

Vent 00

(Happy Ending !!)  
(dw, this is straight-  
forward & not dark)

(BONUS AT LAST PG)  
Xdd

I did three (or four?) days of dancing.

Saturday was pretty good. Danced ballet for an hour, but the cheeks hurt-

Monday being ok. Normal dancing for 2 hours. Cheeks still hurt.

Tuesday was a bit hard. Danced in school for 3 hours straight, and my whole body was sore during that night.

Wednesday was pretty difficult and stressful. My body was still getting after effects from yesterday, and I was anxious of performing stage rehearsal.

Wednesday was when it all started.

I was really stressed if I may hurt myself while my body was still sore, so I requested my older brother to bring me some items.

I've waited for a little over an hour for him, but he got side-tracked by talking with dad. He then started driving over. At most, the drive should be 15-20 minutes, including buffer time.

I got really angry because I needed my support. I told him to forget about it and stay in the car to wait for me.

By the time he finally gave me my items, I couldn't shake off my frustration. Though I took the pants bc I needed them, my resentment lingered

At the end of the day, my dancing was fine but a bit sloppy.

I walked to the car with my brother. I told him I was angry and he said sorry, but throughout feeling stressed out about today and being tired, I wanted him to offer me food as compensation for my closure & effort. I didn't say that yet, asking for food that is.

I sat in the car with dad apparently waiting. And throughout that night, I've spent my dark lingering energy onto my work, thinking it'll pass by.

Of course, I didn't mind them having a good time chatting, but I should've been the main priority on that day.

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It's Thursday.

When I came home, I still had my subtle grudge against my dad when he greeted me.

We checked the calendar and realized I had rehearsal for school. I was surprised and became antsy because I forgot.

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My emotions overwhelmed my thinking into unnecessary ideas. I became randomly emotional and cried in the car.

At first, I thought I was just upset about being late, but my emotions that were bottled up all week just spilled like overflowing tea.

The exhaustion, the soreness, the frustration with my brother all hit me at once.

I've made it to rehearsal for one last song to sing, but I couldn't bring myself to apologize to the Stage Manager because of my insecurity of crying in front of her.

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I've soon explained to my dad about my recent frustration about my sore body and still doing dance, angered that my elder brother didn't come to bring me my items sooner, and wanted food to make me feel better.

In the end, I've gotten an ice cream cone with a cup, and ate some burgers and fries :33 my day is resolved.



very lazy  
color + theor yyy yyy yyy