

Total Darkness

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1 - How it All Began

I ran out the door in the coldness of the night. Tears were streaming down my face as I ran. Behind me, I heard that door squeak open, then slam shut.

"Come back! Can't we just talk?" that familiar voice called to me. Quickly, I turned around. He placed his firm yet gentle hand on my shoulder.

"Why should I even TALK to you?" I screamed back. I threw his hand off my shoulder. "You LIED to me! I can't believe you would do that. I thought you liked me! You cheated on me before, and I was kind enough to forgive you. But now you just decide to lie and think that you can just get away with it? You've gone way to far this time! I'm done with you!" I stomped away, mad, and my eyes full of tears. He called after me, and as I walked, I could here his voice in the distance. I felt bad, really, I did. But I didn't want to face him; he had crossed the line. All this had started two years ago, back when Jake had just moved here. He had started out really unpopular, scared to go and actually talk or sit with the popular people at school. Eventually, he found the courage to go sit with them, thinking that he would remain a nobody the rest of his life. We were neighbors and good friends, so he told me everything; and I admired that someone actually trusted me. Later on, his friends told me that he liked me, and I had trouble accepting that. I didn't believe it. I always asked myself "why me?" whenever someone brought it up or it came across my mind. When he had finally asked me out, I hesitated, but eventually said yes. Later on, while we were still dating, I caught him at the movies with a girl from our school. He convinced me that it was his friend's girlfriend, and that he was just in the bathroom, but I knew better than that. However, I let it slide, realizing that he was the only person that ever liked me. As the days went on, we spent oh so much time, texting and calling each other. Tonight, however, I realized that those texts and calls were texts and calls wasted. I was over his house, working on a group project for school with the people in my group. We were having a great time, until she came in. Stephanie walked in, proud, with a smile on her face. She came over and sat down next to him. I sat across from the two, madly typing on my laptop, the summary of our project. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Stephanie slid her chair closer to Jake, and Jake having no mind to it. Previously, Jake had told me that he didn't have another girlfriend, and I believed him. The only thing that made me a tad bit suspicious, was the fact that Stephanie wasn't even in our group. She had just showed up. He put his arm around her, oblivious to the fact that I, his girlfriend, was sitting right there. I felt alone, like I was covered in darkness. My friend, Jaden, who was sitting next to me, leaned over and whispered in my ear:

"You should do something about this; it's been going on all week." I was shocked. My own boyfriend, the only person I had complete trust in, lied to me. I turned off my laptop, eager to leave. I stuffed it in my backpack, and headed out the door. Jake shot up.

"Where are you going?" he demanded. "We need to finish this project!"

"Why don't you ask your other girlfriend?" I yelled to him. His face flushed. He had a look of guilt on his face.

Yea, so that's where we are now. It was a short walk home: just a few townhouses over. I looked back, and saw Jake running to me in the distance. I was at my front door, just about to open it, when he came right up to me. He held me down, his hands feeling strong and powerful on my shoulders.

That night, I sat on my bed with dreamy eyes, thinking about Jake. He hurt me, he hurt me bad. How could I just forgive him? Still, it was nice that he had apologized to me.

2 - Who Am I?

Every five minutes, he would text me, and he would tell me all these great things about me. Did I believe him? Not at all. I knew he was just trying to cheer me up. I lied, well, I told a small fib, and said that I had to go to sleep. I look at my clock: it was only 8:30. He replied back, asking why I was going to bed so early. I simply told another small fib and said that I had things to do. He just replied back with an "OK", and I turned my phone off, in case he decided to call me. I sprawled out on my bed and picked up a book that had been conveniently placed on the ground next to me. I really didn't feel like reading, but I needed something to take my mind off of him. For some reason, I began to forget about that, and I began to read the book. As it turns out, the main character, Chloe, had been lied to by her boyfriend. She didn't talk to him, even though he apologized oh so many times. Out of nowhere, I thought of something: Who was I? I couldn't answer that. To be honest, I didn't know me. I slowly closed the book and picked up my journal. I scribbled down the question, eager to get back to it later.