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The Music Mess

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The Music Mess

By: Jessica Lombardozzi



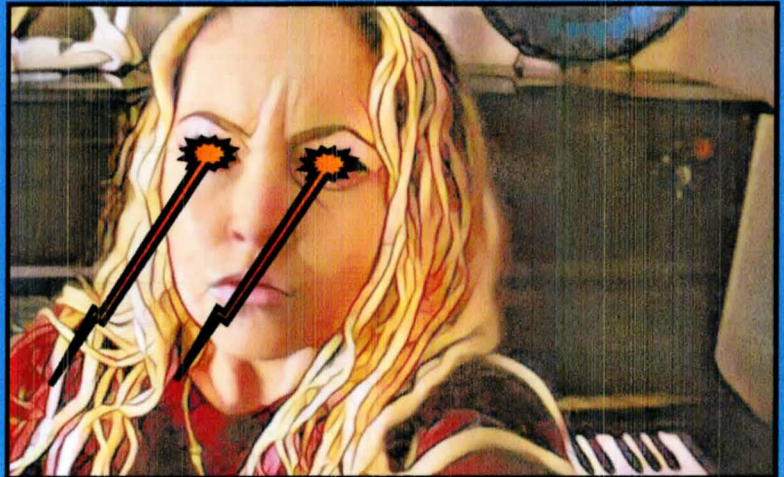
I could feel the rage...



The steam...



Seeing red...

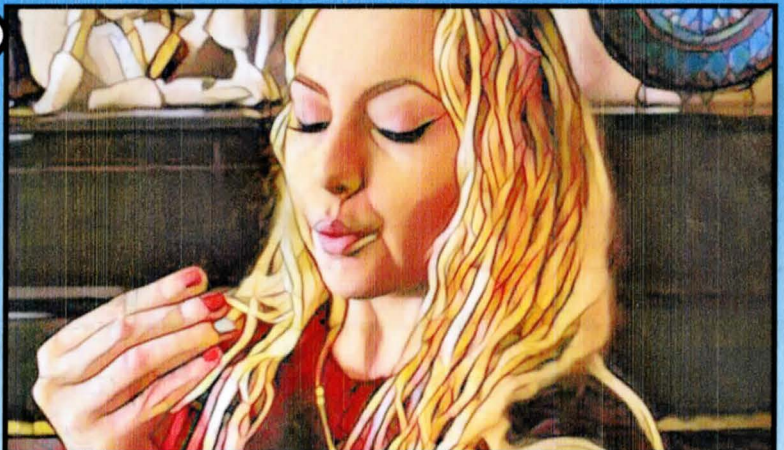


Laser beams out of my eyes...



Breatheee
Jessica
breatheeee

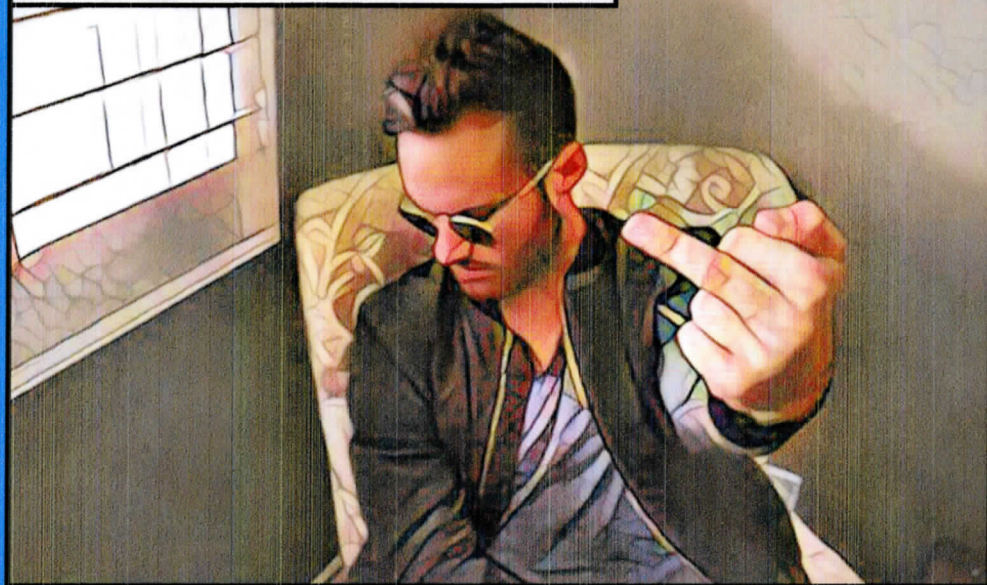
It literally took everything out of me in order to gain composure.



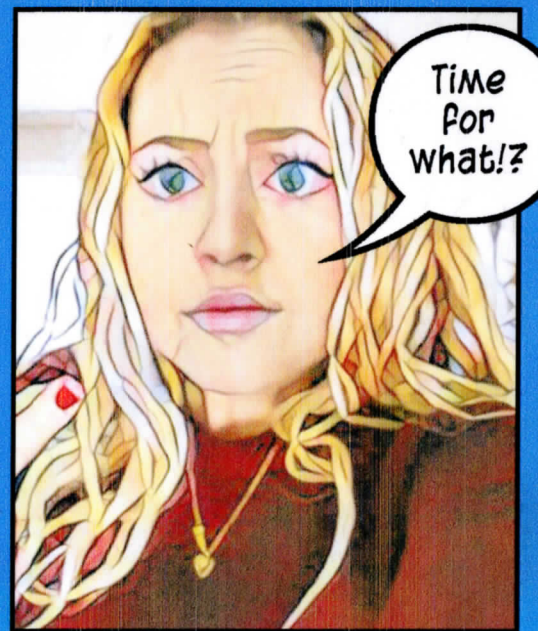
I needed to keep it together. Not only for him...but for myself.

I could see he was quite upset as well...

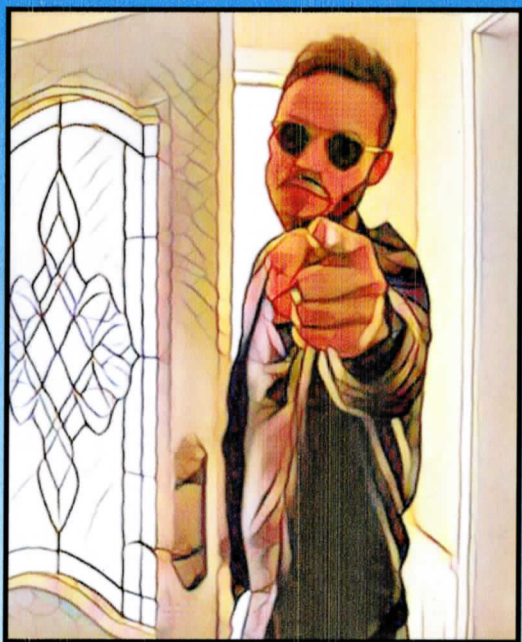
Although he always handled things better than I did...



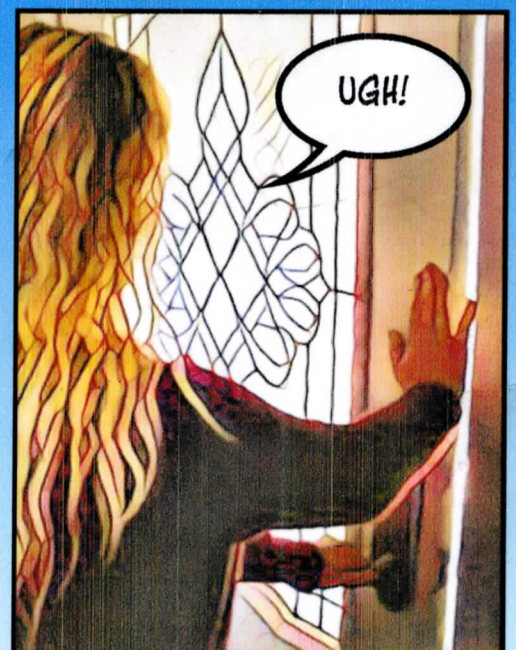
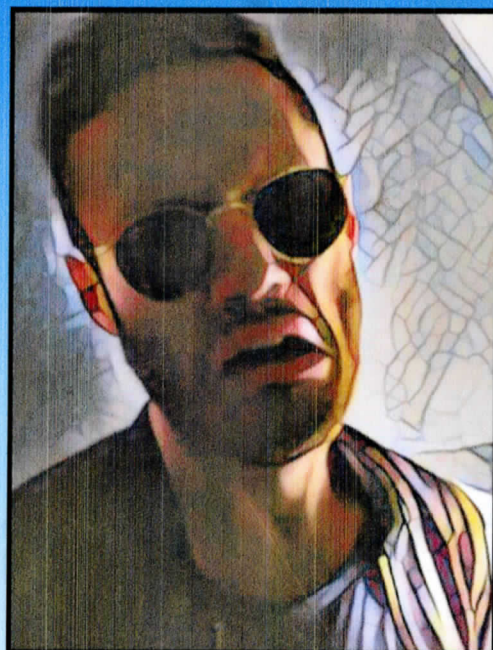
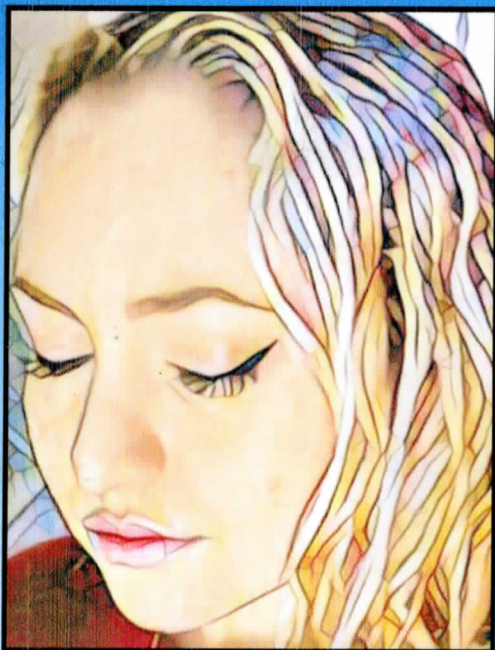
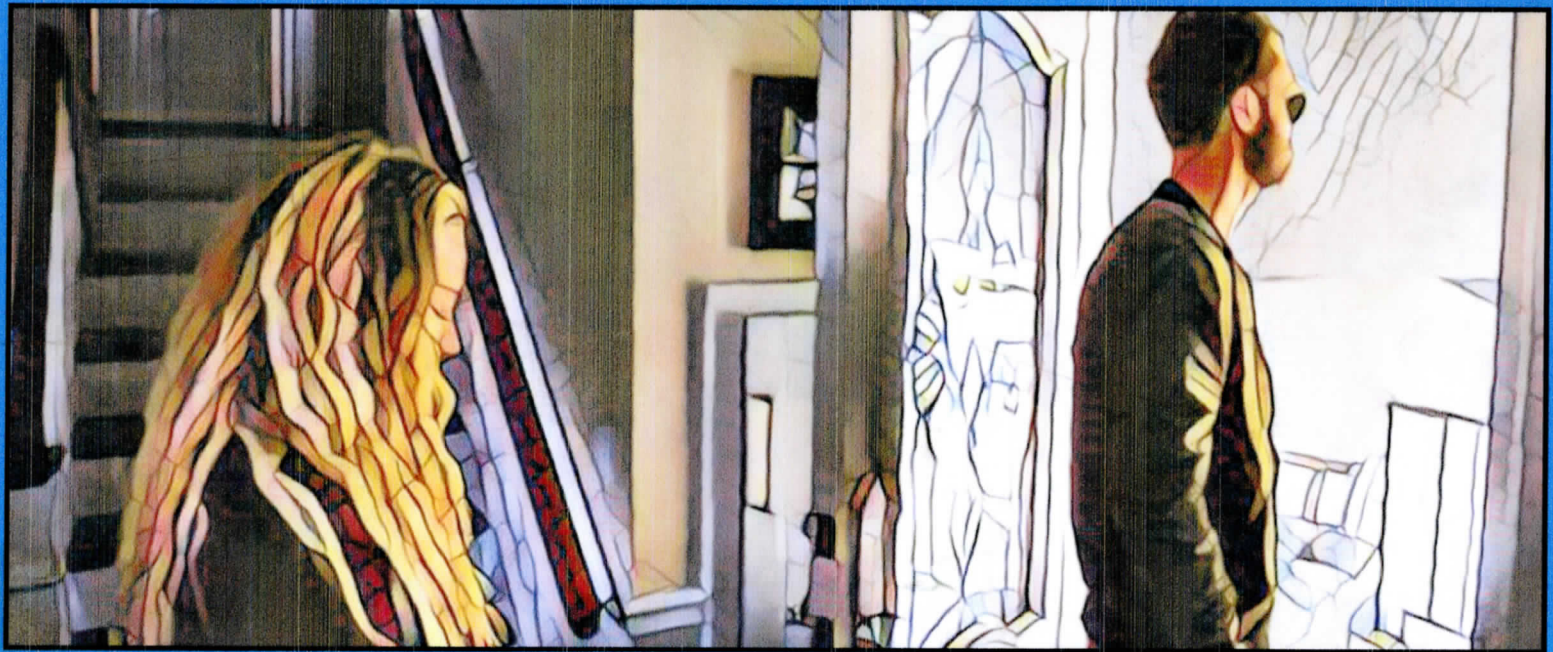
I just need some time



Time for what!?

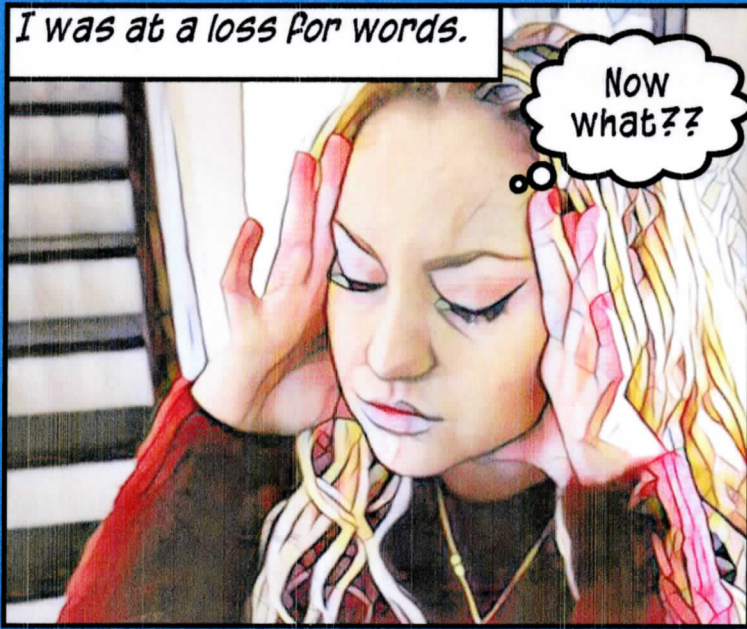


I mean...Time for what?



I was at a loss for words.

Now
what??



I could be
sad...



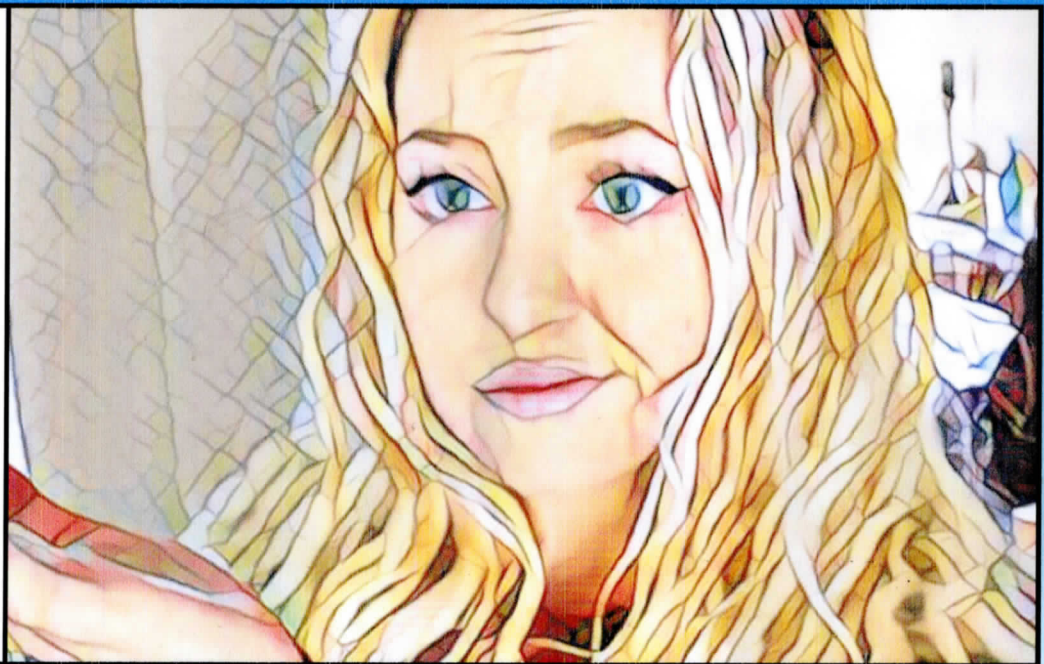
No...




