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The Special One

Everyone always gets excited when she comes to town. Everyone knew her. She would always go from town to town with her mom. She had blonde hair that goes as long to her shoulders, light blue eyes, and pale skin. She was really small for an eight year old. She was never bullied because she was so nice and sweet. She was born special. Her name was J'mma.

One day after her mom got home from work she took her to the public park. J'mma loved the park, especially the swings, because she feels like she is flying every time. When they got there, J'mma got out of her seat and ran as fast as she could. She was heading toward the swings. She ran past the purple slide and the violet monkey bars. When she finally got to the swings, she was wide-eyed. The dark blue paint looked chipped, the chains were rusty and old. They looked like they were 100 years old.

Most of the seats were either ripped or torn off. She walked past all of them except for one. The leather seat was smooth and flexed, the chains looked bright and brand new. It was a swing you could see a mile away. J'mma was jumping up and down, all happy and excited. She got on the swing and started to go back and forth until she was up in the air. J'mma was happy. The figure of a boy showed up, walking towards her. He looked about 10-12 years of age, black spiky hair, had an earring, green eyes, blue jeans, and a blue leather jacket with devil wings on the back. J'mma was still swinging, not even paying attention to what was going on. He got up close to her and grabbed the chains to make her stop swinging.

"What are you doing on my swing?" he hissed. J'mma was now shaking and not able to speak at all.

"I did not know it was yours," she finally spoke. The boy stared at her like a snake. His green eyes looked like they were glowing with rage. With one blow he pushed her off of the swing, sending her flying to the ground hard. When she got up, she felt something go down her right knee and left elbow. The ground had spots of red on it.

"Wow. You are so much weaker than the others!" the boy laughed.

"Others?" she questioned. J'mma got up and limped as fast as she could to get to her mom. When her mom saw her, she was wide-eyed.

"What happened to you?" she asked.

"A boy pushed me off of the swing and I got my knee and elbow hurt," sobbed J'mma.

Her mom then calmed her down, took her home, patched up the wounds, and sent her to bed. The next morning J'mma wanted to go back to the park to pay someone a visit. Her mom agreed and got ready. As J'mma was getting ready he mom saw that J'mma's wounds were healed and gone. She ignored it and ran to the car and drove away to the park. They got to the parking lot and parked the car. After they got done parking the car, J'mma went back to the swing-set and waited for the bully to come. She waited for 10 minutes and then a kid with spiky black hair popped up. He stopped 30 feet away from her.

"So you came back?" he questioned. J'mma nodded her head staring at him.

"Well then this will be good," he said cracking his fists.

Then, without the boy looking, J'mma then ran as fast as she could, ignoring the pain, and leaped into the air and landed on top of him.

"Get off of me!" he yelled. J'mma did not listen and started to punch him in the face over and over again, until there was nothing but gashes and red on his face.

She then grabbed his arm and sunk her teeth into it. He screamed in agony, telling her to get off, but she did not listen. She then tasted something bad in her mouth. Red ran down her chin, dripping to the ground. She then opened her jaw, and the arm fell like a dead weight. The wound had marks with blood coming out and flesh ripped off. The boy was unresponsive, not saying a thing or breathing. His eyes were at a blank stare. He was just a battered kid on the ground. J'mma stood above him, with red dried on her chin and face making an evil grin.

Sirens then sounded off, and J'mma ran off into the woods like nothing happened. No one, not even her mom, ever saw J'mma again after the fight.

The boy died on the way to the hospital from blood loss. The townsfolk were left confused with little details known about the tragedy. The next day they heard on the news that an 8-year-old girl killed her mom. The police almost caught her, but did not. Now the people in the next town are waiting for her. She was always special to everyone.