

# Suicide Is Silent

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These days pass by in a blur. Sky passes by in a blur. School means nothing. Family means nothing. Friends mean nothing. What does one girl do when she has had enough of the teasing? Enough of the hateful comments? Enough of life? Can one boy save the girl? Is he willing to damage his reputation for the loser? The reject?



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## Suicide Is Silent : Chapter 1

"This hate, the beautiful wonders of the world tormenting your very soul, breaking you down. Destroyed by the voices throwing out nasty comments, leaving you feeling empty and alone." -Me

What had I ever done to deserve such hate? It must be the fact that I'm a social reject, walking the halls in such a manner that one would suspect me to be a zombie. I don't wear all black, I don't cry myself to sleep and ask God why he's punishing me, like most people would do. I simply try to ignore the hate, ignore the comments thrown at me everyday.

You would think that once someone knows they can't get a reaction out of you, they'd stop. That's not how it works with me. I don't give a reaction whatsoever, not even a sigh. I sit there and take the hate, letting my emotions build up inside me so when I go home, I have something to paint, some emotion to pour into the work of art.

The lives of the people today consist around putting others down so they can feel better about their shitty lives. What one does not understand, is that when you put someone down, beneath you, you're only bringing the hate upon yourself.

I have no friends, nor do I want any. Having friends means depending on someone, putting all your shit on their shoulders and dragging them down in whatever drama is consuming your life. No one will ever understand the horrors I live through everyday, the sights I see on a daily basis, consuming my life.

My days seem to pass by quickly, the same routine everyday. Get up, go to school, ignore the hate, go home, paint. My life is what one would call uneventful, which is why I have made my decision.

I was born April 21, 1993. I will die April 21, 2012.

The date is set. No one will try to stop me. No one will be there to rescue me. No one will care if I leave this pathetic world.

## Chapter 2

School comes in the wake of a new morning, startling me to get up and get ready.

I almost forget to put my shoes on, but what would it matter? I skip most classes anyways, instead taking refuge behind the old, abandoned gym. No one goes there. No one sees me slip away. No one cares.

The day is slow, sluggish. I hope for the one thing I will never get. An escape.

Maybe I want a friend? Or someone I could talk to about the pointless politics and the idiotic supreme officials trying to pass the world's lamest law just so they could get a little more money in their pockets?

Maybe I just want someone there for me to rest my head on their shoulder? Maybe I don't know what I want.

My life consists of 'maybes' and 'ifs'. It's not the most wonderful life, full of happiness, just the opposite in fact.

I frown, tugging free some of the weeds trying to surface between the cracks in the old concrete ground. I seize a dandelion, blowing the small petals away, wishing a wish that will never come true. I place a small, gentle kiss to the round, hard part where the flower's pollen would be and toss it away from me.

I look at the lifeless flower, once full of promise. I stare at the limp stem, it's brightness dulling to a grey-green. The flower itself shrinks, withering into the dust of the past.

I release a sigh, looking away from the dead flower, instead staring out into the great field in front of me. What I wouldn't do just to feel the swaying grass grasping at my legs, relishing the feeling of the earth spreading it's warmth, protecting me from the cold of the shadows, breathing life into me.

I shake my head at my stupidity. Earth will never give me life, happiness. Only the sadness and forgotten memories of what once was. I let out a brittle laugh, the sound sounding strange even to my ears, like it wasn't my voice.

I gather my senses and lift myself up without support from the wall behind my back. I grab my grey book bag, walking down the stone steps that lead up to the old gym. I walk the halls, a careless whisper, blending in.

If only the peace could last. If only I could blend in.

"Hey, look guys! It's Sky!" A snotty cheerleader sneers, her eyes surveying my outfit, me, with clear disgust.

"Oye! Don't look her in the eyes. She can turn you to stone just like that ugly Medusa!" A jock.

"Of course! Just look at the rat's nest she calls hair! Uhhhg-ly." Snotty cheerleader.

I don't reply, just simply walk on, to my next class. The torture doesn't seem to end. Class drags on and on until the bell finally rings, signaling for lunch.

I gather my things and shove them nicely into my book bag. I nod the teacher goodbye before walking out and back the way I came, back to my sanctuary. The only place in this goddamn hellhole where I don't have to listen to the hateful comments, the nasty sneers and glares that keep me up all night painting.

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"Sky?" I don't acknowledge them, whoever they are. I just keep walking, doing the norm.

I finally make it to my sanctuary, sliding down the wall until I hit the cold, concrete ground. I rest my head back against the hard wall, stretching my legs out in front of me. I lift my arms, swooping them through the wind like I was trying to fly. I reach up as if I were to touch the sky, so out of reach. I rest them back against my legs, limp.

I take out my sketchbook, dulling my pencil against the rough ground. I lift my head, my bangs slightly getting in the way of the field in front of me. I sketch the tall grass, exaggerating it a bit. I sketch huge, luminous mountains. I sketch a beautiful onyx dragon in mid-flight, its wings softly folded against its body, its large purple-black eyes looking straight ahead. I get so into my drawing that I don't notice it when someone clears their throat from above me.

"Sky?" A hushed tone, barely more than a whisper, but I hear them anyways.

I slowly look up from my drawing, not daring to look from their penetrating gaze once my eyes meet theirs.

It's Christopher Stone.

My face holds no emotion, not even a blink of my eyes to show him that I acknowledge he's there.

I look back down at my drawing, the beautiful, dark colors swirling together in such a way that it makes me calm, takes me away to another world. A world full of dragons and hunters, fire-breathing creatures that take your breath away with their beauty.

I release a sigh, sliding my sketch book closed and putting it back in my bag. I get up, grab my bag and walk past Christopher, pressing myself up against the wall to get around him.

I hear his shoes groan from turning so quickly on the rough ground. I hear a barely released sigh escape his lips as he watches me walk away, back into the crowd, the crowd full of so much hate. For me.

## Chapter 3

Someone once said that life is just like a game, only the best get out alive. The people with the brains and the ability to think of strategy usually win the game.

Well, my life is a game. My parents didn't get out alive, they perished in the middle of the game, pausing to catch their breaths while others race on, to the finish line. If only they had kept going, they would have made it, won.

Those far in front of me, sprinting until their muscles ache, screaming protest to rest, to stop. They will be the ones to win the game, leaving me in the dust, far in the past where everything starts out simple, growing difficult as you progress on.

The teacher's voice drags me back to the present, back to where I am the one quickly losing, losing the hope, the promise. I crack my knuckles, the sound breaking the silence in the small classroom. The teacher pauses, mid-lecture, to snap her eyes at me and then looking away, continuing on with her lecture on the Ancient Greeks and Romans.

I hunch in on myself, my shoulders rising above where my head usually is. I clasp my hands together, crossing my ankles under the table. I look up through my hair at the large clock hanging above the white board. The hands move agonizingly slow, each tock bringing me closer to goal, closer to the ending of my life.

I snap my eyes shut, cringing when someone brushes their arm against me on accident. I shrink farther into myself, wishing I could be anywhere but here. The bell finally rings. I get up quickly, accidentally knocking someone over in my rush to get out. I don't bother looking back, apologizing. It's not worth it.

I maneuver myself around the people crowding the halls. As I'm nearing my sanctuary, I see people standing and talking where I usually sit. I frown, looking over the people with interest. Of course, Christopher Stone.

"Sky?" I glance at him, shrinking in on myself, not exactly presenting myself as someone to be socializing with.

I smell the different perfumes of the people standing there, my sanctuary. All those people who hate me, where I come to get away from the hate. I look back at the ground and turn away, walking back in the direction from where I came. A hand on my shoulder stops me. I cringe, but stop walking nonetheless. I slowly turn around, already knowing that it's Christopher.

"Where are you going?" He asks me, shoving his hands deep in his pockets. He turns his head to look at the group of people, smiling at them and nodding at them that he'll be over in a second, once he's done talking to the freak.

"What are you doing?" I ask, surprising myself and him. I don't talk to people. I ignore them, glance at them, shrug at them, but I never talk to them. I shrug my shoulders, turning away once again. This time, he lets me go, not stopping me, simply watching me walk away from him like I did the other day.

The first time in the three years I've been going to this high school, I sit in the cafeteria, surrounded by sweaty, hungry kids shoving disgusting, fattening food down their throats. I stare at the plastic white table, trying to block out the noise of the loud, shouting people. I don't dare take out my sketch book.

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I race through the doors in an instant, I couldn't stand the noise and the feel of being trapped in there, without any freedom or a way out besides those two doors that everyone comes and goes through. I look around me, at the sweeping trees and mingling bodies swarming together as one.

A tear escapes my eye as I race back to my sanctuary, ignoring the stares and looks I get as I run past them. I run up the steps, stopping as I realize there are already people here, staking their claim on my area. Christopher sees me, the tears running down my face as I stare at the lions taking away my land, taking the only place I could go to escape the hate, escape the pressures of trying to be someone I'm not. All of it, gone.

