

Not today, not tomorrow, but maybe someday.

from Lynx

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Introduction

This is a short story that also deals with topics such as bullying and scratching.

Chapter 1

Spring

"It is still clear enough, I can still hide my scars," thought Ismir - Mythen as she put on a sweater. Black pants, black sweaters, so everything as always. Nobody would see that her arms looked like a battlefield, even when she was only 12 years old. Nobody would ask her uncomfortable questions. Nobody would ask her why she does it. She just had to be careful not to let her sleeves slip. Nobody saw that she was bad. No one was allowed to see her suffer. She crept into the bathroom and looked in the mirror. She stopped short, just very, very briefly, but it was enough to make her cry. She was tall for her age, clearly weighed far too little and otherwise actually looked pretty pretty. But that, nobody ever told her, on the contrary, everyone described her as ugly. Blue eyes, long brown hair, fair skin, a round face with high cheekbones, curved eyebrows. Her eyes were framed by her thick black eyelashes. A slim, bony stature. No, she clearly didn't find herself beautiful. She thought for a moment, then went back to her room where she had been before. She pushed open her closet door and pulled out a razor blade. Then she ran back into the bathroom, pulled her sleeve back and started cutting. Finally she felt something again. She put her arm over the sink, blood ran in little straight lines across her arm into the sink. A stinging blood red on the snow-white stone of the sink ... Somehow macabre ...

fear

Then Ismir had to go to school, a place of suffering for her. She was the second best in her class and therefore not exactly popular. Most referred to them as "nerds". She hadn't been to school for a long time, actually she only came to write tests and class assignments. She had been in closed psychathia for six months. She had come out sicker and when she went in. She was not voluntary there, but was forcibly instructed after an attempted suicide that she could injure herself and others ... There she was then immobilized with medication, but nothing more had happened. The only thing she learned there was how to hurt yourself without "aids". Oh yes, and she had found a friend she would probably never see again ... Natalie ... That was her name, but she lived far away. Ismir had left the clinic with the diagnosis: mania (a form of depression) SvV (self-harming behavior) and anxiety disorders, but hey, everything was fine.

SCHOOL

Ismir came into the classroom and first sat down in her playful calm, at least she suspected that it was meant for her. Because she had completely missed the first half of the year, she didn't know it, but that was the only place that was still free. She noticed how many pairs of eyes were slowly turning on her, but of course tried to ignore this. She looked around carefully. Nobody smiled, nobody said a word. Suddenly it was dead silent.

Ismir had to run, run fast, run very fast to escape her pursuers. Your pursuers? Who they were It was not that easy to understand ... Why is a 12 year old girl being persecuted? So her pursuers attended the same class with her, went to the same school with her on weekdays ... But, but they hated the girl ...

Why? Nobody knew that exactly. Ismir always tried to be liked by everyone and always failed. Most the people she knew hated her for some reason. Even though she was used to it, she suffered a lot, but that hardly interested anyone. Everyone told her to ignore it, to ignore that her classmates beat and threatened her, in every way to finish her up, that she was threatened ... and that in the place she called her "home." had to designate, was even harassed. She ran faster, faster ... She felt a prick in her ribs, felt that she could hardly breathe. She couldn't go anymore, she had to stop briefly ... She heard voices behind her ... Damn it came. It was too slow again. Again ... They came closer and closer ... Ismir screamed, hoping that someone would hear her, but no one ever heard her. Why should anyone notice this one time? Why? She screamed again. Longer and longer. A window from a house opened. A man looked out carefully. Saw a girl standing in a circle. Boys started to draw the circle slowly. They were holding big sticks and laughing ... The man wondered if he should call the police, but then decided to let it go. He didn't want to make the situation worse. "Hey, you leave the girl alone!" he shouted from the window. The boys looked in and laughed but didn't react. One started to insult the girl and the man shouted, "Otherwise I'll call the police!" The boys let go of the girl and finally disappeared. the man called from above. Ismir just nodded. Nothing was okay. No, nothing was okay ... But she couldn't tell him that after all. She couldn't talk to anyone about it. She quickly ran on. She didn't really want to go home, but she had to. It began to rain . Rain ran down her skin. However, did not wash this feeling off her skin. She didn't have an umbrella, but she didn't want one either. She enjoyed walking through the rain. For the first time in a long time to consciously perceive their world again. How many colors there were around them. The irregular and hectic bustle of the big city around them. It was like a festival. That was their city. The place she loved so much but hated so much. Everything had started here. Would everything end here? Ismir had no idea. At the moment she just wanted to suppress these thoughts. These thoughts of suicide ... at least that's what her psychologist called her. She had made up her mind. She wouldn't go home. Not today . The city is big . She knows a few people that she can stay with for at least one night. Of course, she didn't think about the fact that she actually had school tomorrow. She hardly went to school anymore. She only came to write tests and class assignments. Despite that, she was the second best in her class. Even if she never had work materials with her. But then she would always have something with her, a pen and a pad. Soon she would come to high school. Her teachers said she would definitely graduate from high school. But her legal guardian, as always, made her bad in this regard too. He said that she was too stupid to do that. Of course, he also beat her for grades worse than 1. That's why she hasn't shown her tests and class work for a long time, but always forged the signatures. He only saw her testimonials. Unfortunately, she had to show it. Although she had a one-cut, there were sometimes two or three on her certificate. And that was bad. But where should Ismir go now? No matter, first in the S-Bahn. Wait, Natalie hadn't given her her address. She had to move in with her father and he lived in the north of the city. Well, maybe it was worth a try. All better than living with Oromis, who disregarded his educational mandate towards Ismir anyway, and waiting to fall victim to his tantrums and be beaten again. Yes, there was really a lot better.

