



Psycho Chick

TM



An
EMO
GIRL
Elegy





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**I call myself Emo Girl and this is my tragic-
fuck-you-world goodbye,
My explain-all, explain-why I would choose
to die;**

**Why I relish the blood to cascade from the
gorges I cut into my pale flesh,
Scarlet rivers flooding over the
embankments - too fast for those
troublesome platelets the damage to try to
mesh!**

**Why I would greedily guzzle the psychedelic
pills - my final hallucinatory dream - a
sense of joy I would finally see.**

**It is not a cry for help but the pain of
existing, an urge to be somewhere else that
nags at me!**

**Somehow, I never from this deafening din
of silence, warming-cold loneliness to be
free!**



**I actually remember coming into this dark,
gloomy world from another dark, gloomy
one.**

**Screeching, I was yanked from my mother's
foul womb prematurely, put in the plastic
arms of an incubator, my fate dusted and
done!**

**I did not ask to be brought into this fucked-
up cold, cruel existence nor was I given an
option!**

**The woman that carried me craved her
chemicals more than her child and sold me
in a transaction they call an adoption.
I was underweight, weak heart of broken
shards that sliced me from the inside,
cutting so they could get out, what was
supposed to be blood pumped crystal meth!
No blankets could warm the cold of being –
unwanted – starting life struggling with
every breath!**

**But I guess you could say I was lucky;
abortion is after all the new contraceptive
and some would say that anything is
almost better than death!**