I wipe the tears away, look away from Christopher and walk pass the group that hates me. As I walk pass them, they notice me, start throwing their food at me. I brush it off and keep walking, around the side of the building and to the other side where absolutely no one dares to come. I slump against the wall, finally letting the tears come out.

They took it away. The one and only place where I could feel as if nobody existed, the one place where I don't have to hide, the one place where I can just draw and stare out into the beautiful field that helps clear my mind of the day. I loved that place.

I stare out in front me now, at the old back parking lot where no one parks their cars because no one knows about it anymore. I stare at the cracked asphalt, the white lines barely there, misused, dead. I stare at the chain linked fence around the parking lot, keeping all out.

If only there was a chain linked fence around my sanctuary, keeping them out. Yes, if only.

## Chapter 4

The blistering heat, forcing me to wipe the sweat off my brow. I look around, my hair whipping around my head lifelessly. It hangs limp against my cheek, dry, frizzy from the heat. I mumble a few curse words under my breath, gathering my things quickly, but not quick enough.

I've barely made it back to my room before the yelling starts. I pick up my pace, hoping to shut everything out but it's no use. She's got me right where she's always wanted me. I keep going, not looking back. I've finally reached my room, I grab the door handle, pushing the door open with all my might and slamming it closed behind me.

I search frantically for something, anything to put up against the door so she can't get in. I grab my desk chair and place it under the door knob, hoping this helps. It does in the movies, right?

I crawl over to my bed, from tripping over the loose patches of carpet on my filthy floor. I grab the sheets, hawling myself up. I curl into a ball on top of the messy arrangement of blankets and a pillow, rocking myself back and forth, tears spilling out my eyes. I hear her coming, just waiting any moment for her to knock the door down.

I hear her, throwing her empty glass bottle at my wooden door, the crash ringing in my ears. I grip my legs tighter, hugging myself tighter, whispering nonsense. I cringe when I hear her throw something heavier at my door. My tears stop falling when I don't hear anything for a moment. No movement outside my door. I don't dare get up and move that chair. I know better than that.

This happens all the time, yet I've never gotten used to it. Who would get used to this torture? The knowledge that your own mother doesn't want you? She would sell me for one taste of the drug that keeps her going. She would sell me for anything she could get her hands on. I would rather be at school, where the hate is more welcoming than this place. I would rather be anywhere else but here.

My thoughts drift, breaking off as my door breaks off its hinges, sprawling out in front of me. I look at the door way, afraid of what I might see there. I see my mother, holding a crow bar in her hands like the madwoman she's become. I scream, falling backwards off my bed. I cover my head and neck with my hands, trying to fight her off as she gets her dirty hands on me, trying to drag me out of my room.

"Let me go!" I yell at her, screaming in terror when she rips some of my hair out. I kick her, anywhere my feet can connect with skin. I fight with all might, but it's never enough. It will never be enough.

"Stop fighting you little rat!" She yells at me, tugging harder on my hair. I scream, releasing all my anger and sadness into that one scream. I grab my hair away from my mom, tugging it free, even though it hurts like hell.

I run away from her, into the kitchen that's never used. I search for a hiding place, anything to get me away from my mom. I look to the pantry, hurrying over to the door and wrenching it open. I quickly get in, curling in on myself to fit. I shut the door quickly, trying not to make a sound as I hear her pouding footsteps coming after me. I leave the door slightly open so I can see her and know where she's going.

She's edging closer to where I'm hiding. I hold in a whimper when I see the crazy look in her eyes. She's finally lost it. Finally.

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The tears start pouring down my face once more, I don't know what to do. This torture is too much, there's nothing for me to do. I look all around me, searching for something to defend myself with once she finds me. She always does.

"Come on baby. I know you're in here." She looks straight at me, not realizing it's me before I'm springing myself at her, frying pan in hand. I swing at her, hitting her square in the face. Her eyes shut, and she falls to the ground from the impact she wasn't expecting.

"I'm growing up mom!" I shout at her, hitting her one more time to make sure she doesn't wake up any time soon.

I rush back to my room, flinging the frying pan on the stove. I grab a dingy, old sports bag, shoving as many clothes as I can inside it. I don't have a phone, never had enough money for that speciality.

I grunt, falling face first onto the floor, my mom's foot digging into the back of my neck. I shut my eyes in pain, her heel drawing blood. I scream into the dirty floor, trying to turn myself over and get up. She presses harder with her heel, nudging my head with something cold. I turn my head, looking straight into the glint of a silver kitchen knife.

"I can't feel no pain baby. These drugs work like you'll never know." I stare up into her face, the face of the mother she once was not there at all. I remember the times before she got into drugs and alcohol. I remember the times when she would hold me close, refusing to let any danger come my way. Now, she's the danger, putting everything she has into seeing me hurt.

I shove her heel away, turning myself over, staring straight at her, not making any move to get up. She stares down at me, the disgust in her face kills me inside. This was once the woman who would tuck me into bed at night, kiss me on my forehead and whisper she loves me. What happened so drastically to make her change her mind? Oh yes, the drugs. They've messed with her head, making her think things that she would have never thought of in the first place.

I scoot myself along the floor, letting her get lost in her memories, my only chance to escape and I take it. I spring up, pushing her backwards onto the tangle of bed sheets, getting lost in them for a moment. I grab my duffle bag, not taking anymore time to fill it up. I rush out of the house in an instant, running down the empty streets, not knowing where to go.

More tears slip down my face when I figure out that I have no where to go. No one to go to. Not a single person I can go to. This is when friends would come in handy, but no. I'm the social reject. The freak.

No one wants me. No one ever will. Not even my own mother, my own flesh and blood.

## Chapter 5

Life in a shoebox? Who said it was any worse than the life of a teenager? We go through much more than just being confined to life in a small space. Teenagers, around the world, would agree when I say we have things worse. We're too old to do something childish, yet too young to do anything something an adult would do.

What I wouldn't do just to go back home again, run back into the arms of my loving mom who *loves* me, *cherishes* me. What I wouldn't do just to be in a warm bed again, albeit the sheets are probably dirty and my pillow is full of dirt from shoving my mom onto my bed. She never showers, probably once a month or something like that but other than that, never. She used to be so clean, fresh smelling. Now she smells of drugs, dirt and gross sex.

I trudge my way to school, from having slept on the bus station bench, curling a thin jacket around me to keep warm. There was another man there, begging me for some drink, some alcohol, anything. He had finally left around some time late at night, I wasn't sure since there was no clock around for me to check. It was freezing, raining coming down hard. There was my shower.

My clothes in the duffle were all wet, so I didn't change out of what I was wearing. I pass my house on the way, keeping my head down the whole way in case my mom was standing in the window and staring out at the vacant street in front of our house. No one with kids, teenagers, lives on this street. It's all the tweakers and alcoholics, perfect for my mom.

I stare at the ground. If I stare at long enough, maybe I'll become a part of it, blending in, being stepped all over. Just like the hate that awaits me at this wretched high school. I considered ditching the whole day, no one would have missed me anyways. I could have found a cheap motel, picked the lock with a random hairpin lying around and stayed there all day, but it didn't seem worth it. Like I have something to prove to the people at my school that I can go through so much and still turn up at school.

I dismiss that thought quickly. I don't have anything to prove to those people. They are nothing to me. Nothing at all.

I slide into my seat at my first class silently. I'm still soaking wet, my shoes squeaking every time I move them, my clothes sagging and sappy looking. I rest my hand under my chin, holding my hurting head up.

The teacher stares at me, his eyes going wide for a moment, probably taking in my appearance or realizing that I'm actually attending his class. I never do. I'm always hiding out at my sanctuary, sketching random things hiding out in the field, racing through the tall, pale yellow grass. I release a sigh, wanting to leave already even though school hasn't even started yet.

I look at the clock, willing the hands to turn faster so school will start and class will start, so class can end and I can go to my sanctuary. Hopefully it's not overrun with those monsters again, taking away my land. I grimace, grinding my teeth together harshly. The teacher looks up, gives me a disapproving look and returns to whatever he's doing on his computer.

I rest my head on my soaking wet arms, shrinking in on myself as much as I can. The class eventually comes through the door, every seat being taken up except for the seat next to me. I don't bother looking over, the seat is probably wet from the pool of water dripping onto the floor next to me and running down the edges of my chair from my soaking wet hair.

"Sky peed herself!"

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I shut my eyes, gritting my teeth harder. The class erupts in laughter, even the teacher is trying to hide a smile. I don't want to be here, the one place where I would have rather been yesterday, away from my mom but no. I'd rather be somewhere else, dead even. I sigh, that date is already set. I can't do anything else but wait for that wonderful day to come. The one day no one remembers, knows about or cares enough to say something about. No one acknowledges it. There's no reason for someone to forget it if they have no clue about it.

Unfortunately, the one person to arrive late to class has to sit next to the freak. They sit down next to me, the class quieting down when they notice who it is. I don't look up from my arms, this person will probably just crack a joke about me being wet and the class will burst out laughing again.

