

short stories

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just a bunch of short stories, if you want to know the story behind any of them just ask

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1 - My Voice Alone

I never expected to be in here, never in my wildest dreams, or nightmares you could say. Why would I, I never thought that my best friend, the person I talked to every day, even in here, the one I trusted with my every secret, would turn out to be my worst nightmare.

I shouldn't jump ahead of myself here, I should start from the beginning, even though it all happened in the course of one day, I should tell you the whole story. My story, It starts the day the new girl Jessica started; it was a week since we had been told about mid-term exams and a week till they started, the pressure was on, and if we didn't pass, it could affect our whole report card. I thought Mr. Raven would choose someone that wasn't late for class, but he stopped me before I walked into class and introduced me, and he told me I was going to show her around, sounded good. He went into the class room and gave us a minute to introduce ourselves.

"Hi, I'm Alisha, umm I have no idea what I'm meant to do, but I'll show you round the school at free period" I said holding my hand out to greet her.

"I'm Jessica and thanks" she replied shaking my hand

Jessica looked like one of those girls that could have any guy she wanted, she had dark brown hair in ringlets that framed her nicely tanned, heart shaped face and to top it off, she had emerald green eyes and full lips. Any boy would gladly go out of their way for her. It was a step up to my blond hair to my shoulders, blue eyes and freckles like you wouldn't believe. Like any of the boys would look at me twice.

We walked into class before Mr. Raven could come out and get us. As we walked into class Mr. Raven said it was nice for us to join them. We took our seats and got out our books, Mr. Raven was giving a lecture on writing essays, the format, presentation and all round what was expected out of the essay for the mid-term exam. If you had seen me then I looked just like any other teenager fretting over the exams, but, the war going on inside my head was becoming ever more violent, I found myself struggling to breath and it was harder to understand what Mr. Raven was saying, I had never written an essay before and now they just dump one on us and give us a week to learn how to write them.

I looked over at Jess, she was busy taking notes, and I would have to see if I could borrow them soon. I was hoping me and Jess could be friends, I don't know what it was but I seemed drawn to her, like I had known her our whole lives, maybe because it looked like she was so organized, so ready for the exams, so....., so not me. It was true she was everything I wasn't, everything I wanted to be.

The rest of class passed in a blur and me trying not to pass out, I caught up to Jess who had already left. All 10th graders had a free period now, so I decided to show her around at that point so I could get to know her better. It turns out Jess had been home schooled up until last year, she had gone to the private school across town after that, she told me she had got involved with a guy who was hooked on

alcohol and her mum didn't like that, so her mum pulled her out. I told her I had my first drink back in the sixth grade, when there was a volleyball tournament on, and a friend had mixed UDL with some flavored sports water. We all had a blast, lost the game, but had fun. I showed her around the school and told her how things worked around here, what people to avoid and what boys were taken. As I was showing her around she was telling me about herself and I was telling her about myself, all the little things that our parents would have a fit over.

We nearly didn't hear the warning bell for next class because we were laughing so hard, we had different classes at that point so I directed her where to go and then headed off for science, my worst subject ever, made even worse by the fact that for the last month, Ms. Barkeer had been down my back about my failing grades. When I walked into class I took my usual seat at the back and got my books out. We had three books just for science, a normal work book, a text book and a homework book which I should have filled in with last night's homework, but hadn't.

I hadn't realized at that point that I was about to go into panic mode. All I really remember were the words 'surprise' and 'test' used in the same sentence, at that point my breathing sped up and my head found the desk. I was going to fail, I couldn't fail, not now, it can't be happening to me. I don't know how but I managed to find my way to the toilets without help, or passing out.

"Hey, you okay?" a familiar voice asked as a hand rested lightly on my shoulder "I saw you go past my class and I thought you might need a friend" she continued when I didn't reply

I was sitting in the corner of the ladies room, if anyone else had walked in they would have laughed at me, but not Jess, I had learnt she wasn't that type of person from the very beginning, if anyone had been in any type of trouble she would have been there, it was in her nature.