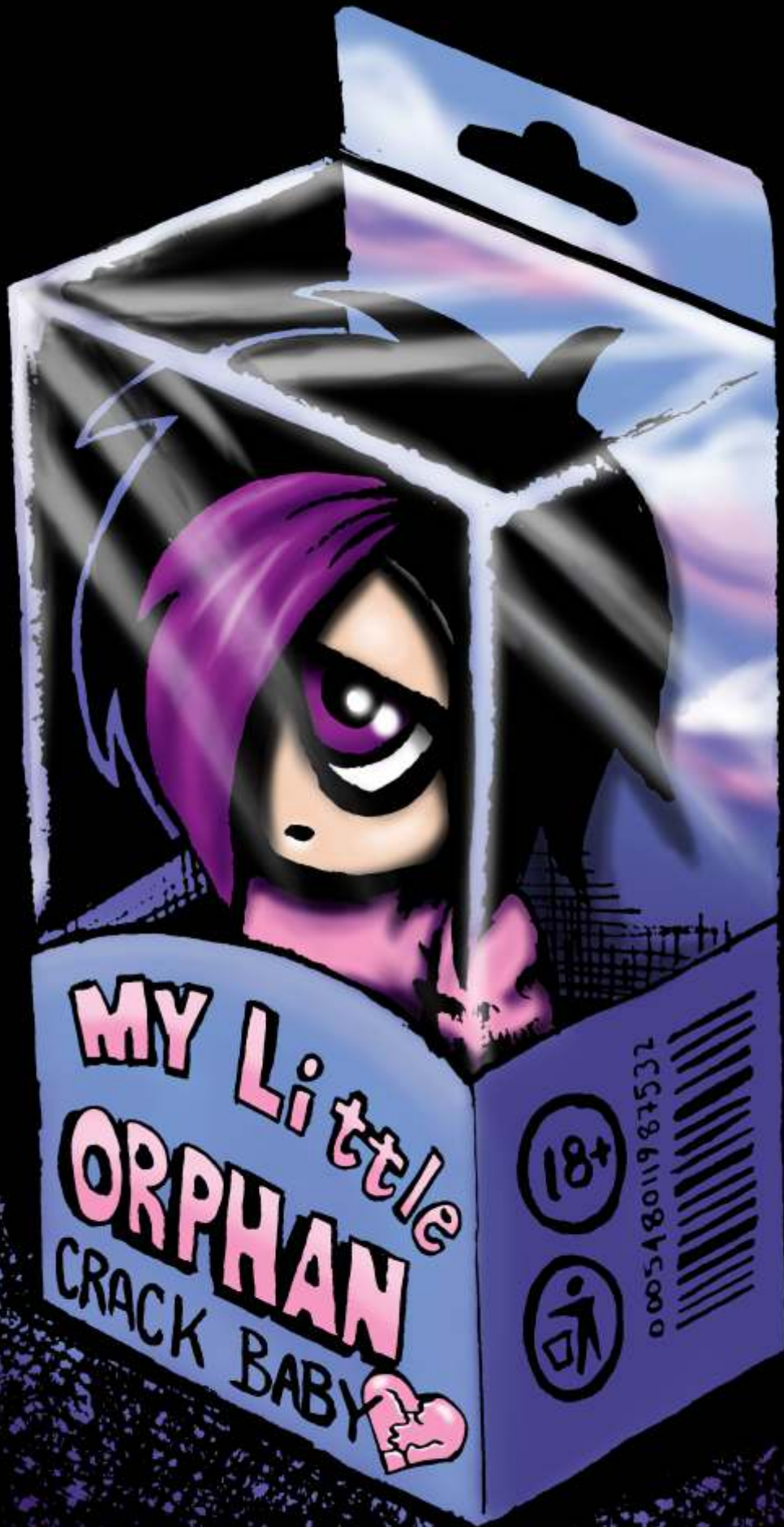


**“Rock a bye baby on the life supporting
machine,
Even though small on this life you already
not so keen!
Like a junkie you with Mommy's addiction
battle;
No toy you are given except for this addicts
rattle!”...**

**My tiny mind absorbed everything like a
parched desert sponging up its first rain....**

**The blaring lights, shattering noises, tiny
cold shell and uncontrollable tremors were
enough to drive me insane!**

**Only a few weeks on this horrid planet and
I've already learnt darkness of the soul,
loneliness and pain!**



**I was christened, believe it or not, an
attempt to save my little immortal soul.
“IN NOMINE PATRIS ET FILII ET SPIRITUS
SANCTI,” yes! In the name of the Blessed
Trinity whom abandoned me, I was
supposed to faith in Them extol!
But the darkness and depression in me
grew...**

**Festering so the light of Their Word was dim
– nothing new.**

**I learnt how to manipulate and persuade to
get my own way,**

**Some say it is inborn evil as I developed
strategies, I would use later, as I with my
dolls would play.**

**Soon leadership manifested itself, a talent I
have to this day!**



**Death intrigued me, disturbed others as my
crayon drawings were reluctantly placed on
the fridge.**

**Stick figures of destruction and doom –
killing others, themselves by blade, gun,
poison, noose around neck jumping over a
bridge!**

**Teacher – parent, well actually teacher-
nanny meetings were the order of the
week; so what if my favourite word was
SUICIDE?**

**Tests and assessments, psychiatrists,
psychologists and priests could for some
reason not by such dark... evil notions from
a child abide!**

**Diagnosed by the new pandemic – ADD (and
more), prescription medication further
added to the thrills –**

**It was a wonderful field trip for all when I
was found unconscious; oh I had just taking
the whole bottle of pills!**

**But, it was the cutting, the carving into the
canvas of my flesh, interpretations of my
pain that really gave my “parents” the
chills!**



You can give a child absolutely everything of the material but they still crave love and attention.

