

# Diaries of a Loner

By : **lost love long forgotten**

Just the writings of a girl who wants to stop being a loner. She's sick and tired of being everybody's go to girl but when she needs a person to be there for her they all turn and leave.



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# Diaries of a Loner : Chapter 1

Chapter 1: starting over

“Sometimes the person who tries to keep everyone happy is the loneliest person. So never leave that person alone, because they'll never tell you.”

-Author unknown.

I've been alone my whole life always being teased and bullied by everyone else. It surprises me that I haven't succeeded in killing myself yet even though I already know I'm pretty much worthless to everyone else. Some people would assume that after having everything in your life always a mess that you'd somehow become a cracked, shattered person who's falling apart at the seams. Not me though I am trying so hard to fight and be someone that will inspire others of course that's always the dream I've had the only I won't let die even though I've given up on all my other dreams. It's hard to be a teenage girl who's never wanted or ever chosen.

I remember the very first time I decided I wanted to die. I was in the eighth grade and I was already so used to everybody shunning me that I decided I wanted to die. The thought that passed through my head at that moment was, "I hate myself and so does everybody else. Why should I hold on any longer? I don't really inspire people and I'm already cutting myself why not just cut a little deeper and bleed out? Nobody will miss you." It's hard to admit but that's still the thought that goes through my mind. That night, I did it I cut my wrists so deep and I was laying in my bed ready to sleep for eternity when my older brother who happened to come by for a surprise visit came into my room. Everything was starting to get blurry and I kept hearing voices the next thing I knew I was in the hospital I had to stay for a seventy-two hour watch. I remember thinking that my brother might actually care for me but he left me with the two people who were robots.

To this day I want to die I just have to find a good time and place for it, a place where no one will try to stop me. I in a way feel like I'm letting my brother down and I don't want to disappoint him but I can't keep living with the fact that I will always only be his shadow. My parents want me to be just like my brother a lawyer I know it's something I don't want to do. My whole life I've tried to please others it just always backfires in my face and I end up screwing everything up. Too bad I'm not perfect. I've never shown my brother the scars I hide as a matter of fact I don't think he even knows I still cut my wrists. The night I tried to kill myself he said to me, "You can't cut yourself anymore ok Violet? I don't want to get a phone call one day to find out my baby sister is dead, I love you even if you think your unlovable." Those were his final words to me before he was taken away from earth. The day I lost my brother was the day I vowed I'd join him on the other side one way or another. My brother was killed in a robbery gone wrong and I always think that may be if I had died that day I would have somehow saved his life. I blame myself for every stupid thing that goes wrong in my life.

## Chapter 2: perfect

"I lock away the pain,  
hide away the fears,  
show you only smiles,  
not the hidden tears." Author Unknown

"Today was a sad day I lost my brother. He gave me a friend I could write in and now he's been taken away from me. I named you Xena his nick name for me because of my crazy love for that show. I lost my perfect brother the only one who was loved by everyone. I'm expected to follow in his footsteps but I can't because I know that if I do I won't be any better than a robot and I'm sick of pretending to be a robot. I fake a smile and pretend I'm fine when in reality I'm a mess that can't be fixed. I'm sick of pretending that Life will be alright when for me it's always wrong. I can't hide behind this mask anymore but if I show anyone the real me they'd freak out call me crazy lock me up. I just wish that I could've been the one that died. I wish I knew why I am the way I am because I don't like me and I don't like what I think people think of me. Chris, was an angel in the purest form of the word. I know I probably sound cliché but I mean it Chris was the only person who saw the real me and didn't judge me he only tried to understand why and help me become normal."

That was my last journal entry I buried my journal in a secret place. I buried it along with my dreams because the day Chris stopped breathing that was the day I gave up hope and slowly went crazy. I'm insane I know everybody thinks so too I mean why not I am. I'm a loner with no friends that I trust so I creep around and talk to myself. I'm my only best friend. It can be hard to deal with the pain but somehow I just do. The day of the funeral was a day that I will never forget myself. It was starting to rain and I remember that day I didn't cry I felt like I couldn't cry at all I didn't cry until I had a complete break down at my school. I don't remember what happened but one of those stupid teachers upset me they acted like I was already over the death of my brother except I wasn't and I took out all my hate, anger, and pain, every emotion I felt and I hurt that teacher. Afterwards, I broke down completely and I haven't been the same in a long time.

