

Creative writing piece



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

This poor little girl had been through so much in her short life, she was so fragile, so shy, so crushed. Curled in a ball on her bedroom floor she cried tears of grief onto a pink stuffed rabbit, her closest friend.

She didn't know how to make friends you see, she had moved around so much that other people were shadows to her. She picked herself up from her hello kitty rug and sat against her bright pink wall. Why does mummy have to say such hurtful things to me Sir Kipling? Sir Kipling of course being the pink now soggy rabbit she held in her small hands. Today was going to be a good day for small Rose, it was Christmas day, and she was looking forward to spending the whole day with her sister and her mother for once. Her sisters were aged 15 and 17 and would go out with their friends drinking, poor Rose's mother worked in a supermarket for 9am till 8pm so she was left all alone in her house after school. She had ways to cheer herself up of course, Sir Kipling in her young eyes loved going to school with her though sadly he could only watch the lessons from her tray, even at lunch she would sneak in some crisps and whisper to him to eat them quietly or teacher would hear. Everyday she would go to the corner shop and buy one chocolate Fredo and 2 packets of 10p crisps, when she got home to an empty house she would turn on the TV and watch cartoons sharing her snacks with her beloved Sir Kipling.

Then she would go in her room and wait, she never got into any hobbies because of the amount of times she had moved, she had no friends but she didn't know what friends were. Just Sir Kipling and her drawing and creating stories together, she loved to make stories. Rose dreamed about magical places with dragons and fairies, having adventures around the world

with Sir Kipling climbing up volcanoes and facing the dreaded ice winds of the tundra! Her best friends were warriors with cross bows and arrows, swords that glimmered in the moonlight and axes that wielded the blazing power of fire.

Her world was the only world. Rose was bullied at school, her classmates called her weird, making fun of the way she talked. Everywhere she went she was laughed at from coming somewhere else, when she as in America she was laughed at for being from Scotland, when she was in English she was laughed at from coming from America and when she went back to Scotland she was singled out for coming from England and America. She stopped caring what people thought.

??? You can???™t make anybody happy in this world can we??? Rose smiled tears running down her face, praying for the tears to stop, ??? if they catch us crying again their going to hurt us.??? Rose whimpered into pink fur dreading what her family might do to her if they saw those tears running down her frightened expression. Rose stood up and climbed into her closet pulling a blanket over her and Sir Kipling. Though her sisters were young themselves, downstairs on this festive day they were drunk, along with Rose???™s mother who of which has caused this poor little girls pain. Earlier that day when Rose was convinced that today was going to be different, she unwrapped her present???™s to see that Santa had left her something she didn???™t even ask for, as a certain sister told her that Santa doesn???™t come to children that cry. It was a pink DS, she was so happy to see such a gift, though shortly felt awful.

To her she didn't deserve such a gift, though little Rose did her homework, went to school everyday, worked hard, kept her room cleaned and though she was only 8 did the dishes everyday. Unlike her two elder sisters who drank, smoke, cursed, never did any housework and Rose couldn't remember the last time she saw the eldest go to school. This poor bright child's mind had been poisoned; a life of being called a stupid mistake will do that to a child. Rose played with it so she could look grateful, if she didn't look grateful they would yell at her again and call her a selfish brat. She tried her best not to have fun, she always thought she didn't deserve fun that's why god constantly punished her, a thought she created to explain why it seemed her family hated her. She turned around to see a familiar site, a drink in her mothers hand, Rose didn't like her mother when she was like this, Rose liked it when her mother just came in from work she was smiling and would give Rose a hug but shortly would tell her to pour her a drink.

The child thought it was normal that she had learned how to open a bottle at such a young age and how to make a gin and lemonade. Rose missed the memory of her mother without drink so much that when she was gone she would climb into the closet where they kept the coats and sit with her mother's. She would smell her perfume and tears would begin to fall and a faint whisper of I miss you.

Could be heard. Her mother would always say things when she was drunk, things that Rose didn't like to hear, Like how her father and mother divorced. How grandmother died. How the family has no money. All things parents usually hide from there children to keep their innocence were

disgustingly slurred into her mind. You can't hate mother, was what Rose believed. Though she heard those words from her sisters plenty of times when they fought with each other. This Christmas, as everyone was well into the warm arms of intoxication, Rose felt a horrid feeling in her guts.

As her mother began to cry and say how much an awful mother she was, the little girl felt a part of her die, the last shared of her innocence smashing. Golden memories of the slight normality she had fading away into dust. Mum, shut up your embarrassing yourself. Rose felt anger, the first time she had ever talked to her mum like that and yet she was just filled with more rage. Her mother began to cry and her sisters got angry now you've done it you stupid brat! Christmas was great until you ruined it! You ruined everything! The young girl frozen, the words had brought her such misery no longer pierced her heart. I hate you.

Was a whisper she heard escape her mother's lips, eyes wide she merely stood up and walked up stairs to her room feeling as if someone had stabbed her in the stomach. She collapsed on the floor, hungry, thirsty but more over hurt. Sobbing her eyes out not able to understand what happened. Though Rose's story is a sad one and I would hate to leave the reader thinking that this was how her life went on, her life actually took an unaccepted turn, you see that Christmas night she went for a walk. Her face now dry but still stained with her remorse. She liked to talk to a forest near her house; it was creepy but felt like home at the same time. As she walked up the cold plains her breath turned to visible vapors and the sound of crunching snow under her boots, she had not ate all day nor had she drank anything, she was in a

sorry state. When she finally got to the woods a figure appeared, at first she was scared, be aware of those who lurk in the dark.

