

# Leap of faith - Frank's end

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Extremely short story I wrote in a dark period

Published on  
**Booksie**

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What do you do when you've lost everything? This question slammed through Frank's mind as he rolled a shot glass between his fingers, the vodka which'd been inside slowly burning down his throat. He stood on the roof of the twenty story building, looking across at the lights and sounds of the city. It seemed so ALIVE!! Not anymore, however. That brightness had been ripped away for Frank, a facade revealing an existence of pain and emptiness.

Why am I here? Frank thought despondently. Is this it? Pain and suffering?

"WELL?" Frank cried out on the roof, feeling disgusted.

"No," Frank muttered. "If this is it I don't want to be here anymore." Zipping up his coat, Frank walked to the edge, leaned over and tossed the empty glass. It shattered on the pavement, narrowly missing passers by.

They all look like ants, he thought softly.

Is that the reality of it? Are we all just pawns being controlled by some despicable god?

I've had enough.

The pavement came rushing towards Frank, the impact barely noticeable to his deadened soul, but the pain afterwards... that was excruciating, he thought slowly removed as organ after organ shut down.

Ah, here it is. The darkness slowly filled his vision.

Then.

Nothing.

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Generated: 2015-02-01 02:40:25