"Yer, I'm fine...now" I said softly getting to my feet and walking to the sink, I splashed my face with some water and turned to Jess, "thanks, by the way,... I just....well...umm, you see it was science and....well... a test" I stuttered over the words so fast it came out sounding like a choking noise.

"It happens to the best of us" she giggled lightly.

We spent the rest of the class in the ladies room talking about the darker side of our lives, like how her very first day of school last year brought nothing but tears, mostly because everyone else had friends from the year before and she had no-one, but also because the work load was so different from what she was used to from homeschooling. She also had people tease her because of her homeschooling. I asked if she wanted to come round to my place after school and hang out, she agreed. Before we left to get our things, which we had both left in our classes she asked if we could be friends, even though we hadn't known each other for very long. I happily agreed and as she walked off back to her class she said she'd never had a best friend before.

Once we got to my place after school I led Jess into mom's study, "hey mom, this is Jess she's new at school, we'll be in my room if you need us" I said and walked back out grabbing Jess before mom could pull out the baby photos and scare her off. If I had stayed a moment longer I would have seen my mom's face of shock as she looked up at me, but I didn't, I also didn't see her pick up the phone and dial the school's number. In my room me and Jess danced and sang our lungs out, she had the most amazing voice, we were lucky enough to like the same music. When we were tired from dancing and when we couldn't sing from huffing so much I went and got a snack from the kitchen, mom was still in her study and I saw that line two on the phone was busy, I thought it was just a business call or something. When I went back into my room Jess wasn't there, I just assumed she was using the ladies room so I just sat the snacks down on my bedside table. "Where's your friend?" my mom's voice asked at my door, I jumped from the shock and spun around to face her, she had an expression on her face which usually meant she was disappointed or worried about me, or both, "she's in the toilet I think" I replied taking a step towards her, before I got to her she walked over to my bathroom door and pushed softly against it, it swung open, there was no-one in there.

Mom crossed her arms and kept her back to me, "so where is she?" mom asked so quietly I found it hard to hear, I could hear pain in her voice though, that was clear enough. "Mom, I don't know, I went out to get a snack for us, came back and she's gone" I said panicking that something might have happened in the short three minutes it had taken me to get us a snack. Where was Jess and why wasn't she here, and what was wrong with mom? It was all getting so confusing, if Jess had left I would have seen her go through the kitchen and the only other toilet was right next to mom's study, I ran out the room and headed for the other toilet, I flung the door open to an empty room. Jess was gone, where though and without saying anything to me. I felt my breathing accelerate and I could feel my pulse beating in my head, I dropped to my knees and curled up into a tight little ball, trying to hide from the world.

Mom came in a second later and gave a small scream when she saw me on the ground, she got down next to me and pulled me close, "honey, there was no new girl at school and I didn't see anyone this afternoon when you came home, I called your school and they said that all free period you were walking around campus talking and laughing to yourself, you walked out of science in a panic attack and people heard you talking to yourself in the bathroom" I could hear her talking to me but I couldn't make sense of the words, I could hear myself mumbling 'Jess is real, Jess is real' over and over but I couldn't bring myself to stop, "no honey, she's not" is the last thing I heard my mom say as I blacked out.

After that mom took me to the hospital to have me assessed and admitted, the doctor said it was my anxiety that was causing hallucinations, I still won't accept the fact that Jess was just a part of my imagination and I don't think I will for awhile because I talked to her, danced with her and laughed with her. There's still things I need to come to terms with and I still need to take my mid-terms, but I'm learning how to deal with my anxiety attacks first and who knows, maybe when Jess finally disappears and her voice disappears with her I'll be able to stand tall with my voice and my voice alone.

