

*Girl on a Ledge is a fiction novel about a sixteen year old girl who is bullied in school. She hates herself and believes she doesn't deserve to live. Her only way out is to run away with a boy she met online. On the day she waits for a ride to the airport her mother is abducted. Her life is about to change even more.*


# GIRL ON THE LEDGE

By Margo Sanchez

Order the complete book from the publisher  
[Booklocker.com](https://www.booklocker.com)

<https://www.booklocker.com/p/books/10797.html?s=pdf>

or from your favorite neighborhood  
or online bookstore.

The poster features a silhouette of a woman in a dark coat walking away from the viewer down a brightly lit, hazy hallway. The lighting is dramatic, with a strong light source at the end of the hallway creating a lens flare effect. The overall mood is mysterious and somber.

MARGO SANCHEZ

**GIRL  
ON THE  
LEDGE**

Copyright © 2020 Margo Sanchez

ISBN: 978-1-64718-137-6

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, recording or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the author.

Published by BookLocker.com, Inc., St. Petersburg, Florida.

Printed on acid-free paper.

The characters and events in this book are fictitious. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

BookLocker.com, Inc.  
2020

First Edition

**To the girls and boys who are bullied talk to your parents. If you can't, connect with a trained person who can help support you at [Stopbullying.gov](http://Stopbullying.gov) or a counselor at your school. Believe in yourself. Believe you have the right to be who you are.**

## CHAPTER ONE

Two weeks earlier

I know how to disappear. I invented the move. I'm the quiet, pathetic one. I nudged my best friend Sarah once again on the shoulder, but this time harder. "Let's go or we'll be late." My words are drowned out by the slamming of lockers and kids talking.

We could still make French class on time if only Sarah would leave Justin alone. But who in their right mind could do that. I glanced over at him leaning against his locker, tall with messy spiked blond hair. All the girls are crazy about him including me. He doesn't know I exist.

I tried not to stand out. Just blend in. I've practiced that move since grade school. But it hasn't done any good. The kids still bully me every chance they get. They call me freak, freak-show or whatever else they can come up with that begins with the word freak.

My notebook covered my flat chest like it was a part of me. I hated the bra my mom made me wear. I looked like a flat-chested reject--which I am.

Sarah finally turned away from Justin, "We'll make it on time," she said. Her face flushed and her blue eyes looked even more blue against her rosy cheeks. "He asked me out, can you believe it!" Her voice went up a few octaves.

Fourth period was a bore like always. If I have to hear another mispronounced French word come out of Lorie standing in front of the classroom reading from the textbook, I'll puke.

Out from the corner of my eye I caught a glimpse of something being passed around in the next row. One of the cheerleaders, still in her short silver blue uniform skirt, glanced my way after reading it, then passed it along. I heard her giggle. It made me squirm.

"Okay, give it up Mandy. Bring it here." Mrs. Dickerson had one of those squeaky high pitched voices which made me want to cover my ears. The teacher gave the class the evil eye and threw the note in the trash.

Passing notes instead of texting, real retro, but everybody was doing it lately since most of the teachers had been confiscating phones. Who wanted to be without a cell? Couldn't exist without one.

After class a couple of football jocks were hanging outside the classroom. One of them turned to look at me and grunted something; then they both laughed.

I looked over at Sarah who was busy texting. "Did you just hear what they said?"

She ignored me. I mumbled *whatever*.

The hallway was jammed, everyone talking at the same time on the way to the cafeteria for lunch.

We both grabbed a tray and got in line. I made a face when I smelled the food. Fish. I hate fish. Mom was always saying how healthy it was for me, and if I

just stuck to my diet I'd lose weight. Maybe that's why I hate fish so much.

Sarah, all smiles, "Got a text from you know who." The fluorescent lights bounced off her shiny pink lip gloss.

I really don't want to know how Justin was all into her. "Did you read the note they were passing in class?" I took a diet coke out of the cooler. "Like first grade all over again. Tell me you saw it cause you've been all zombie-like since we got to school."

"What note?" Sarah got the lunch lady's attention. "Anything besides fish?"