I'M
FUCKIN'
ANGRY!!!!



I wondered if the whole biting your knuckles thing was because I was Italian.... I always saw my family do that when I was younger... Guess those actions were instilled in me at a young age. I wondered if my anger was a cultural thing...





Although that was the case, I realized those actions were no longer serving me...

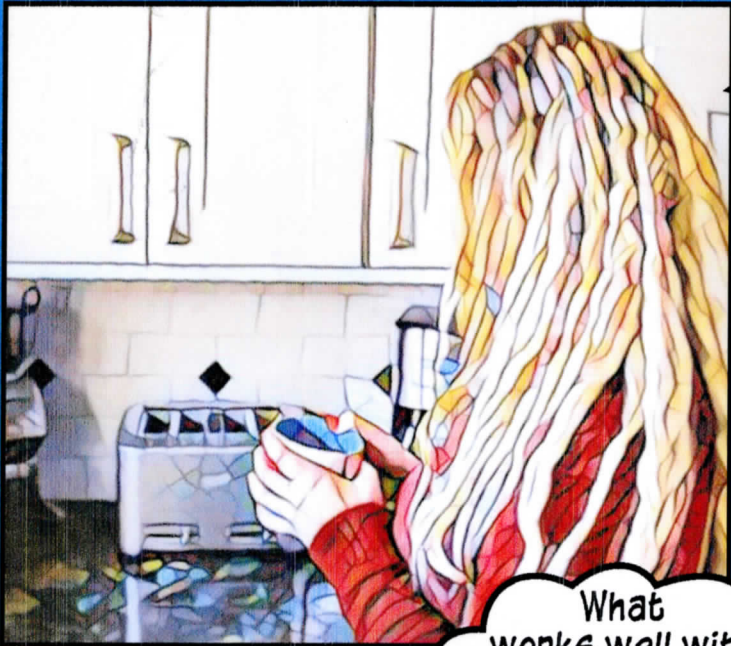
I'm actually proud of myself...

Instead of helping me, they were hindering me... I decided to fight my urge to be mad. I let myself experience sadness instead of masking it for anger...

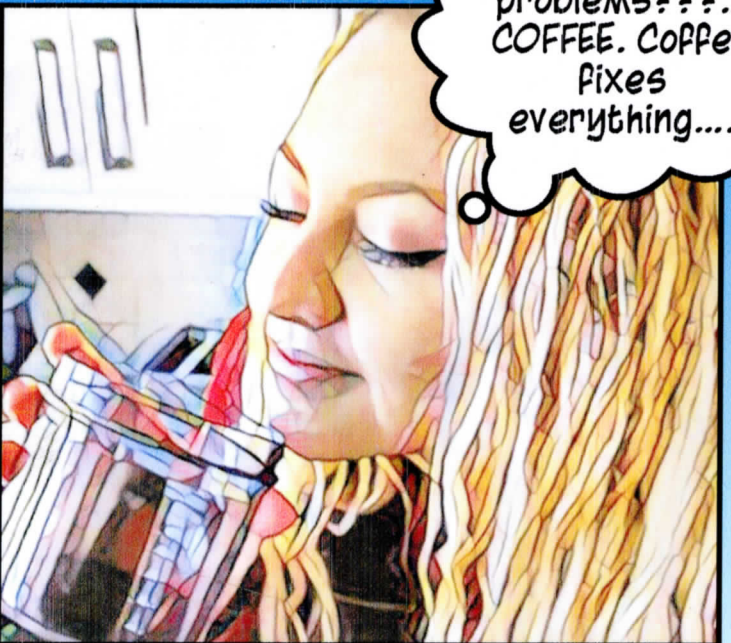


I decided a coffee would be in order...

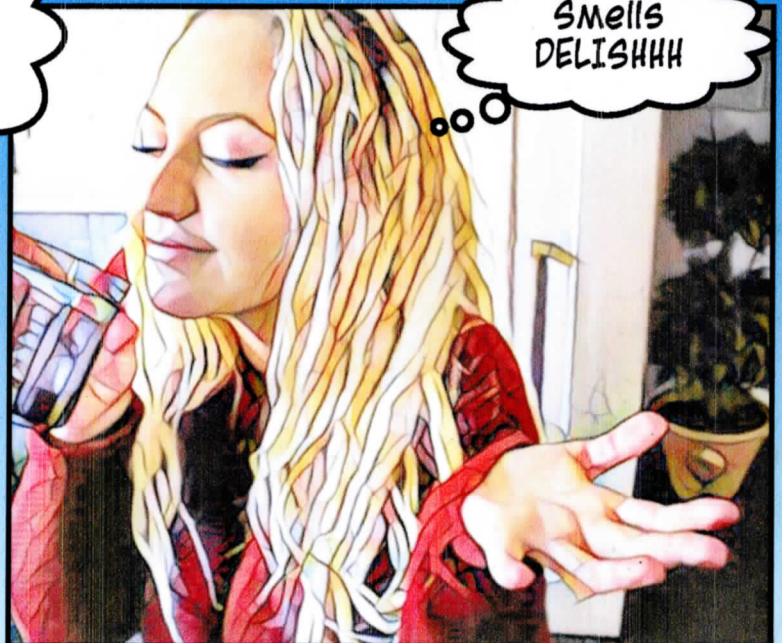
That situation was **FUCKING STUPID!**



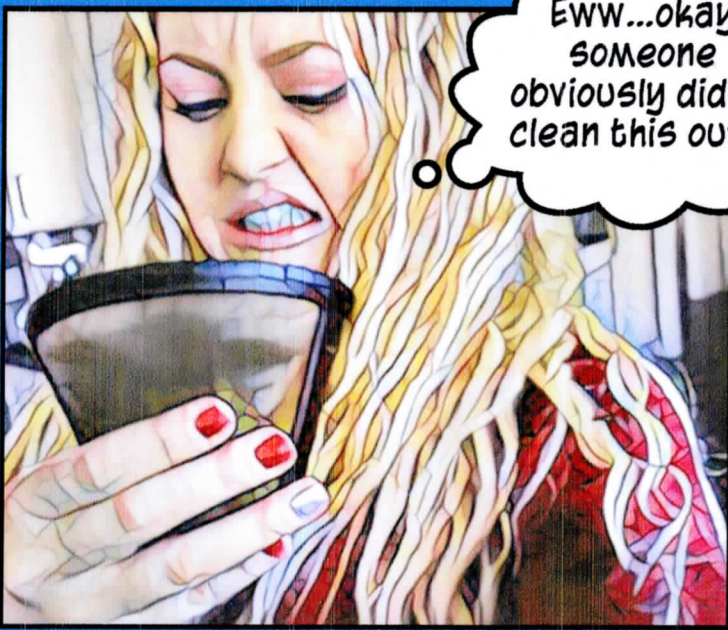
GRIND, GRIND, GRIND



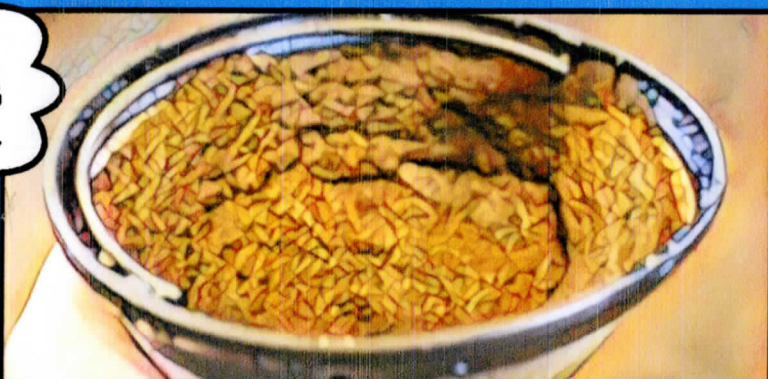
What works well with problems???.
COFFEE. Coffee fixes everything....



Smells **DELISHHH**



Eww...okay someone obviously didn't clean this out...



The dirty coffee filter seemed to pop up at the most peculiar time. It was almost as if it was like my bad habits. I realized my anger wasn't because of my cultural background, it was an individual behavior I needed to rid myself of.



They were no longer serving me. I made a conscious choice to throw them away, once and for all.



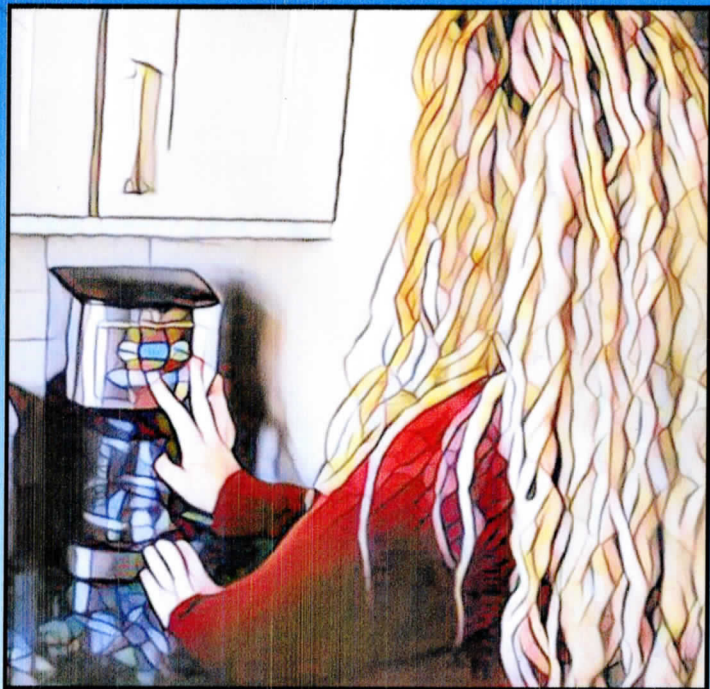
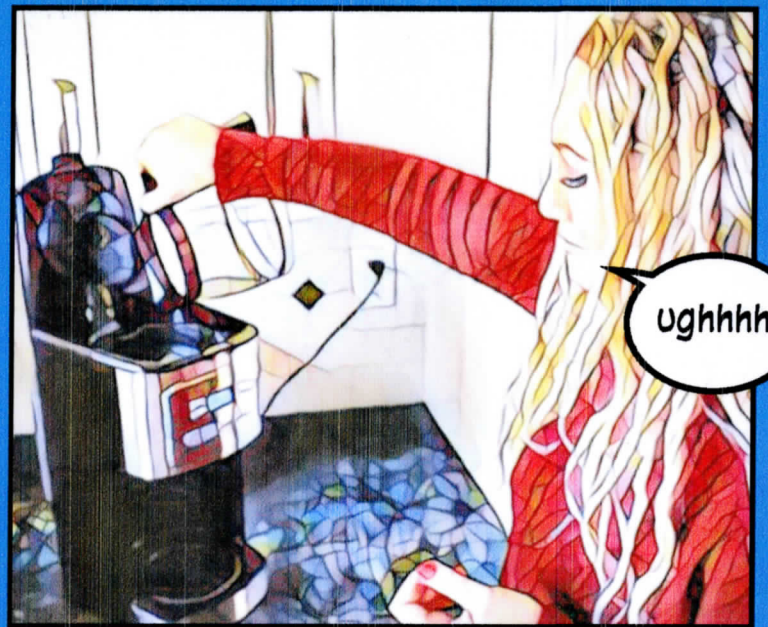
While pouring clean water into the empty coffee pot, I contemplated the fight, and my actions...



I was becoming new, fresh, and pure.

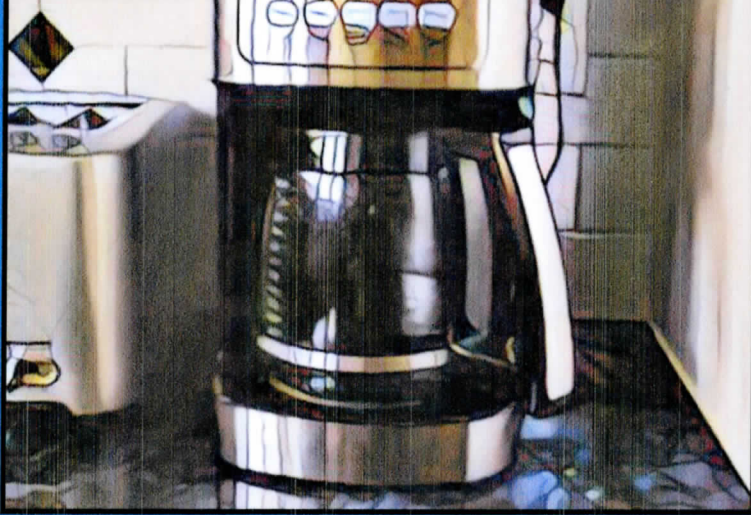
Learning how to let go and give up control was probably one of the hardest things I had ever done. But it was the only way I could move on to become a better version of myself.





The empty cup was like my heart....cold and empty.

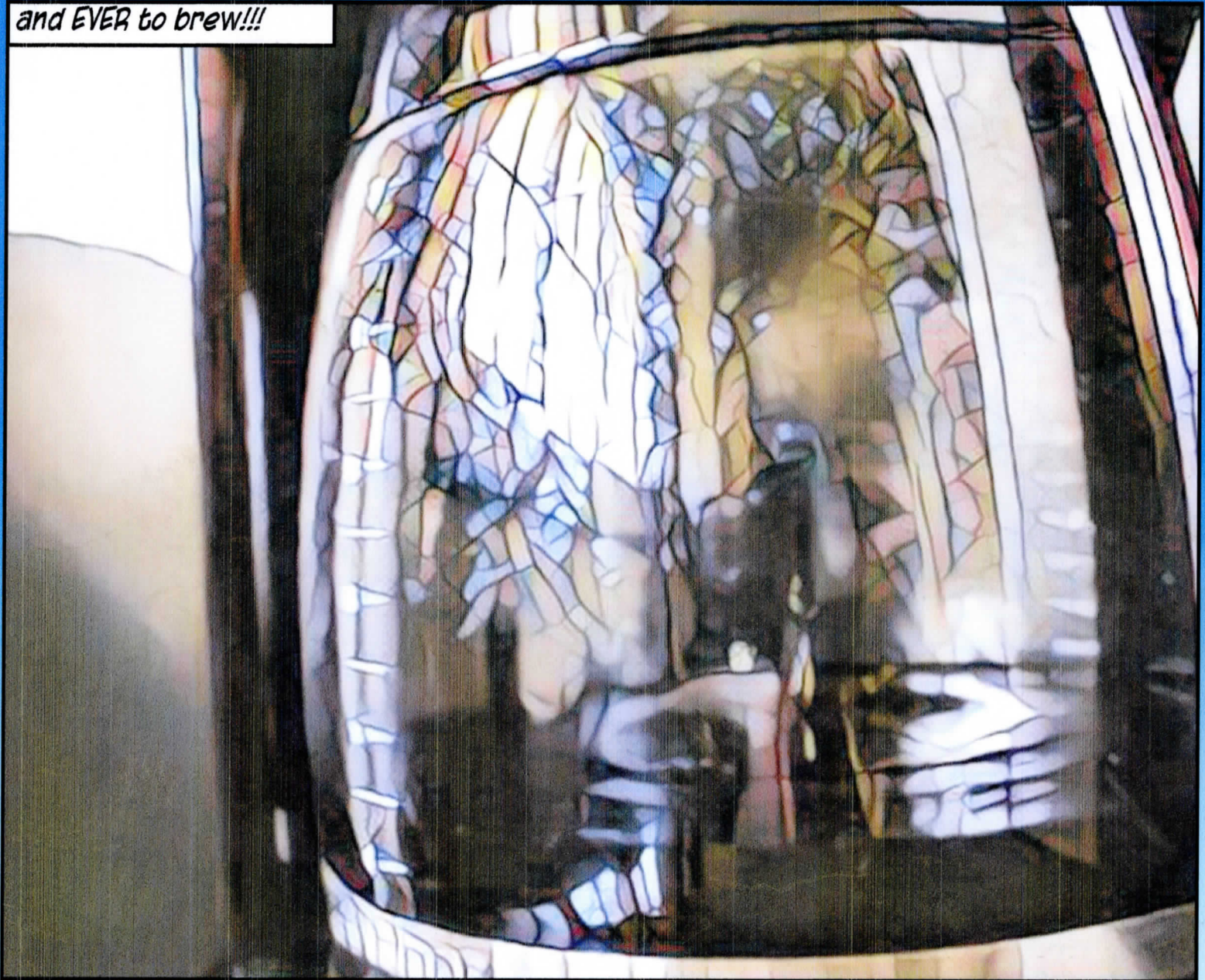
It seemed like it was taking forever...

