

Untitled - Filipa Borges (Level 3 English)

There I was. There I stood, as the cacophonous sound of my breathing filled the unventilated cell. Tears rolled off of my borrowed face. This unworthy mask given to me from the underworld. Stenciled blemishes. Scaly skin. Swollen eyes. Provoked coat. The reason why I'm blind, blind to the beauty that the almighty sees. My life a reflection of my physical appearance. The fifth time something like this has occurred in the span of two months, like any other package with a bold 'fragile' sign that is ignored just like the content inside so it's tossed and turned until the job is done. Here I am conflicted with fear, diagnosed with a monstrous partner. I began to believe this would be my new reality, I began to believe that I wasn't worthy enough to lead a good life.

Never in my 18 years of life did I think that I would ever come to a club, let alone leave my house. My best friend's and I made our way to the front of the line, we were all depending on Jessica- the one with the most connections in London for any, I mean *any* event. With no surprise at all we were inside in a matter of minutes, slithering our way through the crowd we made it to the bar and everyone ordered drinks except for me of course. I knew how I was when I drank, but as always I eventually ignored the annoying angel on my shoulder and drowned my sorrows.

After about 2 glasses of hennessy and coke I was at ease, once again trying to forget that distant memory of my own mother selling me for some c-dust. It was unforgettable, as they took me away she looked me in my eyes and said, "you were a mistake, now be a good puta and please these lovely men". The only person she ever had, the only person who ever loved her despite the state she was in had been taken from her and she'd done nothing to stop it. I was kept in a basement for about a week, with no phone, no food or water and only about £20 pounds on me. Hours trying to rack my brain and come up with an idea to escape, I swear the floodgates of heaven opened. Sirens were heard from a distance and only grew closer, I believe the men were smarter than I thought and ran just in time but also made the biggest mistake of leaving me here.

Soon enough the police found me and obviously ran me through questioning, statements and social services because I was a minor at the time. It was the worst period of my life, in and out of care homes each of them rejecting me because I was neither a nought or cross but an in between. Always having to move schools and never having a stable learning or family environment. I'm not sure how but a couple months later they managed to find an uncle of mine and come in contact with him, my mother's little brother Lucio. Tio Lucio wanted to take me in.

Tio Lucio and I grew a father and daughter like relationship, his wife isn't able to have kids but they settled with just having me around. The love we shared came about so naturally and I loved it that way. Tio got sick around 2 years into living with him, shortly after being announced that he was in a coma he passed after 4 months. That's when my world fell apart, could I have been the rotten apple that spoiled the bunch ?

My relationship with his wife aka the serpent also hadn't been going well, she began to look at me as the cause for everything. When she reached her breaking point she kicked me out, I had nowhere to go at all. I roamed the streets in hope I'd find some kind of family something like Annie, but the sun never came out the next day. I bumped into a very nice girl one day as she tried to comfort me, I felt that I could trust her so I did. I told her everything from the beginning, she took me in clothed me, fed me and helped me back on my feet. My best friend Jessica, the best of them all.

I snapped out of my thoughts as I felt someone tap me, it was him. He looked so dangerous, but still I was so attracted to him and his aura. That's where we begun.

Memories swarming in my mind, clouding the reality that keeps me trapped in time. I believe this is the last straw and I am going to go through with this, something that I should have done long ago. I prefer to die in my own hands, other than the hands of my lover. I opened the window wide enough, took a deep breath and leaped. A cumbersome sleep fell upon me, still I was not dead.