The teachers starts talking about the lesson, a lesson I have no intention on paying attention too. Instead, I decide to catch up on some long needed sleep, the sleep I failed to get the night before. That crazy homeless man, keeping me up all night with his random banter and then the begging that came after the ridiculous stories.

I'm jerked out of my peaceful sleep by someone dropping a book on my head. I shove the book away, pushing it off the desk and onto the ground. The whole class goes silent. I still haven't lifted my head yet and I don't plan to.

"I took the curtesy to go get you a book and you just shove it away from you?" That voice. That damn voice that is always trying to talk to me, to get a reaction out of me.

I don't reply. I just look up, give him an exasperated look and hold my hand up to my head, posing it as a gun and clicking the pretend trigger with my thumb and slumping back down onto my desk, loving the wonderful sleep once again, until I'm harshly woken up again. This time, someone is shaking me, shouting at me and trying to stare into my eyes. It's like this person doesn't even care that we're in a crowded classroom, full of hateful students and a teacher who doesn't seem to care that I'm asleep. It's like every teacher has just given up on me, yet they pass me anyways, since I show up at least once or twice every week.

"Sky!" The voice yells.

I finally look up, giving the guy a glare. It's Christopher. I should have known. He jerks back, like I've slapped him. I stare at him with a 'what?' expression on my face. He shuts his mouth, looks away and sits back down next to me. I shrug my shoulders and slump back into sleep. I hear a barely released sigh next to me, some scuffling and then the air next to me changes, as if he's moved. I wouldn't blame him. Who would want to sit next to the freak?

Lunch comes quickly, I decided to ditch the next two classes and hide out in my new sanctuary. I stared longingly at my old sanctuary, kicking the cold ground with my still sort of wet shoes and running my fingers along the wall of the old gym that no one uses anymore. I finally left, hearing the bell ring and rush around the side of the building. A few cigarette buds were there, meaning that other people know of this place. Of course they would, it's not taped off with caution tapes or has a sign that says 'Private Property, Do Not Enter Or Get Shot'.

I decide to walk around a bit, since I hadn't moved from my spot for basically an hour, just drawing an exact replica of the old parking lot. I run into a few stoner looking people, already knowing that they're heading to my new sanctuary, probably to get high or something. I don't mind. I don't have a problem with them. I turn the corner, looking ahead at my old sanctuary and seeing my hopes and wishes disintergrate into ashes, my heart suddenly left empty and cold, colder than normal.

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They're all still there, wearing their posh clothing and expensive smelling perfumes. I walk past them, they shout things, throw things but it's all just one big void of no emotion. Not even their hate stirs me. Nothing pops into my head when they start yelling slander, throwing their half eaten food at me. Nothing. Nothing at all.

I'm almost all the way down the steps when a hand jerks to stop me. I shake them off and continue walking, knowing without having to think about it that it's Christopher. I don't understand how he could talk to me, ask me where I'm going, as if it's nothing. As if he isn't ruining his perfect reputation, as if I *mean* something to him.

He calls my name, cupping his hands around his mouth and shouting, like it's on a loud speaker. All other noise dies down, the coos and caws of his fellow mates as they stare at him in amazement and disgust. It's like he can't say my name without them freaking about it, even though they say my name all the time. I'm *always* on their minds and sorry to disappoint, but they're *not* on my mind at all, during any time of day. Not one bit.

"What do you want now?" I turn around, using an accusatory tone, looking him dead in the eye as I await my answer. He just stares at me, shocked I even said anything, shocked beyond belief when I even turned around to look at him. I roll my eyes, waiting for an answer still.

His mates stare at our little scene with disgust, but interest is their eyes, I can feel it. I can feel their energies, bouncing with curiosity, full of excitement and jealousy that I'm responding to him and not to any of their nasty comments.

"I was just going to tell you that.." He trails off, looking back at his mates for some sort of answer. He turns back to me, his face set in hard lines now, as if he regrets calling my name. "You're a filthy piece of shit. You're gonna die alone and no one will care if you leave this earth, no one."

"Typical." I mutter, turning away as his friends high five each other. I hear them as I walk away, their laughter fills my ears, the joyous high fives and slaps on the back they give to Christopher. I turn back around one last time, to look at the pain and misery that has filled Christopher's eyes as his eyes meet mine. I see him mouth a 'sorry' to me. I stare vacantly at him, a ghost of a person, willing him to look away first. I smirk just a bit at him, then leave without once glancing back.

## Chapter 6

I feel like slamming my body onto the ground, crushing my bones like crushing a sand rock between your fingers. I want to tumble into a black pit, falling freely into nothing.

I've seen so much lately, heard so little. No one says anything to me anymore, ever since Christopher said what he said to me. Everyone seems to shut up when I'm around. Usually, I would love, enjoy, the silence but now? Everything is too quiet, like someone is about to jump up and yell 'BOMB!' as loud as they could and then abruptly explode, their insides covering everyone in sticky goo.

These lights, shining all around me, choking me, leaving me breathless. These hands, grasping my arms, my legs, my neck, my hair, anywhere they can get their hands on. They squeeze, twisting my stomach into terrible knots and painful sputters erupt from my mouth. No one turns in my direction, no one tries to save me. This is truly what it will be like, *feel* like when I take my own life. No one there to stop me, no one there to prevent what's going to happen. The way it should be.

I've stopped painting. I've stopped drawing. My mom started selling my work to people to get money. Money to buy junk, weed, alcohol, anything to keep her going. I'm starting to come home even later than usual, staying out as late as I allow myself, before I freeze, before I die from the cold.

In ways, I hope that when I come home, everything will go back to the way it was. When my mom wasn't addicted to drugs. When she didn't have to *need* alcohol to get her through the day. I wish everything could go back to normal. I wish I could travel back in time and prevent my dad from leaving us, my mom, me. I will myself to believe that he will come back to us one day, but I know in my heart that he never will. He didn't want my mom, he *didn't want me*. That is what breaks me inside, that is what truly breaks my heart.

No one *wants* me.

I'm left all alone in this huge, pathetic world. No one to rely on. No one to talk to. Not a single person I can rest my head on when I suddenly get too tired to hold it up by myself.

I'm dying! And no one gives a shit!

I start crying uncontrollably, the hurt inside my chest exploding, sending me into a whirl of cries, outbursts of air and screams. I rip at my clothing, trying to tear it off my skin, frantically trying to distance myself from myself. I cry until I have no more air left to breathe, my chest heaving up and down like a person with asthma after they've ran and forgotten to use their inhaler. My heart is pounding loudly, I can feel the blood pumping throughout my whole body.

I smack the ground, punch the walls around me, snatch a rock and chuck it as hard as I can at the metal fence surrounding the old, abandoned parking lot. I run to the fence, gripping it so tightly, my knuckles turn white. I kick the fence, my breathing coming out in rasps of pain. I choke back more tears, done of crying, done of fighting, done of *breathing*.

"Why do you hate me so much!?" I shout at the sky, raising my arms in the air, looking up at the sky through teary eyes. The wind picks up, as if hearing me, surrounding me, lifting my clothes up, my hair swirling all around me. I sigh, looking back down at the ground, the old dirty ground.

"It's not worth it, you know." I whirl around at the voice, wiping furiously at my eyes, trying to get rid of the tears, my smeared eyeliner. I turn to see Christopher. I snort and stop trying to fix my appearance.

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"What the hell do you want!" I shout at him, breaking down again, falling to my knees and clutching my chest, my still beating heart, through my shirt. My mouth opens in a silent scream, my eyes go wide with fear. I scratch at the ground, looking, searching for something to grab on to.

And all this time, Christopher's eyes are on me, watching my every move, not bothering to come over and help. I look up at him with such disgust on my face, the pain of everything hiding in my eyes. I snarl at him, causing him to stumble back a little, startled.

"What do you *want*?!" I shout again. "Are you here to make fun of me? Come up with some witty remark to send me into hysterics?" I lower my voice on this next part, "Come to tell me that I'm a 'filthy piece of shit and that I deserve to die alone'?" I curl my lip at him, my eyes blazing with hurt and anger.

"Sky, I-" He cuts off, looking out behind me, shoving his hands deeper into his pockets.

"You don't know me." I breathe out, my expression becoming calm and emotionless.

"No, I don't." He grounds out between clenched teeth. He seems to look extremely awkward, standing in front of me now, hoping to say something? To apologize? I don't know, and really, I don't care at all.

"Run along now. Can't wait to tell everyone how much of a psycho Sky is." I continue glaring at him, waving my hands around, I do that when I talk. "Hey guys watch out! It's Psycho Sky! Don't wanna catch the disease!"

"Sky, please." He looks back at me, looking me dead in the eye. His eyes are forgiving. I can see the hope in his eyes, the hope for me. It's like he cares, but I know he really doesn't.

"No. You can't change what can never be saved. I'm done with this world. Done with everything." My voice is flat, too calm, too peaceful. There's no life left inside me. Nothing and no one can save me now. I'm just an empty shell, a dead soul.