2 - Daily Routine

I tossed over in the bed again, pulling my blanket up to my chin, a school day, great. Don't get me wrong I don't hate school, but I don't like it ether, I find school easier then home, if I don't want to talk then I don't have to, there's no awkward silence at school. At school I hide in the corner watching my friends, I find watching them kind of relaxes me, they go about there daily lives not knowing. You could say they don't know because I have never told them, I've never told them how I have often wondered what would happen if I just disappeared, not disappeared as in ran away or abducted, no, that would be to simple, I mean dead. Well back to my story. I lay in bed waiting for the alarm to go off, always they same old thing, wake up an hour be fore the alarm after only three or four hours sleep, lay in bed for the hour tossing and turning trying to find sleep again, alarm finally goes off, I get up and head for the shower look at myself in the mirror, its not me, not the me that my mind tells me I am, the cheeks in the mirror are to fat, the girl in my mind has a sharp jaw line, the eyes staring back at me are full of laughter, she's taunting me, I fight the urge to smash the mirror, the good girl doesn't do that.

After my shower I get dressed in school uniform, all that is, is a blue top with the logo, it's the third uniform in three years, I wish they would make up there frackng minds, I catch a glimpse of the girl in the mirror in my room, I see a photo at the same time, we could be twins, me and her, her and me, a mother and a daughter. I walk out to the kitchen were my grandparents are just waking up, I've lived with them since I was eight weeks old, no mother. Its her that I look like, the same face shape, the same eyes and the same longing to leave, my grandparents say they don't know why she ran away, I reckon she was smart, they think she was stupid to leave when she had a ok family a roof over her head and all the food she could possible want, so why would she leave, simple, she wanted a way out, she didn't want to be the good girl, the one who held everything together, the one I am now.

You're probably asking "then why do you hate her if you agree with her?", the answer, well its because she left, I couldn't have one of those types of family's were there's a mum and a dad. I look over her mistakes, the ones that have brought everyone to hate her and then I wonder what people see in me, I am her clone, I look exactly like her.

I look over at my granddad who's reading the paper "I need to get to school" I say as he looks at me, I live just a block away from the school but there were some stray dogs and I only like dogs on leashes or behind fences so I don't walk in the mornings only afternoons. We pull up beside the school and I jump out "luv you" I say as usual and slam the door running up the small slope to go find my friends, there in the same spot as usual, Kate sees me and comes running, she hugs me and then sees Amy so she runs towards her leaving me deserted, Ricky calls out his usual hello and Ben his usual insult, I sit down on the bench and watch them, joining in the conversations whenever possible, at this point in the day is usually when I feel it first, the feeling of just wanting out, of sleep, sleeping forever, you see when I sleep I don't dream, I am usually fully aware of every thing going on around me and would wake at the drop of a pin, so there I am wishing I could just die when the siren goes, I leave my friends and head for homeroom, Jordan at my side, we were the unlucky ones, we got separated from our friends.

English first, I love English, I just don't like the assignments, I like creative writing, when I write things down I feel free, there's no restrictions to what you could write, well there is if the teacher says so, but

otherwise not. Today we get set reflective writing and as usual I do it but just don't hand it in, I show it to my friends though, for some reason they say that they can relate to what I write, they always do, I thought it was meant to be about me? We move on to math next, shoot I forgot my homework, as I walk in the door past the teacher I'm near tears, I just want out, there's that feeling again, does she know I forgot it, damn she called my name, say something, why cant I frackin say anything, she calls again, I respond with a squeak of a yes, she's called me up to the bord to work out the equation, no-one to hide behind no-were to go the doors blocked, I take a deep breath and go to the front of the class and start writing on the bord, when I finish I go to sit down again, that wasn't so bad, wrong, before I get to my seat the teacher starts yelling, I freeze, my legs wont move, my body's gone into fight or flight mode, she's yelling that I made a mistake and need to go back and fix it, I cant, she asks why I haven't moved, I stutter, I haven't done that in a while, I bunch my hands into fists, I saw my friend swap her book for mine, I reach over and get the newly swapped book, thank you Kate, I go back to the bord and using Kate's notes fix what I had wrong and then go back to my seat, I need out, I want out, I had wanted to run out of the room and skip the rest of that lesson but I cant, I couldn't, the good girls don't do that, when the teacher asks for the homework I look down, she notices, she starts yelling that I'm recking my own future and if I want to stay in the top class I need to pick myself up and try harder, please just stop, I start to feel rage build up, I hate me, I hate my life and everything in it, but most of all I hate feeling like I might hurt someone other then myself, I hate this rage, I need out, its only ever blue or red, I hate this.

