

Tourniquet

By Blaze-of-Darkness

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Song Fic. "Tourniquet" by Evanescence. For years Keira has been miserable, hopeless, lonely, and empty and after seeing Jak and Ashlien kiss, she makes one final decision. Suicide.

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Blaze-of-Darkness/35510/Tourniquet>

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1 - Tourniquet

Blaze-of-Darkness: Yes, another song fic. I've been feeling a little down lately and wanted to get my mind off of it so I wrote this. This fic was inspired by Evanescence's Tourniquet ; if you've ever listened to it before, you probably already know it's a suicide song. I consider this another version of The Ghost of You , only Erol doesn't come back.

WARNING! THIS FIC CONTAINS CHARACTER DEATH/SUICIDE! IF YOU DON'T LIKE, DON'T READ THIS! IF YOU FLAME ME TELLING ME YOU DON'T LIKE IT BECAUSE KEIRA KILLS HERSELF, YOU'RE AN IDIOT.

Disclaimer: I own nothing.

TOURNIQUET

I tried to kill the pain

But only brought more

I lay dying

And I'm pouring crimson regret and betrayal

I'm dying, praying, bleeding and screaming

Am I too lost to be saved?

Am I too lost?

Stupid Jak! Stupid Ashlien! I wish they'd all die! Keira seethed, kicking a rock into the water. Keira continued to walk along the beach, cursing and muttering rude things about Jak and Ashlien. Oh, how she hated them. Especially Ashlien. Ever since Jak came back into Keira's life, Ashlien came into her life too. Ever since she ended up in Haven City her life had been hard and difficult. Keira had been through so much; she'd been raped, mugged, and even abused by a man that she hardly even knew. Her life had been full of hardship, she didn't need this. If only Jak and Ashlien didn't kiss. If only they weren't together. *Ashlien, that slutty whore! What the hell does Jak see in her? I'm way better than her& she thought bitterly, &or am I not? Oh, forget it, Keira. The only person who ever loved you back was Erol, but he was a psychopath and killed himself. Face it. You're nothing. You mean nothing. No one wants you around; not Torn, not Tess, not Dexter and not even Daddy&I don't get it. What did I ever do wrong?* She kicked another rock. What was the point of existence if everyone hated you and there was nothing there for you either? She had asked herself that question so many times before and it always led

to other things. Keira pulled down part of her glove and looked at her wrist. Scars covered the flesh of her wrists; some small, some large, others deep and others merely scratches. Is this what she had become?

My God, my tourniquet

Return to me salvation

My God, my tourniquet

Return to me salvation

Keira dropped to her knees and began to cry and beat the ground with her fist. Why? WHY? WHY! she cried out, Why does it have to be me? What did I do wrong? she was screaming now. She rolled over on her side and sobbed uncontrollably. All of a sudden her life just seemed so pointless and hopeless. The loneliness and hopelessness were tearing her apart on the inside. She was nothing but a lost cause. *I don't want to be here anymore&I want to end this suffering&I want to be free&* she curled up into a ball feeling the cold of emptiness and loneliness taking over her body. She had nothing or no one to live for. She was just&empty. Nothing. Hopeless. She wanted her life to end so badly at this point. The question was: how? She wanted it to be quick and painless, but how could she do that? Then her prayers were answered. Looking up from her position on the ground, she saw a nearby cliff; a rocky ledge nearly fifty feet above sea level.

Do you remember me?

Lost for so long

Will you be on the other side?

Or will you forget me

I'm dying, praying, bleeding and screaming

Am I too lost to be saved?

Am I too lost?

A sick and twisted smile crept across Keira's face. Yes&yes&that's how I'll do it. She said, the insanity of the feelings dwelling inside her slowly taking control of her mind. Slowly, she picked herself up and started heading over to the large drop-off. Something inside her just snapped and she was just losing it. She had officially gone insane. Keira neared the cliff and stopped when she reached the base of it. After looking over it for a moment she started climbing up the rocky trail to the top. She slipped several times and had a couple of sharp rocks embedded in her hand, but even that didn't stop her. Her mind was set on her suicide. *When I'm gone, nobody will miss me. They'll mourn for me for a day and then get over it and get on with their lives.* She thought, this time with no emotion.

