

Alone

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what i wrote when i was waiting for my mum after bowling practice. i was freezing my @\$ off...lol she was like an hour late...lol

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1 - Alone

Alone

Alone, I sit.
Waiting for a ride.
A person to help me fly.
Fly up high, where the birds soar free.
Alone, I sit.
I shiver.
Cold.
Fingers numb.
Face frozen.
No sounds,
just my foggy breaths.
Alone, I sit.
Someone will come,
someone will save me.
Save me from this Hell hole called Earth.
I frown. Sad.
Lie.
All lies.
Someone will not come.
Someone will not save me.
And that someone will not save me because there is no someone to care.
They're all nonexistent.
Like I said, Hell.
Boring. Alone. And cold.
No someone to warm me up at night.
No someone to keep me up till nine.
A mom. A dad. A brother. A sister. Maybe more.
Nope, none.
People walk past with a grim look playing upon their lips.
My lips are frozen.
My ears icicles to my head.
Alone, I sit.
Waiting for a bird to pick me up.
Something or maybe someone to take me home.
I still sit alone.
Sad.
And, alone.

3 - Rose

Best Friends

I walked towards my friend, the wind blowing in my hair. My legs tremble from the cold. I wonder if she's still mad at me. I clutched the roses closer to me. I catch up to her and stumble on my words. I wasn't sure what to say to her.

"Hey."

She said nothing.

"How are you?"

Silence. The only sound is the wind blowing and rustling the leaves. The wind whipped my hair back out of my face.

"I guess I'm ok. Pretty messed up, ya know." I began, gaining little confidence at a time.

Her silence pierced my heart. My knees began to shake more I decided to sit.

"What's up? Nothin but sky?" I tried to laugh but it seemed too forceful. My friend's laugh never came.

I hate this. I could never laugh like her.

Dead leaves brushed against my bare ankles. Goose bumps tickled my arms and legs. She's so quiet I thought to myself. She must be pretty mad. I decided to try and get her attention by bringing back old memories.

"Do you remember when my sister used to fix us up on blind date, and we would go on double blind dates?" I said smiling. "Where we met our dream guys, or so we thought."

Silence. She couldn't say anything. I wish I could just get her to smile again I imagined her curly red hair that bounced with her every step. Her soft gray eyes as gray as the clouds. She always made me smile. Whatever she felt I had felt too. She was so beautiful to me.

"Ya, where you met Greg." She said nothing. The trees whistled what seemed like replies. I leaned my head back and closed my eyes. "You loved him so much. He was a great guy, you know. Perfect for you. Rose and Greg." Her name escaped my lips as a flat tone I hated it. "He loved you too. He loved you so much."

A tear ran down my cheek. My friend's face was still expressionless. Even with my eyes closed, I could still tell.

"He never told you what was wrong though, he never did." I bit my lip. I hated her for not crying. She could have. But wouldn't. After all, I am her best friend.

"He told me. I'm sorry I didn't tell you. He told me not to. He was worried for you. He didn't want you to worry. And I didn't tell you because I was worried about you too."

I ran my fingers over the fresh scars along my arm. "These are new..." I said to no one in particular. Maybe hoping that she'd jump and demand why I was doing stupid stuff like it. "Dave broke up with me because of my cutting habit. At least I think so. He never really said why." I missed her voice. How she would harass me about doing stupid things. How it would be soft and quiet like a feather falling then grow loud and demanding. It always made me laugh somehow.

"Well...you know I'm sorry I never told you when I should have." She was so quiet. It was as if I was talking to no one. As if I was talking to the dead.

"Then one day you..." Tears poured down my cheeks. "...you called and he wasn't home. Thinking he was out with his friends you let it drop. Then you called again that night, still nothing." I plucked a dying dandelion from the ground and laid it down in front of her. The wind blew softer and the sun began its

game of Night and Day. Oranges, purples, blues, reds, and yellows filled the sky, as it grew darker. "The next morning you called again. No one answered still. You decided to drive by his house to check up on him. Thinking he was sick. That's why he wasn't answering the phone. In a way he was sick. So, you drove to his house and walked inside. You entered his room and..." I choked up and my voice began to crack. "...there he was. Hanging from his ceiling fan. Head back a deep wine red. Tongue a purplish pink hung outside like a dog. Eyes a deep bloodshot. He hung himself. I never would have thought of him doing that. He never told me he was, just the problems he was going through."

I caressed the roses in my arms and placed them at her feet with the dying dandelion.

"He committed suicide. After you found his body you tore out screaming and ended up walking home. You were too much of a wreck to drive home. You called me as soon as you got home and told me everything. I could even understand you through your cries and banshee wails." I shook my head and cringed at the very thought. "You acted fine after I comforted you for hours. We talked for hours on end, seemed like forever to me."

A flower gently brushed against my naked foot and the grass tickled between my toes. My feet were layered in mud. "You...you told me that you'd be ok and that you'd see me tomorrow. I should've stayed on longer with you. I should have suspected something was wrong. I should have gone to your house sooner." Her silence bugged me a little but maybe she'll say something when I'm all done talking. The guilt was killing me.

"You didn't call me the rest of the day. I just figured you were crying or went to church to mourn. So, I went to your house the next day to wake you up and see if you were ok but, when I got there, to your house, ambulances were everywhere. All up and down your street, men and women in uniform. Their sirens made my ears want to burst. I'll never forget those sounds. Your parents staggered out the front door, your father's arms around your mother, both were crying harder than I've ever seen before." I let out a choked sigh and continued my sad story. "Two people from the ambulances were pulling out a stretcher. On the stretcher was a large white body bag. The head of the bag was splattered red." My tears now streamed down my face freely and dripped into the dirt and mud. I bit my lip until I tasted blood in my mouth.

"Your parents walked up to me and hugged me, as if someone died, and I was their child. I was so confused. They told me you were dead, that you committed suicide to be with your beloved Greg. You died to be with him again." I wiped the tears from my face and continued. "You left me behind to suffer. You never thought about how your best friend would be affected. You only thought about yourself. You were my only friend, my best friend. You were like a sister to me."

I closed and opened my eyes and noticed that it was dark out. "Well, I should go." I wiped all the tears from my eyes. "Mom'll worry if I'm not home soon. She doesn't even know I'm here. Don't worry; I'll be here tomorrow. After all, I've come here everyday for the past 6 months." I stood stretching and looked down at Rose. Her tombstone held some sort of peaceful aura. "I won't leave you like you left me, I promise. I miss you so much."

Her expression didn't change, it couldn't. She would never smile again. She would have that lonely frown forever. I turned and started to leave but turned and looked back at my friend and smiled slightly. "You were like a sister to me. I love you like one. But I miss you even more."

I could have sworn I saw her smile but I knew she didn't because graves don't have faces. The dead don't move. "I'll see you in the next life, sis. Love you. See you tomorrow. Bye."

And with that I headed for home on the cold dark road of cemetery losses.