She saw the figure fall to the ground and she ran to its aid, Sir Kipling still stuffed her pocket. As she grew closer and closer to the figure she saw it was an old man.??? Sir??? she paused at the man as she heard him trying to speak, Rose was worried for the stranger but tried her best to help the man to his feet.??? Forgive me for being so weak.??? She said to the old man??? s shock, as she was able to walk him to a bench.

??? None sense child,??? the elder said before mumbling to himself in a confused state.??? But my dear what on earth is a child like yourself doing out this late??? Rose didn??? t like that question, he might tell her mother and get her into trouble. So she tried to change the subject.??? Do beg my pardon Sir but being in the forest this late is a little dangerous for someone of your age.

??? The old man laughed at that statement and put his hand on his knee.??? A kind child with manners, you truly are a rare breed.??? Kind Manners And he said it with a smile. Those words were so sweet to Rose??? s ears, she all of a sudden liked this man very much.??? You see kind child I live in the forest and not many people are kind to me, but your strong heart is very valuable.??? Rose didn??? t understand those words, they worried her, and then she heard a new voice. Her beautiful blue eyes full of fear shifting to the voice??? s direction, her gold hair shimmering in the moonlight, Pail skin radiant in such lighting.??? Rose Howard.

??? The voice said, such a deep voice. The speaker was a tall man, Rose quickly looked back to the old man to see that was gone. The man in front her had long black hair, red eyes and black nails. A flawless suit with handcrafted shoes.

??? Who are you??? The young girl yelled, thinking of what a fool she was to leave at this time of the night.??? Would you like to feel happy again??? what kind of a question was that Rose stayed silent looking for any chance she could dart off.??? I have been watching you for some time Rose Howard, my name is Adam and I have been watching you for a long time. I can see your soul and this world has been cruel to you. It??™s shattered, fading and looks as if it is going to die very soon.

??? Rose could not believe this, her soul was fading away, and She knew she had felt empty in her life but had no idea that that emptiness was her soul fading.??? It??™s painful isn??™t it God gave you that thing so it could decay in this cruel world, but if you give me your soul you will never have to feel that pain again.??? Give this man her soul Rose could remember all the nights she wanted the pain to go away, All the times she cried because it was just too much. How it crushed her and changed her and made her hate this world.??? What will happen to me??? She said faintly, could she do this, she could go to hell; this could be a trap and is going to kill her. So many thoughts raced threw her mind. The man grinned showing his jagged teeth.??? You will become a demon like me and torment the world that has done so to you.

??? Demons, creatures that cause all pain and misery in this world. The creatures that created sin and lurk in your darkest thoughts. Rose was so young but she understood what Demons were, they lived forever, had no parents, no friends. The man turned into a black figure with waves of darkness echoing off him. Only his eyes and jagged smile were white in the darkness.

??? Daises, Hunger, Sin, War, Murder, Lies, Death and pain.??? The figure took out its hand in the direction of Rose. ??? Join me my Eve and be free forever, create havoc in this disgusting world.??? Rose had made her decision; this world had killed her soul so she would kill everyone that ever caused misery. She took out her hand and held the Figure??™s. A loud laughter could be heard as darkness rouse from the ground around them. As the darkness took over Rose??™s sight she stood still with acceptance on her face.

??? Go ahead take my soul, I??™ll bring this world to its knees and all those who get in my way.??? Was Rose??™s last thought with a soul. She felt a sharp pain in her chest, a chained necklace she had gotten from her sisters breaking and falling to pieces. Rose picked up the pieces and suddenly realized that now the pieces were nothing to her. Another shock of pain overpowered her completely as she let out a scream of pure pain.

She held herself up by her hands panting for air and whimpered as she saw her hair was turning black and her nails were going rotten blue. All of a sudden she passed out lying cold on the forest floor. She felt so strange, she

wasn't in pain, she wasn't breathing but still she fell into a deep sleep, her last site being handcrafted leather shoes.

Rose woke up with a Jolt, her large red eyes looking at her surroundings, Red eyes with marked black skin framing such a sight. An irritated look crossed the teens face, She did not like being woken up early by her own dreams. It had been 9 years since that night and Rose was now a 17 old demon. Black hair in bunches, still flowing down to her knees. She had fallen asleep on top of a building again, something she considered a bad habit as she had a bed. She made what she considers a home in Scotland. She has been living in ironically an old abbey she refurbished to more her tastes. Sparkly rainbows painted on portraits of Jesus Christ just seemed more fitting.

The whole room was decked out in blurred rainbows, glass stars dangling from the roof and purple sheets on a gold frame bed and yet she still fell asleep on skyscrapers miles away. Rose has grown to love rainbows; her title 'The demon of dreams' fitted the idea well. She pulled herself over the edge to look at the busy town below. 'I think I'm going to see my mother this Christmas.' The final performance had begun.

The girl took out her swords, dual swords black that could change into any weapon she pleased but Rose preferred to kill her humans up close. Sir Kipling sitting on the edge of the building rose smiled at him and continued to admire the sharpness of her blades. 'How many slices does it take to kill a family of 4 Sir Kipling?' The demon of dreams sang as she grabbed the pink rabbit hurling herself off the building and curving herself in black abyss opening the curtains to this show of an event.