Not even halfway though the day yet, I'm already so worn out, I need to fix things, my friends are used to me feeling red because they don't see the anger, they don't see me as being different, its when I'm blue they notice the difference, sometimes. So ether way I'm always on my own, left in my head to fight the demons of my life.

Science next, it's quiet in science, sort of. I put my music on and imagine, it's the closest I ever get to leaving. I leave the science room feeling partly good, I feel in control again, I walk with Kate to art, the others have dance, we take our usual seats with our art projects out in front of us, I cant listen to music here, I don't need to anyways, art, music, reading and writing are one in the same for me, they mostly always help if I'm feeling bad, witch is a lot of the time.

Lunch, the days nearly over, I line up at the canteen to buy a cheeseburger, I hear girls behind me doging about things, I listen harder not because I want to know what there saying but because I need to hear the name of the girl their doging about, so I can make sure its not me, they don't mention a name but they push past me to the front of the line, the people at this school think I'm weak because if for example someone pushes in front of me in line I do nothing, not because I'm weak, it's because I want to stay in control, to be able to recognise what I'm doing, I don't want to hurt people. I finally get my cheeseburger and go find my friends, there not in the usual spot, I look around, oh there they are, wait, what? They ran off, I chace after them rounding the corner I saw them go round, I see them, they see me, they laugh and run again, I cant be bothered chasing them I go and sit by the gym doors, it will be a joke I know that, I get a text message from Jordan 'will u go out wid me???' it says, I stare at my phone, does it really say that, could he really mean it, I text back 'I think bout it, btw y u running from me???' I see Kate come over, she sits next to me, I take a bite out of my burger and a sip of mocha, I can see she's uncomfortable with the silence, I look at her, she's hiding something "spit it out" I say coldly.

"Ben sent the text not Jordan, it was a joke, I'm sorry I said you wouldn't like it, but the others said it was some harmless fun" I stare at Kate like she had 5 eyes and a twisted face, I have finished my burger all was left was my mocha drink, I get up without a word to Kate and head to our usual spot, their all there,

they see me and laugh and point, I put on a smile and walk over to them, I see Ben sitting down next to Jordan, the smile on Ben's face practically eggs me on I walk over till I'm in front of him and Jordan. I take a sip from my mocha a tear runs down my face, I want out, no-one likes me, no-one can ever like me, I'll go on living though, because I'm stronger than them, I hold out my mocha a smile spreads over my face and I feel the rage coming back, I'm fully crying now, he sees it and the smile disappears from his face. I know they will hate me for this but it's the only thing I can do that won't hurt anyone, they should understand in time. It's time for me to make a stand, show that I won't put up with this, it's time for me to be strong.

"I'll think about it" I say and pour what's left of the mocha over him.

3 - My small memories

As I ran through the bush I could hear him behind me, he was laughing, my mum and dad didn't like me using the bush as a shortcut to get home, but with Nicholas at my side I felt safe and we always followed the path. "Hey wait up" he called as I jumped over a log on the ground, I was 8 and I usually came first in races, I loved to run, I loved the wind on my face and how I had to only focus on where I was going and how to get there, when I ran its like I was in another world, I could still hear people and respond to them but my mind slowed down, it analyzed what obstacles I had to overcome to get where I was going. I didn't want to slow down, but Nicholas didn't know the slim path like I did, didn't know what direction to go when it came to the fork in the road, so I slowed down till I came to a slow stop. "Is this why you always win at chasey?" he asked stopping beside me.

"You know were nearly there" I said pointing further down the path, the bit of the bush we had stopped at was burnt down, this bush always got burnt, every year some idiot would destroy it by lighting it on fire, I hated it, I had grown up finding secret cubbies and climbing trees and they had nothing better to do then burn it, it always grew back fast though, that was the best bit about it, then there were new places to explore. That's the only time I strayed from the path, when I went exploring.

