

Me & my dad arguing over my grades and how I can do better

My dad: UGH! JUST GO TO YOUR F-KING ROOM!

Me: *holding back tears and screams* I WILL NEVER BE GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOU WILL I!

My dad: of cou-

Me: ANSWER TH F-KING QUESTION!

My dad: *stands there silently*

Me: *crying* *wipes tears* your a pathetic excuse of a father

My dad: DO YOU REALIZE HOW HARD I WORK FOR YOU AND YOUR SIBLINGS! YOUR JUST UNGRATEFUL! *hits the wall*

Me: Yeah you “work hard” but you weren’t their f-king MOTHER since you were 4-5 yo now where you. You where off in work land while mom was overdosing by the minute drinking and h-ll she was sleeping a quarter of the time Lilly did even have a chance of having a actual loving family her family was her f-king siblings and I WAS HER F-KING MOTHER FIGURE NOT YOU NOT SAMANTHA ME.

My dad: just go to your room

Me: gladly *goes to my room**gets in and locks the door**starts throwing things, crying and screaming*
the next day

Me: *goes to school* *sees my friends and acts like nothing happened*

everyone leaves for class

Bubba: hey what’s wrong..?

Me: Nothing I’m fine!

Bubba: you can always talk to me you know that..

Me: *hugs Bubba crying saying how everything hurts*