

Psych Monologue

I was pregnant. Don't worry. It wasn't yours. I had just gotten an abortion the day before and the next day in Biology, we were ironically learning about reproduction.

I'm listening to Miss Rainey talking about fallopian tubes, the uterus, eggs and I'm feeling sick to my stomach already. Trying to zone out on anything I can.

So, I start reading a note over Miss Puritanical Princess' shoulder and she's telling her friend "how happy she is that she's a virgin and that she's going to stay that way until she gets married and how repulsed she is by all of the whores at our school.

" Without thinking, I reached into my pocket for my cute, little red Bic lighter and lit her cute, little red hair on fire. And every day in therapy, they ask me if I'm sorry yet and I just can't be. No matter how hard I try.

Bitches like that make me sick. They've made me sick. I am officially sick, psychotic, unrepentant and unremorseful. I've been branded a sociopath and have no choice but to believe it.