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Some girl who needs some help.



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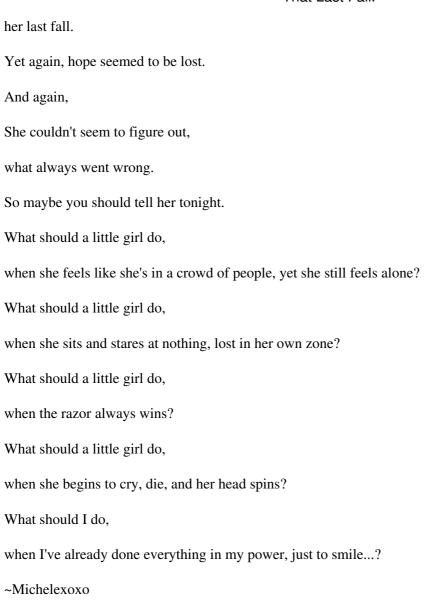
That Last Fall.

Once upon a time,

That Last Fall.

a young girl barley lived. Her heart was only so strong, but she handled everything, with what seemed to be no struggle at all. So everyone thought... Alone in her room is where she should have never been. Alone with a razor, so sharp, so thin. It glided and ripped on her beautiful skin. Yet nobody knew, as blood ran down her shin. For her it was really nothing knew. Thinking about the blood every time she got sad, wishing she could cry out, but again her voice was already too dried out. Alone like always she toke her clothes off. Boys came and went; no surprise to her. But one boy stayed; a shock to her. His name rang bells, and different shades of blue. Beautiful he was. He really was. Gorgeous he thought she was. He stayed for awhile and she seemed to remember how to smile. Scars were healing with no more blood at all. This was supposed to be,

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