Nicholas walked over to the tree that was slatted over the path, before the fire I had used to climb it, when you got to a certain height you could hide in the branches and see the path, but anyone on the path couldn't see you. He rubbed his hand over the blackened bark and when he brought his hand back, his tanned skin was pitch black were it had touched the bark. He walked back to me and wiped it on my white shirt "Hey" I said pushing him away, I rubbed and the black mark on my shirt trying to get it out, mum was going to kill me, she'll know that I was in here.

"It's only a mark" he laughed, his smile growing bigger, I couldn't help but smile too, his smile always cheered me up, whenever I was sad he would cheer me up.

We walked the rest of the way out of the bush hand in hand, as we approached my house we could see that his mum was there to pick him up, it had been fun, playing with Nicholas all day.

As his car drove away I saw him wave from the backseat, we would see each other again tomorrow.

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Three years later

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"Come on it's not that far" he said pulling my through the bushes, we had been walking along a gravel path and the next thing you knew he was dragging my through the trees, "Come on it's just a little further, I promise you'll love it" he reassured me, as we broke through the leaves onto a board walk I took a look around trying to place where we were.

"And we couldn't take the path?" I asked brushing the dirt off my shirt, I reached over to him and pulled a stick out of his hair. "It would have been, less.....well shrubby" I continued as I brushed myself down, when I looked back at him he was standing there looking at me.

"You're evil, you know that right" he said pointing at the stick I had removed from his hair, at my confused look he continued "his name was Bob, he was my friend" he said then he smiled and burst out laughing, I smiled back and gave him a small shove, he took a step back and then tried to stop laughing, he grabbed at my hand and pulled me along the board walk. "It's nearly time come on" when we got to the end of the board walk Nicholas took both my hands looked at me, all the laughter in his eyes was gone.

"I, I need to tell you something" he said looking down "My granddad, the one who just died, he left us his farm in the will"

"yer." I said wishing he would just say what he was going to say

"And well, mum decided for us to move out there, she misses the farm life see" he continued tightening his grip on my hands "so umm were moving out to Gidgegannup"

I couldn't believe it, I wouldn't believe it, no, he couldn't be moving, he belonged here, I felt a tear run down my cheek, I had known him my whole life, we had been together our whole lives, his brother Christopher had protected both of us when we needed it.

"What?" I managed to chock out.

"I'm moving" he repeated, he pulled me in tight for a hug, one of our last hugs. "Look" he said looking out over the boardwalk, the sun was setting; it looked so beautiful as it touched the water, we were in the local nature preserve, he told me he came here all the time with his brother. With one hand holding mine and the other on the railing he looked out at the water, the setting sun touched his face and I felt another tear roll down my face.

He looked over at me and smiled, I smiled back, I would never forget that smile, never.

He pulled me in for a hug again and more tears rolled down my face, I could see he was crying too, he lifted my face up to his so I was looking into his eyes, he drew his face closer to mine and we kissed, it wasn't the best kiss, but it was my kiss, I would always remember that kiss on the boardwalk at sunset.

My first kiss was my last.

"When are you moving?" I asked once five minutes of starrng at the sunset had past

"Tomorrow" he replied hugging me tighter

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1 year later

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"Hey mum, the board walk is just over there, can I go, please?" I begged as mum started to drive away, I quickly pointed out the driveway and she pulled in, she told me I have five minutes, I walked into the reserve slowly, looking around at the surrounding bush, I heard some birds in the distance as I continued to walk along, I walked along the gravel path looking for the small gap in the surrounding bush, when I saw it I wriggled my way through, once on the other side I was on the board walk, I looked out at it and remembered the only other time I had come here, we stayed for an hour then went back to his place for dinner, I remember seeing all the packed boxes and knowing it was real, he was leaving, he left.

I remember that meal with him, his mum cooks better Lasagna than mine.

