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8|Scarred Memories

"And that will include our class for today." Ms. Hallow, the literature teacher, concluded while shutting her classic novel just as the bell rang. "Remember to pick your homework assignments from my notes before leaving." Her voice was drowned out by the sound of scraping chairs and hurrying students as they stampeded rapidly to get the day over and done with.

Everyone packed up their books into her backpack and stood.

"Hello!" A shrill voice echoed in her ear as a familiar hand slid into the crook of her closing them. Amreena didn't have to turn her head to know who it was, picking two homework + the table she handed one of the copies to Sara with a smile.

"What's up Sara?" As much as she tried, her voice could never hit the high-connected notes the Sara's did. Or took hyperactive most of the time.

"Nothing," Sara sang with a beam to her step she tugged Amreena out of the classroom and down the hall, her long blonde ponytail swinging back and forth in a 'twist-swish' manner.

Amreena propelling her locker and opened it balancing her backpack on her knee in order to change the books.

"So..." Sara began leaning on the locker opposite her, she dropped her voice into a whisper. "Where's Hizon?"

"Ummm, probably in class?" She did through her teeth. In truth, Alex had tested her tonight and early in the morning about how he wasn't going to be in school.

Dropping an always, she didn't always approve of it, 'It started is small, only a week or certain classes. But as some time he started skipping more and more, I'm afraid he will fall into a habit.' Amreena tried to talk about the matter, to try to fix her son, patient counseling school or whatever was going on at home but he did what he always did. He ended with a flippant shrug and changed the topic smoothly.

It was frustrating to all honesty, he was missing a lot in school. Although, that didn't seem to a lot his grades because his parents hired tutors. Or, at least, that's what he told her. Amreena's conscience mostly wore down the fact that she didn't want to know what exactly they would when he was in school. Now they mostly spend it together in the evening and weekends, not that she would ever bring it up with him. It would just make her sound selfish.

So she did what she is thinking, sucked it up and pressed on.

Sara made a mere exclamation at the back of her throat. "I doubt he's in school."

"Oh?" Amreena had her locker swinging her backpack over her shoulder. She didn't want to talk about him. At least not to Sary who clearly had a big crush on him. "How should I all him then."

Sary looked up, then away as she chewed on her lower lip thoughtfully. "Prefer..." Her nervous look on her face dissolved into a wide Swan. "Did you finish math homework?"

Amreena nodded. "I'm guess you mean we go to." Her voice trailed a as a small crowd appeared in front of them blocking the path. Amreena cautiously, appreciated the challenging crowd that seemed to formed a C shape around whatever was happening at the center.

The sound of a body hitting metal followed by a giant's cough her attention. Curiosity her voice a can-do-it-can-do-it-proper glasses, she lip bled thinking close to the crowd. A flash of red hair appeared before disappearing then brown curly hair.

Grunting, Amreena used her elbows to push people aside as she approached the front of the crowd.

Jacob, the school's renowned 6 grade asshole, was sitting atoide Marcus's chest, a student Amreena had only caught glimpses of in the school hallway. She didn't really know him, but Jacob was a whole other story. He was a tall, lanky, loud, extroverted human with the brown the size of a walnut. Anything that came out of his mouth was either insulting, insulting or sad. Jacob's existence was Amreena's biggest pet peeve.

Despite his built structure, they had bad blood and she was never afraid to call him out for the shitty person he was. And he wasn't afraid to throw insults her way. Their relationship, it would be based on physical and verbal altercations.

"Tiago," Jacob taunted, launching Marcus's collar in his fist 1 ing him o the ground. Marcus looked scared as shit.

"Ha the runner,now that you like dick hmm?" Marcus only cheched his pie getting his teeth as Jacob slammed him on the locker painfully. "Do you like it when a boy sticks it up your ass?"

This was another plain example as to why Jacob was the dick and asshole and a pretend it his mother had swallowed.

He was the prime spawn and indication of growth gone horribly wrong and not only that, to make it worse, he was a racist and a homophobic little cunt.

Imagine all those traits in one sad excuse of a human who had more brown than brains.

And what angered Amreena more was the teers that stood around, gossiping as they took videos with their cameras already running as with hashtags for their new instagram videos. If they had more humanity and had of sympathy or even a smidge of compassion they would've been able to drag it. But no, somehow taking a video of a guy being bullied seemed more interesting.