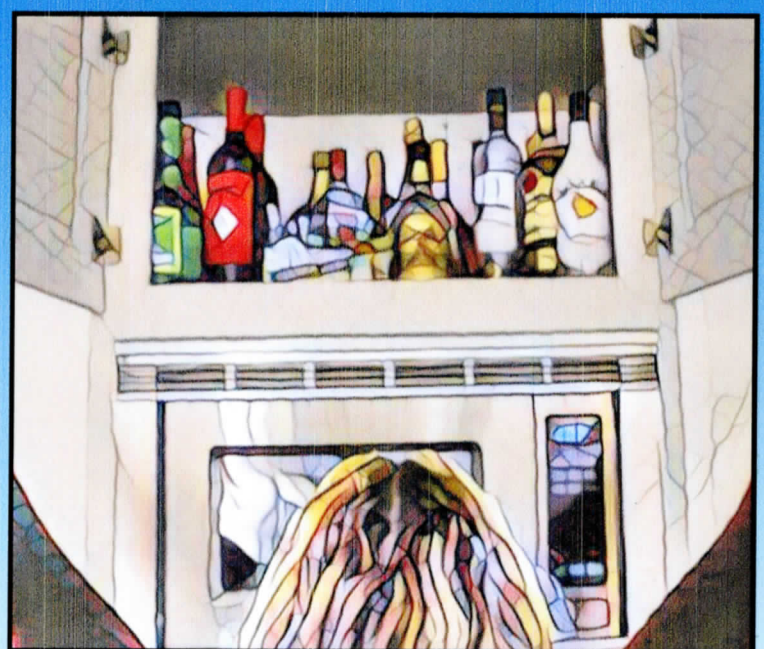
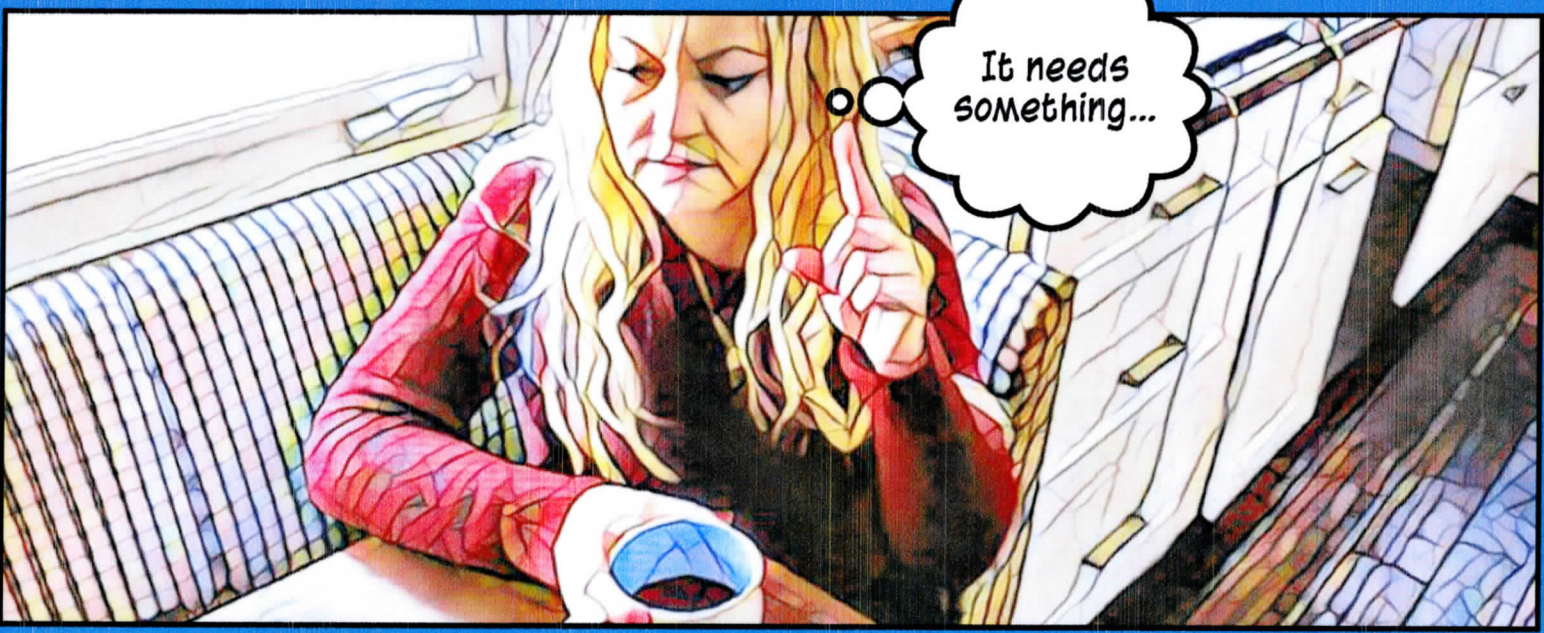
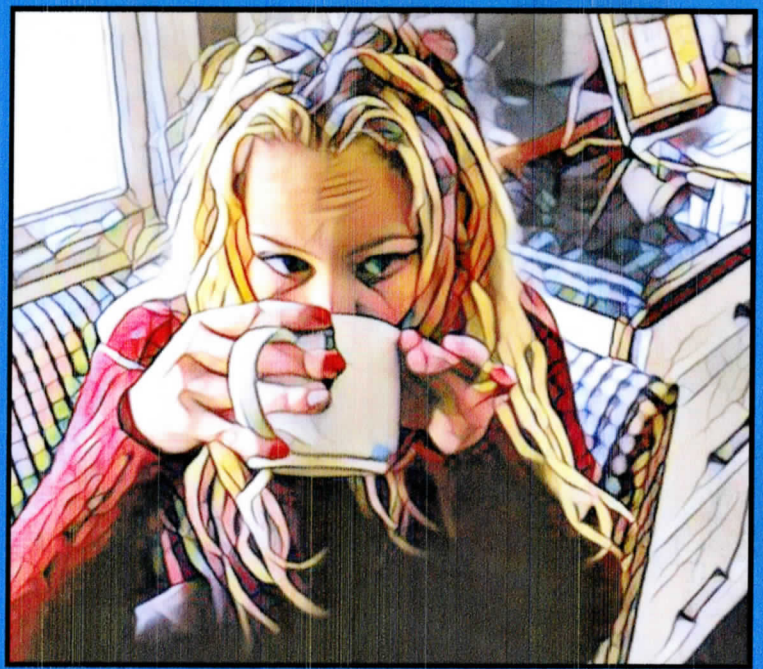
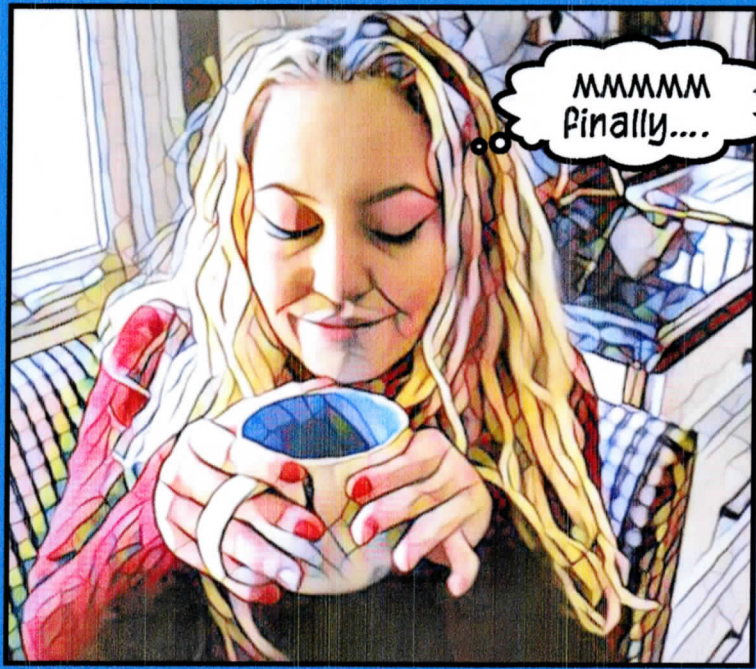


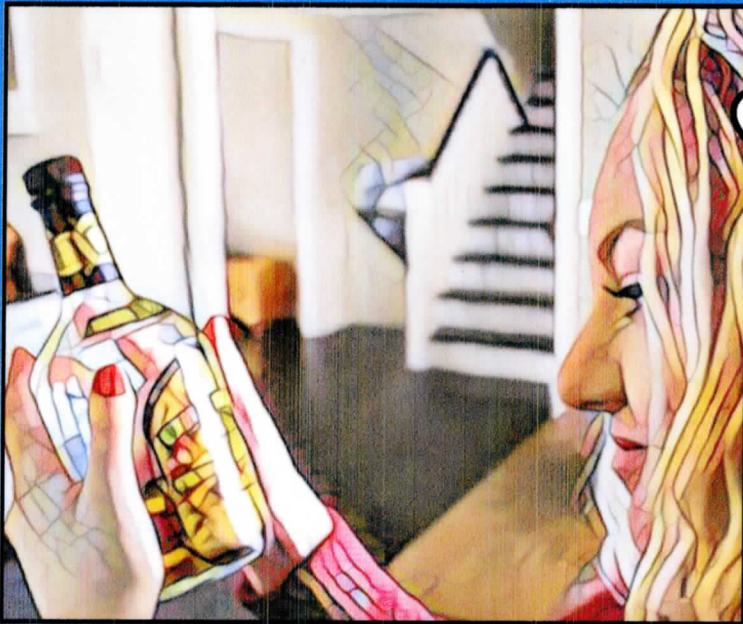
And ever...



and EVER to brew!!!

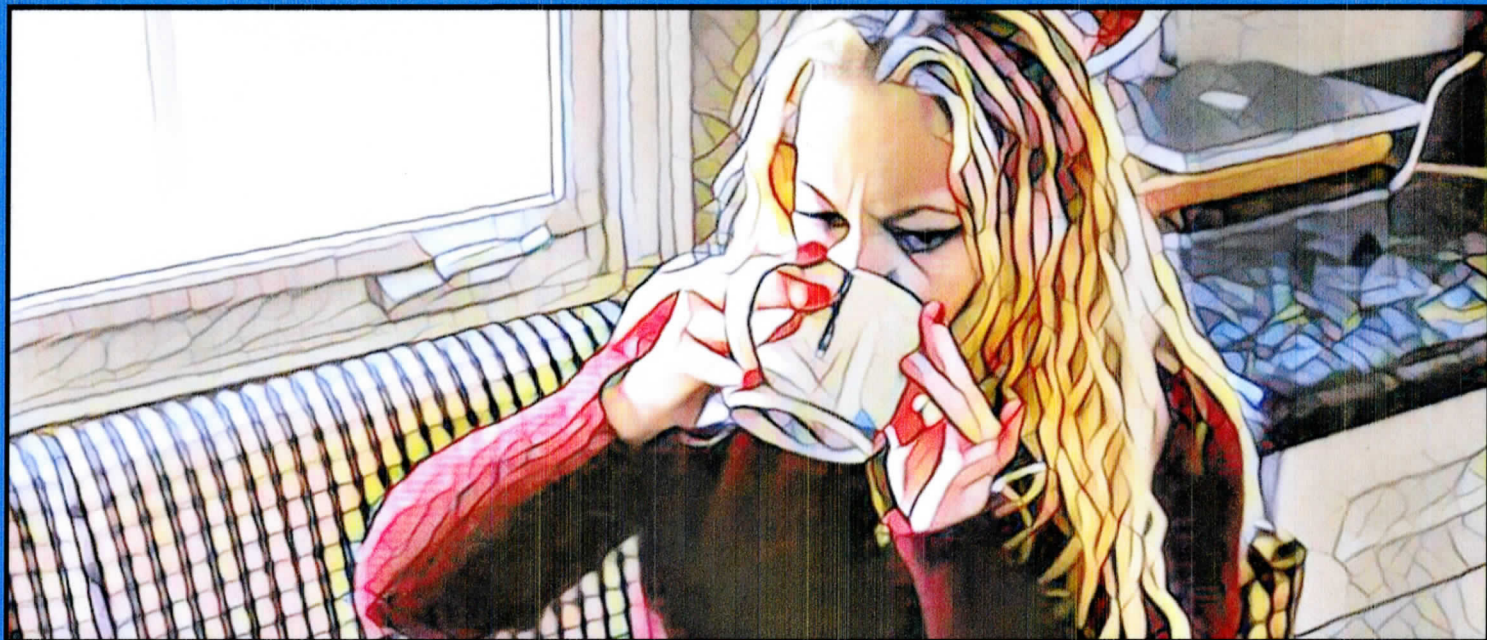






You
know what
they say...
coffee is
enhanced with
Whiskey





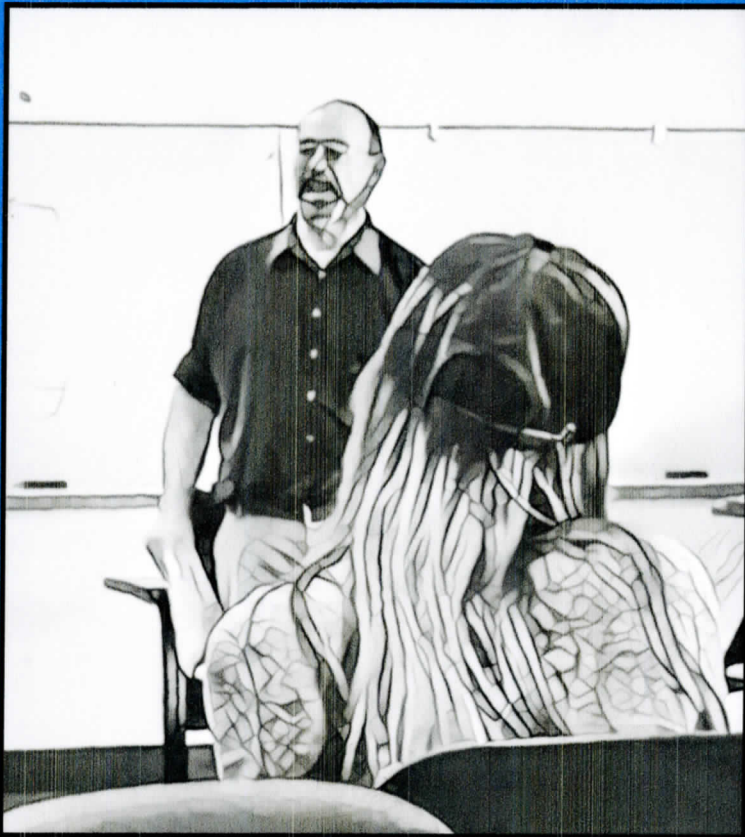
The time was then when I decided to contemplate my actions, what had just happened, and how that particular argument was different from all the rest.



