

Angry? Me? Nah, I'm as cool as a cucumber

"It will get better I promise" Really?

"Time heals all pain." **They lied.** They lied over and over, their needles stuck in their grooves, filling my head with incomprehensible commotion until there was room for no more; no more storage space, so their utterings then drifted across my mind without settling.

They can't say that I didn't try. I went with all the old clichés, 'Fake it to make it' I faked it so well I made Harry Houdini look like an amateur. 'Act as if you feel ok and you will' I could have won a fucking Oscar, but there was no red carpet, no celebration.

Eventually came the day of revelation, the day I realised that their bullshit was only being fed to me to make **them** feel better. It wasn't me they were trying to placate, it was themselves, so I joined their team and agreed, and smiled and nodded in all the right places, and thanked them for their kind words of wisdom, whilst internally screaming at them to fuck off and leave me alone.

The thing is, whatever anyone says or does, and whichever 'expert in their field' book you read, no one knows your story like you do. No one else understands your character's deepest secrets or is

aware of your experiences from before the day you were even born. Only you yourself know, and the events that your mind has forgotten are still hidden somewhere on your internal hard drive, causing uninterpretable reactions to the most unexpected situations. It happens in the same way that one child has a severe reaction to eating a peanut, yet another can die from a wasp sting. You cannot tell by someone's outside how they are reacting on the inside. My circuit is wired very differently from yours.

So yes, I see you peering through the glass at me, and yes I hear you screaming at me to turn my engine off, and yes I can see you trying desperately to pull off that hose, but I don't care.

And that my friend is window pain.