He stares at my face, taking in my features for the first time. My sharp, angular face, high cheek bones, small pointed nose, my too dark of blue eyes, everything. I watch as he takes me in, takes the time to burn my face into his mind, remembering me in the worst way.

"It's only high school. Once we graduate, we'll never see each other again. We're all immature and I'm truly, sincerely sorry for saying what I said to you. I didn't mean it." He sighs, pausing. I don't say anything. "Sky, I'm sorry for ever tormenting you. I'm sorry for spitting these names at you. I know it felt like shit, I know you don't show emotion in front of us. I know you bottle it all up so when you go home, you finally break." His voice breaks off as if someone has taken a knife to his tongue and is cutting it off.

My breath hitches in my throat. I slowly rise from the ground, steadying myself with the fence behind me. I stare at him, not believing a word he's saying.

"You don't know me! You can't tell me things about myself! You don't know what it feels like. You know *nothing*." I growl out, clenching my teeth together tightly, balling my hands into fists. I can't take it anymore. I punch the fence behind me, screaming at the top of my lungs, tearing at my clothes again.

I look around wildly, seeing Christopher for real this time. He's a scared little animal, wishing, hoping he can get away from me as soon as possible.

## Suicide Is Silent

"Get away from me! I know you want to! I can see it in your eyes! You think I'm a freak just like the rest of them!" I scream at him, making him flinch every time I jab my finger at him. He really looks scared now. I'm about to explode with every emotion that has been building up inside me since my dad left us, me.

"Sky, calm down." His voice comes out soothing but I can sense the fear behind it.

"No. I will not calm down! I am done with this! I am done with everything. I can't wait to leave this pathetic world, leave all the pathetic people behind and move on into the world of the dead. I can't wait to jump off the cliff, the wind whirling through my hair, the air so harsh and cold, forcing my lungs to heave in gulps of air. You have no idea how beautiful all of that feels."

I sound absolutely crazy.

And here's the thing, maybe, just maybe I am crazy.

Just like my mom.

## Chapter 7

The need, the want, to do something so badly it slowly kills you inside when you realize you can't do it. That you're slowly being torn away from something that you used to love, maybe still do but no one really, truly knows anything about it until you do it. The rush and feel as that blade glides over your skin, painting your arms with the liquid of your being.

The excitement loosely hidden behind your grim eyes, setting your whole world on fire when that blood red liquid drips, splattering perfectly onto the smooth, clean floors, settling nicely into a small pool, sliding easily through the cracks, spreading. The disease of your being spreading like wild fire, going from the edges of your body, to the last few edges on the creases in the brightly lit room, lighting up like a sore thumb.

This feeling, of release, captures me in pure light, filling every crevice of me in bright light. I soon to feel myself again, the happy carefree girl I used to be all those years ago, before my dad announced his leaving. I feel light, slowly rocking on my heels for a second too long before I feel the dread and guilt building up in my gut. I swallow past the lump in my throat, clutching at my wrist, like I'm noticing my blood for the first time. I turn the water head on quickly, dousing my wrist under it, afraid the blood will never stop running. I find a huge band-aide under the sink, forgetting to put some alcohol on it so it won't get infected.

At this point, I wouldn't have realized if I had cut too deep. Slowly, the realization dawns on me, I could have taken my life, *tonight*. I could have forgotten all about my 'big' plans for my birthday, forgotten everything and just let go. A single tear escapes my eye, trailing down my face, like a deformed snowflake, quickly being squashed by someone swatting it away from them. I wipe the tear away, stealing glances at my bandaged up wrist.

School tomorrow. Those awful words, albeit true words, I had said to Christopher still haunt me as I lay myself down for bed. The way I had completely let my guard down and screamed at him, not caring for one moment that anyone could have been listening in, videoing me as well. The horror sinks in, filling me with dread. I told him things I've only ever kept to myself. That is one reason why I should never have responded to him the first time he had ever shouted out my name. I should have simply kept walking, ignoring his calling my name.

Sleep comes quickly, enveloping me in its warm, dark embrace. I snuggle up against it, basking in the warmth and glow of the dark slowly creeping over my flesh, lulling me deeper into its dark depths. Dreams of my dad returning, my mom rehabbing, me still breathing. Those dreams put on a smile on my face without me realizing it.

In the morning, I've almost completely forgotten about my little adventure last night, those beautiful dreams taking me subconscious to a whole other dimension. I scratch at my bandage wrist, not realizing for a moment that it's bandaged and by the time I've ripped off the bandage and started scratching, the bleeding returns, pouring out in huge globs of red.

I stare at my wrist in horror, watching the blood slowly seep from my arms. I watch as it drips down my wrist, onto my freshly clean sheets, the red contrasting beautifully against the stark white. My horror soon turns to amazement. The color of my blood against something so light, so pure, is just truly amazing. I just want to stare at it forever, getting lost in all the pools of dark red that runs through my veins all the time.

I want to go to all my classes today. It surprises my first period teacher, my presence seems to catch the teacher and the students off guard. I re-banded my wrist, not bothering to hide it under a sleeve. I wore a dark red tank top, showing my little masterpiece off to the whole world, the student body that is.

## Suicide Is Silent

As I walk to the only seat available, one right in the middle of the class, sitting next to Julia Noudry, everyone turns and stares at my wrist. They flinch away as I pass them, the smirk growing on my face each time. The teacher is silent, taking me in as if he's never seen me before.

"The freak actually has boobs!" A girl starts giggling and some of the guys start clapping and muttering that it's 'amazing' and other explicit stuff.

"Quiet down!" The teacher growls out, shooting me a glare for attracting so much attention.

He shouldn't be glaring at me, I could see the fear in his eyes as I entered his class. I could see the little twitch of a muscle in his jaw, his restraint from asking me to leave. He's one of the few that just doesn't want to deal with me at all, would rather have me skip their class instead of actually going and not paying attention.

The class drones on, the bell finally ringing at the very right moment. I was shaking in my seat, glancing around me like a scared little mouse being stalked by its prey, the all mighty housecat. I rush out of the class quickly, my wrist accidentally brushing peoples shoulders and I watch as they cringe, stepping backwards, sometimes backing as far as into the wall when I accidentally touch them. I growl, tired of this.

"I'm not carrying a disease!" I shout at all of them, waving my wrist in the air as to prove that it's just a bandage. "People cut themselves all the time! Not just me! Get the fuck over it!" I shout at all of them, their eyes growing wide with fear that I'm shouting, much less talking to them at all.

I catch the eyes of several people, their gazes locking with mine and holding me in place as some of them smile and some of them give me a look of disgust and continue on their way. I shrug my shoulders, unaffected by the feeling of the eyes on me. I'm used to it, the feeling of someone glaring at you, giving you a nasty look as you walk by. It's in my everyday life, being glared at, looked down upon and it doesn't bug me one bit. People need to open their eyes and realize these things.

I look away when I catch someone staring at me with interest. I can see that it's Christopher and I really don't want to see him right now. I know I effected him yesterday, the look in his eyes, full of pity when he said he had to go. I know I should have kept my mouth shut but I'm not sorry for saying what I did. It was the truth and I say *only* the truth.

School goes on, and I stick to my word. I go through every class, even the ones I have with Christopher. I have one more class to go, the one right after lunch and as I'm sitting against the front wall of the old gym, I notice movement around me, like an ambush. I dive for the fence, but they're too quick. Too soon, I'm lying on my belly, my head shoved forcefully into the dirt, my body crushed up against the concrete, my hands pressed tightly against my back.

I hear their voices, but I can't see their faces. This isn't the way I'm supposed to go. I have it all planned out and everything. These stupid people are going to ruin it all. A tear falls down my face, my screaming has stopped, their voices have stopped as well. Someone nudges me over the boot of their foot and I look into the eyes of four people I've never seen in my life.

"Yo, dude, she's crying." One the guys says, trailing the tear down my face and watching intensely as it dribbles down my neck and falls onto the ground. The look of interest on his face is too intense. I squeeze my eyes shut, hoping they'll just go away.

One of them stands me up and shoves me harshly against the metal fence, my back will definitely have a bruise now. I wince in pain, not the first time this has happened, it always happens in my neighborhood but not at school. This is different, a bit surprising as well.

## Suicide Is Silent

"She's cool. I've seen her around." Another dude pipes up, his voice deep and the sound of definite control is there. Looks like I've found the leader of this whole chirade. I glare at him, pushing my full body weight onto the guy holding my shoulder tightly.

"Don't touch me." I growl at the guy, my eyes blazing with anger. The guy backs off, holding his hands up in surrender.

I whirl around at the feeling of someone touching me. It's the leader guy and he's pushing an extra strand of hair behind my ear. I look into his eyes, they're a deep, rich brown, almost the same exact color of dark mahogany. They're beautiful. He stares back into my eyes, seeing the fear and pain behind the front that I put on.

