

Tears of blood

[Health & Medicine](#), [Disease](#)



The drink just lies upon the smooth, flat, varnished table where the sun's reflection casts an eerie shadow of the ice, cold drink. If you glance closely, the water condensation slowly, slides, straight down the can leaving a puddle of water behind. To you this may seem like an ordinary alcoholic drink, but for one girl it is her deepest fears come true...

" I'm floating... I'm soaring... over beautiful fresh, green fields and past busy cities. The wind is carrying me to my dream on the horizon. The world is spinning below me, such beauty from above. I'm floating... I'm soaring... through the soft, duvet of white clouds. The world, in all its pollution, poverty and corruption, is still beautiful. Which means, I'm beautiful behind my scars and faults and insecurities... yes... I am still beautiful."

She sat on the edge of her blue-patched bed, thinking, " This is my sanctuary". For those few moments of silence going through her mind, she felt nothing could destroy this utterly perfect feeling. Nothing, nothing could bring her down from her holy, heights of freedom.

" I am air. I am nobody. I am free."

But, to her sudden horror,

" What... I don't understand"

She started jerking back to the cold, hostility, of real life.

" Good-morning to you all, on this fine Thursday. The sun is out and the birds are singing. So why not win a chance of a lifetime... 2 weeks in Italy just ring

up... 0800800958" She suddenly remembered her dream, and that word, dream, haunts her.

" It was just a dream, everything is only ever a dream." She thought as she sighed, and looked around to what her life was. A tiny room, with just about enough space to stand up in, but to her that wasn't important this was her sanctuary. She comes up here everyday and locks herself in her room, crying, trying to run away from all the evil and betrayals, which go on downstairs. After a few moments, she slowly managed to drag herself out of bed and stumble into the bathroom. The lingering embrace of sleep pulled down her eyelids as she looks in the mirror. 'Another morning, another day gone by' she thought.

" TAMICA!" shrilled a woman in her late forties.

" Yes, mother..." she replied.

" If you don't bloody hurry up you'll be late for school, and don't expect me to be home when the school rings wondering where you are. By the way, it's your responsibility to make sure your so called father does not leave the house drunk with the car keys and make sure all the back doors are locked when you come back from school, I don't want your father making a show of himself, understood?"

" I'll see, depends init...' she replied with a sense of insecurity.

" What on earth do you mean I'll see, you do what ever I say or do not except food in the evening. It is your fault he drinks anyway."

By that time, she had, had enough. Tamika knew if she opened her mouth anymore she just end up crying first thing in the morning. So she hurried downstairs and walked out the house without any breakfast. With her head down throughout the entire journey from home to school, thinking about how possibly it could be her fault her father drinks himself stupid everyday...

Time passed by so fast that before she knew it, it was three o'clock. She slowly walked through the quiet, dark streets dreading what would happen to her when she got home. As she got closer, and closer before she reached the two lion statues outside what seemed to be a peaceful, loving home. It seemed to her that the lions were protectors of her home. They sit outside day in day out protecting the house from predators, except what they do not know is that the predators are already inside waiting for a piece of innocent flesh.

She bravely built up the courage to turn the hard, cold key to open the front door. Then, all of a sudden she could hear the taunt of the piano in the background, and fearful greenish liquid took over her body like adrenaline. It started feet first moving slowly and painfully up her spine, sending shivers to her brain. She opened her eyes, to find broken glass and cutlery all over the kitchen floor, and there in the far distance was her father. He was five foot five with white hair with a big beer belly. From the far distance, he looked perfectly normal but as she took a step closer she could see the cold can of beer in his hand and beside him lay a mountain of empty cans. She looked around at mess...

" I can't take it, I have had enough... aaaaarrrrrggg!"

She slowly tried walking towards the stairs, trying ever so hard not to be noticed by the predator. She had to be quiet as a mouse, but at the same time as, sly as a fox.

She took one giant leap up. She could feel the stairs changing into what seemed to be an escalator and it was going up! She took a look up only to find she could see soft duvet of velvet clouds covering the sun's rays. This led to her sanctuary. She took one long, hard glimpse down at the broken home.

Inside her dimly lit room she sat numbly listening to the soft sounds coming from her radio. So much emotions and thoughts were playing through Tamika's mind. All the horrible things her mother said about her to her face and behind her back, and just looking at her father like that everyday, tops it up. Her friend's dogs were better parents than they were. A small crystal clear tear fell down her left cheek. She knew what she had to do to get rid of such pain and emotion. She went to the cupboard, slowly opened the first draw and hidden on top where no one could see was a dull, dirty, dark brown magnet... but it was not the magnet, which would release all the pain, it was underneath the magnet that was so important. A small, shimmering, sharp blade just lay there.

How can such a small object cause such pain in the world?

Tamika stared, silently at the blade. With no thought to what she was doing the sharp lustrous edge slid, smoothly into her pale skin she watched absent-mindedly as a steady dribble of cherry red blood drew gradually down the

side of her wrist. As she pushed the blade in deeper, the stream of blood quickly intensified. The surge of anguish caused her to cringe. A chorus of words went through her mind...

" Pain, Pain, go away,

Let me smile for just one day,

Should that day I never see,

Let my blood run cold and free"

With each new drop, the circle of blood grew proving that she was serious. There were now six cuts her wrists each as deep as each other, and only millimetres apart. Her blood- stained fingers reached for the once shiny, silver blade, which was now covers in dark blood. She contemplated her next move. She pressed with the strongest amount of force she had inside her. This had given her more blood and pain then the others, but the scars were massive and impossible to conceal. After a few minutes the bloody blade broke through her skin slowly and a new thick red line quickly appeared. A wave of relief gushed through her body and escaped through her disfigured wrist. She laid back closed her eyes and enjoyed the feeling of complete relief.

All her emotions and thoughts cleared. But nevertheless she knew this sensation would be over in a matter of seconds. She would have trouble walking tomorrow, but Tamica never thought that far ahead. As she gazed down at her disfigured limb, she was revolted, repulsed and ashamed that

she could do such a thing. Then as she continued to stare another feeling had surface. The feeling of pride. She swiped the area where the blood was now drying and watched in astonishment as fresh cherry red blood drizzled from her open wounds. A renewed sense of relief consumed her. She had been cutting for so long now that she had lost sight of reality. She no longer controlled the blade, but the blade control her...