

Scream

By C. Jade Wyton

Becky Bloom has to get her phone repaired after her pet mimic, Mimi, decided it wanted to drop it in the toilet. So she used her outing with her auntie Isabel as an opportunity to head down to the strip mall and drop it off at the local repair place.... However, after getting her phone back, Becky receives some news that is very personally devastating and takes a moment to vent her frustrations.

Contains descriptions of an autistic meltdown/outburst.

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Becky couldn't believe that Mimi had dropped her phone in the toilet. It was so frustrating.

Especially since she couldn't even be mad at her for it— Mimi had wanted Becky to sleep well, and her phone had been going off and almost woken her....

Becky sighed as she pushed into the electronics store, careful not to knock Don off her shoulder as she did.

*Mimi was such a good girl....*

But it was still frustrating that she hadn't had her alarm to wake her for her outing with Isabel, and been caught off-guard by her aunt worriedly showing up at her house to check if she was okay.

'Becky, hey,' Joe waved as Becky pushed her way in, and reached under the counter. 'I have your phone here! Wasn't too hard to fix up— These things are *supposed* to be completely waterproof to begin with so it was mostly alright. Just some loose internals from being bumped around so much, I think, so some water got into a few places it wasn't meant to. I just replaced those for you.'

'Thanks,' Becky laughed, taking the phone back and powering it on to check it over. 'Oh it's looking good! How much do I—'

Becky cut off as a notification popped up on her screen.

*Copycat Season 3 Cancelled!*

Ah.

The sequel to one of her favourite series, Copycat the Mimic, had been cancelled because the studio had been bought out by a different company.

*Brilliant.*

One of the *few* things she was looking forward to if she didn't *die* was just *cancelled!*

Not like it was *almost finished* or anything!

'Uh, is something wrong?' Joe asked, carefully.

'Becky? Honey?' Isabel's hand met Becky's free shoulder, and Becky felt Don peck her cheek. 'Are you alright?'

Becky smacked her lips, letting out a long breath. 'They, uh. Cancelled one of my comfort shows.'

'Oh, honey—'

‘Hold this,’ Becky said, handing her aunt her phone. And then Don. ‘And this.’  
‘Uh— Okay, sweetie?’ Isabel blinked. ‘Why— Oh, where are you going?’  
Becky?’

Becky didn’t answer her aunt as she left the store and walked out into the street; stumbling blindly into the middle of the almost-empty road.

She’d been looking forward to watching that series.

It was something she’d kept in the back of her mind to keep her going; she’d been telling herself if she did good, and survived all this calamity *bullshit*, she could *at least* enjoy the Copycat finale....

So many cliffhangers.

So many unanswered questions.

And now she’d *never* get the answers!

Becky took a deep, deep breath. The deepest breath she had taken in a long time.

She filled her lungs up, all the way until they felt like they were about to burst—

And then she screamed.

A loud, sudden, ear-piercing *shriek* that made everyone around her jump in fright and turn to watch as she emptied her lungs.

She had never been so loud.

Even when she’d been attacked by Helena’s crows, and lifted into the air, and thrown around like a rag doll— She had never breached this pitch or volume.

Windows rattled.

Car alarms went off.

And a nearby garbage can was blown over by the force of her scream.

She hadn’t even felt the magic escape her as she’d cast a furious Thunderclap.

But as she emptied her lungs and took in a long, gasping breath that made her brain spin with lightheadedness... she felt better.

Like all of her pent up anger, and fears, and stress, had all escaped her in that outburst.

She stood up straight, then, and fixed her hair.

*She’d needed that.*

Becky turned on her heels, returning to the shop where both her aunt and Joe stared at her with wide eyes.

‘Thanks,’ she said, taking Don back from Isabel and pulling out her purse.

‘Alright, Joe. How much do I owe you?’

‘Uh....’

—END—

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