

## Lose control

I knew the second it happened.

That sharp, quiet moment when everything inside me tipped too far.

The words echoed in my head while I stared at my reflection in the dark phone screen. My hands were still shaking. The message I sent sat there, unread, glowing like a tiny mistake that suddenly felt huge.

Outside, the wind rattled the window, like it was replaying the moment over and over. I hadn't meant to say it. I hadn't meant to let everything spill out — the frustration, the jealousy, the fear of being left behind. It all came out in one messy burst.

And now there was no taking it back.

I paced my room, stepping over hoodies and notebooks, my mind racing faster than my feet. Why did I do that? Why didn't I just stop and think? Five seconds. That's all it would've taken.

My phone buzzed.

I froze.

For a second, I considered not looking. Pretending it never happened. Pretending I didn't lose control at all.

But I picked it up anyway.

The reply wasn't angry. It wasn't dramatic. Just simple.

"Hey... are you okay?"