2

You can jam out to the song if you like. Yet again, it's a Joji song. He is one of the very few modern artists that I like.

There will be plot holes.

Vintage music all the way 🎷

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🎨 Emilia POV

I walke up feeling like someone ran me over with a truck, it's not the best feeling in the world. I haven't been fully run over by a truck but one time I was sitting on the path with my friend until a truck ran over my foot, I was in a cast for around six weeks.

That was years ago though, back when everything was okay.

I try to move my body a slow as I can to reduce any sharp movements that will injure me even more.

So I drag myself out of bed and to the bathroom down the hall. I turn on the shower and wait for it to get warmer.

I quickly run back to my room and grab my uniform for school, a blue button shirt with a black tie and a royal blue skirt with black tights. The skirt wasn't the shortest but it wasn't the longest either, some school have very long ones and I am glad I don't go to one of them.

Once I am in the shower, I was my weakened brown hair and skin and just then stand in the shower for the next ten minutes. The water somehow is massaging the area in my back and ribs; the places where I have huge injuries. I have a few injuries in my arms and legs but most of them are on my torso.

I climb out of the shower and look in the cracked full-length mirror at my frail body, scars scattered all around my body and stained like a tattoo. You. An see the slight indentation of my ribs poking through my skin. I want to be healthy. But Shawn won't let me.

There are people in worse conditions than I am, I might be selfish for saying this but I want a normal life. It's selfish because many people want a normal life. Homeless people want a new life for themselves etc.

I get dressed into my plain outfit and do my simple makeup routine to cover my face.

Just concealer for my under eyes because there is a slight bruise that has almost faded away. I also wear it to cover my dark under, purple under eyes, no matter how much sleep I get, I always get purple skin under my eyes.

I slide my Doc Martins on that add an extra inch or two to my 4'11 height. I love the shoes. They can get you through anything, you could walk through a big dirt puddle and still keep your feet dry.

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I am trudging my way to school that's quite far away until I notice that I le the house a little too early. It works out for me, I don't have to see Shawn's hungover ass in the morning.

School started at 8:30 and it was currently 7:55 when I arrived at school. I had nothing else to do, I put down my library and do some revision.

We were focusing on the play Macbeth by William Shakespeare so I thought I should do some mesmerising of the notes and language analysis. The Tempest and Macbeth are my favourite poems of his.

Once I had finished my notes I pulled out my reading: The Darkest Mind. I love this, it's my second time reading it.

I always found art and reading my escape from the world, more accurately, my escape from Shawn. Whenever he was angry and frustrated with me, he would drink and become violent, if he didn't take it out on me, he took it out in the house.

Photos burnt, glass bottle smashed against the walls, throwing stu like pans. Art was my biggest escape. Reading was just like a hobby of mine, it always did take my mind of situations at home.

I don't know if I should even call it that, my 'house' was kind of a dump, not the worst I have seen but it is far from the best, we had furniture and a decorated house but it doesn't feel like a home.

The five-minute warning bell signalled for me to go to my locker and put my jacket away and unnecessary items that I carry with me. Such as the books that I won't be reading until a er lunch.

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Every Wednesday morning and last period I had art which was my favourite lesson of the entire week. Art was something I could always put my passions and unwanted emotions. I love painting and sketching. I am quite good at it but I am not at the GCSE level yet. I am only in year nine. I don't look like I am in year nine mostly because my birthday is in August so my birthday isn't even in school, it's right at the end of the school year. I had my birthday just 2 months ago.

Year nine was where I could choose my class options for what I wanted to do in the future. I chose art as one of my options. I can express myself freely without being judged.

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"So the task today is to represent one feeling into a sketch or a painting. If you are painting you can use either Gouache, watercolour, oil or acrylics paint. If you are going to do a sketch, please come up to the front and collect the pencil set. You have five minutes to prepare yourself. The piece that has the most e ort put into it will be posted on the artboard in the canteen and you will receive a reward." Woah, slow down lady, don't get me wrong, Miss Leesha was nice but she talks a little too fast for my liking.

