

# After all that

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*This is a short story about a bully, but it does have a slight twist.*

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After all that.

You know how some people aren't, like, good at talking, you know about their emotions and that. Well, I'm one of those people, so this isn't very easy to do.

In my class, there used to be this girl. She was called Elisabeth, not Lizzy or Liz, no Elizabeth. Dead clever, but really geeky. The boys didn't really notice her, she wasn't one of the really fit ones, but not totally minging either. But the girls, we noticed her all right. She was always there, getting the right answers, always showing off and putting her hand up, finishing the work before we did. It's only natural that a boff like that should get picked on, right?

Everyone joined in, all of us cool ones that is, but I think it was only me that felt sorry for her, I know what it was like, 'cause the reason I moved down here was because I was getting bullied. But I didn't deserve it, she did.

It wasn't really that bad at first. The class bully, being the right cow she was, used to just nick Elisabeth's books, or hide her pen, so she'd get into trouble, stop being a teacher's pet.

But then it started to get worse. When no-one was looking Emma, the class bully, would slip typed notes into her bag, they had to be typed otherwise you could tell who wrote it. The notes used to say really horrid stuff, like saying she was so ugly no guy would ever want her, and she'd never even get past first base. No-one knew about these notes, except Emma and Elisabeth. So how do I know this? Well the truth was, is, that Emma is me, and I'm not proud of what I did or anything, but I thought you, of all people, ought to know.

I saw her in the holidays, I was shopping on my own, hey I was present shopping, you can't do that with anyone, I saw her in a shop, so I went in to say hi, that was all. But then just before I left, I slipped a little, Christmas present in her bag. Then I left, to watch from a safe distance. I saw her walk out of the shop, I heard the alarm go off. I saw her be stopped by security guards, they took my present out of her bag, I heard her say she'd never seen it before, I saw them take her back inside, and then suddenly ashamed, I ran.

Anyway, after the Christmas holiday, Elisabeth didn't come back. They said she'd got a scholarship to a dance school in London, but I knew why she'd really gone.

I have her number on my phone, used to prank her all the time, but I don't know why, I can't call her. I want to apologise, but I don't know what to say. Maybe I'll just say sorry, before even saying hi, she deserves an apology, after all that.