

I lay there crying for hours, my music still pounding, my head still pounding, my heart still pounding, my breath still pound

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By : **FleeTard**

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â Mom! Get the fuck out of my room!â I was holding back tears, my throat getting tight, straining.â

â Tell me what happened, why are you so mad?â My eyes were burning; her presence was making me so angry. â What happened? Oh, did you talk to him? Did he reject you?â Anger pulsed through my body; before I could react to her words my hands were already pushing her. She landed against the wall; she looked as though she would start crying.

â Get out of my room right now or I swear to god Iâ m leaving.â She looked at me hesitantly; I thought I saw a glimmer of fear in her eyes. She stepped out of my room and I slammed the door behind her. The tears overflowed; I turned to my bed and punched it so many times my shoulder throbbed. I pushed my ipod into the dock, blasted the speakers and screamed into my pillow. My body continued to pulse and shake violently, my breathing was loud, scratchy and uncontrollable. My skin felt hot, I knew my face was bright red but I couldnâ t bring myself to look in the mirror. I grabbed a dirty shirt that was laying on my floor and started pulling as hard as I could. The seams were pulling away from each other but it wasnâ t fully ripping. I put my foot in the neck hole and pulled, the fabric made an unmistakable â pants ripâ sound and the front of the shirt ripped right down the middle. Surprisingly this felt good, but I didnâ t feel like destroying any more shirts.

I lay there crying for hours, my music still pounding, my head still pounding, my heart still pounding, my breath still pounding. It felt as though I would explode if I didnâ t calm down. I lay my head on my pillow even though it hurt like a bitch. My ears were hot and my skin felt clammy. I looked at the clock, it was almost twelve, I should probably turn down the music before the neighbourâ s call I thought to myself and turned off the speakers. I lay there thinking of how much I wanted to cut her in half. How could he like her? It wasnâ t her fault, but still, I felt the urge to take all my anger out on her.

I began to count every drum beat behind my ears, still infuriated I drifted to sleep.

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