

But it Wasn't

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A short story for the happy pictures contest. It's not very happy at the beginning, but it'll get there.



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My hands shook and I struggled to keep my eyes open. I didn't want to have to do this. I just wanted to be able to go to sleep and that'd be that. But this was the only way to stop it. This was the only way to stop the voices that were constantly telling me there was no point. I didn't need to be here, so why should I be?

I shouldn't.

With trembling hands and clumsy fingers I picked up the pistol that I had resting on the bathtub edge. I was slumped against the bathroom wall, my shoulder pressed against the side of the tub.

No one will care.

The sound of the front door opening startled me and I dropped the gun. It crashed loudly onto the tiled floor.

â Jae?â my name was called from downstairs by a voice I couldn't place.

Hurry up.

Footsteps. They pattered to the bottom of the stairs and then stopped. I heard my name called again and scrambled to pick up the gun.

There's no use putting it off.

I held the pistol to my head, the cold metal of its barrel digging into my temple.

â I didn't leave a note.â

So what?

â No one is going to know why I did it.â

No one is going to care why I did it.

The footsteps were coming up the stairs then. They sounded frantic, like my thoughts. Like the beating of my heart.

I cocked the pistol.

And the door slammed against the bathroom wall before I could pull the trigger.

â Jae!â Theo screamed and fell to the ground in shock. He scrambled towards me. I pulled the trigger but he yanked the gun away from my head. The mirror shattered.

Seven years of bad luck; exactly what I need.

Shards of glass careened through the air. One lodged itself into Theo's shoulder. â Fuck!â He pulled the reflective splinter from his skin, blood dripped down his arm. He placed it gently on the floor and then turned to me.

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This is why everyone hates me.

He had tears pooling at his eyes and his breath came out in short gasps. I didn't have the opportunity to look at him for very long though because in moments he had me gathered up in his arms.

His blood stained my shirt and I shifted my position slightly, grazing his cut. Theo flinched.

I'm constantly hurting them.

â I'm sorry,â I tried to speak but it came out as a harsh whisper.

Like thatâ s going to help.

â Shh.â Theo wrapped his arms around me tighter and pulled me onto his lap. â Never again, Jae.â I could feel the sobs wracking his body but I couldn't hear them. â I need you, Jae. I need you.â

;

A semicolon is used when a sentence could have been ended but it wasn't.

I have one tattooed on my wrist. I guess I just needed to know that I'm not a waste of space.

Maybe there isn't a reason as to why I'm here, but I am. And maybe majority of the planet doesn't even know I exist. And even though some of the part of the earth's population that does know doesn't care; lots of people do.

I'm just like that sentence. It could have ended sooner. It could have just stopped before it was finished, but people would have noticed. People would have realized that it wasn't complete. That it hadn't lived as long as it could have. That it hadn't lived as long as it should have.

But its words didn't stop and my heart didn't stop. Maybe that sentence is over now, but it lived as long as it could. I'm not over yet. I have a long way to go. So I'm going to keep on living until I don't have a choice.

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