

Mood Swings of a Teenage Mind

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She was in the grass, close to the perilous edge of the cliff face. She was pulling up dandelions and blowing them into the wind, keeping her mind off unwanted thoughts. The sunlight played on her face and she relished in the warmth it brought. She lay down, looking up at the sky, making shapes out of the clouds. The unwanted thoughts slowly crept into her mind, and she couldn't push them away. She blinked, hard, in an effort to drive them away, but it didn't work. She felt the tears welling up in her eyes moments before the clouds were rolling in, creating that booming sound that precedes thunder. She scrambled towards a nearby shelter and leaned against the wall, watching the sudden change in weather that so perfectly suited her mood. She still held the dandelions, now crushed in her balled up fist. She relaxed her grip and watched as the pieces of the fragile little flower flew out of her open palm. Her eyes sparkled with unshed tears, and she sat there, looking out over the world. The loneliness of it suited her; she wanted to stay away from people for a while.

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