

No One Knows

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No one knows. No one cares. Even if they did care it's hard to tell. No one comes and checks on me. No one asks if I'm ok or how I'm doing, and if they do its only the teachers at school who ask and they don't really care either. They say they're my friends and that they love me but I think that's just a mask hiding what they really think of me. They hate me. They don't even notice when I leave. They don't notice when I'm upset. They only notice me when I'm at my wits end and I'm yelling at someone. They only notice me at my worst. They have never seen me at my best. I don't even know what my best looks like because this is a never ending cycle of friends and school and people who hate me. I've never know true happiness, not even as a kid. Their only opinion of me is what my worst looks like and my worst is not great. Sometimes people tell me I'm faking it for attention. Some people try to empathize with me and tell me they know what I'm feeling cause they are feeling it to, but I don't think anyone care feel the same as me, at least not to the same degree. They don't know what it feels like to have your entire childhood and high school experience with you not knowing if you have any friends or if they just don't know how to tell you to go away or if they feel bad for you so they don't say anything so they don't break you more. But what they don't know is that by not saying anything and me not knowing if they actually want me around is actually breaking me more than if I knew what they actually thought of me. They can never experience what I've been through and what I'm going through. And I don't know how to tell them how I feel because I've spent my entire life being a people pleaser and doing whatever people want me to do to make them happy because the last thing I want is to do something that will make them hate me more. So I never spoke up about how I felt, I only followed their lead and did whatever they wanted me to do. Some called me mature for my age because I never talked back, I waited for my elders to finish their conversation before I said anything even if it was urgent. Some called me a child and a baby because I never got to experience a proper childhood, my mother passed away when I was 10 which left me to look after my little brother while my dad did his grieving. No one can know the pain of losing their mother unless they go through that pain themselves. And because you have no mother these so called friends take pity on you and don't know how to tell you to go away and that you are a downer. They can't know the pain of thinking the world would be better off without you. They won't know the pain of wanting to end it all but you're too scared to because you don't want them to be upset with you even though you don't know if they actually care about you. They don't know the pain of you going into the next room to cry because of how you feel and then an hour later

they wonder where you went, it took them an hour to realize that you weren't in the same room as them. They don't and can't know the pain you hearing how little they care about you. They don't know what it feels like to hear your best friend say to your face many time how you ruined their life and how much they wish your father would take you back but you can't go back to him because things would just be so much worse because there you're not treated like a human. There you have no choice but to do what you're told. I know that if I don't speak out then nothing will change and it'll be the same cycle over and over again and nothing will get better or change and one day I will snap and lose all will to keep going and I'll end it all like I've wanted to for years but I've never had the confidence to do it. There is no one that knows what its like to be me. No one that knows my pain. No one that will or can help me. No one.