I hate thinking that I will disappoint Chris, but he can't stop me know can he. It's the perfect time to just release some stress. I've always loved the way the cold blade felt on my warm wrist letting all the hot blood out. It would drip slowly and I didn't try to cover the scars that were left behind. I always thought what's the reason for hiding something that's already visible to the entire world? I've always seen the world from a different point of view since I have nobody. I've always wondered why people think they need someone else to make them happy when I've already proven that you could go through life without someone else there standing by your side. I've already proven that I can live my life without the love of another person I just don't/can't socialize in this world where creeps take many forms. I realized a long time ago that dreams don't come true, at least for me don't. I was always the imperfect child that my parents didn't want and now I know they really don't want me because I can't just be a robot who does everything right. I've always been able to screw things up even when I only meant to fix them.

I've buried all my secrets hoping to become perfect for the sake of my family, I knew I could never add up to my brother so I just kind of pretended I was through with hurting myself. Destiny is a hard thing to break and eventually the pain added on and once again I took my trusty razor and sliced enjoying the pain it brought making me feel human. I've always believed that pain is really what makes a person human not any of the other emotions we're supposed to feel. I've also realized that I'll always be a flaw in my family the only imperfection that needs to disappear.

## Chapter 3: Shattered

### Chapter 3: Shattered

"I constantly get the feeling that I want to go home, then I look around and realize I'm already here. I feel like I don't belong." Author Unknown

I feel like I'm a shattered version of what I used to be. It's only been about two years since Chris died but he left a mess of a sister behind and I'm sick of everyone hating me. I'm tired of my humanity being the thing that gets in my way. Humanity, can be a dangerous thing especially if when it gets in the way of good judgment. But, for me my humanity is what my brother nourished and cherished before he died it's the only thing I have left and it keeps me sane. I want to break down let my whole guard down and show the world the ugly scars I have but they just won't understand. I think in a way Chris thought he was giving me a gift to help me get through life without hurting myself, it just hasn't turned out that way.

When I go to school I wander up and down the halls wishing that everyone could peek at what lurks behind my mask; that someone will notice the crack in the armor I wear and will break it open and love what's inside. I mostly wish that everyone could understand that I'm angry, sad, and mostly lost. I always think of the day I became a loner the very first time I realized that I was going to be completely alone for the rest of my life.

I had barely started kindergarten and I was nervous because aren't all little girls supposed to be. I still held on to the belief that I could make friends I still held on to that hope it was shattered that day. I was playing by myself in one of those little half kitchen sets people get little girls to play house with. I had been playing by myself all day and I finally noticed two little girls walk over. They were twins with blonde hair and blue eyes, "Wanna play with me?" I asked hope building up inside.

"No, we wanna know your name." It was said like a command but I responded. "My name is violet. Who are you two?" They looked at each other and one said, "We're Lisa and Connie." They never even bothered to make sure I knew who was who. "We want to play here. We don't want to play with you." At that moment I noticed people were turning their backs on me leaving me all alone. Of course at that time I also had my brother. I left the play set and went to the reading area and I taught myself to read from the few words I knew and from my big brother reading to me. I eventually memorized my favorite books and as I grew older I grew more awkward and I eventually met Poe. I fell in love with the writings of Edgar Allen Poe and from there I decided that socializing was too hard and gave up. I was happy with my books but then I started to hear the razor call out to me. It led me to a new life. That was way back when I could still have some hope for some things before I lost all hope. It was before I had the strong urge to die.

Sometimes, I wish I could go back in time to those moments and try even harder to go down a different path instead of continuing down this path that will only lead to my future death. I always think to myself before I sleep, "May be there's still a chance I can be saved." I greatly doubt that I lost my savior.

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