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This was made on Tuesday 16 th June 2020

Enjoy!

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🔍Emilia POV

I'm sitting in my math class waiting for the last bell to ring. I need to get home as fast as I can to place food on the table. Of course, I wasn't invited to eat either, I need permission.

I was hungry, very hungry. I hadn't had anything to eat since yesterday's breakfast; a slice of toast.

Ever since my mother died just under a year ago things at home have gone downhill.

Shawn, my stepdad, started drinking as soon as he got home from work. Yes, he got me the essentials but sometimes it wasn't enough. He would get angry when I asked for sanitary pads. But I haven't had my period in over 6 months so it doesn't matter anymore.

He would leave me days without feeding me or even acknowledging my existence. School finishes at 3:30 and Shawn get home at around 4 o'clock.

It's taken me around 30 or so minutes to get home so I never really have time to waste. I am going to be honest here, he scares me. He scares me a lot.

He is like that one neighbour who intimidated you so much that you are afraid to walk past the house.

I have bad trust in men, I find it hard to put all of my love into a man that is only going to hurt me in the end. I always feel like men have bad tendencies with women and young girls.

Not that anything would happen to me because no one exactly knows I exist anymore. I stopped talking to my friends and I lost connections with so many people.

So I stopped trying with people in general. The fewer people I have in my life the fewer people can hurt me.

I will always stand by that.

Do I like Shawn? Fück no. I hate him. As soon as my mother died he changed and not in a good way.

Sometimes he gets angry at me for no reason. I always try to impress him but he always finds a fault in my ways. Sometimes I wasn't good enough for him.

Actually, I am not good enough for anyone. I am useless and a waste of space, people don't even know I exist anymore.

This is why getting home early tonight is important. It means I can stay happy for a few minutes just to see him smile at the food I will make for him.

Ding, ding, ding

I grab my bag as fast as I can and rush out of the classroom. I run as fast as my scrawny legs can take me to my locker down the hall.

I was extremely thin and I wasn't on the healthy side of weight. It wasn't on the dangerous side either but when Shawn lets me go days with food other than a slice of bread it really takes a toll on your physique.

I was also quite short as well, just a little shorter than everyone else. I just... stopped growing. I don't know what happened.

I am underweight for my age but that all lays on Shawn. It's not my fault. But he had caused my appetite to become extremely small.

I plug my headphones in my iPhone 6. It was the one that my mother bought me a few months before she died, it's one of the few things that haven't been broken by Shawn.

3:45

Shit, crap, mother in the name of the holy Jesus I am walking too slow, he's going to be in his way back any minute.

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I arrive at the house with a burning sensation bursting through my legs. I am in so much trouble, I see his car parked outside of the house. It's five minutes past four so he would have been expecting me a while ago.

Who knows, he might be in a good mood today.

Who am I kidding, I am going to die tonight.

I slowly open the front door that gives me a clear view of the living room and kitchen area. It looked a lot nicer when mum was around. Don't get me wrong, it's the worst house, but it is very much far from the best.

I peek through the door until I am grasped by a meaty hand that clenches onto my frail arms.

"Ow!" I wince at the pressure of his big hand.

"Where were you? You're late!" He screams in my ear. Okay, say it don't spray it.

His other hand reaches to grasp onto my hair and he pulls me through to the kitchen to find an empty plate sitting on the table.

It was as though he did it to prove a point that I wasn't here to make him dinner.

"I'm sorry!" I reach behind to place my hands on top of the one that is tangled into my sore scalp. I wanted to relieve the pressure of his grasp.

"No, you're not." He spits in my face with such a great amount of force that it splatters everywhere; not just on my face.

"WHY WEREN'T YOU HERE FOR WHEN I GOT HOME YOU BITCH?" He repeats and this time he pulls my hair back so that I am looking into his eyes.

"I-I-I was talking to a teacher about the h-homework that was due the next day." I whimper at him. My lip is now quivering. Shawn has not yet loosened his grip, it just keeps getting tighter and tighter making my scalp burn.

I did in fact talk to a teacher about homework, it just wasn't today, it was yesterday- Monday.

Shawn threw me to the floor and stomped on my ankle making me release an ear-piercing scream. I sounded like I was being possessed.

I just want this to be over already, I hate my life and I just want to be away from this man.

"DON'T LIE TO ME YOU BITCH." He kicks the side of my ribs and pulls me up by my hair making my shaking hands fly up to my hair.

"Make me my dinner or do you want to protest about that as well? Hun?" He says with such bitterness in his voice.

He let's go and shoves me into the side of the cupboard making me wince at the sudden impact on my waist and ribs.

I steal a bottle of paracetamol and slide them into my hoodie pocket. Just for later.

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By now I am sobbing like a baby over the cooking pasta that's in the pan; I was making hmand only him macaroni cheese. I wasn't allowed any because I was rude and inconsiderate of his happiness.

Tears are streaming down my face and the excruciating pain in my ribs does not help at all. I add the milk, cheese and cheese mix powder to the pasta and stir it up and get it ready to serve.

I feel his presence looming over my shoulder like an overseer at the factory.

As I reach over the stove for the pepper grinder Shawn pushes my hand down onto the fire hot stove.

"Ahhhhhhhhh!!" I clutch my arm and drop to the floor and he places a wicked smile in his lips.

"Get upstairs." He uses his thumb over to show me the direction of the stairs.

I run up the stairs in a blast running the stairs two by two and slammed my bedroom door that ignoring the pain of my ankle that shot through my leg.

I didn't hesitate to grab a bottle of water and paracetamol that I had taken with me.

Taking two tablets, I li my shirt to see a shockingly huge bruise surrounded by a lot of fading bruises from past weeks.

I seal my ribs up with a huge bandage that had sticky adhesive on the bottom of it a r I cleaned to space with wound alcohol so no bacteria stayed in the skin.

I just wanted to make him happy, I have already disappointed so many people such as my mum, I wasn't a good enough daughter for her. I wish I knew how to be worthy of myself.

As much as I hate him, I have to be grateful, he gives me a place to sleep and gives me a roof over my head. He may not feed me as o en as he should, but there are people that have it worse than me so I cannot be selfish and feel sorrow for myself.

Pity gets you nowhere; it draws attention to you and makes you feel like they only pity you so you feel a little special.

My next task was going to sleep, the hardest one yet. I had a bed, but I didn't have much else in my room; just a bed and a wardrobe that le quite a lot of room.

I carefully snuggle myself in the heaps of blankets I have on my bed because it gets cold out here in England. I hold my little dog so toy close to me. It was as though I was holding my mother with me every step of the way. The so toy that she bought me when I was very young reminded me of my old life.

It was around 10 PM when I finally placed my book down and went to sleep. Let tomorrow's challenges commence.

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I hope that you enjoyed this, you probably didn't but I want to say that if anyone needs someone to talk to about this kind of stu , you can message me if you like.

Speaking to a 14-year-old stranger can help.

But on a good note, let's hope life gets better in this book and real life.

1740 words in this chapter. XOXO, De-Jej🍪🍪