

Melancholy

I found a knife at the school today.

I don't know why, but something was telling me to take it.

I have it with me now, glistening in the light of my muted lamp.

September 9th, 2000

I start my new job today. Teaching assistant, it is. A high school in the south. Not the most refined, I've heard, but what can I expect in my first job? Especially with having Janie so young, I'll never forgive Darren for absquatulating so abruptly. He left his girlfriend, his baby, his family for a girl who only got out of prison because she was a compulsive liar. Sarah. But we don't need him anyway, we can cope by ourselves. I made it all this way without him, and he has to live with the guilt of that for the rest of his pitiful life. Meanwhile, I get to live with my beautiful daughter in a cozy terrace. Happily.

March 18th, 2003

Things are going really well since I started at the new school. I've made friends with another teaching assistant, Shannon, who has two daughters, one the same age as Janie. She's a very chatty lady, a contrast to myself, who hasn't got out enough to be able to socialise after Janie was born. There's talk of a new school sponsor from what we heard in the teacher's lounge, and Shannon seems to have heard that it's someone around my age. Who knows, it could be someone I know.

April 1st, 2003

Update: It was someone I know.

Remember Darren? The father of my child? The sleaze bag who abandoned a pregnant sixteen year old for a prison girl? Yeah, him. Out of everyone in this world, all six billion, Darren Walters, the father of my child, is a sponsor for the school that I work in. I'm not backing down, though. I won't start from ground zero again, build myself back up just because he's marched back into my life. He better not think that he's winning, because I'm winning. I'm braver, I'm stronger, I'm happier. And he'll never get to steal a glance at my baby. **My baby.**

September 6th, 2003

Janie made friends at school today. My baby's first ever friends. I was never able to send her to school when she was younger, but now that she's 5, and I know that my job is secure and earning us a stable wage, she can finally thrive in her young, carefree years. Oh, how I yearn for those years. When I was not restricted, but widespread. An eagle, powering through an endless sky of opportunities. A single finger stretching out to pluck them.

December 2nd, 2004

Trust Darren to spoil everything. He spilled coffee all over the headmaster's worksheets. Take a wild guess who had to clean that mess up. I'm not a cleaner! I'm not even a receptionist! I'm a teaching assistant, for goodness sake, why does everyone have to look down their noses and undermine me every day? Shannon's the only thing stopping me from walking out of this stupid failing school. That and my stubbornness. And the extra money I need for Janie's Christmas list.

October 25th, 2005

I found a knife at the school today. Hidden in one of the science cupboards that the kids dump their bags in. I don't know why, but something was telling me to take it. I have it with me now, glistening in the light of my muted lamp. I could get sacked for this. If anyone finds out I took it, I could go to jail like that witch Darren fell for.

Maybe if I do end up there, Darren will love me again.

I still love him.

I don't know why.

January 7th, 2006

I keep thinking about the knife in the cupboard. It's in my kitchen cupboard now, up high where Janie can't reach yet. Darren seems to be acting more and more annoying by the day, with his new schemes and plans to make these children achieve their incapacibilities. He's so arrogant, thinks he knows everything. Spoiler alert: He doesn't.

August 19th, 2006

Shannon came round. She found the knife. It wasn't in the cupboard. It was in my room. Locked up. She found the key. She saw the knife. She saw everything.

She doesn't think I'm fit to be a mother. Quite frankly, it's none of her business, but somehow I felt bad for making her panic.

But she doesn't get to take away my baby.

April 19th, 2007

I had a dream where I killed him.

I'm going to kill him.

September 14th, 2008

He was working. In his office. Yes, he has his own office.

I, slowly but surely, nudged the door open. Marginally, just enough for him to notice.

"Chrissy, hi!" he started, trying to act startled rather than stupefied.

His smile dropped once his gaze settled on the knife.

"What are you doing with that?"

"Why don't you love me?"

He gawped back, almost like he couldn't believe what was happening. Almost.

"I thought you'd moved on. I moved on. We just didn't work Chrissy. We clashed too much."

"Don't make excuses. I still loved you, Darren, and you knew it. You left me, you left our baby, for a girl who-

“SARAH IS MY BABY! Not YOU, not THAT MISTAKE OF A CHILD-”

The experience would've been rather peaceful for me, like letting go of a perpetuating breath. Like catharsis. Except I didn't do it.

Shannon found us. Called the police straight away, and an ambulance just in case. She said it's psychopathic, and that I need to go to prison to learn from my mistakes.

She better not leave my baby.

June 21st, 2010

I get to see Janie today. I'd tell her about the saudade I've had, waiting and waiting for her to come back, but I don't want to upset her. I heard she's doing well at school. She likes school, y'know, like I used to. But I'll make sure she never makes the same mistakes as I did.