Feeling

Ismir unfolded the note. Natalie lived in a rich area ... Just outside the city. It would take some time to get there. At least a good hour. She thought for a moment and then took her cell phone out of her pocket. Then she put it back. Oromis wouldn't miss her. Definitely not . Suddenly a man was standing in front of her.

„ The ticket please "

"I ... I don't have one ... Ismir started to mutter. Suddenly a boy interrupted her stammer:" But she has one. "He said and showed the man his card." She is driving with me. " The man looked puzzled and hissed: 'Yes, you can take someone with you ... then looked in Ismir's direction and smiled coldly:' Well, maybe you were lucky this time, but next time the young man will be here probably not be there, dear Miss! " He turned away and left. "Miss, did he just seriously call you Miss?" asked the boy and started to laugh. She couldn't utter a word. She could only stare at him. He smiled at her. "Did you lose your language?" He grinned amused. "Well, my name is Aaron, just in case you are interested." "I'm Ismir -Mytem," she whispered. He looked her straight in the eye. Much too long . Because she couldn't think of anything else, she asked, "How old are you?" He started laughing again. "Don't worry, I don't want anything from you. I'm 18. "I think I've seen you at some point ..." she murmured. "May be. I often go by public transport. "" The train stopped. "I have to get out of here, see you." "He replied." Thank you, "she said softly and indistinctly. He looked at her briefly, nodded, but said nothing more.

She looked around . Now there was no one to speak to. Now she was alone with herself and her thoughts. She had enjoyed his presence, he had been so personable. Of course, she would never have admitted who anyone asked. But that was the truth. She couldn't get rid of the feeling that she had pushed him at some point. The train stopped again. It was finally there. Now she only had to walk a short distance. Then she stood in front of the house where Natalie lived. She rang the bell and waited for someone to open the door.

Natalie

The door opened slowly. An older man was standing in the door. It spread a strong smell of vodka. He had grown up short, had a beer belly and stood there underpants and a bathrobe. "What do you want?" He mumbled drunk. "Is Natalie here? Can I speak to her?" He belched loudly and unabashedly., It's not there yet. School . " He said, difficult to understand. "When will she come back?" Replied Ismir,,,, Keene clue, aba come ma 'rin. "He answered . She followed hesitantly. He led her into the living room. The television was on. Empty bottles stood on a small table in front of the couch., Sit down? Want a drink? "

„ No thanks. "

„ Do you smoke? Don't need to lie, my daughter Rauch since she was 11. "

"Yes."

"There, take a cigarette." "

He held out a box.

"Thanks." "She reached out and took a lighter out of her pocket." Don't you want to know how old I

"Nope, that's Nati's problem. I know your legal guardian, that's enough." There was an awkward silence as she smoked her cigarette. Suddenly you heard the front door open.

Natalie suddenly stood in the room. "Ismir ..." "She hugged her." Why do you give her a tipping?

"She hissed in the direction of her father." Who cares? "

" Me. "" Screamed you .

"Why so aggro?" Asked her father, grinning.

„ Ms. Al Tayanus comes later. "

„ Why, your class teacher? Why? "

„ She wants to talk to you. "

He laughed but didn't say a word. Then he looked at her long and thoughtfully.

The doorbell rang .

Natalie opened. A woman came in. Ismir recognized her immediately ... Natalie opened.

A woman came in. Ismir recognized her immediately ...