It was revolting.

Imagine if Marcus suddenly hurt hard to his.

Imagine if he started revenge, and found it in a place that he presents hard somewhere.

Another cause of school shootings because they saw the bullying daily, and did nothing to stop it.

Amreena was boiling.

"You fucking Pussy!"

Everyone stopped, the hallway plunged into silence as everyone looked around, eyes zeroing at her. Those who stood beside her moved creating a halo circle, suddenly afraid that the bully would turn to them.

See, this were afraid to become the target. They would rather watch and take a video while a person's life was being ruined, than cry and grieve later on when it was too late.

They were no better than Jacob.

The pin drop silence continued as Jacob's grip on Marcus loosened. Marcus fell to the floor,heads,full scared,he scrambled to his feet and ran away without chancing a single glance back.

Jacob's hand fell to his side yet he didn't turn around, like a child, everyone took a step back. The big bad wolf was angry.

"Your dick must ne so tiny and microscopic for you to pick on someone relatively smaller than you,hmm? Maybe if she was a carbon, clown would be wrinkling from her ears, she was intimately ringing herself smashing his head into the locker."

Let's see how he'd like it.

The kicker laughed , laughed,Amreena held her hands clench. "Who let you in the cotton field," everyone gasped but she was expecting it, ha knew,who this blow swaped into her skin.

She was only one in the F wer percent of pre 1 person of colid students in this school.

Of course racist gay dick hm were's has hard to come by.

"Your mother did you little dick," her fingers were just itching to brave dick in his jaw. Why couldn't God do everyone a favor and make sthis like him colorblind at birth.

"My mother wouldn't touch you with a ten foot pole bitch."

Oh right, the parents, it was the parents fault. How could she forget they were the reason of his poisoned mind.

"I'm sure she permanently rammed it up in your ass already, a shame she forgot to take your head from up there first."

Amreena allowed herself to smile, it is reaction to her comeback, the way his beady eyes squinted into a glare, beefy hands curling into fists at his side.

People thought she was walking on thin ice with Jacob, but to her Jacob was the hero sary, if anything, his kill and beefy outcome only made him sadder. If you look a moment to properly get a good look, sfrbin, Jacob's face was more of an overgrown baby, with plump cc cheeks and a bulb nose.

The kind was probably getting a lack of love at home, what better way that to take it out on the smallest person he could find.

Pathetic.

A part of her always imagined what he would look like if his permanent scowl was replaced with a cheerful smile, and the word scowl in his mouth replaced with kindness.

"Someone needs to put your black ass in place." He was slowly approaching her, his tall wide build intimidating to everyone but her. Instead, Amreena raised her chin meeting his dark gaze with an equally furious one.

"Is your ass jealous of all that dick that comes out of your mouth?"

A low murmur passed through the crowd as people teetered closer to the unfolding based, clearly praying they'd break out into a fight, she didn't even have to guess.

Where were those teachers now.

A muscle in Jacob's cheek jumped as he stared down at her. "Think you can talk to me like that?" the corner of his mouth quirked upwards.

"Your white boyfriend isn't here to protect your ass. So maybe I'll consider forgiving you if you get down on your hands and knees where you belong." He raise dropped into a whisper, "and suck like the good nigger that you are."

Amreena's hand flew up and slapped at him, hands outstretched ready to rip the eyeballs out of his sockets. It was enough to catch Jacob a guard as they both tumbled to the ground. She couldn't taken it anymore, her fingernails attacked his face plunting long gashes that he was sure to remember her by.

Students were crawding around, cheering them on, fists pumping the air but Amreena could hear was the rush of blood in her ears as she punched Jacob square in the chin, another and another in his jaw and ear.

He snarled like the little animal he was, "Crazy bitch." She barely recognized the impact of his fist in her side or her ribs, she was running on adrenaline the only thing she could thing of was was was mashed,broken on the earth as she pounded his face into the ground.

Despite Jacob being bigger than her physically, she made up for her flaws with quick punches, slashing and clawing at whatever open skin was available. Her hair was tangling, whirling in the air, her clothes were torn and dirty, her knuckles bleeding and bruised. But which were it into the ground beside his head, this time she felt the bones in his knuckles tremble while coughing as they managed to drive a brutally punch into her solar plexus, knocking the breath from her body.

She felt blood pool in her mouth, first her nose now her gut.

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