He knows me, in some way and somehow. I'm absolutely terrified at this point, this has never happened to me during school. He must know my mom, done a drug deal with her or something. I look away from his beautiful eyes and instead settle on the wall behind his head.

"I know her. She's okay. Untie her wrists." He barks at the same guy who I pushed off of me. He unties my wrists quickly, holding my bandaged wrist a second too long. I don't mention anything about it, but when I rub my wrists, the leader guy is staring at the bandage with interest. Anger flashes across his face, too quickly for me to comment on it. It was there and now it's not.

"See you around." He whispers in my ear and then they're all off, climbing over the fence and dashing out of sight.

At the last moment, the leader guy turns around and winks at me. He flashes a brief smile and then he's off again, trailing after his mates.

## Chapter 8

*The night. The cold, painless night. The surrounding darkness, engulfing you in a black spiral, falling to the ground, gripping the concrete sidewalk, forcing yourself to get up. Wildly looking around, seeing the ghost-like figures float by you, their eyes wide open, their mouths slightly agape, as if in shock. Forcing yourself to move, when you have no idea where you're going, the feeling of being a puppet in a show. You turn around, grabbing your legs to move them, they have become like lead.*

*You're being pushed, pushed up against a wall, suddenly appearing from nowhere. Your airway is being cut off; someone is gripping your throat. You scratch and scratch, but no one is holding you. The pressure suffocates you, your face turns a nasty purple, like the dead. Your pupils dilate, rolling back in your head until all you see is the white. Your mouth opens, in a silent scream. Your arms fall limply to your sides.*

*Death has done his job. He's satisfied.*

I awake in a rush, my breathing erratic. My hands fly up to my throat, nothing's there. I sigh, thinking 'It was only a dream. A nightmare.' I shut my eyes, my hands balling into fists. This isn't the first time I've had a nightmare somewhat like this. *Death* has been in my dreams before, but not like this. He's simply just watched, gloomily staring at me from the safety of his darkened hood, shadowing his face from my view. It's never been this intense before.

I see who I am in front of me. I see my reflection in the mirror, but that's not really me. I'm an empty shell, soulless. I have nothing to live for. I have no one to live for. Death can finally have me; grip his steely hands on my warm flesh. He can finally take away the steady beat of my heart, crushing it. The oozing red liquid dripping from my mouth, the only reminder that I was once alive, breathing.

We are all hunters or the hunted. I was once a hunter, stalking my prey, feeding off their flesh, reviving myself with the life of something else. It seems now, that I am the hunted. There are those, hunting me, stalking me; they're prepared to take me down, feed off my flesh, revitalize themselves with my tangy meats. They are prepared to skin me, slicing through that thin layer of protection that keeps our insides *inside* us.

I am slowly being hunted, by Death himself. I will slowly fall into the ruins of time, my ashes flowing softly in the parting wind. My death alone will be a reminder to everyone that people can break; that once someone doesn't know what to live for or how to move past something so drastic in their lives, they turn to the only thing they think is right. I'm not saying that everyone should do this, but this is *my* choice, no one else's. No one can stop me.

My muscles tense, twitch, itching to run. Free from the restraints; the pounding of my feet slamming against the slick ground. The air rushing past my head, my hair flying wildly behind me. People blur around me. Vast open space stills; buildings whirling around me, so close to touch.

Someone calls out my name, bringing me back to the present. I jerk back, shocked to be sitting in a metal chair, in class. An aggravated sigh passes my lips. Collecting glares; one, two.. Three, four. And there's five. I rest my head on my arms, already tired of this day.

Class ends. Lunch comes.

I have nowhere to go. I have no friends. No thoughts are drifting through my head as I walk to the empty halls, everyone either eating or sitting with their friends. I don't bother going behind the old gym, the stoners have probably taken it over by now. I don't bother walking by my old sanctuary. Those lions are most likely

## Suicide Is Silent

still there and I really don't have enough energy or will power to deal with them right now.

My feet move without me telling them too. I'm off in another world, a world full of fake happiness, fake love, fake warmth. What's so good about living in the real life when it just sucks and there's no warmth? It's too late for me.

"Sky?" His voice. Will he ever just leave me alone, like everyone else does?

"What." I turn towards him, a guilty looking expression crossing his face and then it's gone, his rock hard act back in place. I roll my eyes, holding back a sigh. I really don't want to deal with his little 'tough guy' act.

"Can I talk to you in private?" His eyes dart around, looking at all the people walking by us slowly, curious to see what Christopher has to say to the freak. "Like, alone?"

I look over his shoulder. We're right in front of my old sanctuary. His friends, the vicious lions, stare at us with aggravated expressions. I can practically feel the steam flowing out of their ears. I know they want to yell things at me; I know they want to tell me to get lost and 'die alone'. It's pathetic.

"Can't be a man and talk to me here? Who cares if *they're* watching. Who gives a flying fuck whose listening. Screw them all." I give him a glare, turning on my heel and walking away from him.

I hear the low whistle leave his mouth, the mocking laughter coming after it. I freeze; that sound, it's haunting and vicious. The low cackle of laughter sends chills up my spine. I coil in on myself, trying to tune it out, but it's already planted itself deep inside my brain. The tune, the deadly tune, replaying over and over.

"You're real funny, anyone ever tell you that, Sky?" His voice is low, full of anger. The fact that I questioned his 'manliness' is tearing him up inside. The fact that I told him to 'screw' his friends and not 'give a flying fuck' to anyone whose listening must have tipped him over the edge.

"Has anyone ever told you that your ego might burst from too much pressure?" I don't give him a chance to respond, more words are flying past my lips before I can stop them. "You *depend* on your 'rep' to get you everywhere. You're supposedly the 'coolest' and 'chillest' guy ever." I sneer, my lip curling. "Why don't you stop and think before trying to talk to the girl you and your friends have been terrorizing since freshman year."

"Sky," I cut him off.

"No." I take a step closer to him with every sentence. "You are the reason my life is hell. You are the reason I hate myself. *You are the reason I want to die.*" The moment the words leave my mouth, I want to take them back. They are not the main reason, not at all.

A tear slips down my face, I choke back a sob. The look on his face is pure hatred and pity. I can't stand to look at him anymore. I drop his gaze, staring at the ground.

"Go ahead." I whisper. "Pity me. Hate me." I sigh, wipe the tears away and look back up at him. "You'll regret every single word you've said to me once I'm gone. I can promise you that."

"I can promise you that I won't." He whispers harshly, his teeth grinding together. "You're worthless. You're nothing."

"I suppose I am." I lift my arms around me and say louder, "At least I'll be getting away from you and your immature ass!"

## Suicide Is Silent

He looks stunned. No one's said that to him. He thinks I'm lying. He thinks I won't go through with it.

"You're such a baby if you kill yourself over some bullying. Get over yourself, Sky. You're pathetic." He shoots me a glare and whispers this next part very quietly and viciously. "Go to hell, Sky Faite."

"I assure you, I will." I glare back at him and continue walking away. I know my answer stunned him even more.

I don't even care anymore. I will be gone, dead to the world in a few months time anyways. I'm not going to stand down anymore and take the hate. I will fight back. I will show them who I am and always have been.

I smirk, wishing in my head that the date would come quicker. I can only wish.

## Chapter 9

"Have you ever felt that strange need to be wanted or desired?" I'm casually talking to the one person I thought I'd never talk to again. The one person that let me go, right under his nose, about to let his friend bash my head in with a blunt knife.

"Not exactly." He lets out a puff of smoke and turns to look at me. "But, I am a guy, so I guess it's a bit different from a girl's point of view."

He takes another drag, his lips tightening around the bud of the cigarette and then pulling it away and exhaling the smoke, softly blowing it into my face. I scrunch up my nose, the smell disgusting me. He chuckles and takes another drag.

"So tell me, why aren't you in school right now?" He asks in a lighter tone, curiously staring at me, trying to figure me out.

"One day isn't so bad." I sigh, trying to think of something else, my thoughts drifting to the possible events of tomorrow. "I hardly ever go to the classes anyways. I thought it be pointless to go and not even do anything, you know?" I turn to look at him, his stubbly bear and sharp angled face.

"Fair enough." He puts out the cigarette, squishing it beneath his black leather boots.

Silence engulfs us; the wind flowing around us. I look straight out in front of me, the cold weather and softly flowing wind soothing my nerves. I roll up the sleeves of my black tee, my white arms exposed.

I feel him stiffen next to me. From the corner of my eyes I can see him silently shaking with anger. I look back down at my wrists. Fresh, new, cuts lie there, the cut open. I at least had the decency to clean up the blood, putting peroxide on the open wounds, the stinging feeling giving me a new type of high. The pain felt so good, better than the last time I had done this.

"Why do you do this to yourself?" He asks quietly, his tone seething with rage. I look over at him. His fists are clenched so tightly that his knuckles are turning white. His jaw is locked and that look in his eyes, full of rage and anger and sadness. I look away shamefully. I pull my sleeves back down, pulling them over my fingers, hiding my hands from view.