I choose to do a painting with the emotion anger, it's the one I can relate to the most. I am angry about everything I live, I have nothing le of my worth. Because hatook it all away from me.

I plan out a sketch first on some art paper. My design was quite dark actually; a dark purple/ red ocean of blood that has a shadow of a person in the sky who was crying blood into the ocean. If that even made sense. It probably didn't but I'm my mind it did. It gives me eerie vibes.

I used acrylic paint because it is the easiest to work within my opinion.

Once it was finished, I placed it onto the cooling-rack that had a note of my name in the back. Just so everyone knows it's mine.

Don't want any thieves now do we?

I start to clean up my working space and get my equipment ready for my next lesson, English.

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Lunch has just passed and I sat alone in the library, again. I loved it in the library actually, it was always peaceful and quiet, plus it had this huge open window that you could see out into the large field that was surrounded by a wooded area.

Right now it was thundering and raining. I loved the rain, the rain was always cool on the skin and it gives me an opened and refreshed mindset, but it was way too cold for me to walk home in, I only brought a light jacket with me. A thirty-minute walk in the rain?

No thank you.

I was going to get sick if I went out in that, my immune system wasn't exactly top-notch at the moment.

I am walking back to art where check on the art and see if they have dried. I think the teacher had dried them o in a cool space so hopefully, they will be dry.

I am so excited to see the results.

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I walk over to the drying rack where my painting lays and I must say, it looks amazing. Not to brag but I think I might have a chance to have this shown on display in the canteen.

"Emilia Russo, please bring your work to the front so I can mark it." I think everyone forgot I was in this class because as soon as she said my name, all eyes went to me.

I feel their stares dagger into my back as I wait impatiently for my grade. I continue to feel their gazes stabbing me in the back of my head.

The teacher finally gives me a grade but I am too nervous to look.

I squeeze my eyes shut and prepare for my results. Any grade can go towards my course work, it's lucky that my school o ers GCSE Art instead of B-tech art.

I turn over the back of my painting where it has a sticker of my name on and it says an B.

Hold up-

AN B!!! That's the highest I have ever gotten on a piece of work before. The highest before this was a 6. If you are confused, and B is a grade A*. If you get 9, not only are smart, you are practically a legend.

Holy mother of last night's macaroni.

I. Got. A. Grade. B.

This has never happened before, I feel like the next Picasso with my grade. I wish I could hold up a sign above my head that says, ' I got an B in my last piece of art course work, you all suck and I am amazing...'

I grab a marker to sign the front of my work and return to my desk.

"I think we have a winner, Emilia Russo with a grade B on her painting that represents anger." Okay, just draw more attention to me then bitch.

I glue my eyes to my hands that are placed in my lap to avoid making any contact with any other student. I can feel their stares burning into my soul. Just because someone says my name doesn't mean you need to stare.

"If you don't mind, I will be pinning this up in the canteen early tomorrow so everyone can see your raw talent. Okay, Emilia?" I give her a small nod. Sure it was nice to have work noticed, but it meant that everyone was going to know that I existed.

I wish she would give me the original and hang up the copy, but a copy of a painting makes it look tacky so I will have to deal with it.

I didn't like the thought of people knowing who I was, it gives them more power to hurt me.

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I am waiting outside of school in the rain deciding whether or not to call Shawn to see if he could pick me, he would be out of work by now anyway. I decide to call him anyway.

Ring, ring
Ring, ring
Ring, ring

He finally picks up the line, "what do you want?" He snaps at me harshly.

"Umm, I was w-wondering if you could p-pick me up, the weather is very bad and I don't think I can walk home." I am shaking because it is so cold, I only brought a thin jacket with me.

"Fine, flicking stupid bitch." He mutters the last part as he ends the call.

I proceed to wait under the school's shelter whilst I wait for Shawn.

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My writing is very boring lmao, there is nothing that stands out. I'm gonna try and improve that.

1900 words in this chapter.

XOXO, De-jo 💋💋