

The Victim

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I don't know what this is. It's not a poem, nor a story. It just...is...

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1 - The Victim

He had picked up the gun, and he had shot it. The victim: a twenty-seven year old male with everything to live for. It was he, himself. The man had laid down as if he had finally found the peaceful slumber that we all wait upon, death.

His neighbors had told the police that he was a very vibrant and energetic man. Alive and so full of life, breathing like all. Yet the man often kept to himself. It was so obvious that something, not just anything, was missing. The missing piece of your mother's favorite old jigsaw puzzle. But why had not anybody noticed?

And no, the night was not stormy, but the day was; being that the sun cannot always penetrate into the darkest depths of our souls. But now moved, the body, not his soul, lay with terror, taking on a mind all of its own. Now for the best part, the funeral.

Of course they were happy to see him go; extra vacation pay to brighten up their sickened lives. And yet, the family knew that he had suffered for so long. A long time in life, but the choice of escaping is forever. The choice is yours, my friend.

But sadly, the man is too soon forgotten, by the practice of "putting things behind oneself." Maybe, but possibly rarely, he lives on in memory. So somewhere off in the close, yet distant, world of Madness, laughs his evil self, his mind.