"You wouldn't understand." I drop my head, folding my arms across my chest and straightening up against the wall.

"Try me." He whispers, his head bent towards mine a bit. I look up and all I see are those beautiful brown eyes, the eyes that held me captive the first time I looked into them.

I hesitate, but decide to tell him.

"That feeling you get after having the best time of your life. That exhilarating feeling you get when you get high. That wonderful feeling of being so high and drunk off your ass that you could do anything in the world and still come out unscathed." I sigh, my eyes brightening with the memories of when I cut, the feeling it evokes inside me. "Call me crazy. Call me whatever you want, I really don't care." A smile tugs at my lips, a true and real smile. "The feeling as the blade digs into my skin, tearing flesh. The feeling as my blood flows from the small wound. That wonderful feeling that lifts me up and takes me to another world is like something no one would ever know."

## Suicide Is Silent

"You have no idea how good it feels to do this. It evokes an emotion in me that I never knew was there. When I cut, it's for a much more powerful reason other than just to do it. The need and want to cut takes control of me sometimes, takes over my whole body until I can't breathe, move or do anything until I have what I *need*." I pause, struggling for words. "The blade is like my version of heroin. It feels me with feelings so unlike anything I've ever felt before. It's overpowering and I always have a desire for more."

He sits there, listening intently the whole way through. The barely perceptible nod of the head, I catch. I see his eyes twinkle with a sense of understanding. He unclenches his fists, blood circulating through once again.

"I'm terribly sorry for whatever made you this way." He says, his voice strong with regret and sadness.

I'm slightly confused. I nod my head, acting like I understand when in truth, I have no idea how to respond to what he just said.

"I mean, you weren't born this way, yeah?" He looks at me, grabbing my wrist and shoving it in my face in an aggressive manner. I yank my wrist away from him but his grip tightens. I stand up, trying to get away that way. He follows, still gripping my wrist. His eyes burn with anger.

"Let me go." My eyes flash with anger, my patience running thin.

"Sky." The way he said my name, the gentleness to it, makes me stop struggling against him.

"I'm sorry." I whisper, grinding my teeth.

I look up at him, see the gentle look all over his face. His grip loosens, still holding it though. He laces his fingers through mine, a small smile lighting up his face. His other hand rests against my cheek. I lean into it, the feeling of being cared for is so strong that at any moment I'm afraid I'll break down crying.

He pulls me close, wrapping me in a hug. I slowly wrap my arms around his waist, loving this feeling. A smile forms on my lips, the feeling of completion and being cared for engulfing me in a battle of emotions deep inside me.

"Thank you for being here today. I really needed to talk to someone." I smile up at him, lifting up my head to kiss his cheek.

I shock both myself and him by that little act of kindness. I give him a weak smile and head in the opposite direction of him.

"I'll see you around then Sky." I hear him call out after me.

## Chapter 10

The feeling of absolute hate towards oneself overwhelms me, drowning me in self pity and self loathing. Those moments when all I want to do is be floating in a crowd full of people, people that love me and care for me. I wish I had had the nerve to make friends in the earlier stages of life. Instead, I am lonely.

I was so wrapped up in myself that I didn't even take to notice that people were shuffling around me, trying to talk to me, to get through to me. I never knew that at this point in life that I would want to kill myself. I had always been different from people, saying things that made absolutely no sense to anyone.

The headache returns, pounding against my skull, wishing to break free. I massage my temples, gritting my teeth when the headache only gets worse. I shout out, my anger bursting through from somewhere deep down.

I'm so fucking cold and lonely and angry *all the time*. I just want to be happy. I just want to feel *loved*. I will never have that.

I will never get to feel the pleasure of being loved and cared for. I will never get to take pleasure in doing something I love. I will never be able to have children. I will never get married. I will be buried deep in the ground, my corpse slowly rotting, dead flesh eaten by bugs. My bones will turn to dust, forever trapped in a wooden coffin. I will be alone, stuck between the portal to the dead world and this, Earth.

"Sky?" A voice, the same voice every time, brings me back to the present. I stumble backwards, away from him. He reaches out towards me, about to grab a hold of my hand but then stops when he sees *them* turn the corner. I stumble back some more, falling backwards on my butt.

The impact hurt, I could feel something cracking. My face shows pain, looking up into the eyes of the one guy that will never truly help me out of my rut. He will never be able to go against himself and help the weak, the freak. I try to get up but someone pushes me back down.

"That's where you belong you dirty little freak!" Someone growls at me.

"Filthy rat!" Someone shrieks, freaking out when I place my hand near their foot, trying to steady myself to get up properly. "Ew! It almost touched Prada!"

So now I'm an 'it'? How .. creative of them. I'm finally able to steady myself so I stand up and brush my shirt and pants off. There's a shooting pain going up my left leg. The back of my thigh hurts like a mother and all I want to do is slap each and every one of them, but I don't. I simply stare at them and turn to walk away.

I don't get very far before someone is grabbing my warm, safe from touching my skin with gloves on like I'm some type of animal, and spinning me around. I come face to face with a very pissed off looking jock.

"We weren't done with you." He hisses, his meaty breath suffocating me.

"Oh, I think you are." I hear his voice before I see him. He comes out of nowhere, shoving the jock off of me and punching him square in the jaw.

We make eye contact, the briefest of smiles pass between us before he's going back to defending me. *Defending me*. The lions retreat, yelling obscenities and fiercely shooting daggers at me with their eyes. One of the guys, the one to spin me around, makes a motion with his hand slitting across his throat at me. I wince and look away.

## Suicide Is Silent

"You didn't have to do that." As I say this, I can feel another set of eyes on me and I know exactly who they are. It's Christopher.

I honestly don't understand what he wants from me. He's always trying to talk to me but once his vicious friends come into view, he stiffens and immediately attacks me with the same hateful words his friends use. I don't understand him and I guess I never will.

"He was about to hit you, I could see it in his eyes." He walks towards me, holding his hands up in the air, a gentle expression on his face. "I couldn't see you hurt another time. I had to step in."

"You don't understand." I shove my way past him, pushing Christopher out of my way as well and sprinting down the corridor. The tears start falling before I make it out of the school. I trip over my own feet, catching myself with the metal railing leading down the steps.

"I am such a wreck." I mutter, furiously wiping the tears away. I start mumbling to myself, fumbling around with my keys. I try unlocking the front door, but it doesn't budge.

"Goddamnit!" I shout at the sky, slamming my palms against the door and slowly sliding down to the ground. "I can't take any more of this."

I sit, curled up against the pale green door, it's paint chipping, the golden doorknob wearing down to it's original ashy color. I hate this house. I hate this town. I hate my mom.

*I hate myself.*

"Get a hold of yourself, Sky. You're strong. You can do this." What the hell am I doing? I've gone completely insane, talking to myself, breaking down randomly, sometimes for no apparent reason. What will I do next? Start ripping my hair out? Saliva dribble from my chin like my mom does when she's desperate for that one injection.

I don't want to be like my mom. I'm *nothing* like her. I am strong. I will get through this.

One more month and then I'll be gone forever. Just one more month.

Please God, make it come faster. End my suffering, *please*.

## Chapter 11

*"Love me.. I just want you to love me." My heart breaks, I want to take the words back. I want to hide away and forget all about it. I don't want this.*

*"You can't make me love you." He whispers the words, his breath trailing down my neck, shivers erupting from deep down inside me.*

*"Please, I need this." No, I don't. What is wrong with me? Why am I saying this!*

*"You don't know what you need." He's facing me now, but his face is blurry, I can't make it out.*

*I'm falling then, tumbling into the darkness, it's slimy hands gripping my whole body, tugging me down farther. Air leaves my lungs, the burning too much for me to handle. I reach out all around me, frantically searching for something to hold onto. I scratch at my throat, my face, I claw my eyes out, tear my nose off. I rip my ears off, yank out my hair.*

*I'm nothing, now.*

I wrench myself out of the dream, flailing my arms out to the side, rubbing my arms and face, trying to get rid of the image in my head. That dream struck a cord, a deep emotion buried deep down inside me came alive.

I shake my head, groggily wiping my eyes, trying to rid myself of the nervous shivers that erupt through my whole body. The shivers turn to rattling shakes, racking my whole body like a person who has gone without heroin for a day. I get up, forcing myself through the door.

I run, then. I run out the door, still in my clothes from the day before, my hair flying wildly at all angles. My feet are bare, but I couldn't care less at the moment.

My feet slap the cold, wet ground, rain pouring down on me. I turn the last corner, stopping against the wall to take a breath. I gulp in the chilly air, rain soaking me to the bone. At least the shivers and shakes have subsided a bit.

I sigh, gnawing on the inside of my cheek, tapping my fingers against the side of the wall. I grip the ledge, pulling myself up and plopping myself down on the perch of the wall. I gasp, the feeling of someone's arm wrapping around my waist snaps me back to the present.

"What are you doing out here? It's too cold and late for a girl like you to be out." He nudges me with his head, his scruffy beard passing my chin, giving me the chills.