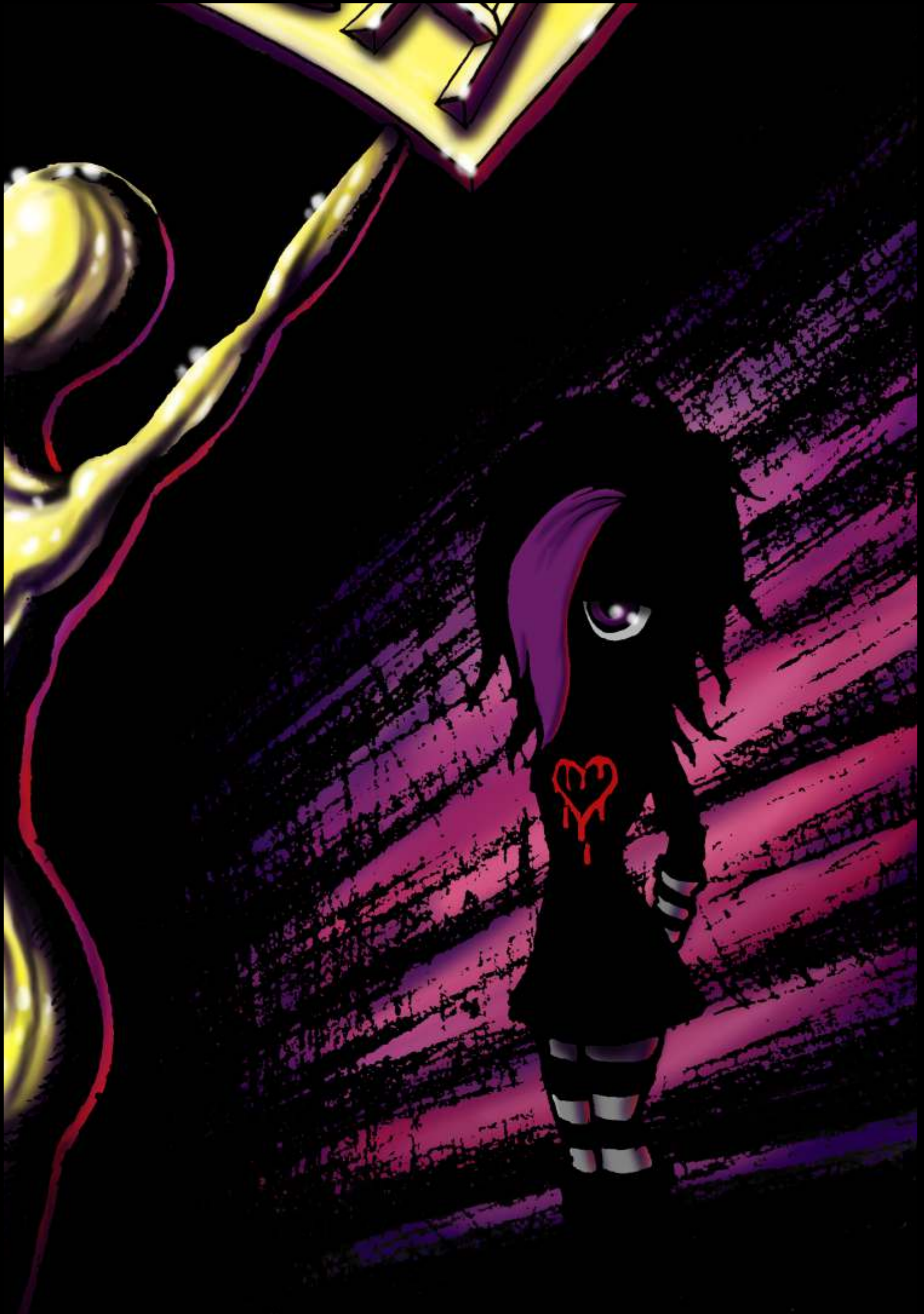
Failure to provide this basic need, like oxygen and gravity, will obviously result in a lot of tension.

Owning a fashion empire in the city was the “parents” actual child, they loved it with their all.

No average Dow Jones, Benjamin blood, Gold hair, shiny Crude Oil eyes, Platinum skin – a strong stock that kept giving – the perfect child that never let their expectations fall!

I, on the other hand, was troublesome, depressed, suicidal, a loner except with my Emo friends – no star!

I went against the mainstream – rebel without a cause – partying, shop-lifting, trashing then eventually been banned from one after the other school, club and bar! I ran up my numerous credit cards, labelled myself with expensive brands and oh yes! “Daddy” did pay for more than one crashed sports car!