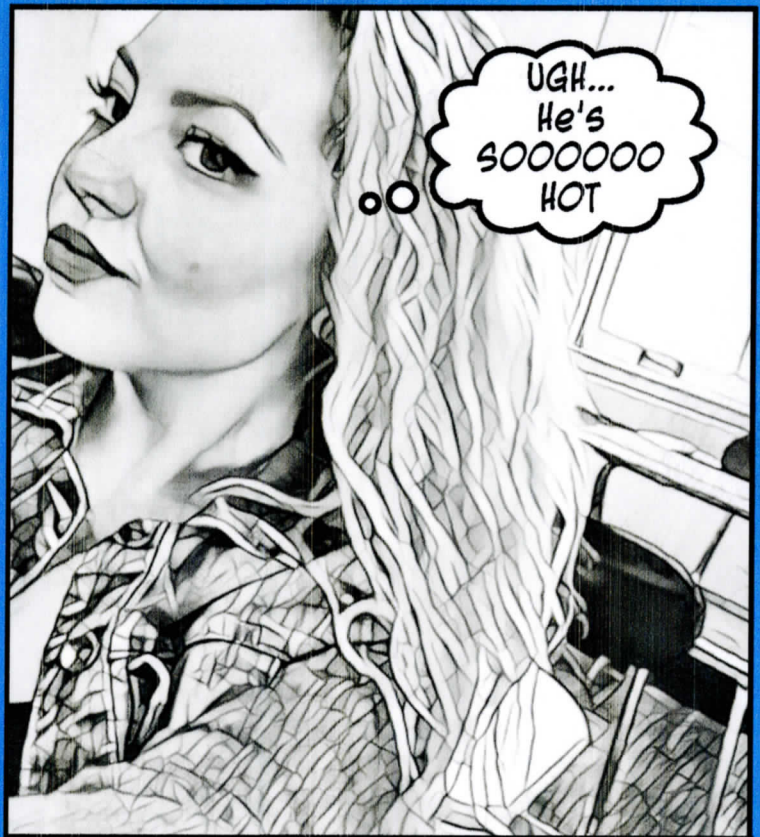
MUCH better!



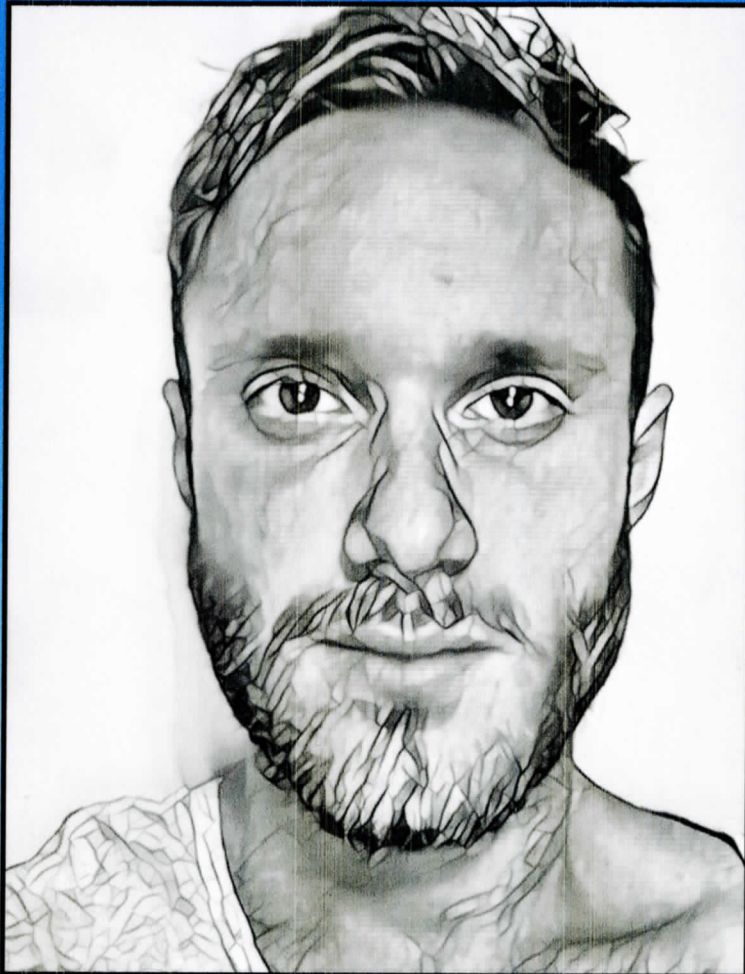
Before I knew it...I found myself on the floor with my dog, crying, and thinking about how we met...



In music business class, all I could focus on was this cute Swedish guy that sat next to me...



I remember always trying to look my best in front of him. I knew he played guitar and wrote music. That was a MAJOR plus..



**His
Eyes**

...



*His
Beard...*



*His
Wink...*



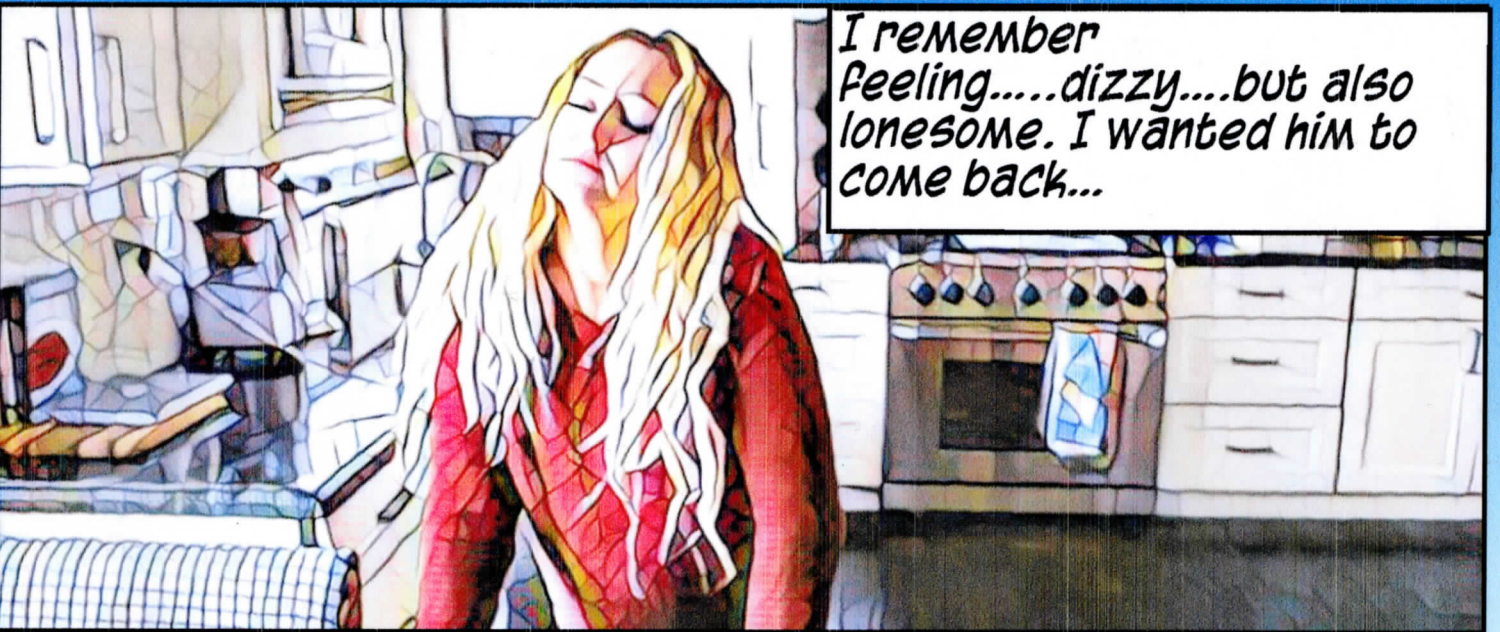
*His
Thumbs
Up...*



Before I knew it, I woke up on the floor with my other dog...



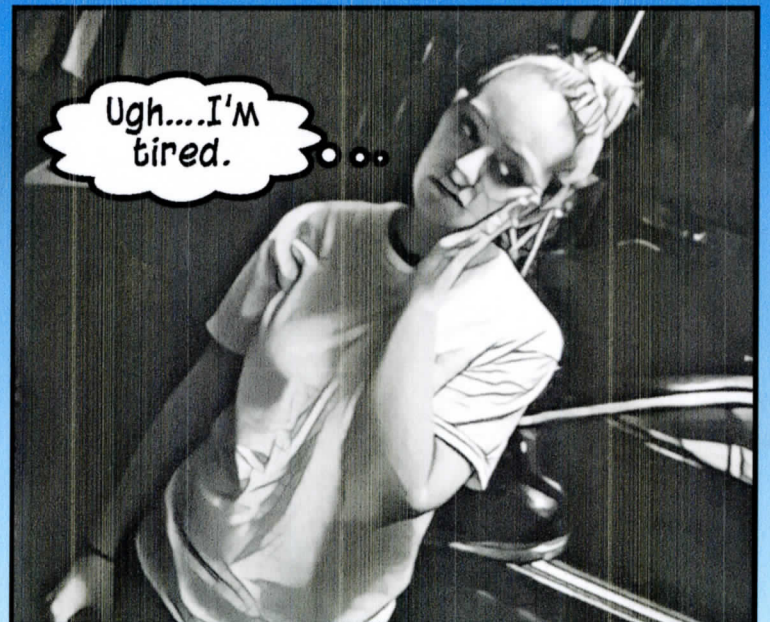
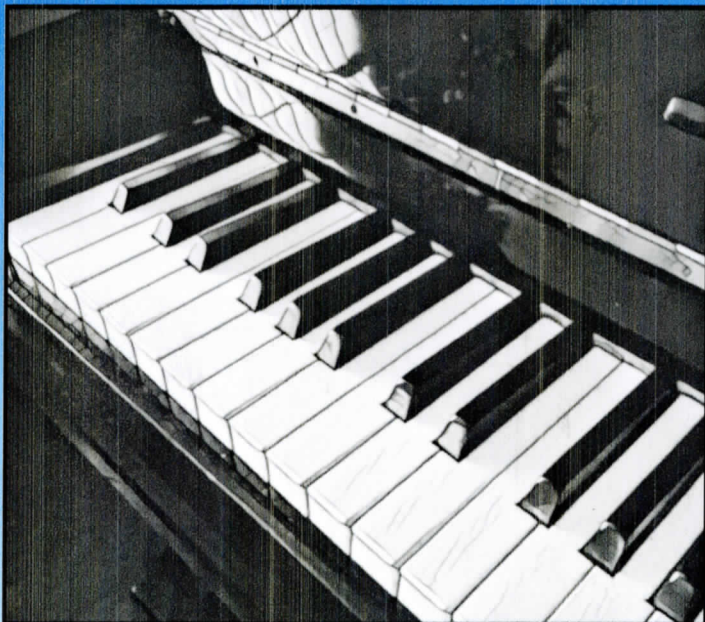
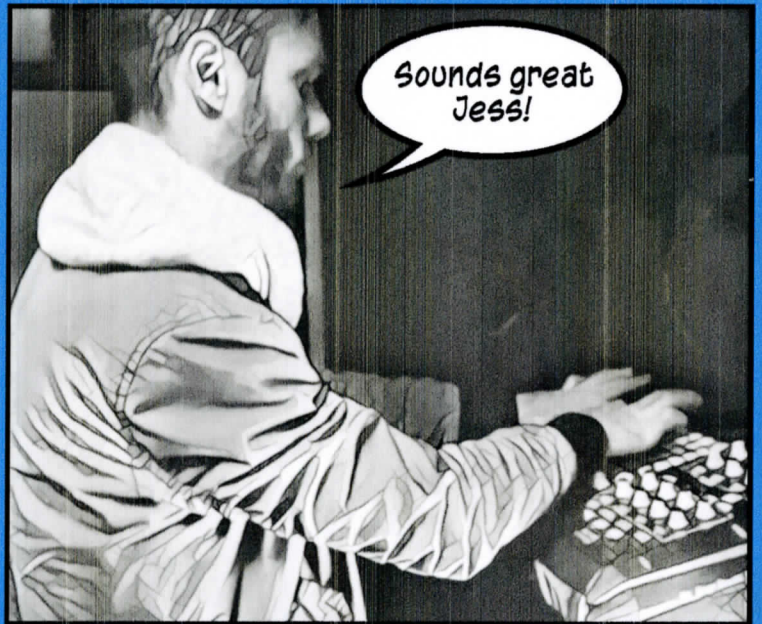
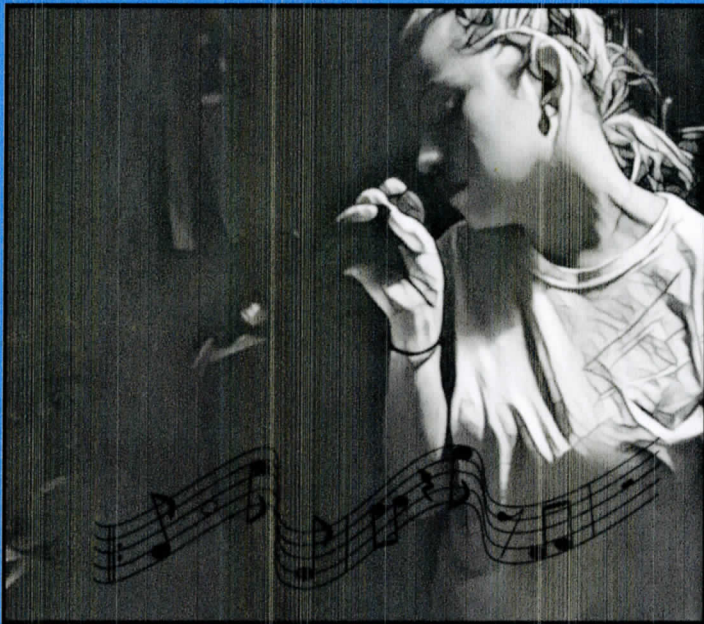
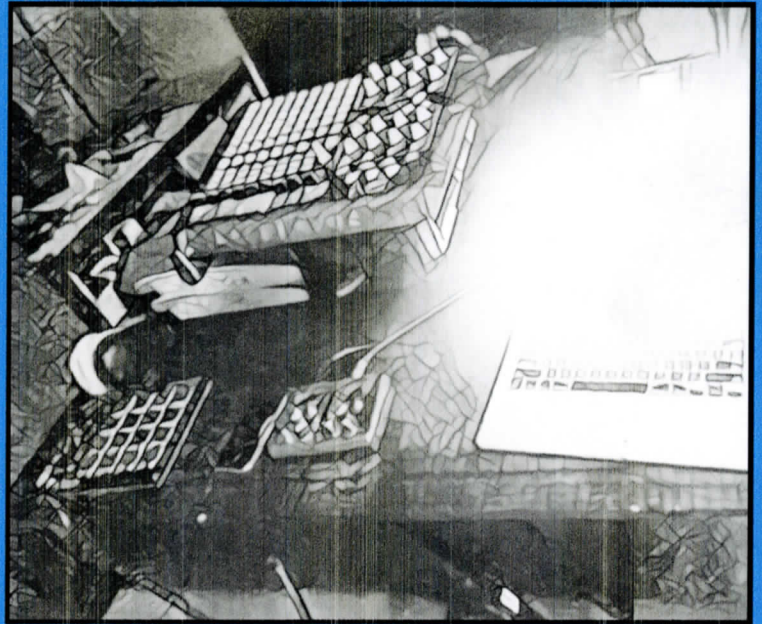
That was weird...



I remember feeling....dizzy....but also lonesome. I wanted him to come back...



