

Sadness, love, and joy are all interesting emotions, I hear. Sadness is a feeling that can range from a small feeling in your chest, or a sinking disappointment in your stomach, a twinge in your heart to an ocean of drowning and a hopeless ache in your bones.

Love is something often misunderstood by all, even me. And I like to think it's holding hands on a walk, a text at midnight that makes you bolt up to answer, a small, tender whisper of goodbye. A small crush in school or waiting with a friend for their parents to show up. Or holding a baby so gently and soft. Or petting a cat when they curl on your lap. So many things are love, and they happen every day in every small smile, and every selfless gesture. Which is why no one is loveless, as much as they feel alone.

Happiness is pure, but I feel people see it as shallow, as untrue as it is. An entire book that made you excited and laugh, smile through every turn of the page is forgotten at the single word that makes you cry in another. The beauty of happiness, the pureness, the innocence passed up for the sad things, the deep things, the bad things. That blind and shield you from a world so full of joy. What an ironic pity that most can't see the deep, powerful meaning of joy. How sad.

Anger, however, is what interests me the most. How consuming and unforgiving it is. How sadness and love and happiness too is forgotten in the instant the first scream erupts. How you fear, how you hide, how you tremble. How your heart skips a beat when the words leave their lips, and my own horrible feelings on the subject. And I see anger every day. It is harmless at first, simply a thrown controller a flair of it at something perceived unfair or mean. But when taken out on the innocent it becomes an ugly cycle, not unlike hatred. It breaks and it burns, and it leaves nothing left. It whittles away slowly, but in the end, nothing's left. You give it your everything, your brain, your mouth, your heart until you become encased in the fire, unknowingly burning yourself as you burn everything else around you. I have experienced this myself, through my years in this world. From my parents, and my friends, and my siblings. No one can fully escape it, but they can choose to douse themselves. But they are often blinded by red so completely they never do. They burn too hot. And it hurts to burn, but the sudden coldness hurts worse.

I've vowed never to give anger all of me, never. Not when I've seen it happen to so many others. Where they take their rage out on the people around them. Their friends, and their coworkers, their pets, but more often than not their own family. And I simply don't understand, as you supposed to love them the most, but you treat them like dirt. You scream and you rage, and you take them down with you to the fiery pits of hell you created yourself. Though they don't deserve that. This is your family. Your parents, your children, your wives, your husbands. So why? Please help me understand why? And after a while, despite the burning, things turn icy. Family breaks, it burns, and then it freezes. Everything is solidly in place but burning within their ice prison. Nothing changes, but no one sees, for the ice disguises the heat.

And anger often leads to hatred. And hatred is rooted deep, so deep. Long, rotted roots, traveling underneath what looks like a grand healthy tree. But the roots are filled with poison, and they soon decay, turn to dust and spread to the rest of the tree. There's nothing left now. Nothing. Anger has consumed all. There is no more sadness here, the anger burned that feeling, leaving nothing left. Sadness is only hollow now, nothing is there, not a feeling, not an emptiness, it is gone. Love has been destroyed, your rotting roots choked it until even love withered and died. Something so endless and constant you choked, you killed it, your anger killed it. Happiness, the innocence, the excitement, you

stomped it out. You wouldn't let it grow, you treated it like a disease. There was only anger in your heart, anger in your soul, and in your bones. And nothing gave you the right to be this. Nothing gave you the right to steal their innocence, break their bonds, destroy their lives. Nothing gave you the right. And as you sit all alone, the good times forgotten because of how much bad you shoved down their throats, maybe you've learned your lesson. I hope you understand. And though you probably don't, as you see only red, take a step back like me. I will teach you these human emotions because I've seen it before, in myself and in others. I can help you if you let me, but of course, you won't. And I'm too afraid to ask. Won't you get angry with me? Won't you scream and throw and manipulate and demean me? You probably will, so I'll stay silent, keep these thoughts in my head. You will never hear them, though I want you to know I know what you are, what you've done. How you've hurt them, hurt me. Made me feel insignificant, made me cower, made me cry. And there's no excuse for that, no right that God gave you, for you to do that. And I don't understand you, I really don't. How you pretend you're happy, even though you're miserable, and treat me and everyone like garbage the second something doesn't go your way. I think you try to be better, for your family, but it's already too late. Too far gone. And even if you don't see it yet, I have for a long time.

Now here's a tangent, something I always ask myself, as these are things people have always told me, "Why am I so nice? Why am I so innocent? Why do I feel so strongly?" And it's because of you, I think. I'm kind, and I try to see the best in life, do what has to be done, want to go far in life, because of you. Because I don't want to end up like you, and it's honestly my worst nightmare.

And despite what you've put me through, put the people I love through, I forgive you. I love you, I can laugh and smile with you, proving how strong we are. You will not break us. I will not be broken. And when you are all alone, because one day we will leave you, maybe you'll understand. What anger does. What it turned us into, how it shaped our lives and consumed us too. And how we came out stronger for it, not because we wanted to be strong, but because we had to be. Because your anger made us be.