

Welcome to Death

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Submitted: September 7, 2004

Updated: September 7, 2004

A collection of short stories I have written. Not all of them are violent... most are depressing, though...

Provided by Fanart Central.

http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Bleeding_Rose/6681/Welcome-to-Death

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1 - In her Head

You want to know what goes on in her head? What's hidden behind that fake smile plastered on her face? Behind it all, is a scream for help, a cry of pain. Nothing passes her lips, save a few scattered insults, a bit of advice for those in need. Silently, she's trapped inside her own head, locked in by the barriers surrounding her. She can't escape; the walls are too high. Surrounding her supposedly cold heart is a wall of protection. She does nothing from spite, simply for entertainment. How sad it must be, living in such a pathetic state. No one gets in, but no one gets out, either. All of the scars, all of the pain she feels, all of it is locked inside. Nothing breaks through; she won't let it. If it ever shows, she simply denies it, hiding behind that fake smile of hers. Her laughter has begun to lose its meaning, her smile simply an empty portrayal of emotion. It's all her own fault, this self-destruction that's she's begun, and she knows it. She asks for no help, no reassurance, nothing. She's in this alone, or so she thinks. There is one who knows her better than she does herself, one who points out the light in her darkness. She's always ignoring herself, attempting to save others from what she's going through. If she can stop them from going through it, another person's misery wouldn't be her fault.

2 - Cry, scream, bleed, die

She wants to scream. She wants to let it out. She doesn't want to suffer in silence anymore. But she has to. Cry, scream, bleed, die, she thinks. She can't cry, she can't scream; so she settles for bleeding. She's proud of her story-telling marred skin, proud that she did it. Once more, she brings the already bloodied blade to her wrist. And, once more, she glides the razor sharp edge along her skin. She smiles at the pain. A crimson line forms, peeking out of the pale skin surrounding the slice. Her grin widens as the line disappears and drips along the side of her arm and onto the already blood-stained floor.