

# SSDD

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*Character trying to put mental pieces back together.*

*I intended this to be more than one chapter long. Unfortunately, somewhere along the way, I've forgotten just what I was originally writing about.*

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# 1 - Epilogue

## SSDD Epilogue

The day passed as any other. The way you can be enjoying one day only to wake up and realize that you seem to have leaped forward at random intervals in time. Minutes blur together to become hours, hours to days, days to months. And so on. Until you're in such a fracked up place that you can't do anything about the rut you suddenly find yourself in after several years of subconsciously digging deeper and deeper into your grave. Grim, yes. Though you're missing the actual point. We aren't in control of our lives as much as we think. Hell, we don't even stand a chance of making a mistake. Not unless *they* plan it. Who are *they*? Helluva question, that one. No one knows. Speculation stretches from secret societies to UFOs. Again, *no one* knows the answer. It almost seems pointless trying anymore. After all, if we aren't in control of ourselves, there isn't even the slightest chance that *they* would allow us to believe we are. Or that they exist.