

really short story

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random long paragraph of what people might relate to. well to think about it, its almost like i've written my day journal. i could turn this paragraph into a story if you wanted to but im not quite sure if it's good enough to keep going. Anyways, just message if you have any comments.

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From a distant sea, a sight worn behind an invisible mask wanting to break apart. Forbidden yet can never be forgotten. The dance of fear. The leaping of a delusional love she always longed for. She knew somehow a person like her could never have. This curse swam through a rushing river of blood controlling her body. Almost like a robot in substitution for a play. The keys of the author who wrote her life must have been switched. Southwest wind whistled through the open breeze, brushing the grass. Heat battled an endless war with the gentle touch of the wind. Mountains bordered this prairie, tight yet serene. Her eyes reached for the sky and out from her world. Standing in this ocean of greenery the birds seem to carry them up above. The breeze grasped my soul as I let it flow me into its forceful direction. Inflamed, exhausted with contentment. Days of ridicule passed out of sight. You may ask, is her life at all controlled? Or does she let anyone or anything control her? Clouds are now closing in. Darkness chased towards her. Sorrows darkened her way. She carried the heavy weight of rain in her body waiting to get out. Once in a while it does. Most of the time she lets it flood inside her. A great tsunami drowning everything inside. Everything she never thought she could have be. The one position she repelled for herself to be in. Walls were not closing in just as she wanted. Time stops. Around her begins to speed up. Events that were too soon to handle. Trapped. Nowhere to go. Is life worth living? Because her life seems pointless. To move was another death trap. Fear wrapped her tightly strangling her yet physically she feels nothing at all. The robot has not malfunctioned. It's chip felt over heated continuing to burn into ashes bit by bit. Is her happiness deserving? Depressing preventions is a process of changing into another soul. Separating the puzzle pieces and forgetting how to put them back together.

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