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Dead, Girl

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DEAD, **G**IRL
Sophie Vranian, Freshman
English

walk into the bathroom and sit on the edge of the white bathtub, take the razors from the drawer and run one across my arm, across the top of my knee, into my skin.

“Hey, listen. Listen; you have to listen to me.”

should feel afraid of what I am doing. I should feel scared of why I’m doing this to myself, shamed at my thoughts and reasons. I should know better, I can imagine my father saying to me, when the blood is being washed out of the tub, off the white plastic walls before it stains, and the pink water forms a ring around the drain. I should be terrified of what I have done to myself. But I am not.

“Listen, Natalie. Natalie? Hey, you have to listen to me, Natalie!” voice starts to pant in my ear and accelerates up to a scream. My shoulders hit the plastic bump-bump-bump as she shakes me, my head down against the rim of the tub, pressing into the plastic. My eyes half closed, ears eating every sound of her scuffling around the room, searching for something and then beeping.

should be worried and horrified that I am not scared; I know, I should be. The liquid is a part of me, though, a token, the rings around the drain in the bottom of the white tub an emblem, my keepsake memory, my pledge. It’s like red tears leaking down the pipes, tears from my limbs instead of my eyes, extracted in the same painful, fanatic way.

waking up with a gurgling, hollow feeling in my stomach. I feel like a cherry with a big hard pit rumbling around inside me. I am just waking up and already I’m feeling _____ anxious, nervous, Not making any sense.

It is just as painful to squeeze salty water from my eyes as it is to disperse droplets of thick red blood from my veins. The only difference is I have to widen my pores to let the blood out.

I can feel my body thumping, the blood pounding down my veins, to my heart, around and out the chambers, to my lungs, my brain, my cold fingers, the openings in my knees and arm and out into the air, into the bathtub. Mom is gone, and I am alone, and suddenly

am ok

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