

# A Miracle I Didn't Deserve

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Another short story inspired by my boyfriend.

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“Do whatever you want! I don’t care, I really don’t!” I yelled into the phone, slamming my fist down on my bed.

“Okay. Fine, I’m sorry. I’ll let you go. I love you.” His voice was soft on the other end of the phone.

I hung up the phone without saying I love you too, and regretted it immediately. I thought about calling him back but decided against it. I’d have to say more than “I love you too” and to be honest, I sucked at apologies.

I sighed and thought about how mean I had been. How mean I always am to him. If I’m completely honest, the times when he doesn’t deserve it is when I’m the meanest. I can’t even begin to understand it. I don’t know why he’s with me, I truly don’t. I give him attitude all the time, I get mad at him for the silliest things, and I don’t even say sorry. He deserves someone so much better.

It’s not that I don’t love him, because I do. I love him with everything in me. He’s my best friend, my heart aches when he’s not with me. I just—when I’m angry I treat him like shit. Maybe I have anger issues—maybe that’s the explanation. *Or you’re just a shitty person.* A voice in my head says.

“Oh shut up.” I tell it.

My phone vibrates and I look at it. It’s a text from him and I hesitate to open it. I couldn’t tell you why honestly. I always hesitate to open his texts after we argue.

*I’m sorry, really I am. I love you baby.*

This should calm me down, but instead it makes me angrier. I know he means these words, and I know he doesn’t want to fight anymore. He’s just such a wonderful person all the time, and I’m not, and it makes me angry. Tears are forming in my eyes now, and I throw my phone away from me. I won’t answer him right away. I need time to calm down.

If he’s such a wonderful person, then why am I so mean to him? *Because you’re a terrible girlfriend, that’s why.* This time I don’t tell the voice to shut up, because I know it’s right. I am a terrible girlfriend. It’s moments like these when I really hate myself.

I let the tears fall, and they fall fast. I curl up underneath my blankets and bury my face in the pillow. He treats me like a princess and I treat him like he’s dirt. I apologize to him in a thousand times in my head, as if he can hear me. I let out a choked sob and realize he’s a miracle that I got blessed but didn’t deserve.

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