

My day to day

A stalker's diary

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It all starts

One day like any other I returned home without much hope of meeting "happy" mom. I passed the exam for which I studied so much, for the first time, so I wanted to surprise mom, but she repeated the same thing as always: **"You are the worst , you are just a factory error"**.

I went to my room ... Someone had to pay for what was happening to me and I knew exactly who.

He always got good grades, he was the teacher's favorite, Mom always compared me to him. He was to blame for everything and he was going to pay for it.

05/03/2019

Determined revenge

Today I returned to the high school, my friends were waiting for me. We all suffered a hell at home. The oldest of the group saw his father drunk every day and the youngest of us saw how his father mistreated his mother constantly and I, well, I think you more or less know the hell I live, my mother hates me since I was born. Every day she says that she should have given me up for adoption and that I am the reason that my father left our house 15 years ago, just the day I was born.

We all had something in common, we didn't like that boy. He had no friends, he always went alone, but he was the guilty of our lives being so disastrous. Although he didn't know it because of him, our parents treated us like this They always compared us to him, to "best in class" and we decided that he would pay for it.

Do you need to ruin someone's life just because you hate yours? In this case, it seems so.

01/04/2019

Let's go for him

We start with a few teasing, to then he suffer more and more, like us. With the passage of time we did worse things: we took away his food, we insulted him (calling him puppet, robot ...). He didn't mind, which annoyed us even more.

Why nothing we did affect him?

He always ignored us, pretending he didn't mind if we bothered him, but eventually the opposite began to show.

We knew that humiliating someone does not make you proud, strong or much less powerful, but it was the only way we had to vent our anger.

10/05/2019

Miserable

At first he told the teacher about what we did to him (we got the occasional quarrel) but after the threats he kept quiet. In truth, none of us knew the pain we caused ... Every time I saw him cry, scream, etc. I couldn't bear it but I had to go on; If not, they would kick me out of the group and the same would happen to me. I could not bear it, I had enough with what I suffered in my house so that they also bothered me in class. **I thought they might just want to overshadow him so they could shine themselves and get attention.**

02/06/2019

Repetange

After realizing the suffering we were causing him I tried to convince my friends to stop bothering him, I told them that this was not going to fix our lives. They laughed out loud, "what a good joke" they said. From then on, he only followed them so as not to be left out of the group. They did not understand the words, all they wanted was to free themselves from their pain by teasing others

Everyone says that you will never understand the damage you did until someone else did the same to you, what they don't know is that I already suffered it, and for the person who is supposed to love you the most.

For that very reason he wanted to stop hurting her. I had realized that I did not want anyone to go through the same as me, let alone being the culprit.

18/06/2019

We know the hell

I saw it. He walked with his head down, had some bruises, looked thinner than a few months ago and I realized that this had been caused by me, me and my "friends". I couldn't take it anymore and I decided to talk to him, seeing him in that state made me realize that what we were doing had already passed the limit. I decided to approach him to say something to him, he moved away from me, as if he expected me to make fun of him. "Sorry" was the only thing I could say. He looked at me in surprise, as if he didn't expect that, and the truth is that I didn't expect them either. "I also know hell" I knew that those words will not change the months of suffering he has had but now he was determined to start from scratch and remedy all the mistakes I made in the past.

When classes ended, he approached me. "In the end, we have both lived in hell, haven't we? Maybe we could leave all of this behind and be friends. "