

A story of the dark

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Something I wrote when I was upset.

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He looked at her blank face and was disgusted by how she looked more alive now than when she was among the living. It was her funeral, but only her parents and John were there. The parents looked confused to see John, a stranger to them, mourning with common day clothes on.

He had never worn dark clothes, not at his parents funeral nor his grandfathers. John was a good kid and was always optimistic. He wore day clothes at the funeral because he felt that people should be happy that the deceased are in a better place.

John was upset on his first day in high school because his grandfather died from a stroke two weeks earlier. His grandfather was the closest to a dad he ever had. When John went to lunch he saw some kids in a corner under the stairs with dark red and black clothes.

He said hello and one person gave him a shrug while the rest ignored him. John sat down and looked at the eyeliner and black nailed people that he found very interesting. He then noticed a girl that sat far back in the corner with her eyes blank staring a few feet above John's head.

She had white face paint, black eye shadow, chains, belts, spikes, and many more piercings than just her ears. John usually didn't like such dark beauty, but some how he loved her.

After that day John had talked to the group and constantly tried to break the ice that surrounded the whole group. These people weren't zombies and gave a small chuckle when John said something really funny, but that was as far as he could to get them to relax. He constantly looked at the girl with a terrible passion and emotion, that it compensated for the 4 emotionless robots together.

He saw that girls sadness and felt that it was not from material lost or greed. It was from loneliness. John tried everything he could think of to get her attention even asking her a question once in awhile, but she never answered him and gave him a cold stare every time John said something to her.

The year was nearly at an end and the only thing John knew about the girl was her name and he had to look in last years year book to find it. When he saw something he had never seen from her before. She wept a single tear...

He went to her funeral the next week. She wore clothing that was suitable for preppy cheerleaders as she laid in her coffin. John had a terrible rage grow in him to her parents for making her wear that lie for all eternity. He looked at her face and saw something else he had never seen from her. She was smiling, she was finally at peace.

John wept a single tear...