Cliffs

By xhentaixwriterx

Submitted: May 28, 2005
Updated: May 28, 2005

uhm... it's a story about finding the light through the darkness... it's not that good but hey that's only my opinion...

Provided by Fanart Central.
http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/xhentaixwriterx/15154/Cliffs

Chapter 1 - Untitled **2**

1 - Untitled

Here I wander closer and closer to the edge. I'm close enough to the edge to see the rushing waters beneath me. I hang my head low in sorrow, as I let my hair cover my tear filled eyes. I glance up to feel a chilling fall wind. I look around this desolate place for one last time.

It's a dark, lonely place that many people stray away from, but to some of us it's home. It's the only place we can feel safe, and be away from the pain of reality. There is one place people go to get out. That's the place where the only thing I hear a scream and nothing more. It's a cliff. I listen to the rushing waters at night before I go to sleep. Every so often, I would hear a splash. It frightens me. It's cold all the time, from the neglect of people around us. Judging us before getting to know us. Darkness and shadows are all around. You never know what might be lurking in those shadows. Most of the time, it's a shattered soul trying to find it's way out. Those shadows used to frighten me, but now I am one of those shadows.

That's most of the reason how I got here. My soul is shattered, my heart is broken, and too many hurtful memories clutter my thoughts. I refuse to wander this desolate place any longer. Once again, the wind blew, and I took one more step closer to the edge. The rushing waters and jagged rocks no longer struck fear into my mind. I took a deep breath, and I leaned forward. I was in mid air when I felt someone grab my hand. I'm dangling off the edge of a cliff with my hand in another's. I look up to see a figure of a man. He was lighter than everything around him. The light burned my eyes, for they have sat in the dark for too long. I held on tightly, not wanting to let go. He pulled me up on the edge of the cliff once again. I tightly squeezed my eyes shut, and slowly opened them.

I looked around the so called "desolate" place, to see that it was bright and full of life. It was the first warmth I had felt in years. I could finally see the trees, the flowers, and the people around me. They were there all along, I just couldn't see them in the darkness that surrounded me. The thought of having people care about me, lightened my world.