



ROBIN'S STORY

My name is Robin. I am just an ordinary 13-year-old girl... Well at least everyone thought so. This is my story...

I love art and the sea. I want to become an artist and live in a nice house next to the sea. I currently live in a small village 500 meters away from the sea with my mom. Our house has only four rooms: my bedroom, my mom's bedroom, the bathroom and the kitchen, which is also our dining room. I paint every day using art supplies I buy with my own money. My mom doesn't support me. She only cares about my grades. She wants me to have only the best grades possible, so I should study all the time I have. I don't have space in my room so I go and paint next to sea. I don't know why but it just makes me feel better. I mostly paint sea and landscape and somehow all the places I paint seem similar to me. I paint at night when my mom goes to bed. During these nights, as all around me was silent - most of the neighborhood went to bed at ten-thirty - I entered another world. [...] Sometimes I felt the whole world was converging on this little room. And as I became more intoxicated and frustrated I'd throw open the bedroom window as the dawn came up, and look across the gardens, lawns, greenhouses, sheds and curtained windows. I wanted my life to begin now, at this instant, just when I was ready for it. Then it was time for my paper-round, followed by school. And school was another thing I'd had enough of. I don't have any friends at school. My schoolmates think I am weird. Classes are boring except art. I am very good at art in school. The teacher is very nice and she supports me. When I come back from school, I have to do my homework immediately if not my mom gets angry. And this routine repeats every day. But one day was different.

At school we got our tests back. I wrote 99% and I was happy. But when I came back from school my mom asked me: "Did you get your test back?" I said: "Yes" and gave her the test. She started screaming at me because I didn't get 100%. I just couldn't

believe why 99% is horrible to her so I went into my room, took some art supplies and ran to the sea. I sat on a rock and started painting to calm myself down. I was thinking about my mom. Why does she want me to get 100% on every single exam? Why does she hate me so much? I decided to commit suicide, to end it all.

I went closer to water and stepped into it. It was cold but I liked it. I started floating in the depth. To make it faster I took a deep breath so that water could fill my lungs faster. But that didn't happen. Instead I could breathe underwater. I opened my eyes and saw the underwater world. It was beautiful. Then I saw three girls like me. They came to me and explained everything. There are only a few girls like us. Around ten. Then I swam back up.

Now I am twenty years old. My dreams came true. I live in a nice house next to the sea and I am an artist. I visit my underwater friends every day. I enjoy my life. Finally.