Hiding the Truth Only Hurts

This fictional story takes place in the small town of Benton, Alabama in 1991. Stacy O’Conner is a fourteen year old girl that appears very skinny with long awkward legs, ears that seem to stick out of her long, stringy, strawberry blond hair, and freckles on her pail white skin. Stacy is in her first year of high school at Benton High and gets bullied by what others would call, “the popular kids”. Along with this Stacy being the only child just moved here with her mom because her parents had recently got divorced. Barley getting by with her waitress job at the dinner, her mother can only afford little food and receives hand-me-downs from the local church. Having no one to talk to, Stacy’s mother gives her a pink diary which happens to be her favorite color, to write about what she is experiencing in high school.

Dear Diary,

It has been only a month since I have moved here to Alabama. It is a small town with nice people. All the adults seem to like me, at least the ones outside of high school. In high school everything changes. People bump into me in the hallways and purposely throw my books on the floor as I go to class. They knock my tray of food out of my hand at lunch time and sometimes take my lunch money. They even make fun of my long legs and call me Dumbo because of my big ears. I don’t know why they do this to me; I don’t even know most of them. Could it be the way I look? The way I dress? Or even the way I talk? These are all things that come to my mind whenever Nicky, Carla, or Jennifer bullies me. I don’t know what makes them so special. They are ordinary kids just like me. I mean yeah, they are a lot prettier than me and better at sports that me, but that makes them no different. They act like they are the only people in the world that matter. I matter! My feelings mean something too! The sad thing is, is that I can do nothing about it because I am too afraid to tells someone.

February 13, 1991

Dear Diary,

Things seem to have gotten worse. I had gym class today with Carla and we played dodgeball. I tried to hide in the corner but all of a sudden Carla came out of nowhere and whipped the ball directly at face and
knocked me to the floor. At first my face was numb, and then the throbbing started. I could feel the blood dripping from my nose and my head pounding. I was somewhat out of it but I could still here the faint sound of the kids in the gym laughing at me. As I came to, the gym teacher rushed me to the nurse I began to cry. Nurse Bentley had said that I could have possibly broken my nose and I should be sent home and go directly to the doctors. As I waited in the nurse’s office for my Mom to come get me she gave me an ice pack to slow down the swelling. In the car on our way to the doctors my mom asked me what had happened. I did not want to tell her that Carla did it on purpose so I just said that it was an accident.

March 22, 1991

Dear Diary,

I thought that after the incident at the gym with the dodgeball and my broken nose and all, that Carla would stop bullying me. Turns out that that’s not the case. Today Carla made the most dangerous assault to me yet. As I was walking towards the stairs to go to my English class for fifth period I saw Carla at her locker with Nicky and Jennifer. They were whispering and laughing about something, but as we made eye contact I quickly turned away and proceeded walking towards the stairs. All of a sudden I heard Carla call out Dumbo from behind. Inside I was shaking but still looking straight ahead. All I could think about next was what is she going to make fun of now. Was it the big bandage on my nose that she had caused? The way I walk? Or how cheap my clothes looked? I was right; it was all of those things. As she verbally assaulted me I began to cry. It was not tears of sadness, but tears of anger. I was so sick of her bullying me. So I had to confront her. I turned around, looked her right in the eye and said, “Carla Jones, I am done with you making me feel like I am nothing! I am a human being you know! I am Stacy O’Conner and I am proud of it!” After I said what I had to say Stacy looked at me in shock, then as I looked into her eyes I could see the anger build up inside of her. Next thing I know I am being pushed down the stairs. As I tumbled down I felt a bone in my left leg crack and my head smash against the floor. I don’t remember much, but the excoriating pain in my head and leg and knowing that Carla was no there. She must have run away realizing what trouble she would get in if caught. The next thing I remembered is lying in the hospital bed with my mom by my side.

May 7 1991
Dear Diary,

Today after getting some rest, the doctors told me and my mother that I had broken my left leg and had a mild concussion. My mom was so worried for me and at the same time angry that someone did this to me, that she began to cry at my side. All choked up she asked me who had done this to me. I had no choice but to tell her. It had gone too far. At first it was just verbal abuse, then she broke my nose, and now my leg. No, I couldn’t hide it any more. So I told my mother that Carla had done this to me. That she had been bullying me ever since we had arrived to Alabama. It was no accident that she hit me with the dodgeball; it was on purpose, and now this. My mother was so furious that she went right down to Carla’s house and told her mother and father what she had done to me. Then she went down to the school and demanded that she get expelled for her actions. I know now that I should have told someone what Carla was doing to me sooner. I learned from my mistake, and so did Carla.

May 9, 1991

Dear Diary,

Ever since Carla had gotten expelled things are looking a lot better. School is almost over and I have made two new friends, Cynthia and Gabby. Carla use to bully them before I came to this school so we have a lot in common. I am excited for next year and the years after at Benton High Turns out that Alabama is not that bad after all.

June 4, 1991