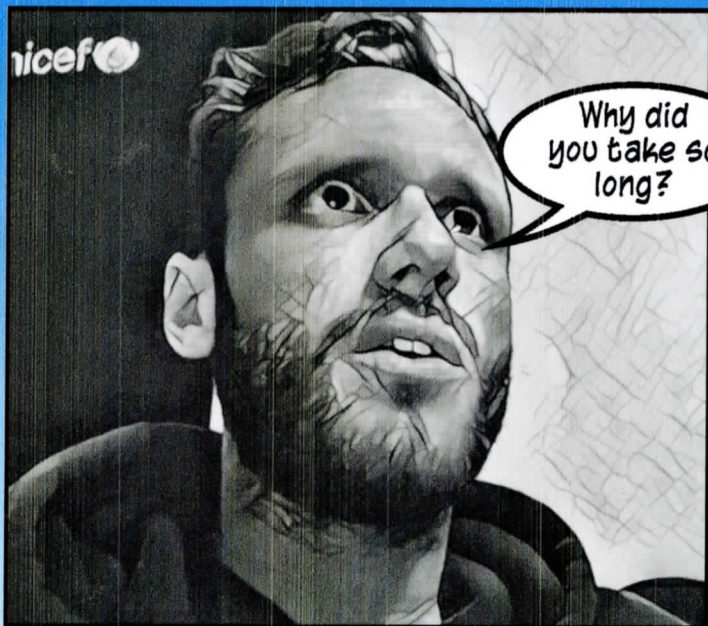
I sat back down in contemplation once again... I knew we had fought...but this time was different. Of course I was sad, who wouldn't be? Although, I was sort of proud of myself. I had previous lash outs that tested my bad temperament...

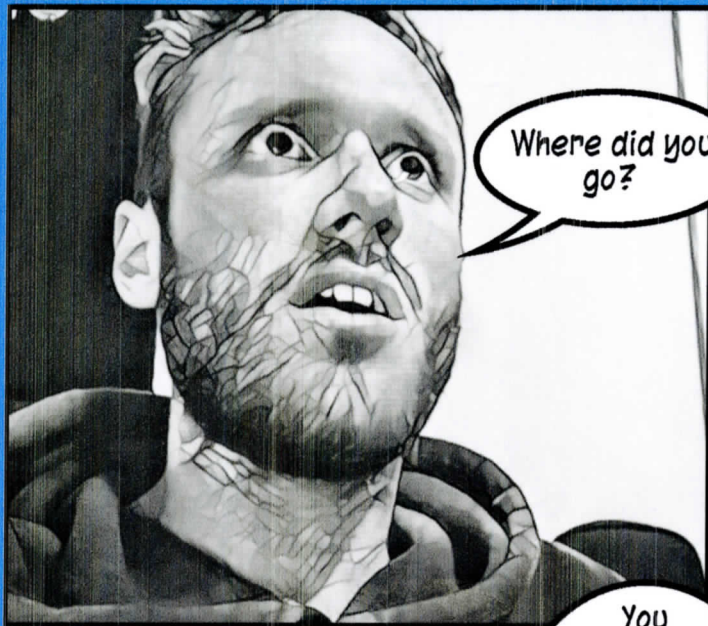


Hey, I'm gonna step out for about an hour and then I'll be right back to continue practicing for our show.

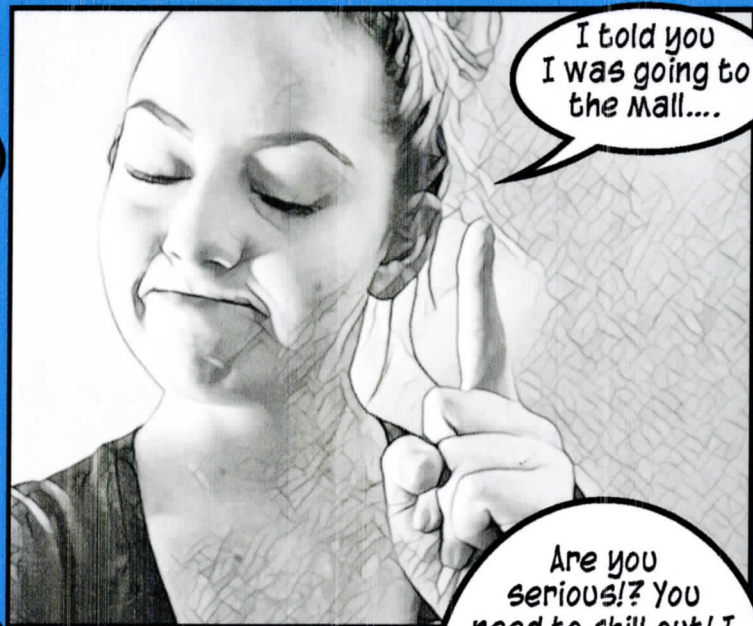


3 HOURS
LATER

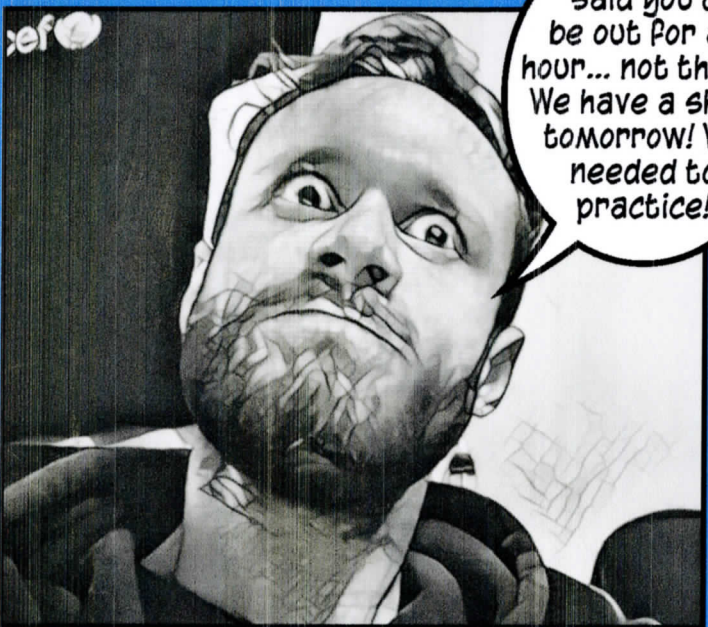




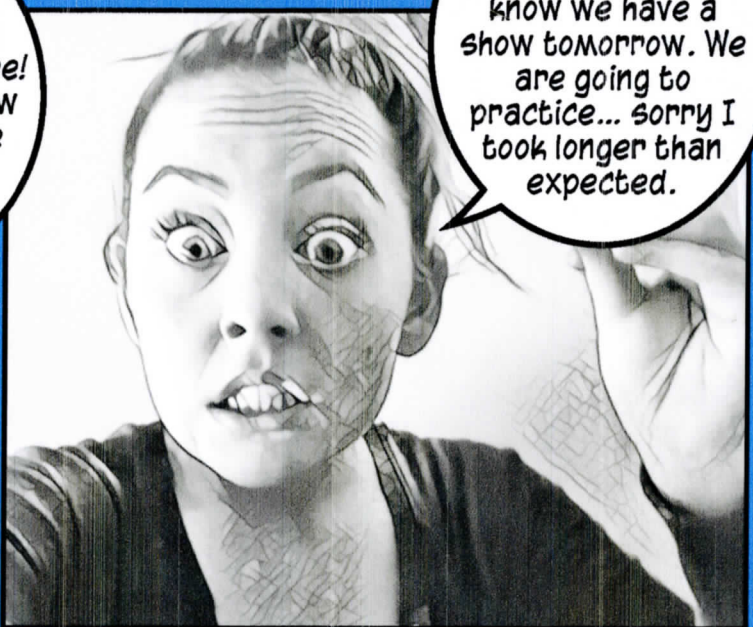
Where did you go?



I told you I was going to the Mall....



You said you'd be out for an hour... not three! We have a show tomorrow! We needed to practice!



Are you serious!? You need to chill out! I know we have a show tomorrow. We are going to practice... sorry I took longer than expected.



You're not taking this seriously...

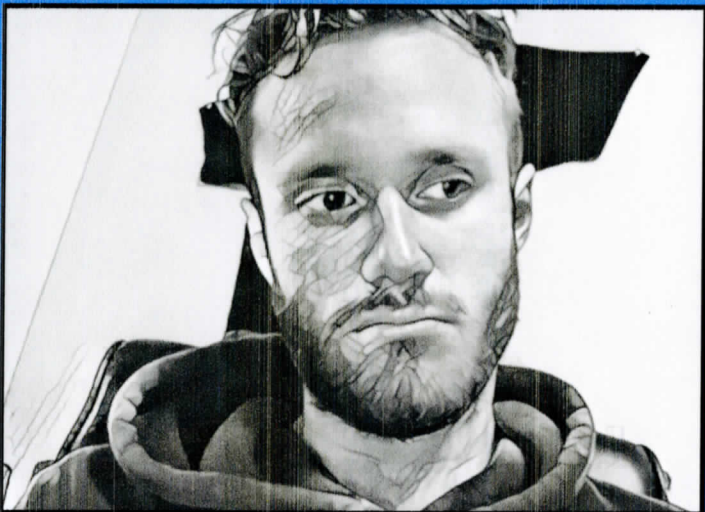
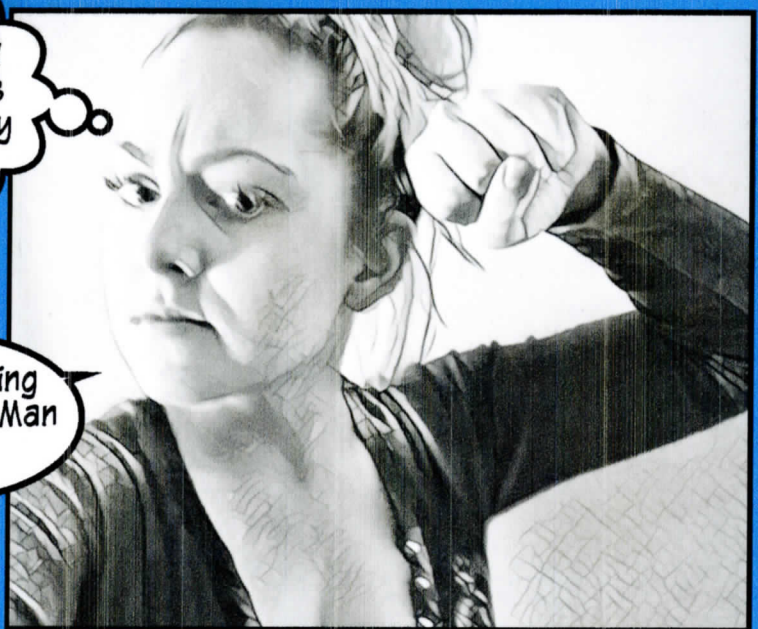


Trust me, it is serious. I'm not the one that needs to practice. You're the one that needs to get your shit together

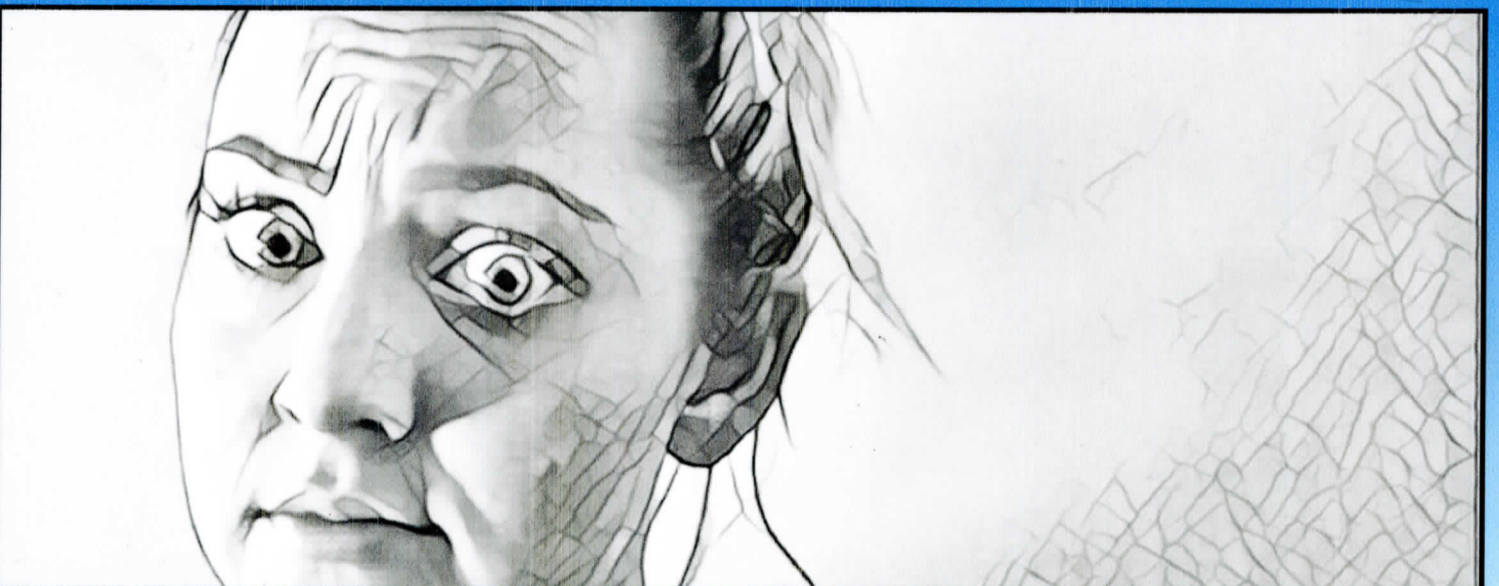
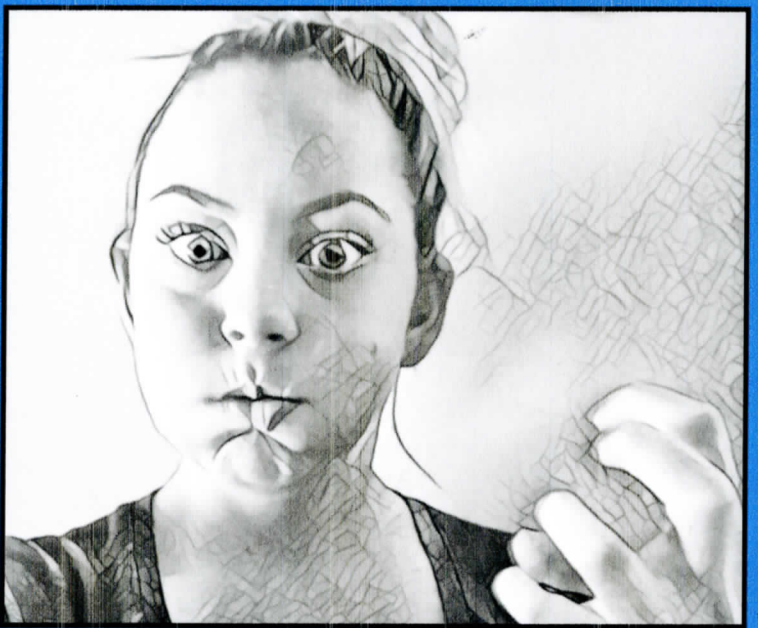


He attacks me! And now he's trying to play the victim!

Stop playing the victim! Man up!



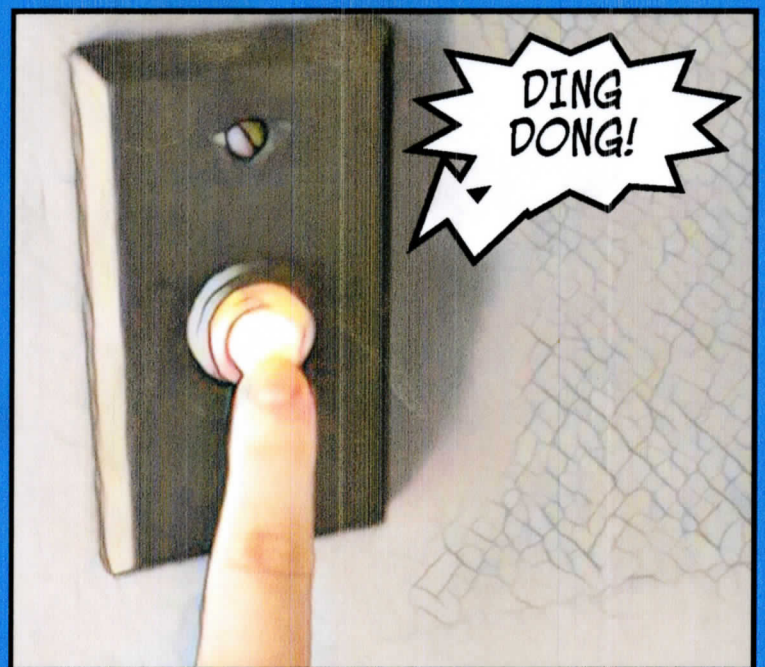
I realized at that point I had taken it too far... I not only attacked him as my music partner... But I attacked him as a person.



