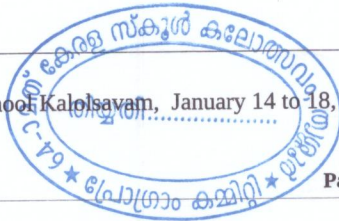


Item Code: 695

Participant Code: 053

..... "Some one you trusted has treated you badly....."
.....
Walking in the sidelines of the busy streets in my town.....
Clutching the handle of ^{my} cycle, desperately trying to get
home, knees, elbows and knuckles bleeding, the burning
sensation did nothing to soothe my nerves. Pedestrians
glanced my way, some worried, some sneered
while others whispered. The blaring sounds of the
vehicles passing, the air thick with dust and something
else..... Tears strained my cheeks not because I was
bleeding, not because there's no one asking if I'm fine.
But because of some else. Someone who I tried to
understand.... I kept thinking 'was I not doing it
right?', 'Was I not curious enough?', 'Was I...., was
I not enough?', 'I thought I understood you.... but
I guess it was just me all along'. Why did
I end up like this? Why didn't I see it coming?
Indigo ~~betony~~ ^{Willow}, I thought we were best friends?
I sniffled, my legs couldn't take it anymore.....
but I pushed myself to walk, to stumble, to just
go forward. But something caught my eye, the big.....

(Note: This page will be scanned to publish the article in school wiki. So, Write neatly. Don't fold paper. Don't write overleaf).



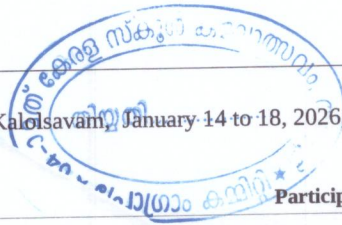
Item Code: 695

Participant Code: 053

Fluorescent coloured dashboard in the top of a building, the harsh lights and bold letters hard to miss. The sickening neon green letters read "Someone you trusted has turned their backs on you". When I read that, it just struck me more of how pathetic I am. Indigo ^{Willow} ~~Betty~~. The person I trusted, did she turn her backs on me? I don't know, I never knew.

** The little girl wailed alone in the playground. Two mothers who came there with their childrens rushed to her. Who wouldn't if you ^{see} a tiny little helpless child crying alone? and they did. But little did they know that it was all just an act. Indigo ^{Willow} ~~Betty~~, the girl, the tiny little helpless girl, but was she really who they said she was? Indigo ^{Willow} ~~Betty~~ had everything a child could ask for, a loving father and mother, a nice home, toys, food everything but what she most liked was the attention. The attention she got, being a pretty girl with

(Note: This page will be scanned to publish the article in schoolwiki. So, Write neatly. Don't fold paper. Don't write overleaf).

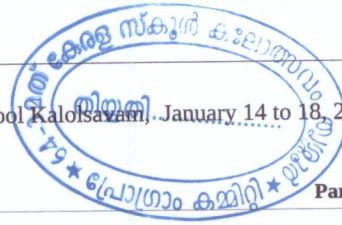


Item Code: ba5

Participant Code: 053

~~strawberry~~ blonde hair and light brown eyes...
 that sparkled in the sunlight but behind that
 cute face was a sixs girl. By the age of
~~four and~~ ^{four} indigo had her ~~favorites~~ ^{black} Favourites, ~~Red~~ ^{Red}
 nail polish, gum, and tortmenting her brother..
 Indigo was three when her mother gave birth..
 to her little brother. And what comes with...
 a child? All ^{the} attention, the praise, the compliments
 all of it went to him. The sweet little child.....
 with blonde hair and blue eyes. But Indigo didn't
 like that. This thing dare come unannounced and
~~steal~~ ^{steal} still of her things? And that's where it.....
 all ~~begin~~ ^{begin} began, the manipulation, the.....
 tortments and pure ecstasy she got from.....
 making her brother suffer. All of the.....
 relatives adored her brother, Freddie's blue..
 innocents eyes. And that's what she hated most..
 about ^{him} ~~More~~ More hated piled up in her merciless.....
 heart. But oh poor Freddie! He loved his.....
 sister dearly. But that feeling wasn't mutual.....
 She liked to make him cry, that blue eyes will..

(Note: This page will be scanned to publish the article in schoolwiki. So, Write neatly. Don't fold paper. Don't write overleaf.)



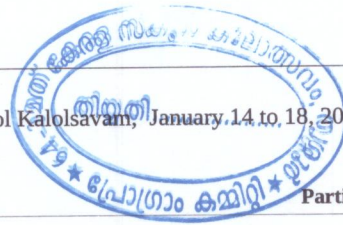
Item Code: 695

Participant Code: 053

... blur ... with all of his unnecessary tears, By the time she turned 11 she met a girl. A girl who ^{was} more broken than anything. And that girl became Indigo's new toy. But sadly that girl was me ... yeah me. Why? Why did it have to be me? But I guess you can't ask logical questions to a sick person. **

... I kept walking until I reached the familiar house, Astro, my dog came running towards me that sweet ~~dog~~ ^{girl} always loved me. I parked my cycle outside with shaking hands, and I went inside to see my mother's cousin, the one she hated, the one she made me hate. My mother never liked aunty ~~Bellamy~~ Willow. I never knew why... There might be a reason and I don't want to hear it. "Isla!" My mom called me but I ignored her, closed my and stumbled upstairs with my bleeding body. I could hear the muffled sound of my mother and aunty Willow enquiring.

(Note: This page will be scanned to publish the article in schoolwiki. So, Write neatly. Don't fold paper. Don't write overleaf.)