**I sought love like you seek the single,
lonely, messianic bullet in the mausoleum
chamber of a gun - playing Russian love
roulette!**

**Jackson Pollock would have been inspired
as the bullet of love ripped through the
bloody entanglement of my head -
Splattering, shattering, and blowing
through my brains as with emotion I was
beset.**

**My first love, he was beautiful - scene hair,
eye liner, tight jeans, band shirt - kissing
another Emo boy -**

**The "fuck-you-I-don't-give-a-shit-what-you-
think" attitude, "I'll-kiss-whom-I-want",
gave me joy.**

**To an atomic flame, I was draw to his
radiation, like the proverbial mutant moth.
I would burn to charcoal, blackened heart
in his sunlight, like a love lorn Emo Vampire
but I would to him alone myself troth!
He could treat me as he wanted - stake my
heart, burn me, tear me apart, and even
call me Goth!**



**Only 16, I absorbed him, Emo Boy, like
mercury, breathed him like mustard gas;
Love mutated me, vesicant toxic death,
sensory impairment, happy insomniac pain,
I became crass!**

**But your stabbing words - ripping
humiliation, flesh torn by wrist-slitting
elusiveness;**

**A pyre, all six feet under of abusiveness.
I try stop your sex-driven cortege, bereaved**

I beg you to stop more than thrice -

**But your lust, you long have exhumed, I
have no final rites and pay the grave price.**

**You purge your load, my heart putrefied,
there is no wake as you leave me there...**

and I die...

again...

this time in this hymen sacrifice...!



**Dead. I am removed from my body like a
ghost.**

**As I go through the motions, my spirit
observes its host.**

**Numbness, like pins and needles, dull
pricking all over, a strange sensation.
Sharp shooting pain, watching my limbs
move but having no control, I need
permanent sedation.**

**"Love kills, romance is dead, I don't even
trust myself, "***

**I carve his name in my thigh... smoke a fag,
The empty bottle, no relief, "The drugs
don't work, they just make you worse..."****

In this world my life does lag....

**I hear a commotion. "A drink for the horror
that I'm in ... 'Cause there ain't no one way
that I'm coming back again ... Just sleep,
just sleep, just sleeeeeeeep..."*****

**I hope they are taking me away in a body
bag...**

Songs by: *Atreyu, "Demonology and Heartache"

****The Verve, "The Drugs Don't Work"**

*****My Chemical Romance, "Sleep"**



**...I didn't tell anyone, I buried it deep.
Empty. He moved on, but I would resurrect
what he did to me, I would make him weep.
Love, whatever that was, was not supposed
to be like this!
Fuck you Aphrodite, fuck you Eros, fuck you
Cupid! From us your bastard fairytales, all
lies, take the piss!
I never associate sex and love again.
Besides where my heart used to be, was a
crypt of pain.
I had many lovers, male and female, after
him, but never would I any emotion to
them deign.**



**While the mourning subsided inside this
husk, I realized people listened to me, I
wanted control!**

**You only a pathetic, fucked-up victim as
long as you allow it; knowing money is
power, I in business school did enrol.**

**I really did hate this system called the
world, it fed gluttonously on the weak, like
a savage vampire.**

**I wanted to change the mainstream blood
and pump it in another direction - so I
joined Tycoon Dad's fashion empire.**

**I clamped down my incisors on the vein of
the almighty dollar and the fashion
sheeple, I greedily sucked, fed on it, wanted
it all!**

**I started to outshine the bastarding
parentals, my teeth were clamped firmly on
what was the latest scene, unsurprisingly
my success like holy water, a damned
crucifix, them did gall!**

**Then there was a catastrophe... their
castrated brakes "unexpectedly" failed on a
grey distrustful day, they were pulverized
against a wall!**



Obituaries read like a pathetic story of your rich fucked-up life, hoping for a mention in your last will and testament - money talks. Vultures flock, squawking "we'll miss you" eulogies, back stabbing mourners, shifty-eyed pall bearers dreaming of inherited riches as they do your final casket walk. Funerals are so beautifully bleak in ebony darkness, I want to slit my wrists and wallow in their crimson solemn sadness, jealous of you final descent into the Devil's lair....

