

Knives

Voices surround me. They're everywhere. People my age, talking with friends, making plans to go shopping after school or spreading rumors or starting drama. It doesn't matter what they talk about though. They all continue to ignore me, walk past me as if I'm invisible.

The music starts through my headphones, and all of the voices are drowned out. I follow the same path I walk every single day, every single week. Waiting for my bus to arrive, running across the road to avoid being hit by a car, avoiding the broken glass that litters the concrete. Talking to my family before heading to my room, one of the only places I feel comfortable.

After everyone has gone to bed, and the house is quiet and my room is dark, they come out of their hiding place in the shadows. Always following me from a distance, and waiting until I'm most vulnerable and weak to strike. "You're so dumb." They attack me, knives piercing my skin, wanting to make me weak. "You're so stupid and weak." Wanting to make me surrender. "You're not good enough." But I refuse to let them win. "You should just-"

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My phone goes off, and the knives fade back into the shadows. I reach for my phone, and see a message from social media. A message from someone I don't recognize. The message says, "Hi, so... I want to tell you something I know, that it isn't nice to feel this way about yourself, and I understand what you are going through. But I would like to tell you, that now you cannot be alone, if you would let me, I would like to support you, and listen to you whenever you have good times or bad, and I BELIEVE that you will have your happy life, that you deserve, please don't give up, there are so many things that will provoke you, but please ignore them and if you need some help, I will gladly help you.

I blink away my tears and read the message over and over again. All it took in that moment was one simple message. All it took then, was one person living 11,000 kilometers away.

If only I knew what would follow.

Every single day, I would walk past the same people, follow the same path, and walk on the same concrete. Except one thing had changed.

In my small corner of the globe, I had a friend.

And the knives became blunt.

"You're so smart."

Every single day, we would message, talk, laugh, cry, and do anything we could just through a screen. We would get to know each other, talk about anything that was on our mind.

And the knives became rusty.

"You're so amazing."

It was difficult at first, but we never gave up, we continued to put in so much effort to talk to each other. We would encourage each other, work together, vent and rant to each other. We would want to hear about everything.

I'm sitting on my bed, light surrounding me, papers and textbooks covering my bed. I continue on studying for math. With some help from her, I started studying for math so that I can get into Maths Methods next year and be able to study science at uni. She encouraged me, supported me, believed in me. She helped me believe in myself.

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New message from Iren

I reach for my phone and see what the notification is.

I see her name and smile.

And the knives crumble into dust.

"You are enough."