I went way too far and realized I needed to work on my anger issues, otherwise, I could potentially loose my best friend, my boyfriend, and also my music partner. This isn't any normal relationship. There is much at stake.



I then heard something at the door....

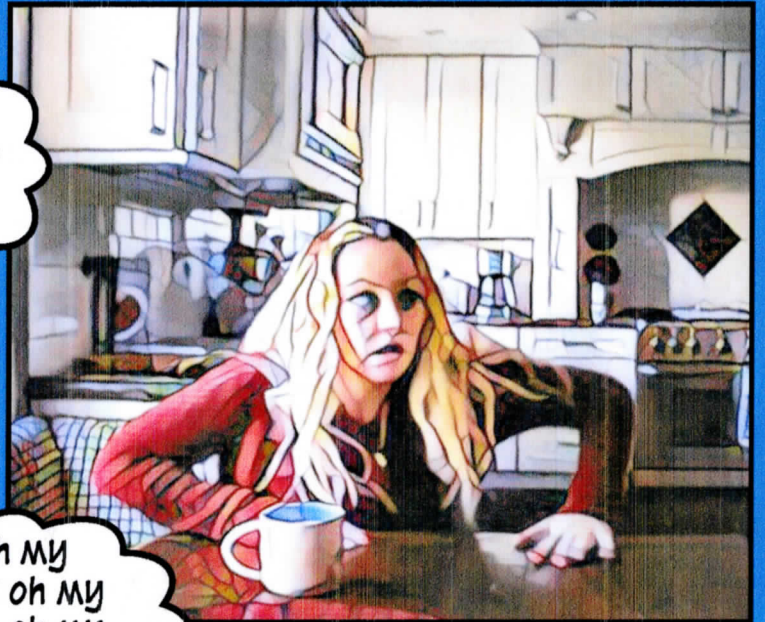


DING DONG!



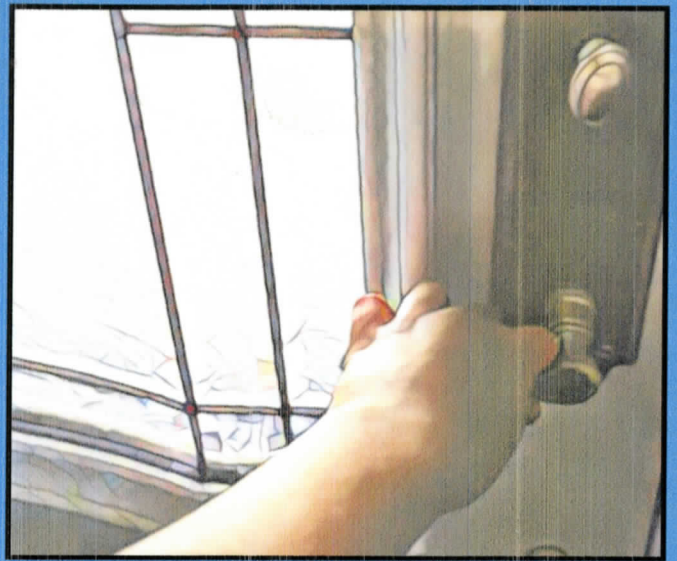
Okay one more sip...

Oh My god, oh My god, oh My gawddddd!!!





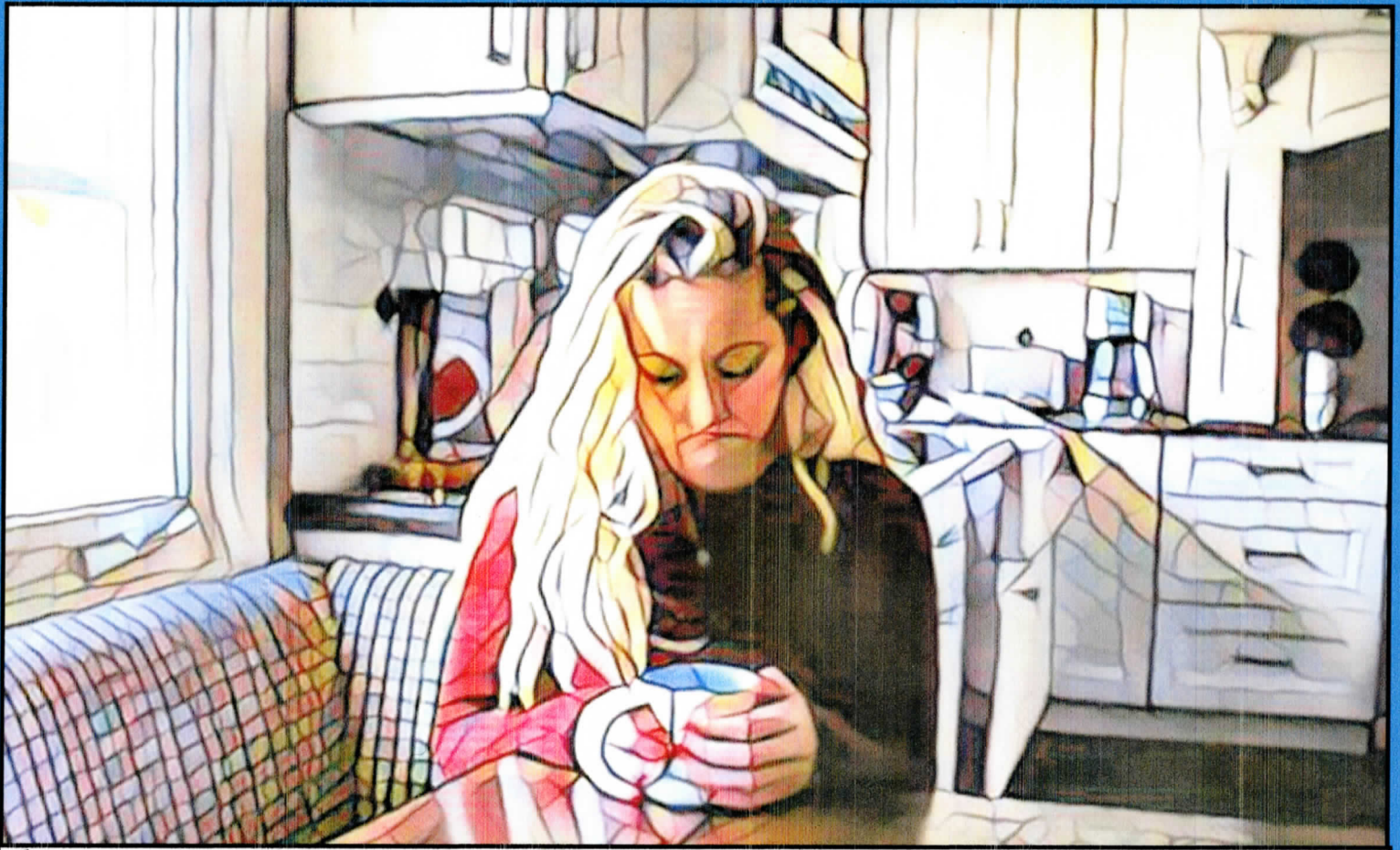
This door had never looked so scary....



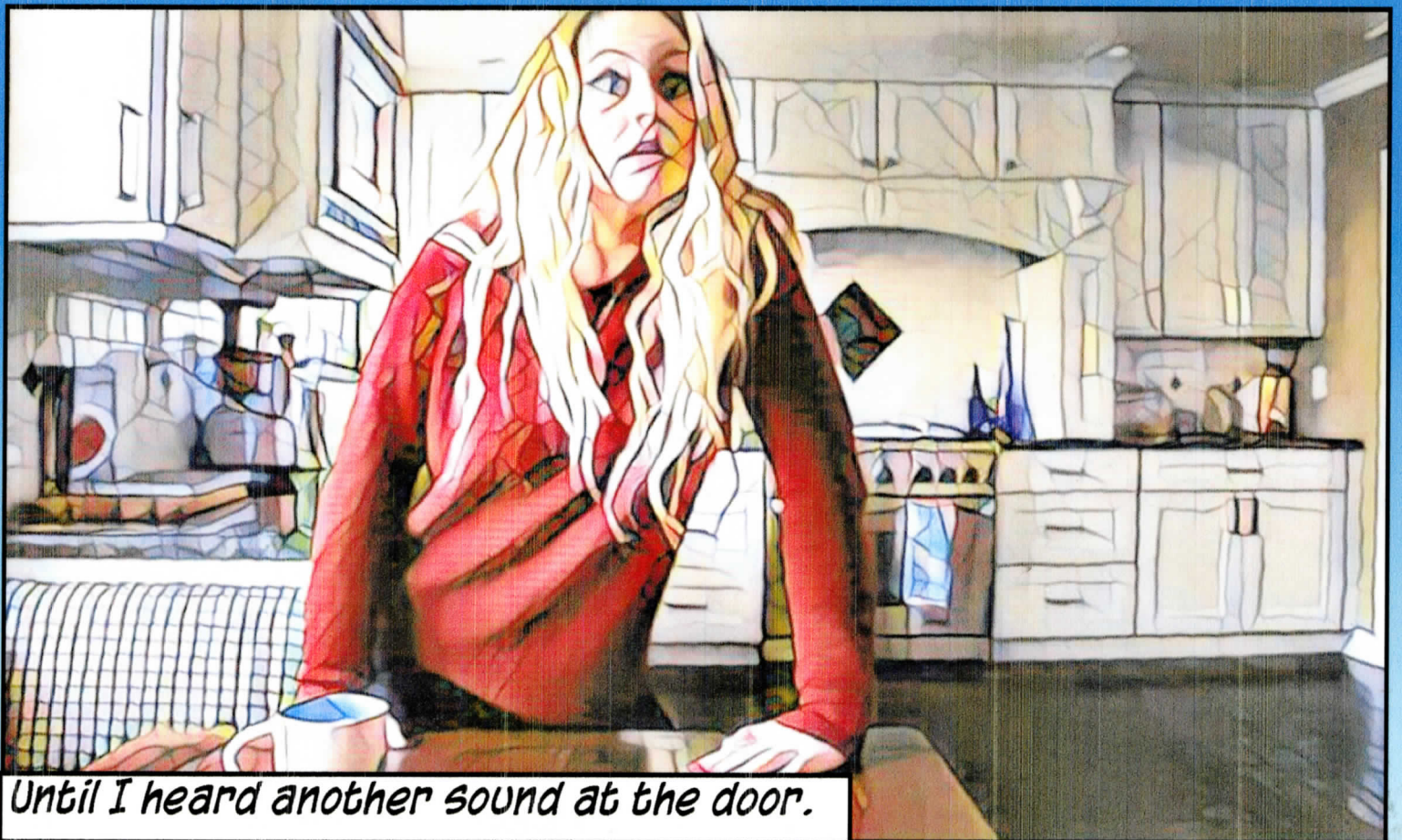
UGH!



I was secretly hoping it was Viktor... Unfortunately, it was just a package.



I began to sit in silence once again...



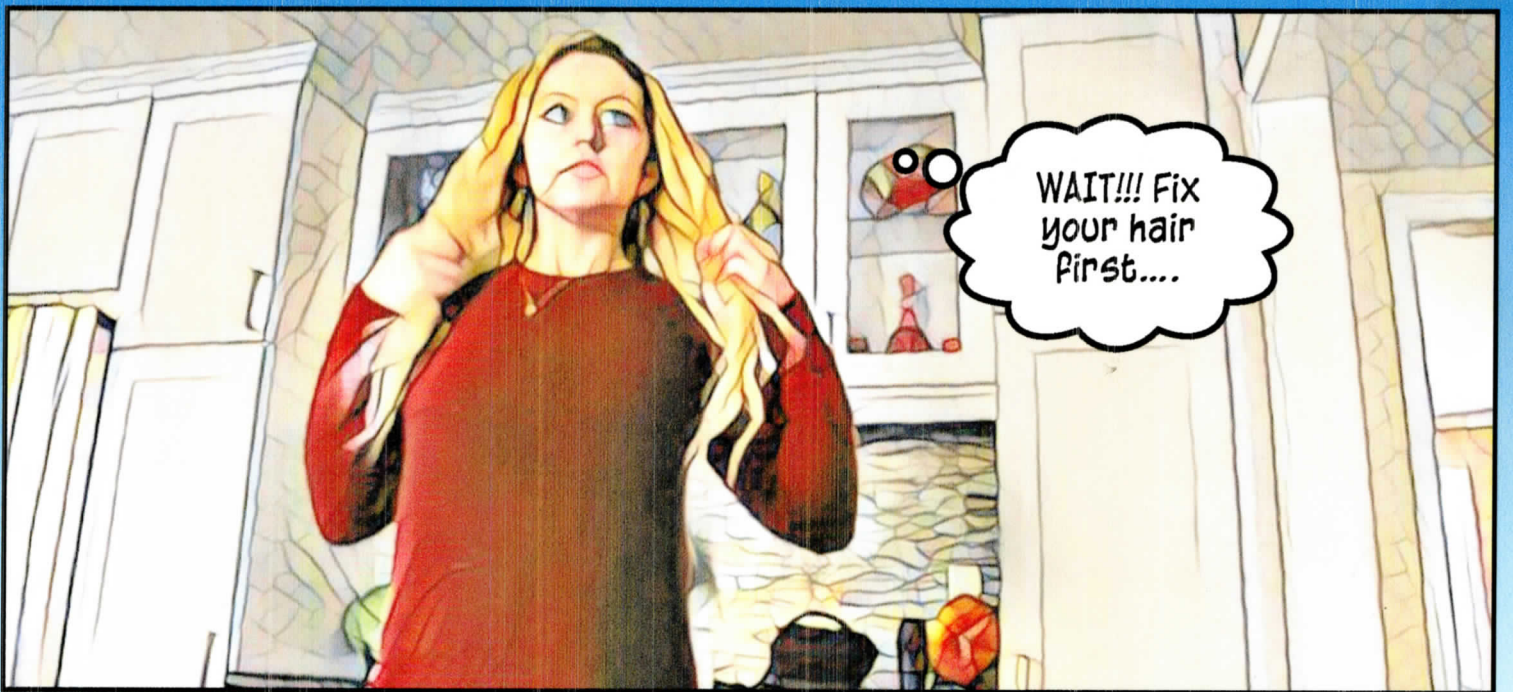
Until I heard another sound at the door.



