

Black and Blue

The moonlight glistened through the window, peering through the blinds onto the bulk of muscle which lay upon the boy's father. The boy looked upon his father and pleaded "please, dad, please" he cried out loud, tears were rolling from his eyes, dropping to the floor.

His father rose towering the boy, the boy was in darkness, blinded from light. His father struck the boy with his fist, deep into the boy's stomach. The boy fell to his knees deprived of air and struggling to breathe. The pain was unbearable and he was unable to sustain his upper body upright. He fell to the floor.

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His eyes were flickering open to reveal the natural light filling his bedroom. He turned to his right to avoid this and he saw his mother gazing upon him sadly.

"There was nothing I could do," she said softly.

The boy ignored this and he got out of bed, he opened his closet draw and started to get changed.

His mother saw it and gave out a cry. It was a large bruise, black and blue, covered with veins and it was on the centre of his stomach. The mother reached out to the child and put her hand on her child's shoulder, the child slowly brushed it away. He got his bag, swung it around his shoulder and left the house quickly.

It was no different going to school than at home it was just as bad for the fourteen-year-old boy. He walked into school and he would get the occasional stare for the black eye that had been there for weeks. He would also get the same people addressing him as the "blue boy" as he had a record amount of bruises around his body. By now the boy was used to all of this and the only person he could trust was his best friend Emma. The boy just caught a glance of her curly hair between a crowd of pupils shuffling towards the main entrance, the boy slowly jogged towards her.

"Hey Emma, what's up?" he said slightly out of breath.

Emma turned around to see Johnny smiling mildly, “hey, Johnny, I haven’t seen you for ages” said Emma looking surprised.

“Yeah, I know . . . I’ve been . . . ill,” said Johnny scratching his head.

Emma looked at Johnny and sighed “don’t tell me your dad has-”, Emma was interrupted by the buzzer and Johnny was literally saved by the bell as they realised they would be late for their first lesson if they didn’t hurry up.

As the day progressed Johnny found it hard to keep what his father done to him a secret. Everywhere he went he would get a curious stare from his fellow pupils, looking at him as if they knew what was going on. The teachers weren’t any better they did know what was going on but they pretended they didn’t, they didn’t want to get involved. The only support Johnny had was Emma.

It was lunchtime and things were becoming tense between Johnny and a year 11 named Albert.

“I don’t know what you think your doin’ runnin’ in to me like that,” said Albert enraged and furious.

“I’m sorry, it was an accident. I’m really sorry,” said Johnny in a calm and relaxed voice. But Albert didn’t seem to have heard that apology and he swung his fist viciously towards Johnny, but Johnny was too quick, after all he had a lot of practice, and he moved out of the way.

“I said I’m sorry” said Johnny, repeating himself but this time Johnny was caught off guard and Albert struck with his right fist again into the boy’s stomach. Johnny fell to the ground instantly and the people around him starting to cheering and waiting for Johnny to reply. He didn’t reply back to Albert’s ferocious attack and his fellow pupils around him starting walking off and booing. But the thing that hurt most for Johnny was that in the midst of the pupils he heard the words: “what a loser”.

They all started to leave slowly and Johnny was left there alone with his best friend Emma gazing unhappily upon him. Johnny had had enough of this, he was fed up with his pathetic life and he wanted to move on, he had made up his mind, he would do it tonight.

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The boy was in bed and he was secretly waiting for an opportunity to occur. Everything was prepared: his backpack was stuffed with bread and bottles of water; he had left the front kitchen window open and he was already wearing his trainers. Everything was in place and was waiting for the right moment to occur.

Suddenly, a loud scream came from his parent's bedroom. A raul had begun. This was a perfect opportunity for the boy. Not only were these rauls aggressive but noisy and the boy had more than enough experience to know that these rauls would last very long.

He heard screams and shouts of all sorts and he wasted no time. He grabbed his backpack and threw it over his shoulder making as less noise as possible. He tiptoed silently down the stairs while he began to hear the physical abuse occurring. The boy stealthily crept down the stairs avoiding loud footsteps and he finally made it to the kitchen. He continued to tiptoe in the kitchen and he saw his goal. The window was shining bright as the moonlight glistened upon it. To the boy the window was the brightest object he had ever seen. He swung his backpack around to throw it out of the window first. Bad mistake: the backpack then collided with the vase which lay upon the window sill. The vase slowly dropped to the floor and clashed with the hard wooden floor. It shattered into tiny pieces. The boy stood there motionless. What would he do? All he could hear was silence. The boy wasted no time and he threw himself along with the backpack through the window. Not looking back the boy was running for his life.

He ran and ran for what seemed forever to the nearest main road and in the darkness the stars were his only source of light. When he eventually reached the main road the lampposts replaced the stars and the boy began to stick his hand out. He didn't care where he was going as long as he got a lift.

The wind brushed against his face and he was beginning to feel the cold entering his body. No driver had pulled over for the fourteen year old boy and he was doubtful if he would make it. But, before he was about to try another main road a car pulled over. The boy was filled with excitement as well as nervousness. The boy took four lengthy steps towards the vehicle and he opened the door. It was his mother. Before the boy could say or do anything he noticed a bruise on his mother's eye, black and blue, and she looked upon the boy and said "were leaving, Johnny."