I looked at where the sun was, ten minutes till sunset was my guess, it was a long board walk and I would never make it to the spot in time if I walked, since he had left I hadn't done much running, I just couldn't focus the right way anymore. I looked down at the ground and then back up at my target, I started running, my running turned to sprinting, in a few minutes I was at the end of the board walk, I bent over huffing trying to catch my breath again. I put my hand on the railing and smiled, that kiss was still mine.

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A few months later

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"Hello"

"Hi, is this Nicholas?" I asked through the receiver

"Yer, who's this?"

"It's Paula" I responded trying not to break into tears, mum had managed to get their phone number, I was never really good at making phone calls but this one was one I had to make.

We talked for about an hour about the things we remembered and how life was now; it was his answer to a simple question that ended whatever hope I may have had for things to go back to normal.

"So who do you hang out with now?" I asked my cheeks sore from smiling, even though I couldn't see him I could still picture his smile.

"Ehh, mainly just my girlfriend, she's the coolest"

That was his response, I think a part of me broke inside, I had stayed true to him and he had gone and got a new girlfriend, when he hung up I burst into tears and ran into my room, never had I felt so broken.

He had given away my kiss.

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3 years later

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Coming home from the holiday I couldn't wait to see my friends, but as we rounded the corner I was in for the shock of my life, my shortcut was gone, along with the whole bush, it was still 'there' but it was all knocked down, who could of done this, so many of the neighborhood kids hung out in there and we all had such wonderful memories, why did they do this?

I went from a sudden happiness to utter disappointment as I realized that I would never run through the bush again, never go exploring again, all those memories were just that memories I would never be able to make more, never be able to climb the lookout tree again.

I went back to that school were we meet all those years ago.

What would you say if I told you they cut our tree down?

That you can never be my boy in the tree again.

But I still love you.

4 - pain of the past

I tilt my head back to the warmth of the sun, it feels nice coming through the window, I usually despise the sun, I prefer the darkness and coldness of the night to the warmth and brightness of day. I close my eyes and I'm far away in a meadow, I can smell the fresh air and the long grass, I look around and I'm not alone in this meadow, there's a small girl by a willow tree, I step towards her and feel a pain stab through me, it pierces my heart and retaliates through my whole body, what is this? I take another step and again I am pierced by pain, this time more intense. I look up to the girl, she's seen me now and she too is trying to reach me, I try to yell a warning, to warn her of the pain but nothing comes out, it's as if I have become mute, I start to cry, what is this place and why do I want to reach the girl so much?

I take a few more testing steps, with each the pain becomes more intense, I fall to the ground clutching at my stomach, so much pain. I hear the small girl fall to the ground also, I look up and see her not 10 meters away, I think of trying to reach her again, but the already unbearable pain reminds me it would certainly mean my death. What is causing this pain? Looking into the girl's tear filled eyes I know that this isn't just any girl, I know her, I would know her better than any, it's me as a child, I reach out my hand to her, she does the same, we are still too far away.

My eyes open and a tear runs down my cheek, I'm back in my room, next to my window where I can still feel the sun's warmth on my face. I can never return, I can't take back what has happened, I remember as a child I was always in a rush to grow up, I wanted to be someone's voice of reason, I wanted people to listen to me and because I always rushed I got hurt, all those days spent trying to grow up but never being able to when I wanted. Now I wish I had my childhood back, wish that I could recite my ABC's and have everyone be proud of me, everything was easier, but if I try return to my childhood all I will find is pain, no-one can return once they have grown up, it's not a fairy tale, we can't run away to never land like Peter Pan and never grow up, it has to happen sometime, even if we don't want it to.

There is a place where you go, where you can see yourself as you are and as you were, this place is meant to be one of torment, and you can't do anything without feeling the pain of what you have done, the pain you have inflicted onto others, pain you have inflicted onto yourself will all come back to you, you will not die though, if you can bear the pain of the past you will be able to find joy in the future.

Pain will make for peace.