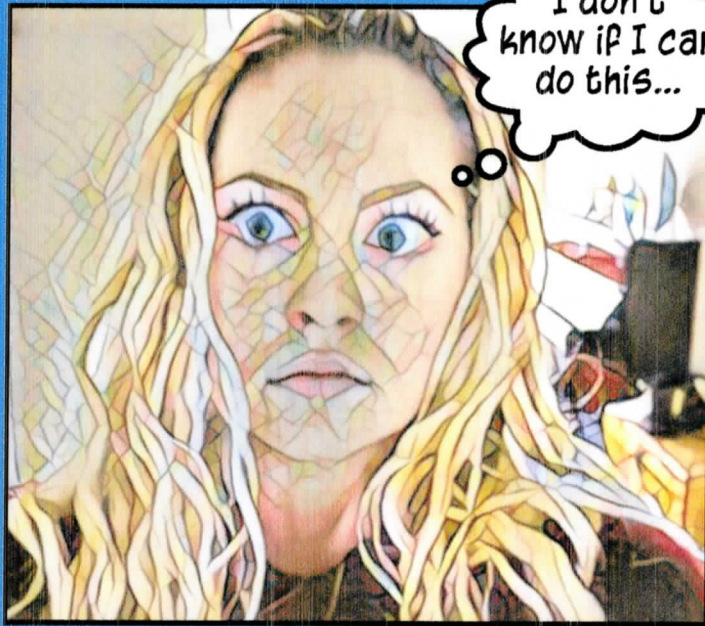
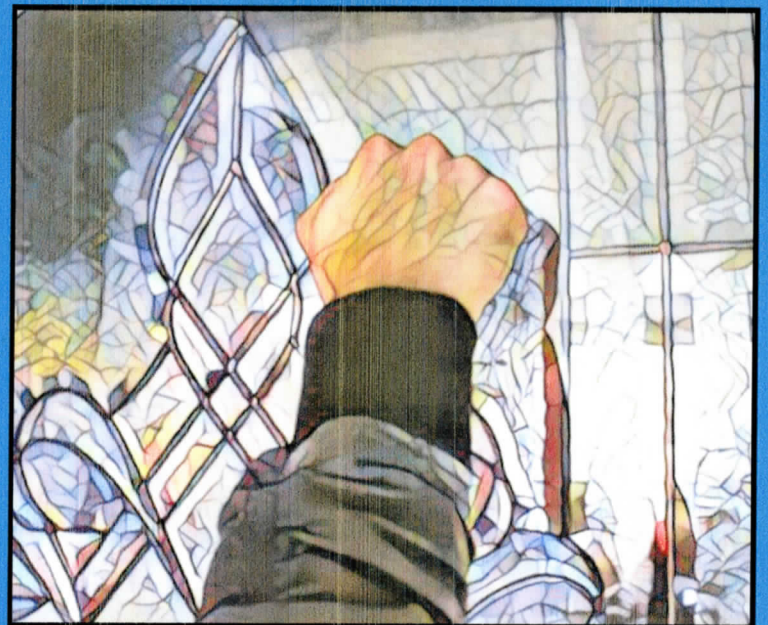
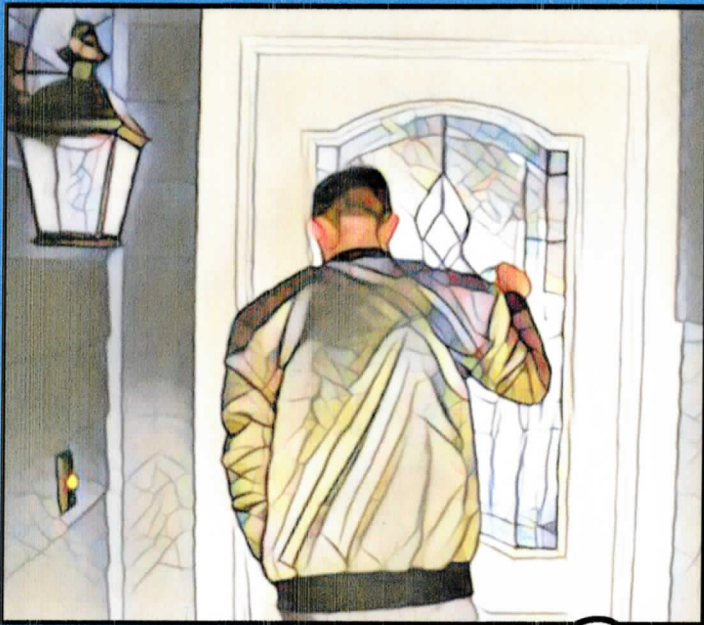
Okay breathe....



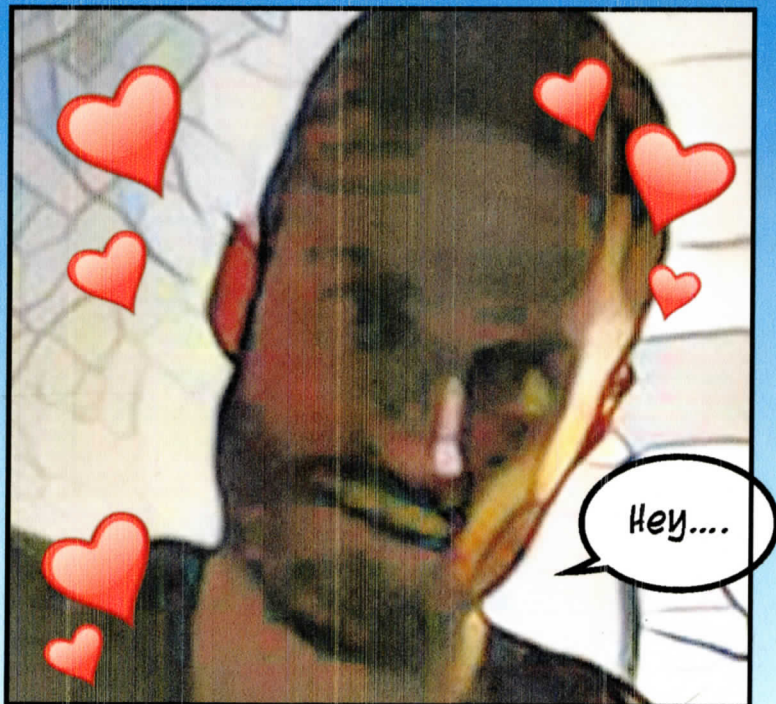
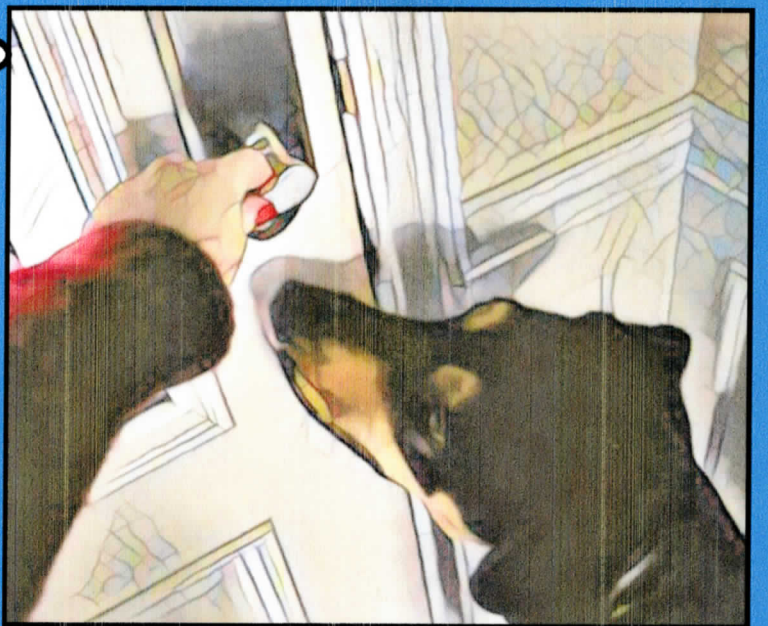
You can do this...
you can do
this....**PULL YOURSELF
TOGETHER!**



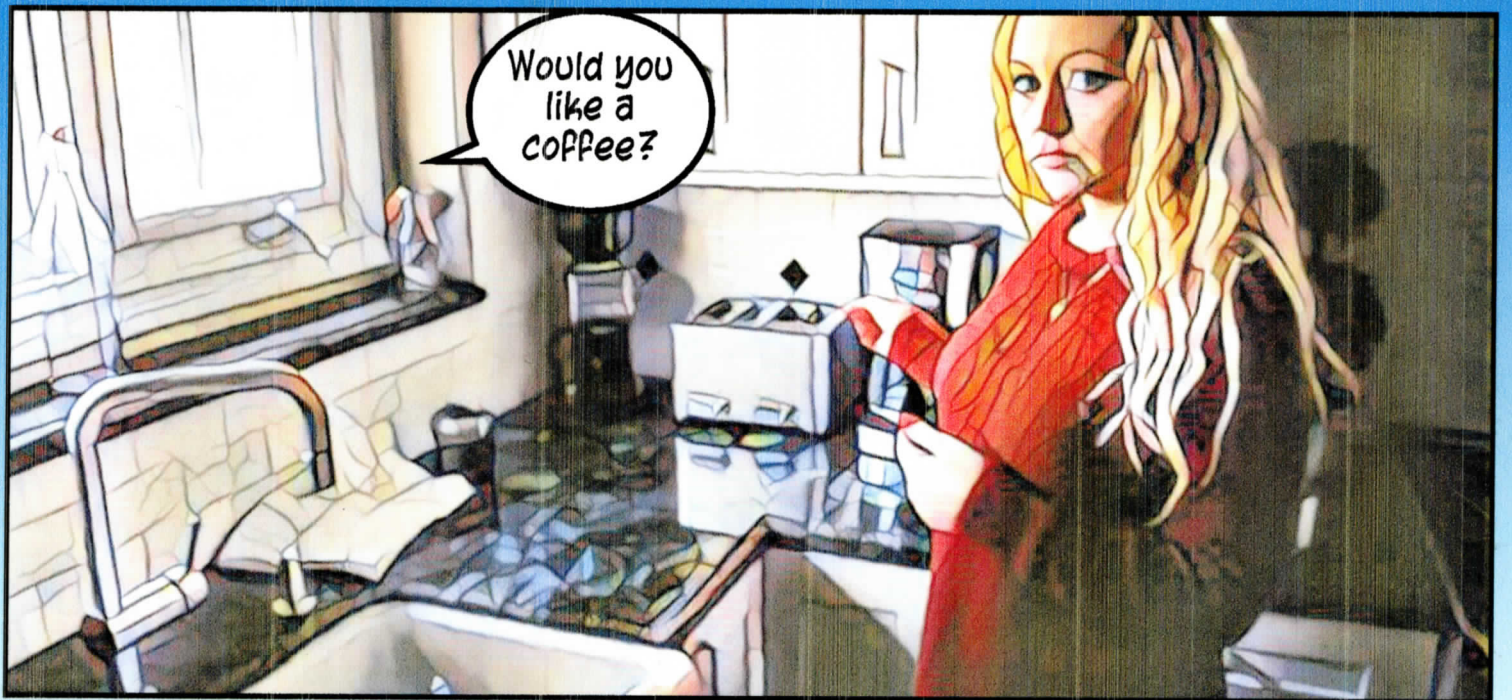
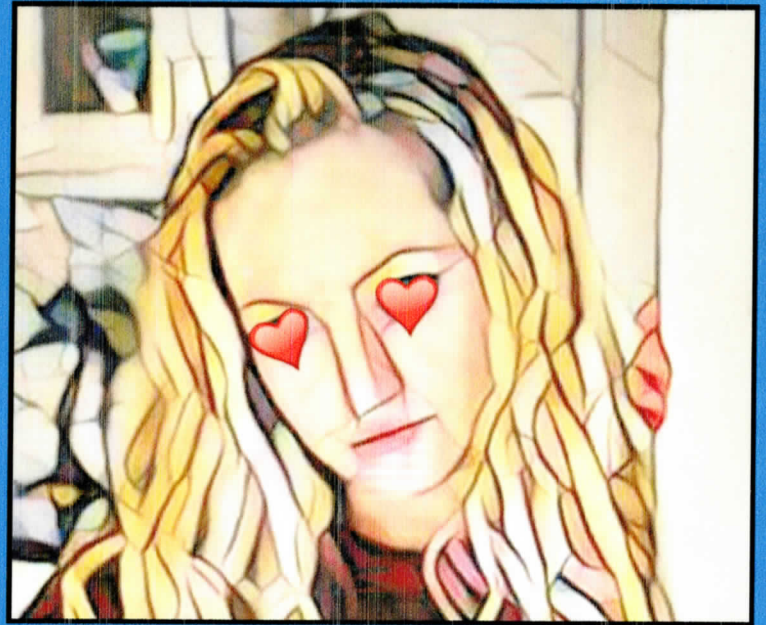
WAIT!!! Fix
your hair
first....

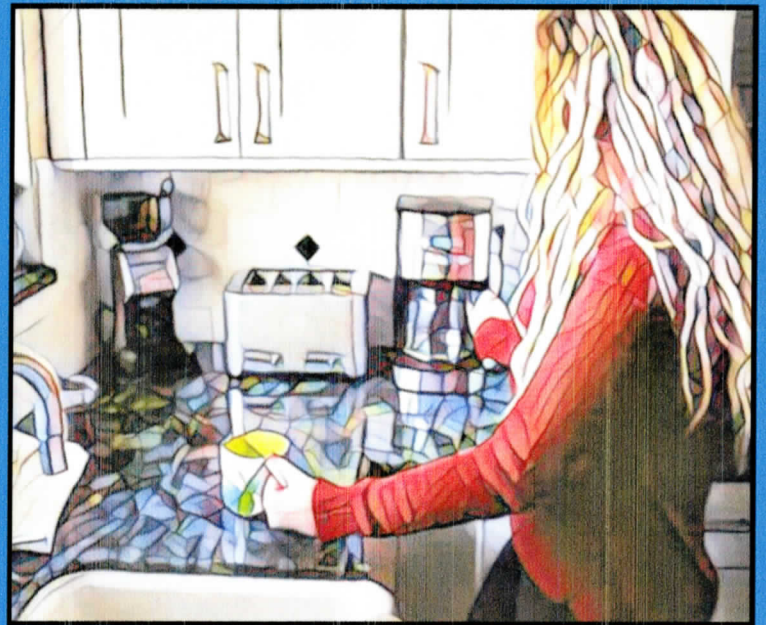
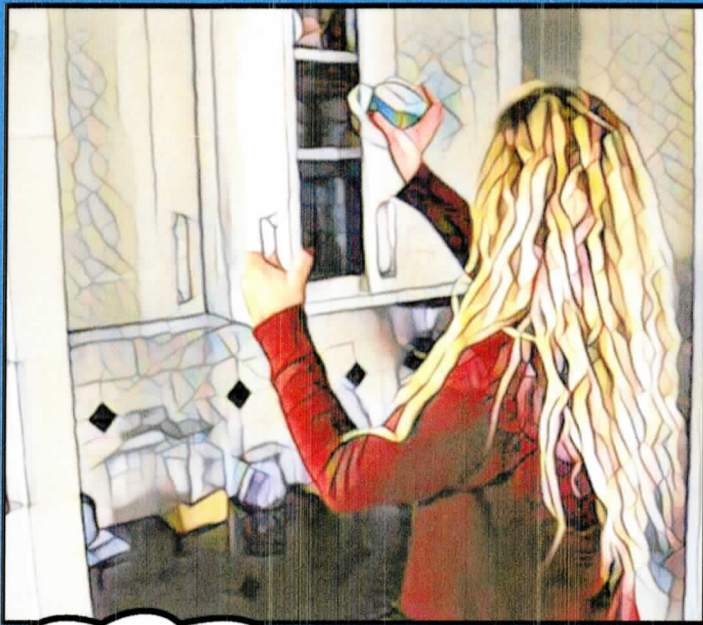


I don't know if I can do this...



Hey....

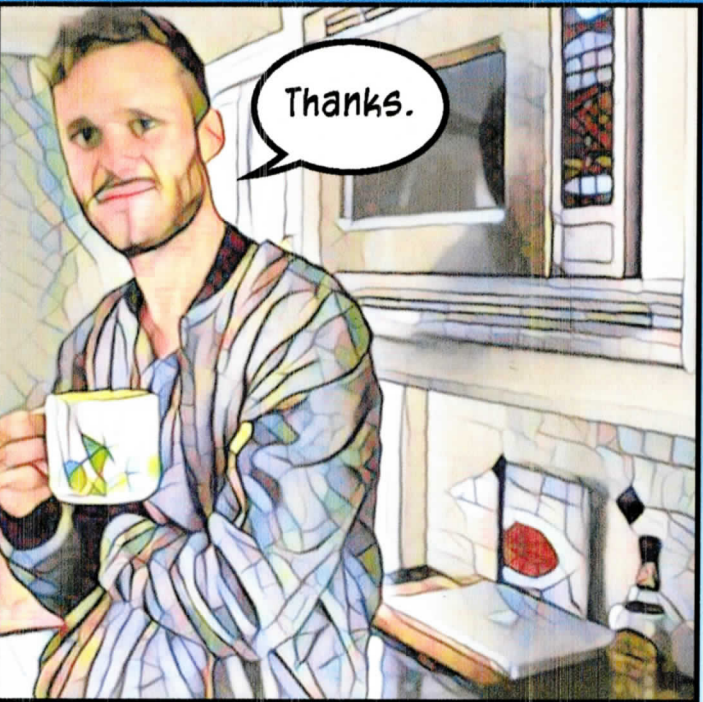




Dont spill...That would be embarrassing.



