

# Life...

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*\*sigh\* Life... ~turns~ it happens. No matter what. People die within time. People break up... People get together. Life, it happens...*

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# 1 - Eddie...

I stood in front of the very grave of my brother. Eduardo Guerrero, or Eddie Guerrero. He's died two years ago now... I've... I've been giving up on myself with this. My matches haven't been the best, Batista and I are kinda screwed up, I'm having heart problems, I'm screwed if I keep up this lifestyle.

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I stood in front of Eddie's grave. The wind started howling gracefully. The graveyard is on an edge. I looked up at the moon scornfully. It glowed a warm, white glow of purity. I heard thunder cackle, a bolt of lightning dashed through the sky. Leaves rustled and flew as I still looked up at the sky. I felt a drop on my face. I continued to look up as I stared at bolts of lightning.

Drop by drop, the rain increased. My hair sunk down and the wind blew the hair out of my red eyes. Followed by a heavy sigh. I kneeled down to inspect Eddie's grave. Rain streamed down it. The rose that was placed there the day of his burial was still there... after two years. It was brown and dead. A single tear streamed down my pink cheeks. The grave had cracks. I sat next to the grave, feeling alone and dead. "I know, Eddie... Goodbye..." I said as I got up. I started to walk away.

I didn't want to turn back, or leave. I glanced back at the lonely grave. The rose finally, blew away... Off the edge. I cried more, but made no noise. I continued to walk away, not looking back. My boots sunk in the mud with each step. I had to take one last look... I looked back again. the lightning cracked behind the grave. I couldn't take it; I ran home, feeling alone and...dead.

## 2 - Edge...Murderer

I ran back to WWE HQ and ran into Batista and I's locker room. "Hey Dameon! What's--" Batista was cut short by my door slamming shut. I changed into my pajamas and threw myself onto my bed. I held my Eddie plushie tightly. I stared deeply into it. It reminded me too much of Eddie. I couldn't take it, this is all too hard. I took my Eddie plushie in my hands and walked over to my closet. "I'm... sorry." I said as I put the plushie on top of a high shelf in my closet. I slammed the door and lay back onto my bed.

Batista opened my door. "Dameon... are you okay? Where have you been?" he asked. I've been somewhere... okay?! You don't need to know." I said as I turned my head. I clenched my pillow tightly. "Alright... you seem troubled. I'm in the other room if you need me." Batista said as he closed my door shut quietly.

I closed my eyes, trying to forget about Eddie. But I couldn't get him out of my mind. I shut my eyes again, and fell asleep. I was then dangling from someplace high. I looked down. A cliff?! The cliff where Eddie was buried! I was over the edge! I noticed a dark figure above me. "E-Edge?" I asked. He grinned evilly. I held onto the cliff end with both hands. Edge stepped on my left hand. "OW!" I let out a sharp yelp of pain. I was dangling by my right hand. He stepped on my right hand and I fell. Down, down... deeper and deeper. Below lay sharp, still rocks.

"AH!" I screamed. Batista burst into my room. "D-Dameon?! Are you okay?" asked Batista eagerly as he ran to me. "Yea, I'm fine." I muttered as sweat dripped from my face. He left and I got dressed. I put on the same black boots I wore last night and hurried out of the building. I ran to Eddie's burial place. I looked down at it. A lonely sigh escaped my lips. I sat down on the edge. A sudden blast of energy sent me hanging over the edge. It was Edge! I gripped the rock tightly with both hands. He stepped on my left hand. I was dangling by my right. This was like my dream! "Now you can join your brother, Dameon!" Edge laughed as I was sent over the edge. I flew down.

I was going so fast, I thought I saw something blue and clear. It held me tightly. I heard escaping sobs from it. It sent me down gently once we had reached the ground. I had passed out from going so fast. It moved my black hair out of my red eyes. It cried and flew away. I was being picked up now. I looked up. "B-Batista?" I muttered. He didn't look down. He kept a stern face upwards. Jamie was behind him, trying to get a look at me. Jeff was holding Jamie in his arms. Batista finally looked down.

My face turned a light shade of pink. He carried me off, back to our locker room.