

The person who
inspires me



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

Do I Still Have Any Reason to Live? By: darol_maranan_07 Name? Girolene Garcia. Everyone calls me Gigi. Not only because it's my first name, but also because it's what my initials spell out. 16 years of age. I guess it will end in that number. I'm about to die anyway... I shall cut myself with this razor, or maybe yet jump from the top of this establishment! Do I still have any reason to live? Everyone sees me as worthless woman of this world. They say I have never done anything good. Depressing, isn't it? Why should I carry this heavy burden all throughout my entire life?

Living in this world is like being subjected to eternal damnation. You want to know why it turned out like this?... By looking at your baffled expressions, I can see that you desire to know about my decision in termination this life of mine. Well, Sir and Madam... please listen carefully to the story of my life. People brand me as a juvenile delinquent. I am merely a teenager. Young in both mind and body. Vulnerable to mistakes and immaturity. In my current state, I am carefree. I swim in the pool of pleasure. I rarely go to school. You could easily spot me at the nearby street at Pauntum.

Smoking, singing in the videoke machine or just looking at the cute guys passing by. Parents? Hmm. They exist? I don't even know that they're there. There was this time when I asked Mom about my science assignment. She answered "(God) Damn it! Can't you see I'm busy preparing for my Tong-its?!" Yes, she was always busy with Mahjong, Tong-its. Those kinds of games... I asked Dad the same question. He answered "ngrrrhhh Here's a hundred bucks. Go ask your neighbor or your hot teacher ngrrrhhh!" Father was drinking with the neighbors, as usual. I never had the best grades in school...

Still I'm in Grade 5. I never really excelled in any part. One time, I was asked by my teacher to answer a math problem. " Ms. Garcia! Answer this: 90 divided by 10?. " My teacher told me. I couldn't answer. I don't know the answer. I don't know how to get the answer. Hoping for Lady Luck to save me, I guessed. " 19? " Each one of my classmates laughed at my stupidity. " STUPID IDIOT! IT'S 19! " " How Dumb of you! Go home and wash your filthy clothes! " " Better yet... Wash your Brain. " " This is, if you have one? " Hysterical laughter filled the small room. I was humiliated, embarrassed, ashamed.

Me, the oldest person of the class, could not even answer a simple mathematical problem. My teacher yelled " You can't even divide 90 by 10! Why bother coming here when you don't even learn? Just go home worthless imbecible! " That is how my school life's like. Friends? I have none. Everyone of them loathes me. I tried approaching one. I said with a calm approach. " Hi there! Can you be my friend? " She replied " HELL NO! I'd rather be fat and ugly than being friends with a stupid girl who can't even divide 90 by 10. " I asked other people and the replies I got were: Eeeww! " " Why should I? " " There is no reason why I should befriend a person like you. " " If I were you, I'd take a bath. You look and smell disgusting. " this and that, this and that... Guhhh! No one wants to be near me. Each time I hear of such jeers from everyone around me. I weep in depression. What have I done to deserve this kind of castigation? Why did God forsake everything from me? Though I may have the face of Ann Curtis, the body of Marian Rivera and the voice of Sarah Geronimo (sing " A very Special Love"), what you see is not always what you get.

What I am is a young misled teenage girl, in need of someone to counsel me, to enlighten my way and to guide me towards the right path. Throughout my 16 years of living, I have never encountered that someone. I guess, there may be no reason for me to live. I ask for your judgement. I know somehow that you'll blame me for being another bane of this society, reckless and rebellious, but that's my only way to express my demand of attention and love. I wanted to escape, I wanted to find someone whom I could share my story with, someone who would bestow me the best advice, someone... someone... but how? none would bother to heed. I never wanted to live this kind of life, no direction and miserable. What I want now is to be free from all of this. That's why I came up into a decision of terminating my life. I am more ready to face death than to face insults all over again at least when I'm gone, I am so much fed up. Maybe, after the long run, people would appreciate my existence. So everyone, before it's too late I'm begging you to answer me, is there anymore reason for me to live?