Rage Room

The Beginning, (monologue)

Anger; A strong feeling of annoyance, displeasure or hostility. An emotion characterized by antagonism towards someone or something you feel has done you wrong.

My Anger. My anger has been shaped, forged, brought into existence by the people here today (point to the dolls).

My anger is not always explosive or aggressive, but sometimes it’s silent and sadness…

But MY Anger has made me judge, jury, executioner here today.

MY ANGER has reduced me to this, NO YOU have reduced me to this.

I guess you thought you’d get away with it. Well, you can’t…

Roaring, Rampaging. Getting bloody Satisfaction.

Because MY Anger will be used as an outlet here today.

Act 1. A Simple Minded Waste of Space

You know, for the people here on trial today I’ll grand you one kindness; Let me refer to nicknames. Let’s see, I think I’ll call this one “A Simple Minded Waste Of Space”.

I met “A Simple Minded Waste Of Space” when I was 16, you see He was my first ever boyfriend. For a while I was so fucking happy, blinded really that I couldn’t see that he was trying to love me into something I was not. I wasn’t thin enough, I wasn’t fun enough and my curly hair was a problem because he preferred me to have it straight so I could sit on his lap and he could stroke my head as if I was a fucking lap dog or something. And of course he cheated on me a couple of weeks after my surgery, but I guess we all saw that coming didn’t we. My anger and I guess you could say pure hatred for this “Simple Minded Waste Of Space” goes fucking deep. I sometimes dream of beating him up, just to give my teen self some healing.

Let’s see what the wheel has for us today.

(spin wheel)

I guess it’s time to give my teen self some satisfaction.

(act out punishment)

Act 2. Groomer?

This is a complicated one for me, pretty hard to talk about too. The person I’ll be speaking about is actually still in my life. I met him when I was 19 and he was 30. When I reflect on this now, I know that this is absolutely wrong. I don’t necessarily have anger towards this person, but maybe I should. I have sort of dated this person on and off again for the past 5 years. I am however angry at the power he sort of has over me, loved me into shape. Who am I again?...No Fuck this! I am angry because in a way in your mind you thought it was okay to date a 19 year old, do you even know how fucked up that is? I am angry because I cannot escape your grip, I cannot let you go and in a way you cannot let me go either. I am angry at myself because I let this happen. Have you in a way groomed me? Is what I have been wondering about for the past couple of months. I was 19 when I met him and he was 30, he knew my age. I guess maybe that is reason enough to be angry.

(spin wheel)

(act out punishment)

Act 3. Bullebak

Bullebak; a person who hurts or frightens others, weaker people. Or..a piece, wad of nasal dirt; snot. Which I guess in this scenario also applies. Because you’re nothing more than a piece of dirt. This Bullebak lived in my street when I was just a child. I guess she felt so fucking insecure about herself that she decided to make my life a miserable hell by bullying me day in and day out, mostly because she thought I was fat; again reflecting her own insecurities onto me. Why did you think this was oke? Why the fuck did you think it was oke to punch me, kick me? I was only 8 and you were two years older than me; You fucking pathetic cunt! But I guess that’s just what you are; fucking pathetic. So fucking miserable and pathetic that you felt the need to reflect that onto a fucking child. Sometimes I hope you die and that nobody loves you and that you feel alone and that you have to wither away in your life. All. By. Your. Self. Kutwijf.

(spin wheel)

(act out punishment)

Act 4. Creeps

This is a tale of two ‘Creeps’. Two people who have nothing in common with each other or know each other, but yet they have told me the same thing; “Als je ouder was geweest had ik het wel geweten..” “Oh als je ouder was geweest en geen familie had ik het wel geweten…” Which is fucked. Because they’re basically saying that if I wasn’t a minor and not related, they would have made a move. Yes, one of those men is related to me. Absolutely disgusting. Also it is worth to mention that I was under the age of 12 when both these things were said to me, by men twice/trice my age. Staring at this Word Document as I write these chapters, I literally feel nothing but emptiness. It makes me feel angry in silence. Because every time I see this family member I have to pretend as if this didn’t happen, I pretend as if I have forgotten. Because every time I see ‘Creep’ on a birthday we shake hands and don’t kiss cheeks, “I’ll shake your hand because I know you don’t like to kiss” is said in a jokingly manner and we all sort of laugh awkwardly and as I shake his hand I’m reminded.

(spin wheel)

(act out punishment)