5 - fourth hand

First hand knowledge is always good, you know what you saw and no-one could tell you otherwise.

Second hand knowledge is ok too, as long as it's from a trusted friend you'll find out the next day or even that night on facebook.

Now it's the third hand knowledge that's sitting on the borderline, were your friends just late in telling you or are you just an afterthought.

Fourth hand knowledge is where me and my friends would be, they always 'forget' to tell me, always say that they thought I already knew, I find out someone's been dating for a month a week after they break up, I have to think every time 'are these people really my friends?'

Usually I won't form emotional bonds with people, mostly because I know friendships won't last, they will be fine one day and the next your just remembering all the fun and stupid stuff with them, so I know that people are always leaving, never staying in one place, so I try to leave them first, I don't like to hurt inside when a friend leaves, but I'm scared now. The friends I have made in these past years feel like family, I was around them so much that I let my guard down, I would throw my own life in front of danger for them, I'm scared of the pain I know is coming, they don't talk to me outside of school but I still need them, I wonder if they will feel anything when I'm gone.

so that's my plan, I'm going to leave, I'm going to detach every last emotional tie that I have ever made to anyone, as soon as I am able I'm going to America, it has always been my dream, I won't keep contact with anyone and I know it will hurt some people, but I can never survive on my own if I keep trying to please them, I'm always going out of my way for them, never following my dreams.

But who knows, maybe the people that care about me actually rely on me as I rely on them, I don't think I'll ever make it to America.

6 - a bittersweet dream

I looked at the time, 3:27am, what had just happened, I saw him, I was happy, how could I be happy with him there, I grabbed my blanket and sat up, I wrapped it round me as if I were in a cocoon, I leant forward and cried, I never had dreams, why did my one vivid dream have to be that, it was so colorful, just like a memory in a movie, so sweet, yet painful. I looked over at the mirror on my dresser and sure enough hanging from it was the necklace, I closed my eyes and cried harder trying to muffle the sounds in my blanket so that my parents wouldn't be woken, with my eyes closed I went over everything I had just dreamed.

I remember sitting in the kitchen talking to my parents feeling as if something was missing, I kept glancing out the back window waiting for something or someone and I can't remember what we had been talking about. I heard a noise and I knew it was what I had been waiting for, I ran out the back door and I saw it, a truck was backing into our backyard, my parents came out to join me, their faces grim, I was so happy even though they looked so sad, the truck stopped and I turned back to it preparing to run towards whoever I'd been waiting for. I saw him step out of the truck and I started crying, a happy crying.

As I started to run towards him two sets of hands caught my arms, what? Who could be stopping me from going to him, I turned my heads and found it was my parents their faces were blank, no expression what so ever, my tears turned to sobs, they were keeping me away from happiness, he looked over at me and smiled, ohh what a lovely smile, I struggled in my parents grip, the boy was walking towards the house now, I finally broke free of my parents grip and ran to meet the boy. As we embraced he lifted me off my feet and spun me round, he kissed my forehead and looked up at the sky, my tears had returned to being tears of joy, I was happy here, in his embrace.

He looked back down at me and whipped the tears from my face, he was still smiling.

I opened my eyes and I was back in my safe cocoon, why was I happy with him? I shouldn't have been happy, I loved him once but that was all, he had hurt me and treated me like shoot but still loved him but I learnt my lesson, I knew what he had done was wrong and I'm lucky he hadn't been able to do worst, I was scared that given the chance he would of done worse. I'd escaped from him for a year and a half and now he was back, in my dreams, where I can't run from him can't hideaway in the corner and what's worse in my dream I was in love with him all over again.

I'm not sure what had made me keep the necklace, maybe I didn't want to let go of the past, maybe I was still in love with him or maybe I was crazy, I looked at the clock again 3:30am it was still some time before I had to get ready for school, I wormed my way off my bed with my blanket still wrapped tight around me, the part wrapped around my head was soaked from tears and were I had bitten into to muffle my cries, I went to my computer chair and curled up on it, looking out the window I could see the moon, I closed my eyes and tried not to see his face, it was going to be a long day.

