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Creative Writing

Mrs. Rutan

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They Never Loved Me

I was dead on the scene. It wasn’t violent, I went peacefully. I felt myself losing air the longer I hung. My toes started to tingle and I could hear my breath shortening. It was all about to be over and in that moment I didn’t see my whole life flash before my eyes. I didn’t think of all the memories that I made with all of the friends that I never had and the so called parents that birthed me. I thought of the times when I was kicked, pushed and laughed at. This was for them. I guess they won.

 By the time my Dad came home it was entirely too late. He wailed at the sight of my now pale body hanging in the hallway closet. My mom fell to her knees and cried; I had never seen her there before. For some reason I hadn’t reached the end of the line. I could see what was happening. Instead, it was time for the revenge I always wanted. My mom screamed “Why?” a rough hundred and ten times, and from up here I just laughed. She once told me her life would be better without me; in my defense she seemed pretty serious. Also, my Dad told me to go kill myself because I was overreacting about being bullied at school. He never thought I’d actually do it; jokes on him.

 My funeral wasn’t anything special; of course I laughed then too. All these girls came in their black dresses and black circles under their eyes. As if to say,*”I’m sorry for being mean, so this is my way of showing that I care.*” Yeah sure they care, now that I’m in the ground. My ex came too, God I hated him. His eyes drooped low, and the tears flowed like waterfalls. Why was he crying? He put me in this casket. They all put me here. Momma said my casket would remain open throughout the viewing and service; God I hated her too. But I thanked her from above- or wherever I was for that matter. I wanted everyone to see that the purple on my neck was a sign that they had ruined me. My hands seemed to be as cold as the girls’ hearts. They touched me and cried while I watched and laughed.

 I was in this place now. I wasn’t really sure exactly where it was.

It was full of white, to the left there was a beautiful garden. with bodacious pink and purple flowers. When I looked up I couldn’t see anything but the bright, beautiful, blooming sun that filled my happiness. In absence of a bed; I comfortably sat in the garden most of the time. Where I spent time picking the petals off only to see that a new flower had already bloomed. I liked it here for the most part.

But sometimes I could close my eyes and picture where I wanted to go; I could end up back in the school, back in my bedroom; anywhere I wanted to go. It was like I was in the movie Click except I couldn’t pick where I wanted to go. I closed my eyes in hopes I would return to a better time in my life but of course I didn’t..It was like an old dream; Kailee and Rachel my supposed friends were there, they were just sitting around the bonfire when I pulled in the driveway, walked out and heard the words “the b\*tch is here.” I knew I wasn’t wanted but atleast I tried. The “good days” turned out to be just like the rest. I opened my eyes but it was a different room now. It was the school. I walked down the halls. Rachel and Kailee still had circles under their eyes from what I assumed was because of my parting. I laughed and they didn’t notice me. But then again they never did. I walked up to the senior bench where- hence the name, all of the seniors gathered at benches. They still talked about me.

“I miss Breeanne so much.”

“I don’t know what to do without her.”

 Maybe they shouldn’t have been such a bully to me, maybe then they wouldn’t miss me because I’d still be here. I yelled and screamed, “YOU DIDN’T EVEN KNOW ME!!” But they didn’t turn around.

Where was I? Why can’t they hear me? WHAT WAS GOING ON?????!!!!! Why can’t I just rest peacefully?

 I was already sick of being in this place; there was no food but then again I was never hungry. There wasn’t a TV, a phone, nothing. No time to tell me how long I’d been there or how long I had left. So, I guess I had to put this time to good use. After all, I did say it was time for some sweet revenge and they were about to get it.

 Admiring the past, I closed my eyes. Once again, there I was; the school. I mosied on over to the calendar to see a day that I had never seen before. May 23rd, 2016; the last day of high school. To think that I would see this day is a misconception because I sure as h\*ll never planned to. Five months had passed since my funeral and I just assumed everyone would be fine now. I wasn’t shocked by how much time had passed because it seemed like whenever I closed my eyes I was traveling farther and farther into the future or for others- the present. The hallways were painted a different cream color now, the lockers still a hideous pee-yellow and baby food green. On the top of the senior bench it read “In Loving Memory, Breeanne Holdig 1998-2016” with my senior picture next to it. I couldn’t take it. I couldn’t walk through the hallways a second longer surrounded by people who treated me like nothing more than a speck of dirt of the ground who now had a stupid bench to remember me by! So, I headed to the next worst place in my life: my house.

 My house wasn’t considered a home because a home is where the heart is, and obviously if I killed myself here my heart wasn’t here. The closet had a large black garbage bag hanging over it and yellow tape that read, “CAUTION”. The coats had been removed and spread out along the couch, the family pictures were taken down throughout the house and for some reason I was surprised. A piercing scream came from my bedroom and as I walked in I saw my mother in the clutter of my room, grasping onto everything I had once worn. My bedroom looked the same, she hadn’t moved a thing. My mother rocked back and forth with my favorite t-shirt wrapped in her hands. The sadness in her cries was like nails on a chalkboard, a pain in my heart and it hit harder than I had ever imagined. She looked over at me but didn’t know I was there. All I wanted to do was hold her! I never imagined that she would be in this much pain over my parting months later.

 I sprinted to the office where I knew paper and pens would be, and as I wrote down my thoughts and the words to my dear mother.

*Dear Momma,*

*I’m sorry that it had to end this way but there was no reason for me to live anymore. I don’t want you to be sad, please remember the good times. Remember the times when the sun gleamed onto us and we danced on the beach. Remember the times when we felt so happy and free that not even an ounce of rain would stop us. Remember the time you taught me how to ride a bike, tie my shoes, do my hair, drive a car and learn to read. Remember happiness, remember love. Don’t blame this on yourself. Continue to live life to your fullest and not dwell on the times I hid in my room or when I was home alone and decided the make the decision. I made this decision a long time ago and no one knew. You did all you could, and I know it’s going to hurt for awhile. But know that I will be much happier. I will be waiting for you on the other side where once again, we can dance in the sun and be happy.*

*With all my love,*

*Breeanne*

I left it for her somewhere in my sheets where my comforter was bundled up. I hope she finds it one day...