

Road After The Dead End

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They say you have to live in the present. They say you have to live for tomorrow. But what do you do about yesterday? What if the time in the past was the best time of your life? What if you had loved someone so much that you would rather give up your present, your future and curl up in your bed just reliving your old memories with that loved one? What if when you finally try moving on, everything keeps reminding you of him. Or someone keeps reminding you of him? What do you do then. Ok so this is actually the first ever novel that I had started writing. Found the pages a couple of days back. This is just a working title and a very unfinished, unpolished story. so hopefully it does not totally suck...



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He expects me to move on. He asked that one final promise from me in his last few breaths. How could have I denied him that? People expect me to move on. After all I'm just twenty one! I have what they say 'an entire life filled with opportunities lying ahead of me'. But can someone, *anyone* tell me how the hell am I supposed to move on when someone who was supposed to hold your hand and guide you all along has suddenly deserted you! You can't move on from something like that. You can pretend you have. Hell you can even find someone bearable enough to spend the rest of your life with! But you don't move on. You can never move on. No matter how much or how hard you try.

I finally placed the red rose over his chest and whispered in the tiniest of voice, "Maybe I'd love again, but I'd still always love you Alan. Always."

And then I turned around and buried myself in my mom's arms crying out again. I thought it had stopped. But I guess pain only subsides it never really goes away.

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