

## **Rhiannon Narrative**

**By: Emily**

“Hope, sometimes that’s all you have when you have nothing else. If you have it, you have everything.”–Unknown. This is a quote about hope, the only thing I have left in Darvel, Scotland where I, Rhiannon live. Darvel, Scotland is a place full of heroine addiction and gang violence. All I can do is hope for hope.

I can still hear them calling me names, in my dreams and reality. This is a shallow world full of nasty people everywhere. I still think about what they say:

“Ugh look at that... here comes static electricity. AGAIN! I’m glad I don’t have that blob of ugliness on my beautiful head!” Marci exclaimed almost everyday. I remembered looking at my mohawk in the mirror that morning, thinking it looked better than usual.

“Can you just get off my back and leave me alone? No one even thinks you’re beautiful anyways!” Right when those words came out of my mouth, I knew they weren’t right. I mean I was talking to horrible, popular, mean girl Marci. And I knew I wasn’t going to get away with what I had just said. I was waiting for her to explode.... but it was just complete and total silence. She turned and walked away, I felt good. Real good! I had stood up for myself and gotten away with it. It was the best day of my life... just to realize that trouble would find me the next day.

The next day I went to school everything seemed normal. I was in the middle of my math class learning calculus:

" $x^2+24x-5=f(x)$ " It seemed like my teacher said the same things everyday. Yet it always flew over my head... it was way to complicated to comprehend. My teacher got a call from the office, it seemed like she was on the phone forever. She hung up with a frown on her face looking over at me. My stomach dropped, I knew what it was for, but didn't want to tell myself for sure.

"Rhiannon your needed in the office for checkout. Leave your books so we can have some extra for the new kids." My teacher said.

"Okay Mrs. McCaulah I'll be right on it!" I was saying it with more enthusiasm then I really had in me. I had questions darting through my mind. *Why do I need to go to the office for checkout? Leave my books? New students?* I was filled with stress and anxiety. When I got to the office Mr. Freeman greeted me with a concerned look. He lead me into the back of his office where his desk was. To my luck there was Marci, sitting there pretending to look innocent. I couldn't help but snarl.

It seemed as if Mr. Freeman were struggling to get the words out: "Rhiannon why would you do such a thing to a sweet little girl like Marci? What has she ever done to you?"

“Well... I um...” He cut me off and started speaking.

“Don’t you even dare try to pretty things up, Rhiannon. I have heard many rumors about you. But this I must say compares to nothing that has happened before at this school. I’m afraid to say but you have been expelled from this school and will be going to a different school in Darvel, Scotland.”

*I couldn’t believe my ears! What had Marci told him? If anyone was being the bully it was Marci! I couldn’t think of anything else other than three things. One, I will never be bullied again! Two, I have to get back at Marci before I go. And three, I need to get the heck out of this school and away from this crowd...I need to run home.*

So to already accomplish two out of my three thoughts, I quickly ran up to Marci, and in my meanest tone I could use, I said:

“You better never do that again. Ever!” Then, just so I could top that off I punched her in the face. It was dead silence. I figured that this would be my time to run home... so I did.

Because of that I now go to a school full of expelled students from nearby Glasgow and have formed a punk subculture with my family and friends. This is a community of support so we can all look out for each other and not get bullied. But it’s okay. I took care of Marci and will never see her again. To help forget all of my

troubles and worries, I have turned to music. My life is full of heroine addiction, gang violence, drugs, abusive behavior, and music. Music is my only hope! It's my only way to live a good future.

As I have said before all I can seem to do is hope for hope. Hope for a good future with better people and a better life. There is nothing else I want more than hope and a good future!