

easy way out

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well I found an old book full of poems/stories I wrote, this is 1 of em. about suicide. very short =^__^=

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<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Baby-Bunny/4050/easy-way-out>

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1 - easy way out

I work hard, I fail.

I try my hardest, I fail.

I do my best, I fail.

Tempers raise, not mine but kin's. Accusations fly, false ones. I anger quickly. I shout, they're all wrong! I do try! I do do everything I can! I don't care if I'm a disgrace to them!

I slam the door, lie on my bed, thoughts fly though my mind like a hurricane, flying so fast I can't grasp them. I'm angry and confused. They don't understand! I do try! Every night and day revising. I bring disgrace to the family name, do they really men that? Ofcourse they do! They've always felt that way! I cover my head with my pillow, it's hard to breathe, but it feels good, feels warm and keeps out all the noise of disappointment coming from outside my door, the sounds of hatred and regret, they wish I'd never been born, wish they had just one child instead of two. They thought another one would be perfect like the first, they thought it'd be somewhere else they could show off and be proud of, they were wrong. I wonder what'll become of me, what kind of disgrace I'll bring upon them in the future.

I remove the pillow from my face and just lie there, starring at the day-glow stars on my ceiling, I try to drown out the shouts of rage bellowing from downstairs, I'm always the one who starts the fights between them. Look at what I'm done, the disaster I've caused, ruined two happy peoples lives, just by being me.

Imagine how many more peoples lives I'll ruin though out my lifetime, hundreds? No probably thousands. I clamp my eyes closed and try to Imagine things were different, I was different, someone else, someone perfect, who lives up to my parents expectations.

I open my eyes, this is reality and I just gotta face it, I think bitterly. I look over to my bedside table. A plate of toast had been left there since morning, along with butter and jam. But they weren't what had caught my eye, it was the long slender blade, sticking out of the butter that I had noticed, a knife for spreading, it looked sharp. My trembling hand reaches for it, I grip it firmly in my right hand. I rub the remains of butter from the edges. How dumb was I for not realizing before, living my life was how I ruined my parents, or was it ruined? Maybe there's still hope, I hadn't thought of this before, it was all starting to make sense, all those failures, all those disappointed and disgraced looks I had gotten that had burned into my mind, into my soul, I was meant to do this, it's all fate, all my destiny, I get what I want, to be free and there'll get what they want, not wanting to have to tell there friends that they raised a failure, a waste of space.

It's all starting to fit together, like my whole life was one big puzzle and only now have I been able to put it together, accept there's a piece missing, I haven't finished yet. I raised the knife and with a smile, which felt strange since my mouth hadn't been stretched that way for a long time, but it also felt good. I slashed the blade across my wrist with all my might. A sudden surge of pain swept over my body, all I could see was glistening crimson, how pretty. Bang bang bang I hear knocking on my bedroom door, my father bursts in angrily followed by my mother, I see the look of horror on there faces, the guilt in there eyes, right before mine closed, closed forever. I smile again, I'm finally free.