

The Perfect Death

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a little girl is lonely and wishes she can die the perfect death

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Chapter 1 - Untitled

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1 - Untitled

The Perfect Death

All I am looking for is the perfect death. There is no one who wants to help me and I

Don't want to ask them anyway. I don't like to be around any one because they all hate

Me. My family is all dead because I killed them; they might have taken care of me but now I have taken care of them permanently. No one likes no one and me will even stop at their own will talk to me. My home is on the streets cause I don't want to live in my old home, it holds too many memories. Many say I'm crazy and others say I'm deadly, but to me I'm just a kid. I cut my wrists and try to kill myself but I end up stopping because something tells me so. When I sleep I have trouble dreaming, all I dream about is murdering all of my friends and family, which I end up staying up. I can't stand when people walk by me and just stare then start to walk again and talk about me. "Yah sure" id say, "talk about me I murdered everyone I know. You never know when you are next". But all I can do is say that and they would just walk on without turning around but I know they heard me. I hate myself and my life, I would think, I wish I could die. I haven't eaten in a full week and I feel really bad. I might have the flu and die any time but it never happens. "The perfect death is what im looking for and then I can rest in peace, then every one will leave me alone." The next day I died right in the streets, in the box that I stayed in. They cremated me and now my ashes blow across the country. Now when people see my ashes they think of the lonely little that looked so sad and lonely was finally put to rest.