

# You Made Me Hate Myself

By : lauricula

This is the first piece I've ever written about my mom and our relationship. This is how it was about five years ago, when I was in eighth grade. She doesn't affect me like this much anymore. The last line is true to this day however. Just please keep all of that in mind when reading. It was more of a personal, "get off my chest" piece than anything. But I feel writing and not publishing, so.

Published on  
**Booksie**

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“You’re lying to me! When are you going to learn I’ll always find out the truth?” My mom screeched. Her face was red, screwed up in anger and her eyes were bulging. Her face was also two inches from mine.

“No I’m not!” I yelled back. I was determined to put up a fight. “Why don’t you believe me?” I was close to tears now.

“Because you’ve lied in the past, that’s why!” her voice reached an new high pitch. “None of you are ever going to learn to just tell me the truth!”

“Well you’re going to explode and yell at us either way so what’s the point?” I retorted, not bothering to hide my anger and frustration.

She narrowed her eyes at me, and hesitated on answering. Finally, she asked in a much quitter voice, “Are you saying that I’m crazy?”

This was one of the most ironic things my mom has ever said. She is completely crazy, but she has a knack for twisting people’s words. I wasn’t saying she’s crazy, yet this is what her craziness comes up with. I decided not to argue with her on this though, so I chose this answer instead.

“Yes. That is exactly what I’m saying.” I said.

“Fine.” Her mouth formed a thin line. “I’ll show you crazy.” She snatched my phone out of my hand and threw it against the living room wall. The back came off, but thankfully it looked like it didn’t break.

“Hey!” I yelled, striding past her to retrieve my phone. “If this is broken, you’re buying me a new one.”

“You don’t deserve one, even if it did break. You don’t deserve anything until your grades are up from a B to an A.” she said as she walked out the door, slamming it behind her.

This whole argument had been about my B in English, not being an A. Another reason why she’s crazy; this is the kind of stuff that makes her this angry. She threatened to take my phone away, and that’s where I drew the line.

I know that our argument was ridiculous, and she shouldn’t even be mad, but she’s scary when she’s angry. I’ll never admit this to her face, but my knees feel weak when she’s yelling at me like that. It even haunts my dreams some nights.

Her words have more of an effect on me than they should. It’s like she stabbed me in the stomach. I’m always this huge disappointment to her. I can never do anything right. Nothing is ever good enough. If I get a 93% on a test, she wants to know why it’s not higher. I do all of my chores, they’re not done right. Constantly being told you can’t even do simple things really takes a toll on you after a while.

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I hear her voice repeat the words "You don't deserve anything" over and over again in my head. My blood is still boiling as I climb the stairs to my room; my sanctuary. I finally reach it and close and lock my door. I'm not supposed to do that either, but she's gone, and no one else is home.

I sit on my bed and roll up my sleeves. From underneath my pillow, I grab the box cutter I use quite frequently. There are already plenty of scars on my arm, and I was about to make more. I pressed the blade to my wrist, and dragged it across my skin. A line of blood trailed after the blade, and I sighed in relief. I did it a couple more times, until I felt better. By the time I was done, there were ten new cuts on my arm.

The stabbing pain in my stomach was gone. I could breathe properly again, and my blood wasn't boiling. I was calm for the first time in hours. I flopped down on my pillows and stared up at my ceiling. The more I stared at the white paint peeling, the more I realized how much I hate myself.

I don't think I'm pretty, or smart, or friendly, or capable of doing anything right. I felt useless, worthless and completely alone. I hated myself so much that I sliced my own skin open and watched myself bleed. I hated myself because of my mother.

Tears leaked out of my eyes and dripped down my cheeks. I let them fall; my arm hurt too much to wipe them away. My vision was becoming blurred, and I could no longer make out the cracks in the ceiling. I let out a choked sob, and thought about how much I hated my mother right then and there. I hated her for making me hate myself.

I still can't tell to this day who I hate more: me or her.

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