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There's a Scream Inside We All Try to Hide 4, 7, 8

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Cover Page Footnote

Photographer: Brandy L. Anderson Model: Ambreal Williams Makeup: Kayla Anderson

called out her endearing nickname for him again before opening the closet with a firm tug.

Her stilettos fell ungracefully to the floor as she brought her hands up to cover the scream that was forming on her lips. Tears immediately sprung from doe eyes and her chest heaved as Eliot continued to defy gravity with a leather belt.

In that moment, her world shattered. No, it was obliterated like a vase connecting with the ground. She was a billion pieces, hopelessly irreparable and undisputedly broken.

...

SHE UNDERESTIMATED THE MEDIA coverage his death would get and how much it would affect her. She didn't know she would fall apart every time she saw his face on a tabloid or another headline titled "**GENIUS DESIGNER KILLS**

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HIMSELF". The easiest way she found to remedy this was to simply not go outside or be online.

Perhaps it seemed morbid, to stay in the apartment of a dead man, but she had no place to go. It was in this unraveled state that she got the call. The steady trilling broke the precarious quiet that had fallen over the home. She brought it to her ear, an annoyed frown on her lips.

"Jesus, it's only been three days, Monica. Tell them I'm being human."

"Darling, I know it hurts but you have to move on. And *Vogue* waits for no one, not even model superstars like yourself." A beat. "Monica—Screw you and *Vogue*."

Her arm swung back and glass rained. She then returned to her previous position, bringing his jacket to her face and balling herself up on his corner of their couch.

**THERE'S A SCREAM INSIDE
WE ALL TRY TO HIDE 4, 7, 8**
Brandy L. Anderson

