the mornings having the same feeling inside of me. I immediately felt like crying and I just wanted to lay in bed forever.

As my warm white sheets surrounded me, almost like a protective shield guarding me from dreadful reality, all I wanted was to stay there and sleep. Sleep, my only escape. As my mother's car neared the old, black, rusty gates, I felt as if my body was separate from my mind. My mind was elsewhere with a million worries, anxieties and fears running through it, and my body was against me. It was my body which made me get up every morning, and it was my body which hauled me up the long gravel path to the classroom. Whenever I crept into the classroom, I had the same sensation contained inside of me.

It was the feeling of shame and yet a slight fleck of relief. I can only predict that this sense of relief came about from the release of anxiety which overpowered my life when I was not in school. I looked around myself at the sea of faces which all stared at me in a certain way of which they all decided to make identical to one another. It was a look of disgust and anger, which said, " We're better than you, and we're going to make you suffer. " At least they achieved something. Why did they keep questioning me?

I could not comprehend their motive or what they were hoping to get out of me. As I stood there I found myself no longer listening to their constant, thoughtless words of abuse that they would throw at me, but I started reminiscing the days I used to be one of them. I always felt as though there was something different about me. In no way was I trying to say I was superior to them in any way, I certainly didn't feel that way, and I think that that was part of the problem. It was a problem that had always been there whether I chose to take note of it or not.

Nevertheless, it all added up in the end. It was time to return home, but that wasn't to say that that was the end of it. They got me when I was at home too, and there was also the other thing to worry about. They all thought that I was a liar, I wish that was true. The fact that it wasn't was a harder thing to cope with. I couldn't understand why they found it so hard to believe anything I had to say. I guess the truth was too much for them to handle, I couldn't exactly blame them, even I found it difficult to face the harsh reality.

Then again, it didn't make a difference whether they chose to believe it or not, on the other hand, I had to believe it whether I wanted to or not. When

my mother collected me I had to put on an act. Inside I felt abused and stripped of my dignity, but on the outside, in front of my mother, I acted calm and wore a face that said, " I had a fantastic day, and everything is just fine. " Usually, just as almost everyone my age would, I would drop my school bags and sit down in front of the television to watch my favourite programmes that all my friends also watched.

The next day would then consist a little of conversation including questions like, " Did you watch it? ", " Did you see that bit? " and " I wonder what's going to happen next. " Nowadays however, I would go straight to my bedroom, take a glance at my worn out face in the mirror and immediately burst out crying. When that happened, I would sit in the middle of my bedroom, salty tears flowing down my face, trying to keep my weeps in, building up a lump at the back of my throat which almost choked me.

Once my fit of emotion had been released I would just sit there taking in the autumn views which rested behind my window. How could someone who made the world so beautiful also create this ominous, dark, sinister, menacing facet of it, which only a few unlucky people would experience totally? I would think. There was no escape, I was alone and no one could help me, not even the ones who I thought I could turn to before. It was too late to ask for their help anyway, they had already turned against me. I couldn't understand why it was me who was being punished.

I can't say that I had never done anything wrong, I don't think anyone can, but surely I didn't deserve what I had got. It was bad enough that something so intensely horrendous had happened to me with no direct fault of my own,

but I was also made an outcast for my pain. It didn't help that half the people who were doing this to me were supposed to be my friends and the people who I thought I could trust. It is impossible to explain the betrayal, heartache and suffering I felt when everything that made up my life, me, had been completely shattered and crushed in a matter of months, weeks even.

I should have seen it coming. I felt as if there was no way out, and the thought of death gave me a sense of fulfilment. It was the only thing in my life right now that I could have some kind of control over, and in some twisted way, I liked that idea. My life was in my hands and it was my choice whether I should end or not. I pondered on that thought for a few moments. Almost as an act of reflex, I called for my mother and father to find out if they were in the house. I then repeated my call for my parents after I heard no reply. I waited. Again, no reply.

I realised that I was alone. No one there to help me, no one there that could help me, no one there to support me, no one there to listen to me, and most importantly, no one there to stop me. I ran downstairs frantically, into the garage with the car keys, a hosepipe and a bottle filled with some sort of brown liquid that I had aimlessly grabbed from my father's collection of spirits and other alcohols. With the anxiety, fear, anger, and the millions of other distressing emotions that were in charge of both my mind and body, I did it, and there was no turning back.

Now that I look back, I don't blame myself for feeling the way I did, but I do blame myself for dealing with everything the way I did. It makes me sick to think that if I had just stepped out of that fume filled car, I could have

stepped right back onto the road which would have led me to sort my life out. Why hadn't I remembered what my grandmother had always told me? " When you think that there is nothing worse than what you are going through, just remember that it can only get better.

And one day, it will all be over, just hold on. she would tell me. I yearn for another chance to hold on and to realise that every experience, good or bad, shapes you, and can make you a stronger and better person. I think I lacked two things - the patience and someone to tell me to hold on no matter what others may think. That one person could have changed everything, but I guess I wasn't lucky enough. I would now give anything to be that person for someone else. If I could have that opportunity I would seize it, I only wish others could take that advantage that they have over me.