

"I remember walking out infuriated. Blood was leaking out of my hairline. I placed my hand over it and it immediately was soaked. I thought I was going to die: my vision blurred, the night lawn was consumed in a palpable darkness, but the porch light was like heaven peering through the tunnel of my pupils. I placed my other hand on my head, now both were soaked in red. My last memories were looking at my blood soaked hands, and at that moment, I smiled; like a sarcastic smile you'd give to someone you secretly despise. After that I blacked out. I don't remember anything past that.

I'm sorry. Really sorry."

"Don't be sorry. Please."

"Yeah, I have to remember, it's not my fault. Of course."

"I *can* help."