

Untitled (Part 3 of Compilation)

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Last part of a compilation.

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Alexandria,

Do you remember me? Your â one and onlyâ , your â futureâ , your â everythingâ ? Of course you donâ t, because you're too busy making out with your sexually confused boyfriend. You arenâ t a very good actress by the wayâ !. Everyone sees the disgust on your face although you try to convince them that you love him. But, was he there for you when your parents found out your meth and marijuana use and YOUR sexuality? No. I was. I didnâ t go to school for weeks because I was too busy visiting you in the mental hospital, making sure that you were okay. I was too busy trying to keep you happy by being as supportive as I possibly could. Did you forget about all I did for you? Did you forget about our first timeâ !? When I gave myself up to you and let you see the most private parts of meâ ! not just sexually, but emotionally too.. did you forget about that? You told me that moment was perfect, and that you would never forget it. But thatâ s exactly what you did.

I know you cared and still care, Alexandria. Stop trying to hide the fact that you love me. Well, I just want to believe that you still care and love me, because I need someone to take away this crippling pain. Iâ m lying on the floor with blood oozing out of the open wounds on my forearmâ ! praying for you to come rushing through the door and save me. To save me from myselfâ ! because Iâ m constantly fighting something in myself. A monster. My past, my depression, my mind. I have no idea how Iâ m supposed to let go of my pastâ ! because for one, you were in it, and because my past is what made me who I am today. I canâ t let go of my depression, because it has some sort of control over me. And my mind? Wellâ ! Iâ ve basically already let go of it. Iâ m insaneâ ! at least I feel like Iâ m insane. But then againâ ! itâ s sane to know youâ re insane, right?

Ever since my dad died 4 years ago, you know how hard it has been for me to take care of my brother all by myself. He constantly asks where dad isâ ! and it kills me inside. He stopped asking about mom because he knows that sheâ s too busy for us. He misses her of course, but heâ s gotten used to the fact that she just isnâ t around much anymore. I donâ t blame her though, because itâ s hard for me to stay here too. Everything reminds me of my dad, even my little brother. I was so close to my dad, and Iâ m even closer to my brother because Iâ m basically his mother-figure, and heâ s the only one ever around the house. Itâ s hard to juggle all of these responsibilities at school and at homeâ ! I just canâ t take it anymore. Itâ s so much stress. I love my little brother, but he canâ t depend on me for the rest of his life. I need to bring my momâ s attention back on her childâ ! he needs her, not meâ !

Youâ re the only one that can save me at this point. You saved me once beforeâ ! at the bridge. You were the only one who stopped me and gave me a second chance at life. You were there for me when I was my most fragileâ ! and I thank you for that. I had been contemplating suicide for a year and some daysâ ! and I was ready to just stop all of the pain. I had nowhere else to turnâ ! but I ended up in your arms. You calmed me for the time that you were around. What did I do wrong? Is it my fault that you left? Was I not supportive enough? Was I too depressed? Was our relationship too much stress for you? So many questions that I know will be left unanswered, just like my cries for help.

Iâ m to blame, I know. Itâ s all my fault. Itâ s my fault you got caught with drugs and itâ s my fault your parents found out about your sexuality. Itâ s even my fault that Jeremy is on the streetsâ ! because if I was a slight bit more different, then maybeâ ! just maybe, you wouldâ ve stayed with me. If you wouldâ ve stayed with me, then John wouldâ ve still been in love with Jeremyâ ! instead of watching the

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poor guy he once loved starve on the streets. Does he still love him? I suppose you're the only person who knows because I know you aren't in love with Jeremy. It's just a façade both of you are using to seem normal, although both of you are far from it. It all just comes back down to me, though. If I was just a bit different you would've saved me from all of this pain.

But I can tell you know you made a mistake. I see it in those empty blue eyes of yours. I see that you're slowly dying. I know your smile is fake, because you always force it onto your face when you see me. You're only making this decision so much easier. Knowing that you go out of your way to hurt me just shows how little you care. I was ready to give up so much for you. I knew you were afraid of your sexuality, and I told you it was okay, and that we could leave Holcomb for some place more accepting. Was it really that hard to just tell me you wanted to stay a secret? I would've been perfectly okay with that. But no. Instead you left me empty and alone. I don't know what I'm going to do with myself. I don't know how I'm going to go on.

This is my final goodbye. I'm not sure when you'll read this, if ever, but just know that I'm long gone. I've gone somewhere safe. Somewhere I don't have to be afraid anymore.

I love you, Alexandria. I'll be here for you, always.

-Amy Jade.

Dotting her signature, she stood and folded the letter into three. She gently placed the letter on the pillow her father gave her two years before his death. His memory overwhelmed her, and as tears began to blur her vision, she walked out of the front door. Blood steadily dripped from her forearm as she closed the door behind her and began the journey to the place where plan was no more.

Despite the gravel cutting her feet, Amy Jade did not cringe nor did she slow her pace. Her breathing had become irregular, as her body was an empty corpse now. By bringing these waves of pain onto a girl already riddled with scars, Alexandria led her to this point. The point where she wasn't only contemplating suicide, but where she was going to act.

That icy cold water reminds me of the cold that came over me the moment you left. I never did anything wrong, but you sure as hell made me feel like I did. It's not all your fault, though. I don't think it's anyone's fault but my own. My dad did nothing wrong by dying, and my mom did nothing wrong by shutting her children out because she just couldn't live in our house anymore. My brother did nothing wrong by depending on me. All he wanted was someone to take care of him. Maybe I shouldn't jump because then he'll have to deal with his dad and big sister dying. But the water is just calling my name. It wants to eliminate my pain. It wants to help. Just one more breath. I placed my foot over the edge, and leaned forward. I closed my eyes and felt pain for the last time as the water crashed into my body.

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