7 - Train of thought on daily colors

Warning: this is real, i wrote this from real life so just, beware!!! (insert scary music)

How many times have you wondered who you truly are, how you fit into your own life and how many those around you, know the real you. Well I wonder every day I wonder if the people I call my friends talk about me behind my back, I know they talk about other people behind their backs. I wonder if my mum and dad will just start yelling at me for some small thing I did, I forget things easily. I wonder if everyone's life would have been better without me, they can't see the real me because I don't want to be a burden. You see what I'm really asking is, how many of you have put a price on your own lives?

I have, and the only reason I don't end my suffering is because I know my parents would be 'disappointed' in me. Sure they would be devastated that I was dead, but I hear them talk, they think suicide's the easy way out. They think it has no real meaning, they think that whoever commits or attempts suicide is weak. That there selfish and only thinking of themselves and not there loved ones.

I have often wondered what they would say if they knew what I go through each day,

"it's just a phase"

"You'll get over it"

"It's just hormones, don't worry about it"

"So....it won't kill you"

Even though I know my parents to be very loving, in my mind all the things they say hurt. My mother says that we have a well balanced family, because not all families can say 'I love you' on a regular basis, I think it would hurt her if I told her that when I say it I'm just on autopilot, I don't mean it, well at least not how you think.

So do you have an answer for the original questions I asked you?

No

Oh, well o.k. then.

Each to their own.

Don't ask me what that means because it's just me putting a phrase I know into my writing, all I know about it is in a conversation that's roundabout were it would go. You see I think it means each to their own opinion, we can all have our own thoughts but we shouldn't inflict them onto others. What do you think?

As I'm writing this it is a Thursday, a yellow day in my eyes, have you ever related a color to a day? Today's yellow because I haven't felt anything today. I have four types of days, yellow, when I don't feel anything, blue, when I enter the downward tunnel called depression, don't get me wrong I go through weeks of blue at a time it's not just a sudden thing, then there's the red days, If I even think you had so much as looked at me the wrong way I would smash your head against a wall, it takes so much effort not to hurt my friends on those days, although on those days I don't see them as friends, just dogs who gossip all the time and then I hate myself for even thinking it and lastly there's green days, I have few of them, it's when I feel like a normal human, I don't suspect people I see on the street as going to hurt me or bring me to a state of any form of pain. So if you've been paying attention you should have guessed that I have depression, I also have anxiety problems, anger issues and even though this won't give any hints away I have mild separation issues and some trust issues, by issues i mean it's only hard for me to do, i find it hard to part with things and i cant trust most people in my life because at some point they have let me down, also i cant trust new people because i know at some point they will let me down. Now please don't think that I'm just a teenage girl wanting attention, because I DON'T, I want to fade into a wall to not be seen, the only days I will ever talk out in class is on green or yellow days when I feel good about myself or I just don't care, otherwise when called on, even the roll call, I freeze up and find it hard to speak or even breath sometimes. Teachers all ways say that you should just get the public speaking over with, if you try and prolong it, you will only bring attention to yourself, whenever one of them say that I feel like slapping them, there are some people that when faced with the possibility of speaking or anything in front of crowds they just can't physically do it, I don't really know how that would feel, I've always been forced to do it or face being yelled at, something I just can't handle, I have to put myself through one pain to avoid another. A couple of days ago I jumped over a major hurdle, I read a few paragraphs of writing to a class of 9 students, I know it's not much but I was so proud of myself.

I would like to also add that by writing this story, my (part way) story I am not trying to gain attention and please know that if this makes it onto the internet then I have just jumped an incredibly large hurdle in my life, I wrote this knowing I would never show anyone, I wrote this in a time of depression when I needed a way to release what I felt, posting this online would be incredible to me, I feel that you would somehow use it against me, to hurt me, but I need to break these thought patterns if I don't they will ruin my life. I will fix this.

If I told you I like being in big crowds would you believe me?

I hope not

So the overall question. Have you put a price on your life?