

# Mending a Broken Heart

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*just some random thing i thought of. it's basically symbolising about depression and stuff... so yeah*

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# 1 - Mending a Broken Heart

Can a broken heart be mended with just one word? Is that possible? Why has no one ever fixed mine? Why does it still beat to a blues song's sound? I think to myself as I walk down the dark trail strewn with twigs and small rocks. Thick woods stand quiet all around me with only the dead leaves rustling on the ground by the sad days' breeze. Branches tangle above me letting only dim light show me the way. The air is so cool, I feel no warmth. I breathe into my chilled hands and stuff them in my coat pockets. I stared at the ground as I took each step. Am I just alone in all this? Doesn't anybody take notice of my existence? I stopped. Lifting my head, I gazed into the continuing darkness. Do I exist at all? I fill my lungs with crisp air and let it out with a sigh. I continue on as my eyes moved up to focus on the dead branches hanging above.

My mind jumps to another thought. Then, that one turned into many. All thoughts of Him, whose name I must not say. The way He looked at me, the way He talks to me, the way He smiles... the way I felt about Him. The way I look at him, eyes filled with passion. Butterflies race, my heart starts pounding, my breathing becomes rapid, my mind runs blank. I fall to my knees letting them slide out to my sides and rest down on the ground. My body slumps over and my head hangs. A small, dark spot appears in the dirt. Another tear runs down my cheek and falls, forming another one next to the first. Why can't I stop thinking about Him? Why do I keep hurting myself?

Gathering myself, I positioned my head upright before pulling to my feet again. I wiped my face with the wrist of my sleeve and continued my journey. I had been traveling this path for days. It just never seems to end. There are no lights indicating the end of the tunnel of trees. Will I ever see any light again? Leaves crunched far behind me, as if a weight were pressing down on them. Something among the trees was following me. I didn't care. The shattering of leaves soon turned into the snapping of twigs. Whatever it was now followed closer and closer in plain view of the trail. I didn't care to look. My pace made no change. My "company's", on the other hand, quickens. Why must I, of all, be ailed by this sickening passion? It nears only six feet behind. Why won't this cold clasp on my heart just go away? Four feet. Why can't I fill this emptiness inside? Two feet. Why won't my emotions find a brighter side? I can feel it's breath hitting the back of my neck. Why can't I know the TRUE feeling...? I can't move. My arms are constricted to my sides. "Hello" enters my ear through a soft voice. A sensation of warmth surges through my cold body. Ahead of me, I see something forgotten. Something I haven't seen for so long; a light in the darkness. Now I've realized; He's not the only one who can make me feel happiness.