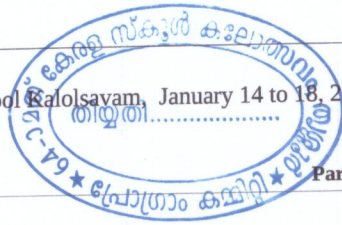
Item Code: 695

Participant Code: 053

.. again.. I.. flopped.. on.. my.. bed, my.. wounds ..
.. stinged.. and.. throbed.. when.. they.. made.. contact
.. with.. the.. fabric.. at.. my.. bed..

* *
.. Indigo.. Willow.. and.. ~~to~~.. I.. were.. friends,
.. insaperable.. friends.. She.. saw.. me, .. ~~a~~ the.. real
.. me, .. she.. saw.. my.. efforts, .. not.. my.. mistakes,
.. And.. a.. fool.. was.. I.. to.. believe.. she.. was
.. genuine.. We.. went.. to.. school.. together.. every
.. morning... Her.. nails.. alway.. shined.. with.. black.. polish
.. and.. I.. matched.. mine.. to.. hers,, and.. she.. would
.. she.. chew.. gum.. all.. day.. long,, She.. was.. ~~worried~~
~~worried~~.. ~~worried~~.. ~~worried~~.. ~~something~~.. something.. else
.. but.. I.. didn't.. mind,, everyone.. was.. different..
.. I.. should.. have.. seen.. the.. signs... I.. shouldn't
.. have... let.. my.. gaurd.. down.. but.. I.. did.. And..
.. I.. truly.. regret.. it.. from.. the.. moment.. she.. first
.. saw.. me.. at.. my.. house.. and.. to.. the.. moment..
.. she.. turned.. her.. back.. on.. me.. it.. all.. started..
.. ~~with~~.. From.. that.. day,, the.. day.. I.. detended..
.. her.. brother.. It.. was.. a.. quite.. morning.. I.. went

(Note: This page will be scanned to publish the article in schoolwiki. So, Write neatly. Don't fold paper. Don't write overleaf.)

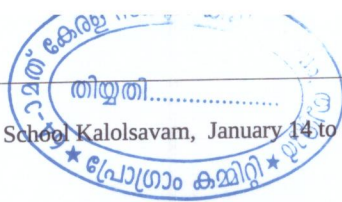


Item Code: 695

Participant Code: 053

over to her house for a sleep over. We were having a great time until her brother knocked on the door. I opened it and saw ^{him} smiling ear to ear. What got him so excited? "Can I play with both of you?" he asked feeling giddy and shy. "Of course," I said but Indigo didn't like that. "No" Indigo stormed in between us. And she pushed him to the railing, the little boy started crying uncontrollably. And she just stood there and sneered him. "Indigo! that's not very nice" I went to her brother's side and helped him. Part of me wanted ~~me~~ wanted to vommit, to crawl back to my comfort zone, part of me wanted to fight back. But I couldn't. I stood frozen to the place, I felt dizzy and nausea creeping into ^{me} after hearing all the sick words that came out of her mouth. Was she speaking to me? How could she say that? Aren't I her friend? I only ~~deba~~

(Note: This page will be scanned to publish the article in schoolwiki. So, Write neatly. Don't fold paper. Don't write overleaf).



Item Code: 695

Participant Code: 053

Said she shouldn't push her brother around like that? Why was this happening?" But before I knew it, I was off the railing on the floor downstairs, blood pooled around me. I gasped for air, my vision blurred with tears. no. Did she push me? ^{no... no.} I ~~hesitated~~ refused to acknowledge the truth, afraid my only friend will do that. I choked on my sobs, Tears daring to fall down. No... Indigo wouldn't do that... It was a mistake, maybe her hand slipped. She wouldn't push me off the railing... I'm her friend, she wouldn't do that! My consciousness was slowly slipping away, I could make out the muffled shouting of aunts willow and constant sobs and sniffling of Freddie. Then my vision went pitch black. * *

I stared intently at my patched wounds. The clothes drenched with my blood, sticking to my body like a second skin. The air smelled like iron and dog food, I could hear the

(Note: This page will be scanned to publish the article in schoolwiki. So, Write neatly. Don't fold paper. Don't write overleaf).



Item Code: 695

Participant Code: 053

soft snoring of astro beside me. I lay awake in my body, my hair sprawled across the bed, staring at the wooden beams in the ceiling then back to my wounds. Maybe it was because she was my only friend, maybe because I thought she knew me, maybe because I thought we were friends.

** From that moment onwards my mom stopped talking to aunt Willow, she stayed by my side and cried for days and night. I didn't see indigo for 3 months. I wanted to see her, to talk to her. Whenever I mentioned about going to Willow's, my mom would shout, "Why would you wanna go to that traitor's house! They are full of sick people! Ista! They want to hurt!" and I would just stay quiet unable to utter anything. At some point, I still thought of Indigo as my friend. I clinged to the fact.

(Note: This page will be scanned to publish the article in schoolwiki. So, Write neatly. Don't fold paper. Don't write overleaf).



Item Code: 695

Participant Code: 053

that we were friends. I couldn't make up my mind to let her go. She was my friend. 6 months later, my dad started sending me to school again. I never spotted Indigo for days, her empty chair would sit there in conor like she was never even there. Like she didn't sit in that chair 6 months before, chatting, laughing, happy. I would still think were we even friends in the first place? Or was it all a lie? Or was Indigo Willow even real? Was it all in my head? Was it all my imagination? Did the willows actually have a daughter named Indigo? It was like she vanished from my entire life after pushing me into the darkness? And then a thought came into my mind:

"Am I the sick one?"