

# The downward spiral...

Everyone has the right to feel safe. Everyone has the right to feel loved, wanted & to be cared for.

You're walking down the street and you see a young teenage girl with gorgeous, long brown hair. She has it tied back with an elastic band to keep it out of her soft face. She is wearing a bright shirt and jeans, which accentuate her nice figure. She has cute jewellery too. A heart on a chain is hanging from her neck and her many rubber bracelets are full of colour. She wears worn out black trainers. You imagine her to be a sweet girl, full of giggles & happiness. Isn't she beautiful?

No one ever notices her wrists.

Yes, you missed it. You didn't even look twice.

Those colourful bracelets? You know what they were hiding now, don't you? What about her big smile? It's so genuine, isn't it? Yes, of course it is, that's what everyone else thought as well.

You can't even begin to *imagine* what that would be hiding.

She hadn't always been like this. She hadn't always cried herself to sleep. She hadn't always blamed herself, cut herself, for everything. But her parents hadn't always fought. Her father hadn't always been an alcoholic. He hadn't always abused her either.

This is far from the point though.

What matters is how bad she is now & how bad she may get. She could get better, if she sought help. But she won't. No one knows except her alcoholic father. The only thing he does about it is hold it against her. He laughs, with his drunken laugh. He grabs at her arms & laughs. She cries & screams & tries to run. She has nowhere to go though. No one to care for her. No one to help her. Except her mother & she doesn't even realise she's doing it. If she can just take it until 10:00 pm. If she can just hold on till then every night. Then, of course, her mother has to deal with the now angry, drunken slob. She'll lay in bed, crying as she listens to her parents yell abuse at each other. At about 10:40 her mother will come into her bedroom & she'll apologise for everything with a gift at the end of her bed. All her daughter would like is for someone to hold her. She hasn't been kissed on the forehead goodnight since she was seven.

And to think she blames all of this on herself. Even when she was younger. Yes, at the age of seven, she strongly believed that she had some contagious disease, which was why her parents never touched her anymore. She believed it stopped them from showing her affection, even in the form of a hug. Oh, but she always got presents, which was what her parents thought she wanted.

*She looks sad; maybe she'd like a puppy?*

*Oh dear, she's upset because we were fighting, how about a new pair of shoes?*

As she grows older her emotions will begin to show on the outside. More cuts will appear. She will dress darker. She will come up with more ridiculous reasons as to why her father doesn't love her. She will convince herself that he beats her for being fat & ugly. She will become bulimic, while trying to impress him. Thinning out so drastically that people on the street will look at her longer than needed.

She was already beautiful. She didn't realise this though. No one did. No one realised how deep her scars ran either. No one even realised she had scars in such unnecessary places. Sure, she had friends & they loved her to pieces. What they knew of her anyhow. But love couldn't save her. You save yourself or you remain unsaved.

Now she's gone.

She doesn't exist.

She never did, I made this story up, but there are many with stories similar to this that are true. You would never know though. You'd think the same as I wrote in the first paragraph. They look happy so they must be too, right?

Wrong, don't judge a book by its cover.

*I hurt myself today  
To see if I still feel  
I focus on the pain  
The only thing that's real  
The needle tears a hole  
The old familiar sting  
I try to kill it all away  
But I remember everything*  
**hurt – nine inch nails**