

Cyber Bullying

This is it. There's no turning back now; I've come this far. The pain I've endured, the humiliation I've suffered, is just too much now. One can only handle so much, and now I'm done. After this, I'll be free. This is my last option.

Still, I can't help but to feel afraid of the waves. The way they violently crash against the shore, their powerful movements that can crush anyone under it, and the suffocation from no oxygen. It's funny though, because I haven't breathed for a long time anyway. Seeing it this way, it's not so scary. These past months were much more frightening. People were frightening.

"Hey Flo, why don't you make a Grabeby account. It's like Facebook but nobody goes on THAT anymore. I know you don't like meeting new people, so you should at least keep in touch with the ones you already know, on the internet. I mean, if you one day decide to widen your circle of friends, you should have somewhere to start", my best friend Eva warned me. That makes sense, as I have nothing to lose anyway. I won't be a total loser anymore if I have friends on social networking sites.

Thinking back, that was the beginning of it all. I shouldn't have been so greedy. I didn't need popularity. I should've been satisfied with my small circle of friends. It's not like I was hated either, I just wasn't popular. I just never occurred to me that I would be attacked.

"What do you MEAN you don't know why she said that? Why would she lie about you stealing the bracelet her father gave her before he died? If she posted it on your Grabeby where everyone can see, it means she has nothing to hide. But you panicked when she blame you, which is an obvious sign of guilty. So tell me, Flo. Who should I believe?" Eva asked me.

"So now it's my fault? I DIDN'T TOUCH ANYTHING OF HERS! Nor did I ever talk to her, so why would I steal Jackie's bracelet?" I asked. I was clearly frustrated, but my best friend no longer trusted me.

"Don't pretend like I didn't notice. I know you're jealous that I've been hanging out with her lately, but you have got to grow up. She was my friend first, and just because we got into a fight and I made friends with you doesn't mean that I can't hang out with anybody else. Why can't you get over the fact that I can like and talk to other people? You don't own me."

It was clear who won that day. It was clear that there was nobody on my side. Nobody believed Florence William, even though I told the truth. The evidence was "apparent" on

Grakebey, according to Eva. Jackie, Eva's ex-best friend, had posted a picture of me putting something shiny and round in my bag, and another of her bracelet in my bag.

It wasn't apparent to anyone except me that she could have been the one lying and framing me rather than the other way around. People chose to believe the popular girl over the shy, unsociable one. I hadn't actually done anything wrong. Sure, I was jealous of Eva for ignoring me and talking to her more since they made up, but I would never do anything bad to Jackie. I wasn't that selfish.

I could hear everybody whispering about me once I passed them in the hallway.

"She has guts coming to school after what she did."

"No wonder she only had one friend She's obsessive."

"Freak. How could she do that to Jackie? Jealousy is no joke."

"Shameless. She even accused Jackie of framing her. Is she stupid? Jackie has no reason to waste her time with her."

I feel like dying. I can't even speak because I'm terrified of what people might say. I'm terrified that my words will be disregarded again. Eva's been ignoring me, and I've been getting more and more hateful comments on my Grakebey, email, phone, and face to face.

Nobody dares talk to me unless it's to say something hurtful. The people I once called my friends are the ones giving me the hardest time. Who knew they could be so cruel? I thought they knew me. People whom I've never even talked to before bash me and point finger at me for things I never did, heard of, or imagined.

By the end of the month, I was thought to be a thief, a liar, a curse, a druggie, a juvenile delinquent, someone who purposely befriends then socially attacks people, and someone with HIV.

By this time, I was a body without a soul. I wasn't living anymore. Florence Williams died the day Eva Green turned her back on her. I no longer felt the need to eat, sleep, talk, cry, or even breathe.

Which leads me to where I am now. I can't take the pain anymore. Since I'm not wanted, I might as well leave.

One more step.

Being forgotten is better than being hated. Today, a month and a half since that fateful posting, I will free myself and others of the monster they created.

Just one more step.

But I didn't die that day, a month and a half since that fateful posting. I was saved right before my end. How? With the help of one fateful posting from Jackie Belle.

Being forgotten is better than being hated. Today, a month and a half since that fateful posting, I will free myself and others of the monster they created.

Just one more step, I'm taking. Suddenly, my phone buzzed. I might as well check it since my decision won't change anyway. I'm Sorry - Jackie Belle.

One more step became two more, then four more, then ten, until the waves were out of sight.

That day, I was able to breathe again and forgive. That day, I learned that jealousy WAS 'no joke.' That day, I wasn't so lonely anymore, because the truth would reveal itself and come to stand by my side. I believed me, so there was hope.