

# A Brick to a Window

By C. Jade Wyton

*A teenage Becky Bloom finds herself in a bad mood while wandering the town's local strip mall. She feels misunderstood, and unseen, and decides to take it out on the local liquor store.*

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Becky was angry again, and she couldn't figure out why.

She had *everything*, didn't she? Or so everyone always said. Everyone always threw her family's wealth in her face, any time she *felt* anything.

Any time she acted like anything other than some sort of perfect princess, she'd be told she *couldn't* feel the way she felt— She had so much! There were people who would *kill* for her life!

Well, at this point Becky thought she was ready for them to come and take it.

They really wanted her life?

They wanted her *father*?!

She cursed out loud.

Of course they did.

*Your father's sooooo supportive.*

No. He wasn't.

He "loved" her, sure— But he didn't *support* her.

He'd have to *acknowledge what she'd done* in order to *actually support* her.

But he never did.

No matter what Becky did, her father never acknowledged her mistakes. Or when she did wrong.

He never got mad at her. He never told her off.

Nothing she did seemed to shake him.

It was like he wasn't paying attention *at all* to what she did— So how was she supposed to know when he was *actually* proud of her, and not just spurting bullshit?!

How was she supposed to trust he was ever happy with her when he never seemed to actually *look*?!

It would be comical, if it wasn't such a miserable situation.

She wanted him to get mad at her. Just a little bit.

Just *once*.

He was always so sickeningly positive about everything she did and it drove her *insane*!

Maybe she could do something more than have boys over or flunk class. Do something *actually* wrong for once. Something he *couldn't* support!

Maybe she could sneak into Road House and fuck around. She was still underage, after all. If only for a few more months....

Hm....

No. They'd just end up throwing her out; not calling her father. Why would they bother with that—

And even if they did, she doubted that would set him off.... He'd probably just go on about how she was *so close to being eighteen; what's the harm?*

She cursed again.

She wanted to scream at him!

She wanted to scream at *the world!*

She kicked over a bin as she passed by an alley, though it didn't help her feel any better.

Nobody saw it.

Everyone had packed up shop for the day.

Becky huffed, crossing her arms and looking around at the empty strip mall.

It was like a ghost town.

Nobody in sight....

Hm.

She eyed the unprotected storefront windows; her eyes falling onto Spirits of the Wine. The local liquor store.

*Maybe that would help her feel better.*

Becky sniffed, and glanced around again.

There was nobody here. She could probably get away with busting the window and taking a few bottles. She could head out into the woods and get wasted.

Maybe finally get up the courage to ask out that girl, Mattel—

And, well. If she got caught breaking in then at least officer Jackie would *have* to call her father, and he would *have* to say something about it!

She scanned the ground before picking up a nearby brick, left over from some construction or repair or another, and gently bounced it in her hand to test its weight.

*It would do.*

One final look around the mall to make sure nobody was there, and—

It was so loud.

So *incredibly* loud.

The shattering of the glass was deafening as the brick sailed through the window and into the shelf behind it— It knocked down down a number of bottles, causing a wave of broken glass and a drink to splash across the floor.

And then, not even half a second after the collision —before the brick had finished landing— a loud, ear-piercing alarm began to blare.

It was *horrific*.

And it snapped her back to reality.

What had she just *done?!*

Becky took a step back before freezing; the extent of the damage she'd caused finally sinking in.

She's just broken someone's *window!*

Why?

*Why?!*

They'd never done anything to her!

She felt like she couldn't breathe.

She stepped back again, and then again, before turning and bolting away.

What had she done that for?!

What the hell had possessed her to do that?!

She'd just committed a *serious crime!*  
Becky took cover in an alley; crouching behind a cluster of bins to catch her breath.  
She didn't *think* she'd been seen. There wasn't anybody around, right?  
Nobody knew it was her, right?  
Her hands found their way to her face.  
*Oh, god.*  
Her heart was pounding and she felt sick to her stomach.  
What had she done?  
*God, what had she just done?!*

—END—

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