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Keira soon reached the top and she stared down at the ocean below. There were sharp rocks sitting in the murky, shallow water. No one could survive this fall. No one. Not even The Great Jak Mar himself. The same Jak that made her pregnant. But, of course, that didn't matter to her. Not now anyway. Turning back now wasn't an option. Keira didn't even want to turn back. The voice in her head kept repeating I WANT TO DIE! fueling her urge to make the jump. Fueling her urge to die. But something stopped her for a moment. She needed to say her finally goodbye to make them feel guilty and

miserable. She needed to do something that would haunt them for the rest of their lives. She spotted a stick and picked it up. Keira then started scribbling something in the sand.

Dear Friends,

It s come to my attention that I, Keira, mean nothing to you at all. Ever since I arrived in Haven City, I ve been waiting for Jak, Dexter and Daddy to find me. You did find me, but it all went downhill from there. Jak, the one I loved, the one I truly cared about, never stayed with me; he never hung out or talked with me. Why? Because he was too busy frackng that stupid whore of governess that now rules Haven City! Jak stayed with me once when we were drunk and of course it doesn t take a rocket scientist to figure out what happened that night. Daddy never paid attention to me; he was always too busy with saving the forest and shoot. Not even Dexter would pay attention to me! I mean nothing. I am nothing. Why live when no one wants me around? For the past three and a half years, I ve cut myself and drank myself silly! But did anybody care? No! But, Jak, you should care. Especially since I m carrying YOUR baby! frack you all!

No-One-Who-Means-Nothing-To-You

I want to die!!!

Keira took a step back to admire her work. She was pleased with herself and her suicide note. Dropping the stick, she walked over to the edge of the cliff. Keira took a deep breath and started to rethink this whole thing. If she lived, she'd be a mother and maybe Jak would come back to her. Those thoughts were crushed when the vision of Jak and Ashlien kissing and her cutting herself ran through her head.

It's now or never, Keira. And I chose now. She thought. She ran backwards a couple feet and then ran as fast as she could forward, lunging herself over the edge. Keira closed her eyes as she crashed onto the rocks below. What was once a beautiful, young girl was now a horrible, gory mess. Keira's face was ripped apart upon contact with a sharp rock and yet another sharp rock, larger than the other, had torn through her abdomen, exposing her bloody, mangled intestines. Blood mixed with seawater surrounding the corpse. It was certain that Keira was dead.

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SEVERAL HOURS LATER

Keira! Keira! Where are you? many voices called out into the wasteland. It was sunset and the wind was calm. It would be impossible not to find Keira in these conditions. Jak cupped his hands around his mouth, KEIRA! WHERE ARE YOU? he cried out. Upon his ring finger was a golden ring, given proof that he was now engaged to Ashlien. Ashlien tugged on his arm, Let s go to that ledge over there. It s pretty high so maybe we ll be able to spot her. She said, pointing to the cliff. Even though she hated Keira with all her heart, she was still a friend of Jak s and if Jak wanted to look for her, she d have to help too. Besides, she wanted to rub it in Keira s face that she, Ashlien, was getting married to her crush. They hiked up the ledge with great difficulty, only to discover the gruesome suicide note that Keira had left behind for them. Ashlien screamed in horror. The others soon rushed up to the ledge upon hearing their governess scream. What s wrong? Tess asked, completely out of breath from the climb. While she asked them pointless questions, the others read Keira s note. Jak dropped to his knees, That stupid son-of-a-dog! Why? he shouted, WHY? Torn gasped when he looked over the edge. His usually tan face was now as white as snow. No one else dared look over the edge, knowing the gruesome sight that lay below.

My wounds cry for the grave

My soul cries for deliverance

Will I be denied Christ?

Tourniquet

My suicide