

There have been so many nights were I layed there silent and still. Gazing at the glow in the dark stars on my ceiling, barely breathing on my bed. They sometimes turned into beetles and spiders crawling on my walls. I was so blazed all day long, during the night and the few moments I slept. Something had to be done, those discusting slef pittying moments, I would cry and scratch my arms or cut off my hair. I felt like an outcast and no one would let me belong. The darkness hid me from those revealing lights, that picked out my scars and faults. I suffered from the thoughts of being ignored, I would scream and scream and no one could here, and if they could, no one responded, ever.

Monday I would slack off at school, go to Jack's house after school, smoke up and pass out as soon as I reached my bed at home. Tuesday, same thing, all the way through till Thursday. Friday however, changed a little bit. A group of us would take a "black bus", those are the buses that have painted black windows so you can't see where you were going. We would get dropped off infront of an abandaned warehouse. From the outside you could hear the techno music, the thumping, that felt like drums beating inside your head. WE were dressed up in this awful get up, black plastic pants, barely there tube tops, leopard print of course. We danced till three or two in the morning I think. Obviously we didn't actually know what time it was I would stumble into my house