"Oh come on, you know." I leaned over for a fruit salad and a couple of buttered rolls. I put the rolls back. I couldn't get into my jeans this morning. I've got to quit carbs.

"It's nothing—don't worry about it." She pointed to the mashed potatoes. The lunch lady gave her a heaping serving.

I've known Sarah since we were in first grade, and know when she's lying.

"Let's eat outside" Sarah said, predictably changing the subject. "Justin's out there. Did you see those cool sunglasses he's wearing?"

I slammed my tray down on the next table. It made a noise loud enough to get everybody's attention. The last thing I wanted.

"Not until you tell me what it said." I whispered, feeling totally conspicuous. I knew all eyes were on me. I wanted to get away, but it's like I'm standing in quicksand. Can't move and sinking fast.

“It was stupid—that’s all.”

“I want to know Sarah.”

“Something about....”

I know she’s stalling—it had to be bad. “Go on.”

She kept looking away from me.

“It said something about the way you look. Don’t pay attention to them. They’re stupid kids anyway.”

I sat down and stared at my salad, and popped off the clip to the diet coke. I’ve been bullied about my weight since seventh grade. You’d think I’d be used to it by now, but it still hurts. It always hurts. I couldn’t help that everything I ate went down to my colossal thighs and huge waist. Why did I have to be so fat? My legs looked like wide tree stumps, which didn’t help.

In some twisted way I couldn’t blame the cheerleaders, jocks, or all the popular kids for making fun of me. I’ve always been a chubby kid since grammar school. The kids would take aim at me when we played dodgeball and laugh when they knocked me down. Making me cry seemed to make their day.

I’ve always made good grades without really trying. The only way to make friends would be to let them copy my homework. Junior high didn’t improve things much. Coach Daniels let the kids pick their teams, and guess who never got picked. Big shocker. He had a round belly that hung over his belt buckle. You’d think he would have cut me some slack.

Back then, Mom was in law school. She would bring home take out, like fried chicken or pizza almost every day. Too busy reading all those law books to make dinner. I can’t remember her ever making dinner.



GIRL ON THE LEDGE

All she ever did was lock herself in a room and study, or take it out on Dad when he didn't wash out his cereal bowl or some stupid stuff like that.

"Sarah, I saw the *other* note being passed around. The one the teacher didn't see. I know you have it. Come on give it up," sounding angry and hurt at the same time.

She took it out of her purse, "Tori don't read it--just tear it up." She pleaded.

I read it, then stuck it in the pocket of my denim jacket.

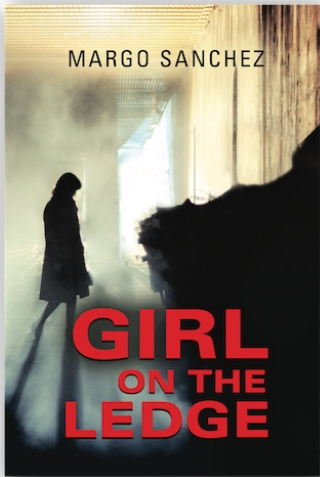
"You keeping it?"

"I keep all of them, ever since we were in grammar school. Want to know why?"

"That's crazy Tori."

"Yeah, you're probably right. But all of them are true--I'm FAT!" It came out way too loud. I know I'm out of control, but can't stop myself. "I'm forty pounds over weight. I swear I've been on so many diets. You know, sometimes I don't even eat anything all day!"

I know everyone's staring. I ran out of the cafeteria. A trail of laughter from the kids at the next table followed me. It made me feel worse than I already did, if that was even possible.



*Girl on a Ledge is a fiction novel about a sixteen year old girl who is bullied in school. She hates herself and believes she doesn't deserve to live. Her only way out is to run away with a boy she met online. On the day she waits for a ride to the airport her mother is abducted. Her life is about to change even more.*

# GIRL ON THE LEDGE

By Margo Sanchez

Order the complete book from the publisher  
[Booklocker.com](https://www.booklocker.com)

<https://www.booklocker.com/p/books/10797.html?s=pdf>

or from your favorite neighborhood  
or online bookstore.