

# Broken Promise

By JJMK15

Submitted: September 30, 2008

Updated: September 30, 2008

*this didnt exactly turn out as well as i thought it would, but i'm too lazy to care*

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/JJMK15/54383/Broken-Promise>

**Chapter 1 - Broken Promise**

**2**

## 1 - Broken Promise

The soft sound, of what seemed like a child's sob, echoes in my ear. Regaining consciousness, my eyes drift open. I find my self standing in darkness. Where am I? How did I get here? I have no memory of ever falling a sleep or even leaving my house. I wave my hand in front of me. Why is it so dark? Are my eyes even open? A dim glow, coming from behind me, suddenly appears on my hand. Lowering my arm, I slowly turn. A light bulb standing in the dark air seems nearly dead. I heard a something moving in the shadows that lay in front of me. "Hello?" I call. A small, dark figure steps into the dying gleam. I'm surprised to see such a young child here in the strange dark. A young girl, who looked to be maybe about five or six. Her very dark hair, cut shoulder length with bangs parted to the sides, looks sort of dirty and messy, as if she had just come in from playing outside. Her t-shirt seems old, with tears and stains everywhere; and so do her shorts. She has no shoes on. Her feet are black with dirt with some sores and scratches on them. All over, mud and bruises cover her body, her face especially. I can't help but feel bad for this child, but I feel as though I know her; like I had seen that face before. I try to imagine where I may know her from, but my mind only draws a blank. "Hi there, what's your name?" I ask, hoping I could remember if I hear it. She says nothing. She simply stares into my eyes with a sad face. "What are you doing in a place like this?" What am I doing in a place like this? Her gaze only continues. A long moment of silence creeps by. I lower my line of sight down to the ground around my feet, trying to think of something else to say. Something that she would maybe respond to. "You broke your promise" she says gently in a sad tone. My head snaps up and my eyes jump back at her in shock. "What?" I reply. "Why did you break your promise to me?" she repeats. Promise? What promise? How could I have made a promise to a kid I can hardly remember? Still surprised by this sudden question, my mouth hangs open with no words coming out. I tried to think of how to answer. "You broke your promise" she repeats. "What promise?" is all I can say. "Why did you break your promise to me?" she asks again with no change of tone. In confusion, I start to feel some aggravation. "What are you talking about? Who are you?" "You broke your promise to me". Now, I'm just annoyed. My fists start to tighten. I take a step toward her. "What promise? Who are you? Why won't you answer me?!" my tone starts to rise. "ANSWER ME!" "You broke your promise" again she says calmly. This only frustrates me more. She turns away. "Hey, wait!" I quickly shout as I find myself lunging forward. My arm extended, I reach to grab her by the shoulder. My eyes grow wide. The tips of my fingers are pressed against a clear force. I slowly stand upright with my feet side by side again. I hold up my right hand. Hesitant, I press it up against the invisible surface. It was smooth and very cold. I position my left hand to do the same. It was like a window from out of nowhere. Caught off guard by this, I forget about the child until I see movement at the corner of my eye. I quickly look back to her as she starts to return to the shadow. "Wait!" I shout again. She stops. I stood in silence, still pressed against this clear wall, waiting for her to speak. She only turns slightly to her right, looking over her shoulder at me. A long tear running down the side of her shirt grabs my attention. On her side, a scar laid horizontal. I couldn't speak. I couldn't think. My eyes, fixed on the scar, I slowly lower my right arm down to my side. Lifting my shirt, I run two fingers across my side, just under the rib cage. My breathing stops. My heart sinks. A heavy feeling pulled on me as I felt the scar. My arm fell limp and swung down, hanging to my side. I drop to my knees, my left handed streaking down, still pressing against the glass. A cold drip trails down my cheek. That child is... me! My vision begins to blur as I stare at her face through tear filled eyes. "Why did you break your promise?" I could only watch as she turns, and vanishes from sight. I couldn't say anything. My head dropped down. Tears form dark spots on the floor. What happened to her? What happened to ME?

What promise? What could she have meant?

Staring at the ground, I noticed the light brightening. Lifting my head, I wiped my eyes, and looked to see what was going on. I could feel my eyes grow wide and my mouth drop. I pull slowly to my feet, my eyes fixed on the room. This is no strange place, it is my bedroom; my childhood bedroom. My head was turning in every direction. My old toy chest, painted like a barn house, sat in the corner. Standing tall over to the side was the matching book case. Some of my favorite books and toys lay spread out on the rug. I whipped around and saw something I remembered the most. Standing off to the side from the big window, was my old bed, with white bars that arched at the head. My old blue blanket with funny looking animals on it lay neatly across the blue moon sheeted mattress. And lying against the bars was my red pillow. I feel a smile stretch across my face, when I see sitting on the pillow, my old stuffed cat, Pumpkin. Rushing to the bed, I pick up the old toy and examine him. He still has a little ware on his under side from when I used to drag him around this house by his tail. I smile and hold him close. His thick, brown fur rubs against my cheek. That long lost feeling returns.

That feeling soon fades away to emptiness again. I hold the toy out from me. A tear on his shoulder appears from nowhere. Stuffing begins to fall out of it. He looks as though he was dragged around on the streets. I drop him back on the bed... the BED! The sheets are entangled in each other. The mattress looks like an ax was taken to it. The pillow has a slash right through the middle. The bars are rusted and falling apart. Pages have been ripped from their books, and the toys lay in pieces. The toy box was beaten up and the book shelf in rubble on the floor. The window is shattered. The paint on the walls begins to peel and turn an old dark greenish brown color. A deep cloy engulfs me. I stare in horror as I slowly step back. Bumping into something, I spin around to find my self staring at another person in the mirror. She appears as though she's in her late twenties. Her hair is pulled back tight. She has on a business suit with high heels. She's wearing thick rimmed glasses. She has a lifeless expression on her face. Her eyes are cold and hollow. Her skin is pale. She was ME! Is this what I become? Is that where my life is going? Is this...? I pause. The promise! I gave my word that I would never become what I've always hated. I promised to follow my dreams, and I didn't. I'm a fake! I'm a lie! I can see that child again in my mind. I glance up at the woman again. I gave her my word... Facing the mirror, rage surges through me. ...And I intend to keep it!. Raising a fist, I swing at the image. A large crack travels through the mirror underneath my fist. I draw my hand back and throw it into the mirror again. My anger grows with every hit. Warm blood covers my hands, smearing on the broken picture One final blow, and the glass breaks and falls to the ground. I sink to my knees, trying to catch my breath. A feeling of warmth consumes my heart. I smile. I can not be someone I'm not. I can only be me, and nothing else!