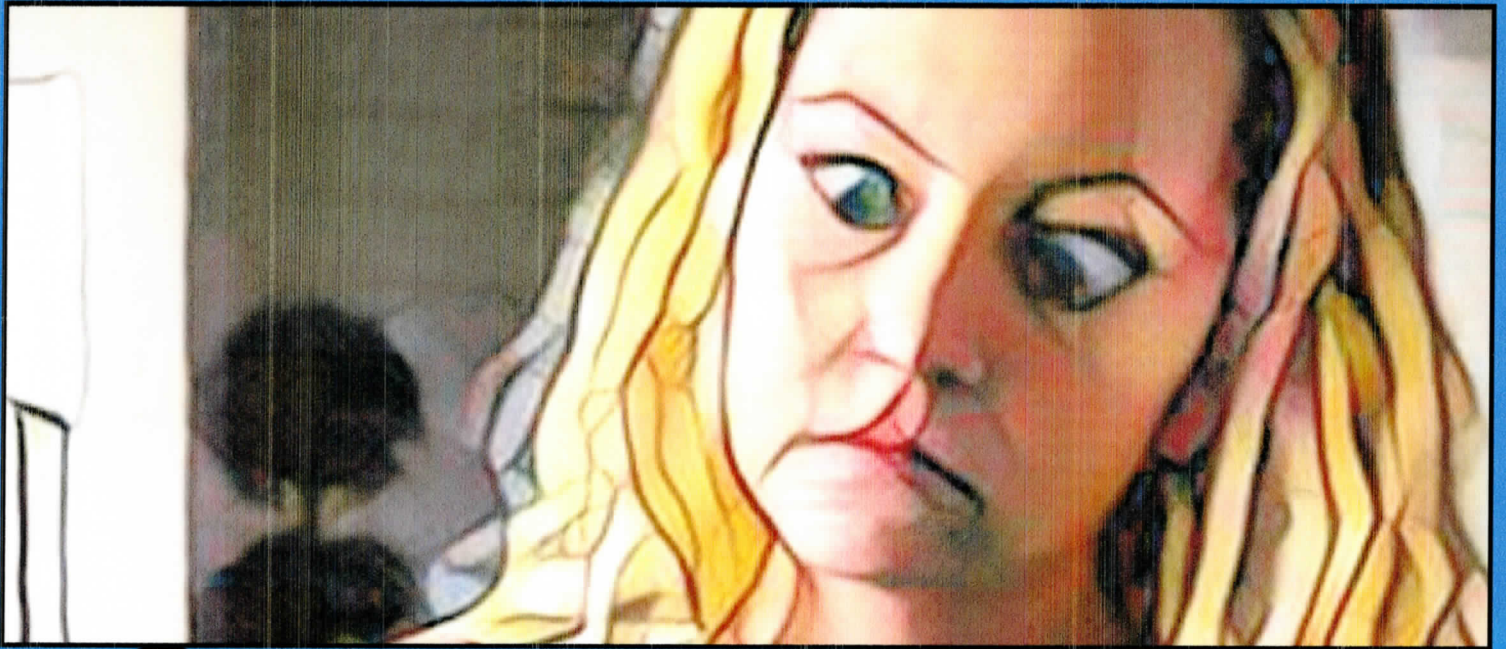
Here you go.



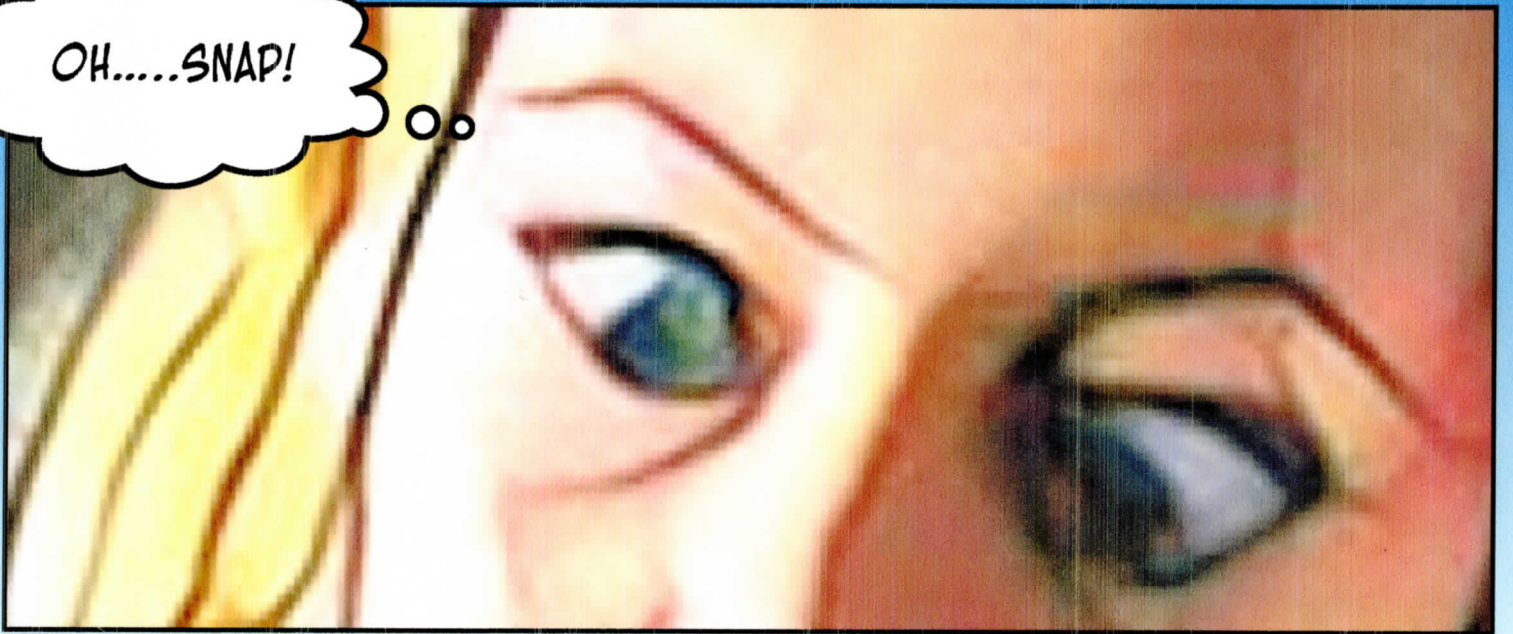
Thanks.



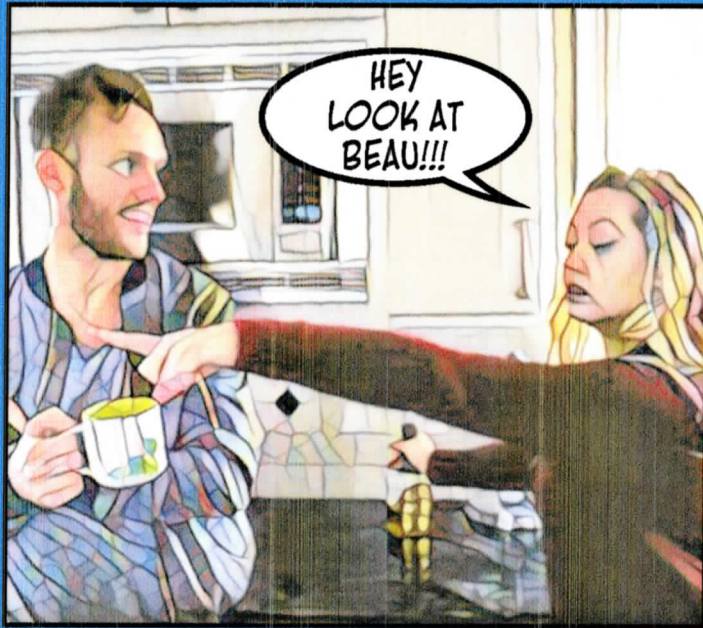
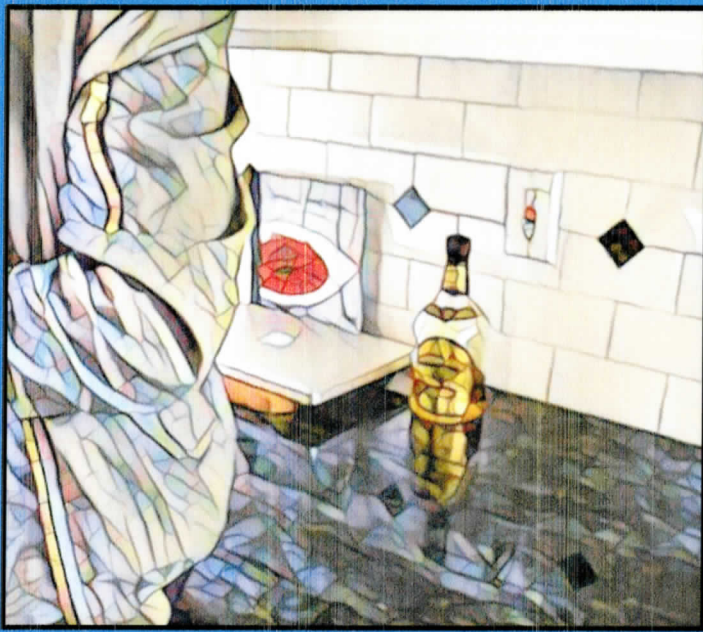
No prob.

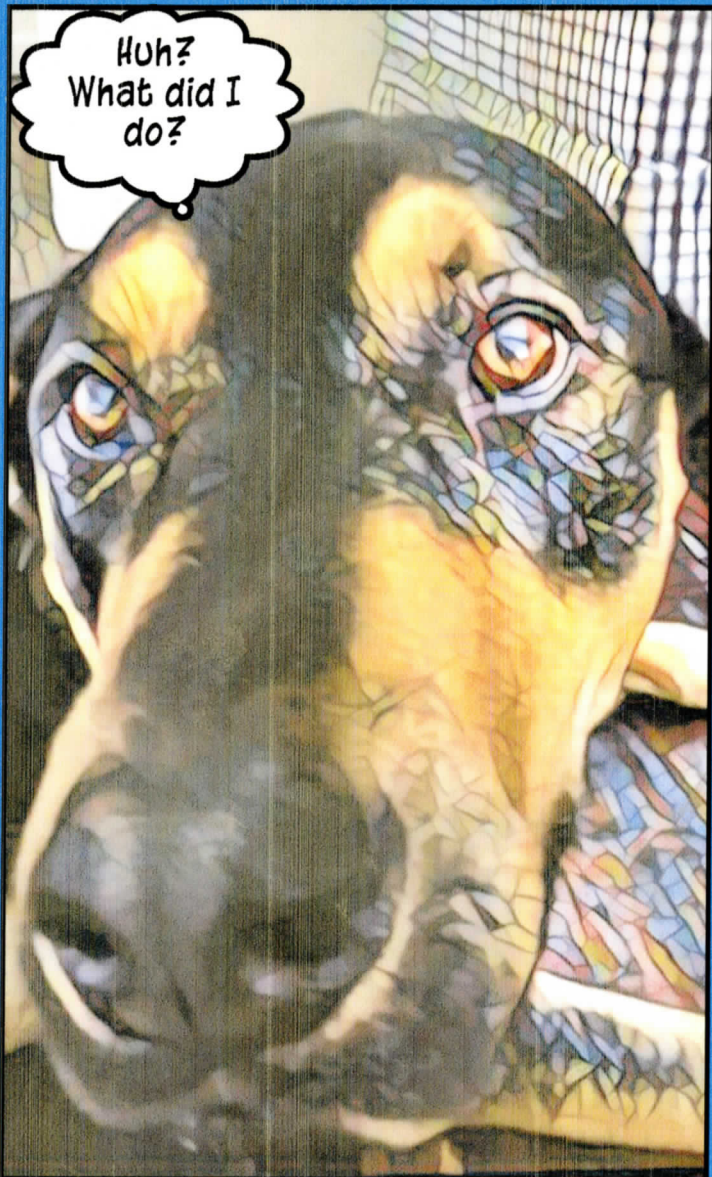


OH.....SNAP!



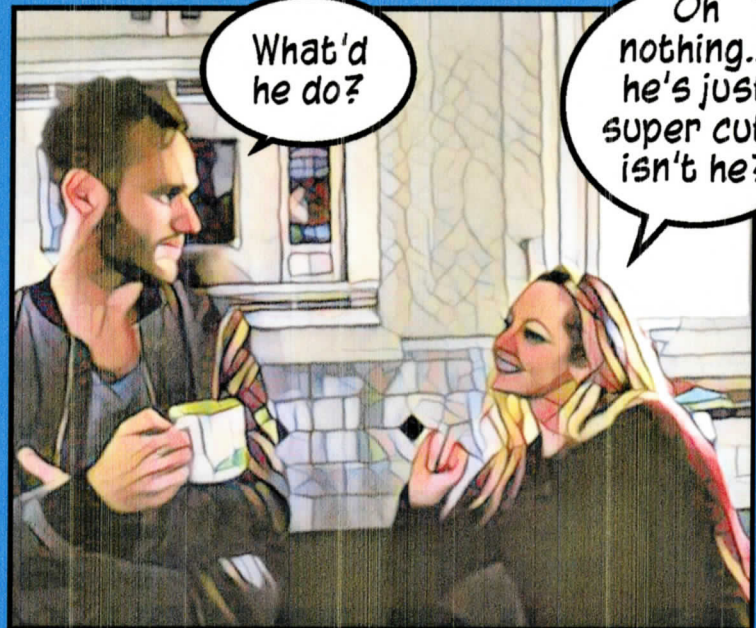






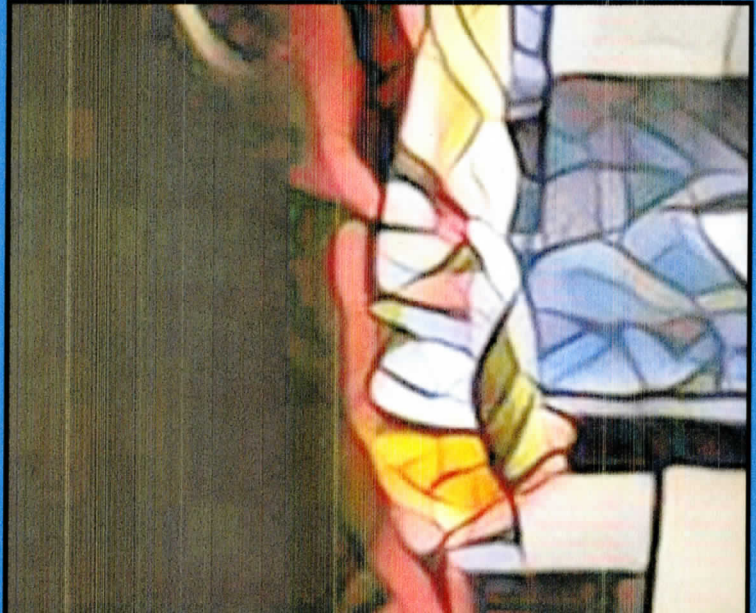
Huh?
What did I
do?

My dog never lets me down!



What'd
he do?

Oh
nothing...
he's just
super cute
isn't he?



Yea he is
haha...

Thank
god...thanks
Beau...



I invited him to sit down..



I'm sorry I walked out.. I just needed some time to cool down...



Yea it was kind of a jackass move....



I mean....I PFELT... SAD when you left. But I understand you needed to. I'm sorry as well.

Throughout *The Music Mess*, I looked at reasons as to why I was always feeling extreme rage in argumentative situations. First I contemplated if it was a cultural behavior. I also took the route of denial by putting the blame on the other person. After feeling lonesome following the last fight, I spent that time reflecting on myself, past events, and that current one at hand. I realized that there was so much at stake when allowing myself to lash out so easily. It was not only relationships that can fault, but it was me as a person. I also realized that there are more important things in life than to be so angry all the time. Learning how to own up to my anger and then let them go was an extremely challenging thing to do. But despite it's difficulty, I was able to overcome my obstacles.

The Music Mess is not only the story of a girl with much to loose, it is a comedic story to help others see that anger is not always the answer. Allowing yourself to feel extreme rage can risk so much in a persons life. There may also come a point of no return. Being able to recognize severe anger is the first step. Contemplating the pros and the cons is the second step. Letting the bad habits go is the third step. And the fourth step is, watch your life change.

By: Jessica Lombardozzi

I would like to make a special thanks to my brother, Nicholas Lombardozzi, and Viktor Ahlgren for helping take the photos present in this comic. I would also like to thank Prisma for their artwork service which is incorporated in the visuals for this comic.