I'm only wearing an old sweatshirt and baggy, gray sweatpants. The sweatshirt is light and the sweatpants have all kinds of holes in them, from being so old and mistreated.

I rest my head gently onto his shoulder, the fabric wet against my cheek. He hugs me closer against his body, holding me close. The shivers start up again, not from the cold though. The images have returned, searing themselves into my mind, burrying themselves deep down inside me, intending on staying there for a long time.

The dream was a mockery of my whole being. I will never be loved. I will never be cherished or cared for. I'm just an empty shell, walking the Earth for one more month. Then, I will be gone, no longer there, just a

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memory of a tortured soul played over and over again in someone's mind.

"One more month." I whisper, letting my eyelids close against the pouring rain, droplets shattering my thoughts and splashing my already freezing face. Arms shake me, waking me from the wonderful world of no dreams, just thoughtless sleep.

"Sky, you gotta wake up!" His tone is rushed, the sound striking a cord of remembrance. "Hurry!"

"What?" I shout, my anger rising at being awoken. I look around me, I'm still on the perch of the wall, lying down now. The rain is relentless, not letting up at all.

"Get up, please. We have to go." He's rushing me off the wall, gripping my wrist tightly and quickly walking from our spot. I hear the slaps from the rain, a voice off in the distance, legs pounding hard to keep up. I look over my shoulder, wishing I hadn't.

There he is, staring at me with those cold, ruthless eyes of his. He watches me, being yanked by the wrist into more of the rain, walking just out of his reach. He frowns, the sight unbearable to see on his face. I yank my wrist free, stopping midstep.

"Stop." I whisper, my tone rushed. "Please, stop."

He turns towards me, engulfing me in a hug. He holds me at arms length, searching my face for a reasonable explanation.

"I know him." I say, my voice cracking. I turn to look over at the man standing in a black jacket and black jeans, his silky black hair soaked by the rain, falling over his face and concealing his cold, black eyes at the moment.

"You do?" There's astonishment in his voice, his uneasiness in the way he said it, like he knows something about him that I don't.

"He's my dad." I whisper, looking back over to him, meeting his beautiful brown eyes with my blue ones.

His muscles stiffen, he straightens his posture and his jaw goes rigid. He looks me dead in the eyes and nods his head, reaching out his arm to touch me but then drops it. I'm almost disappointed, almost sadden by the fact that he thought better of it and let his hand hang limp by his side.

Footsteps are barely heard over the pouring rain. He makes a stop just a few feet away from us. I turn to face the father that ran out on me and mom back when I was just a baby. I barely knew him and the thought of him skipping out on us still hurts.

"Thomas." My dad acknowledges the man next to me. I had never know his name until now, and yet he knew everything about me. I look over at *Thomas* and glare at him. He flinches at my gaze, mouthing he'll explain later. I shake my head at him and return my cold gaze to my dad.

"It's wonderful to see you, Sky." He smiles, the corners of his lips tipping upwards just a teeny bit. He opens his arms for a hug, holding them out to me.

I stare at his arms, the flicker of my eyes back to his as he registers that I'm not going to hug him. He shrugs as if it doesn't bother him and shoves his hands back into his jacket's pockets. I stare at him, cocking my head to the side, trying to figure him out.

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"Can't a father come visit his only daughter?" He asks softly, his eyes lighting up when I shift towards him a bit.

"No." I whisper. "No. You can't just jump back into my life."

He stares at me, taking me in. My clothing, my hair, my face, my body that's been deprived of sleep for the past few nights because of the nightmares. He resists the urge to take me in his arms, I can see it in the way he looks at me, like the little lost girl that I am in everyone's eyes.

"I wasn't expecting anything from you. I'm not here to jump back into your life. I'm only here on business. I'll be here till May." His tone is cold, his eyes flashing with anger.

"Good. I'll be long gone by then." I tell him harshly, trying to hold my anger in, my anger about him.

"What do you mean?" He asks just as harshly, also trying to hold his anger in. He's frustrated, I can tell.

"Thomas," I sneer his name, clearly frustrated with this whole situation, "take me home."

"No, you're not going anywhere." My dad says, just as Thomas grabs my hand and starts gently pulling me to him. My dad stops and watches us, watches the way Thomas wraps his arms around my waist, gently trying to pull me away from my dad.

"How .." He shakes his head and starts over. "How's Jaelyne?"

"Crazy." I whisper, letting Thomas lightly tug me away from my dad. We've made some ground, farther from my dad than I had thought.

"I will see you again, Sky!" My dad shouts above the pouring rain, his voice drowning out with the rain.

And then, I'm gone, falling forwards onto the pavement just as someone catches me before the impact. I look up dizzily, beautiful brown eyes focused on mine, concern washing over his face as I lose consciousness right there in his arms.

## Chapter 12

A veil of almost impeccable silence, thrown over the drastically darkened room. The light filtered out almost as quickly as a bird synchronized with its mate.

The most traumatizing events have taken place, leaving a rather breathless lost girl in its wake. I seem rather baffled that I, Sky, am having to put through relentless torture thrown upon me by the Almighty God in the upper sky, most higher than all the brightest stars.

I breathe in this air, the crisp, fresh sensation of steal and moldy houses filter through my nostrils, replacing the oxygenated air with a poorer result of carbon dioxide. Beneath the surface, my heart flutters, wishing to be grasped by any who ask to have it. My hands fall numb, carelessly hanging limp by my sides, wishing for someone to grab them and spread their warmth through them.

I only wish for an escape. Two days have gone by since I have seen the ghastly dark black eyes of my father who as he mentioned will "be here till May." That's a rather pitying thing, to be exact, since he probably had come back for me to see how his only child was doing in this hellish place called Earth and for whatever "job" he had said he was here for.

I don't exactly understand why he would want to know anything about me now? It simply puzzles me beyond doubt. Does he know something curiously odd about me that makes me think so low of myself or is it because he just wants to see how pathetic I turned out being raised by the drug addicted mother who could care less about anything but herself?

My screams and wails fall upon deaf ears. Soon, I will rid from the world, nothing will be left of me except for maybe a flat gray headstone with my name, year of birth and date of death. I will soon be a corpse, my skin turning to ash, my hair never ceasing to stop growing. Rats will soon fill up my coffin, whispering their little squeaks of filth into my hollowed out head, scrambling over each other to scavage the last bit of remaining meat on my dead body.

\* \* \*

School comes in the wake of a new, dead morning. The clouds are pressed flatly against the sky, the sun barely risen from beyond the neighboring houses of where I live. Nothing seems extraordinarily different today. It just looks like you all will be getting to live through the eyes of the one and only, Pathetic Little Sky.

School starts off how it normally does, the snickering and little snide comments from my oh so friendly peers. Their little snippets of conversation dribble over to me through the throng of wildly spreading teenagers of all sizes. The hallways fill up quickly, hardly any space for even air to travel through, it's so crowded. It's never been this crowded before. I take in the sight before me, people shouting and laughing and having the best time they could at the most miserable place on Earth, high school.

Classes are slow, I drift through them like a leaf floating from one edge of a pond to the farthest edge. Lunch comes quickly though, for some reason. Outside, the trees sway in harmony to the wind drifting through their leaves and making their branches dance to an unknown tune. I smile, for the first time in months of meeting Thomas, at the beautiful way the trees seem to move without a care in the world.

I might be a broken record and a hopeless cause but right at this moment, I couldn't care less, as long as the trees were swaying and their branches were dancing to an unknown tune, all would be right the pathetic and dank world of Sky.

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Little, poor miserable me, how I suffer immensely from my horrid thoughts and degrading conscious. I serve to be an example of the most pathetic human being on Earth. This chapter in my life will soon end, along with my relentless suffering from which has no direct cause.

My birthday is almost here, along with my death date.

**A/N: It was short, I know. It's been so long since I last wrote anything and I'm terribly sorry for the longest update yet. It's going to take me a while to get back into the swing of things and I would very much appreciate everyone who continues having faith in me to update you. If not, I completely understand why you would not like to wait as many as a few months for a update. :)**

## Chapter 13

A failed suicide..

It's all over the news and printed in bold headlines in the paper.

Gasps echo all around the small town. Classmates listen in shock at the news, never expecting it.

Why had she failed? What happened to all those perfect plans she had? Where is she now? Why doesn't her mom care?

Her dad came back, tried to get back into her life. Where had he gone after the news spread?

"She was always so sad looking and everyone always tried to help her but she would have none of it and would tell all of us to \*bleep\* off." I shut my eyes tight in anger.

"And were any of you close to her? Like a good friend or a family friend?" The news reporter kept rattling off questions to the classmates, all the people who hated me, *wanted* me to die.

"I was always the one to try to get through to her but she would always blow me off. I felt really bad for her and only wanted her to feel like she had someone to rely on." A few snuffles from the faker and wiping tears from her eyes. "We all felt so sorry for her but she would always shut us out. I really hope she gets better soon, her mom probably can't wait until she gets out. She's probably worried sick for her daughter. I mean, if she were my daughter, I would be absolutely terrified for her. We all really hope she gets well soon and maybe back to school to finish the year off."