I find hilarity in their pathetic displays of these motherfuckers - hypocrites, they don't even actually care!

Excruciating tradition of funeral revellers gather after, so blinded for another wake.

Suspicion hangs heavy like tear gas, covetous motives, they are here snivelling to see what they can take;

"Do you remember when your Mother and Father and I, did this or that," meh, not many good fucking memories of them can I together rake!



**With the disregarding parents gone, I became
queen of the castle.**

**It was then that fate gave me a gift, Emo Boy,
the fucking bastard - presented like a filthy
beggar, an asshole rascal.**

**I would prove that boys do cry, to destroy him,
was my cure - yes! Use and abuse!**

**I made sure he fell in love with me, my
lifestyle and money - betrayal bloomed in the
crimson, satin sheets, he found me more than
once with others - you lose!**

**Touche! He died a slow, painful, emotional
death as I feigned remorse and he wrote self-
annihilation poetry; begging me, to enter with
him a suicidal love pact...**

**He insisted on slicing first, blood pooled in a
dark pond of vengeance, I whispered in his ear
of my deceit - plans from suicide to retract!
The satisfaction of seeing his bloody mess -
life draining from him was like my
hymenoplasty, his life for the virgin one he
took - a sacrificial act!**

**People afterward lamented about society,
blamed this "Emo music that these Emo kids
listen to, they're encouraged to commit
suicide and that is a fact!"**



**At the ripe age of 21, I was labelled a
prodigy; I had the world's fashion capital,
Silica City, at my feet.**

**The spineless whimpering masses needed
guidance and suckled on my every word
like a mother's lactating teat!**

**I looked for every opportunity to be
different, rebel against this sick
mollycoddled society.**

**I discovered the Ugly side of the city,
hidden away for their impropriety!**

**I found them to be of a sacred beauty, scars
and deformities - pain and hate visible, like
a public stage.**

**What I felt on the inside, they showed on
the outside, a production of rage.**

**They needed a leader, I needed followers,
to make a real change but then into the
spot light stepped this "Psycho Chick", who
let that bitch out of its cage?**



**I watched the death of a fucked up city by
cremation.**

**Ashes to ashes, dust to dust, no better
damnation.**

**Now a beautiful smouldering cemetery,
building stood as weathered tombstones.
Here lies Silica City. Fake beauty. Greedy
fashion. Plastic trends. Zombies and
drones.**

**It was time. I always wanted to resurrect a
New Order of things:**

**I had money, influence, contacts, hell could
become the new heaven, I no longer
needed to stand in the wings.**

**Ugly then a poor man with a growing
member on his arm, damaged goods, to me
brings!**



**While I set my plans in motion, the city like
a corpse rotted and decomposed faster.
To purge the long dead required strategy
and leadership, I would use Prick as my
New Order face, this puppet needed a
master.**

**He was not my type, except he like me
knew pain.**

**I wanted to hate this fucking male, but still
inside of me ascended feelings I suppressed
in vain!**

**Against my heart of toughened shards of
bloodied glass, I could not take a stance.
With Prick I could pull the strings and he
would dance such a pretty dance!**

**However, even though this amazing,
attractive, virile puppet needed a master;
the master needed love and I gave him a
chance....**



Epilogue

**I came into this dark, gloomy world from
another dark, gloomy one.**

**I thought I had lived before, but I have only
lived now, basking in your sun!**

**The kiss of life you gave to me, I breathed
for the first time.**

**A broken heart still works, you will be my
funeral toll, the bells of doom still chime.**

**I will never let you go, holding onto two
roses, thorns dig into my flesh;**

**Rose petals, thorns, skin and blood, like us,
godforsaken love, together mesh!**

**Crimson rivers trickle down anaemic,
clinching arms, dripping on my casket, love
still fresh.**

**Drying scabs open once more - one rose
falls the other left alone, to die, I will with
darkness enmesh.**

**You love another. I slit my wrists, and my
heart finally explodes, giving way to the
pain-stress.**

