

When I was turning 17 I started looking at kid's playgrounds with nostalgia. Like, do you remember me telling you how jealous I was of these children just running around until they forgot that they were out of breath. You don't do you? Do you remember that feeling? They looked like they were having so much fun, and I missed it. I still miss it. Because they literally don't care about anything. Kids will play with anyone or anything until they scraped a knee.

When I would fall on the playground and cry, my mother would comfort me and say, "it just scared you." But what scared me? The pain maybe? No, well, that, and the sight of broken skin scared me. But she had point.

What? Do you have a bullet pointed list for me? Because please give me a play book, a guide maybe, maybe they should put that into a resource pamphlet because when I googled "How to get over bullshit that really doesn't matter?" I couldn't find any useful instructions. Do you have a number I can call? or will they just redirect me, and I'll be caught in a spiral of calling the same numbers over and over again? Cause I do have some instructions for you: live my life, and then let me know how I should act and what kind of person I should be.

God, I'm sorry. I've just been really angry recently for literally no reason. It's like hot, and I hate it. I'm tired of being the one that's scared. But there's nowhere to put that. except throw it all back at everything, I guess.