This is all so fake. It's like I've entered an alternate universe where people actually care about me besides Thomas.

Thomas.

He brings a small to my face and I would never forget the words he said to me right before I jumped.

"You will always mean something to me. Our lives have crossed for a reason and I'm terribly sorry, on your part, that I had not entered sooner. I could've saved you, you know that Sky? I could've given you a great life and a loving one at that. But, I know this has been your decision from way before and I know I will never be able to sway you." He gave me one last kiss on my lips, my first kiss, right before he released me from his arms.

A few tears slip from my eyes, remembering what he had said to me. He still visits me, hoping and praying I won't try again. He practically lives in my hospital room, he's the only visitor I have, aside from the strange letters I get from out of state from people hearing about me.

I don't get it. I don't get why anyone cares so much. I was nothing. Nothing to anyone in this town. My mom disappeared once she found out I had jumped. Rumor is that she was so "overwhelmed with grief" that she abandoned the house and ditched to find my dad.

"You're awake!" Thomas almost breaks the chair he's been sitting on from getting up in his excitement.

## Suicide Is Silent

"Hello." I croak, not used to using my voice after so many weeks of being silent. "I've been awake for a while, watching the fakeness of my 'failure' on the news."

Thomas winces, still sensitive about it. He's happy I failed but knows it was what I've wanted since before I could remember. He's been by my side from the middle of my story.

"On another topic of Sky Dove Faite, she will be let out of the hospital this coming Wednesday. The whole town cannot wait for her return and hopefully for her return back to school. She's been doing well, so says her doctors. Her concussion has cleared up and the broken bones are healing right on track, as long as another accident doesn't happen any time soon, she will be able to continue on with her life. We all hope for your getting better, Sky. Thank you for listening and goodnight."

The news ends with the lady smiling the biggest fake smile in the world and the ending music plays.

Thomas shuts off the tv and turns to face me with a dark expression on his face.

"They shouldn't even be talking about you like they know you. All those people *hated* you. They *wanted* you to die. But when it finally came down to that day, they all watched on, cheering. Nothing ever happens in this town, Sky. When the news heard of your failed suicide and all the people who supposedly 'loved' you, they came running for the new, juicy details. The news gave your mom a thousand dollars for your hospital bills but instead she ditched you and took the money." I look up at him with understanding. I've been watching the news since I first woke up all those weeks ago.

I remember the very first time I woke up after I tried to kill myself. I was afraid, attacking the doctors and anyone in my sight. I ripped the tubes flowing into my arms and threw the beeping machine that alerted the doctors of my heart beat through the window that showed out into the hallway. I screamed so loudly, I was pretty sure I had blasted even my own eardrums.

Then Thomas had rushed into the room and calmed me down. The doctors were afraid of me, claiming that it was a miracle I had lived when I wasn't supposed to. My body was beyond recognition, mangled beyond belief and that it was surprise to even the doctors that I was still alive and breathing right that moment.

Didn't anyone understand that I wanted to be dead!

I'm such a fucking failure that I couldn't even accomplish dying. Who the fuck does that!?

I'm Sky Dove Faite and I failed at completing the one mission I had been planning for my entire life.

## Chapter 14

"You're such a fucking faker Sky! Go back to your druggie mom!"

"Get out of my sight! You're so ugly! Why did you live? You're dead Sky, I hope you know that."

"Fuck you Sky! You got my hopes up and then when the doctors pronounced you alive, I fucking blew shit because you're worthless and deserve to die!"

"How does it feel to be the most hated person in town, Sky?" Christopher Stone asks me.

I ignore him.

"Goddamnit! Why is the freak still alive! She's supposed to be dead!"

"Is anyone in that head of yours? I thought you were supposed to succeed, but I'm very glad the attempt made you realize how pathetic you are. It's just highschool, Sky. Get over yourself." Christopher Stone.

"Ew! It is back! What the hell, I thought you were dead. God, why does no one tell me anything when I'm on vacation?!"

"Get the hell out of my sight, you filthy little rat!"

"She's ugly like a rat too!"

"Now I have to kill my pet rat since you compared it to her!"

A tear slips down my face. It's not like I wanted to be alive right now. No one understands how miserable I am. If it was anyone else in this position, they would be blowing a gasket and shouting at everyone to shut up and try walking in their shoes before they throw their nasty comments in the air.

I want to die. I wish someone in this stupid town would actually take it upon themselves to shoot me or kill me in some other way as they have said before.

"You're right, Christopher. It's just highschool." He turns to face me in astonishment. "Only the smart get out alive. The rest of you will perish into thin air while I rot in the ground, protected by the earth from any of your hateful and spiteful comments."

"I promise you that you will regret every hateful thing you have said about us and this town. You think we're all mean to you for no reason. You've given us a reason Sky, you're heartless and selfish and won't let anyone break down those damn high walls of yours. Of course, you did break them down for Thomas and I have no idea why. I may never know."

"That's no reason to be so hateful to someone whose done nothing to anyone. It all started when cliques started forming. I was always the odd one out and no one cared. I always tried to become friends with many of you but no one would listen to what I had to say and everyone had already deemed me as 'uncool' and the 'reject/loner'. There's only so much a girl can do before she realizes she's unwanted. I realized this in 7th grade and from then on, I ignored everybody and stopped trying. Maybe it broke everyone's hearts because the loser wasn't striving for attention and maybe everyone lost the one person they could pick on but no. I was *always* trying, whether you believe me or not, whether any of you bitches believe me or not!" I yell the last part and

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everyone's eyes go wide when they hear me yell.

"I'm sorry you felt that way for all these years but there's nothing you can do now but be the soulless reject who's wanted by *no one*." His voice is ice cold.

"At one point in life, we used to be friends, Christopher Stone. We were the best of friends. And then middle school came and I was left in the dust trying to pick up the pieces of every friend that you took away from me." Tears and tears and more are streaming down my broken face like mad. I can't even describe the emotion I'm feeling. "You, Christopher Stone, left me with nothing and no one."

I walk away, tired from everything.

Tired of the fake tears and fake sadness people posed on tv.

Tired of the build up of emotions finally pouring out of me after being silent all these years.

I'm just fucking tired of being the girl named Sky Dove Faite.

## Chapter 15

Gray skies. Cold wind. Empty house.

Send me a postcard from Heaven and tell me everything will be all right in the end. Tell me I'm going to live and see a life full of freedom and happiness. Tell me. Tell me.

It's a miracle, they say. It's a glorious picture of life, they say. It's death, I say.

I am the song that plays in everyone's head, the song that you cannot get away from. I am the nuisance that tortures your dreams every night. I am the dead girl who was announced alive two months ago.

I am the annoying. I am the forever. I am the tortured.

I see no more. I feel no more. I hear no more. I am no more..

See that chirping bird over there? See those little kids playing tag? Do you see that dead girl walking?

Can you tell a difference between the two? Do you see how those little kids are bright and pumped with energy? Do you see how that dead girl is barely picking up her feet while walking? She sees nothing. She has no one. These cruel people all over this town, they killed that girl. They were the ones to take away her happiness. They killed her.

She passes by in a blur, tormented and hated on. What for? What did this one girl do to deserve so much hate? That's the thing, no one knows.

Pour out your soul to her, tell her she's not alone in this battle called life. Tell her things will get better. Tell her she will live, it's what she wants to hear. Tell her everything.

Everything good in life takes effort. The effort to score over an 80% on a test, the effort to lose weight, the effort to do anything.

Lies. Lies. Lies.

No one wants to talk to me! No one even cares that I'm still alive. I'm suffocating in this body, a time bomb just ticking, forever ticking.

"Sky! Sky! Sky! Please, no!" His voice breaks through, sending me tumbling through the actions of what I had just done. Oh no.

"I'm going to hell, I swear. I can't do anything right. I'm a screw up. I don't deserve to live Thomas! I'm a wasteland. I have no more to give!" I scream, kick and shove at him. He won't let go of me. "I was so close this time! Why." I'm broken, tears are streaming down my face. I can't take this madness anymore.

"Sky, listen to me. Please, listen to me." I shove his face away from mine, no. He took it away from me again, the one thing I want most. "I fucking love you Sky! I will not let you die on me again!" I stop my attempts at getting away from him. I stop crying. I almost stop breathing. I'm frozen, shocked beyond belief.

But then, reality crashes back into me and I scream.

## Suicide Is Silent

"How dare you, Thomas! How dare you tell me lies! I am too broken to be loved. I am too tired to be loved." I push him away from me and slowly back away with my shaking arms held out in front of me. "Please, just stop."

His face drops in sadness, his heart broken by her words. He tries to pursue her but she shoves him back, doesn't even want him close to her.

"I cannot love back, Thomas. I do not even know the meaning of love. I'm so sorry, Thomas."

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