

End of the Road

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The sad tale of a girl on her quest to find the one thing missing from her life...

NOTE: Low Level Adult Themes

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1 - Suicide is Painless

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Okay, here I go, there's no stopping me now.

But why should I be saying this? Nobody cares...

That's the whole reason I'm about to do this... right?

Well... I have everything set up, I've got everything where I want it to be, now all I have to do, is end it all...

I wonder.... Is this even the best way? Really, stabbing yourself isn't the BEST way to die, but the only other way that I know i can do is slitting my wrists which I can't do since my mother will be home soon.....

But why should she care? Uhh..... My head is spinning! I know this is what I want, but now that I'm here....

It's just so hard....

I have the knife, I've done my research, I know that I should stab myself in the heart...

But I feel so guilty, I mean, I'm still here now, so there must of been some-one who cared about me..

Maybe that was my father, but when I was about 5 my mother said daddy had gone....

I never understood that, he tucked me in, kissed me goodnight and the next day he wasn't there...

I can't remember if I cried then, I think I didn't understand.

My mother, she changed after that, she used to be so happy, after that she became... weird...

Sigh I feel cold... I guess I just don't like this room, in fact, I don't like this house.

It's Tim's house, a.k.a my mother boyfreind andsoon-to-be husband.

I really don't like him, he's not nice to me, always trying to pretend I'm not there, that I'm nothing.

In fact, even if I die I doubt either of them will care, I'm probably just baggage now, yet I don't know why they hate me.

chuckle I'm talking to myself.

Isn't that the first sign of crazyness? If so, I must have been crazy for a long while..

I think I started talking to myself at about the age of 12, and I'm 14 now. That would make me crazy for two years.. haha..

But I like talking to myself,I am the only person who listens to what I say. I can talk to myself without being scared, frightened, and in the safe knowledge that I won't laugh at myself.

Hmph, maybe that's what it's like to have a freind. I think I had one once, but she went away, just like my father did.

I don't know why, it seems everybody I liked would go away from me. Even my ex-boyfreind, who was really nice,

got addicted to drugs and followed the same path that I am about to go through...

I'm having second thoughts now. Like, there's still a chance for me? Right?

I'm only 14, I can still grow up, get married, have kids.... And studies show that by 2030 only 30% of the world's population will have access to clean drinking water, and I'll probably be the unlucky 70%.

The world is going to the dogs, crime is on the rise, drugs are being distributed, the kids aren't alright, there's rape, children doing crimes, people being meaninglessly killed... I can't go on like this, It's too hard..

But maybe I can become rich and famous? I could become an actor or a model, or even a... Prostitute... It's not like I have a bad body. I'm actually quite nice.

Tall, slim, nice breasts, a lot of the boys at school seem to like me, but maybe it's just because of my fluorescent red hair that fascinates them or cause there's only one thing boys want....

No! Scratch that idea! I don't want to live! I hate everybody! I hate everything! Everything hates me!

I feel a tear go down my face.

I take my hand to wipe it off, and feel the soft sweet skin of my cheek against the hard, cold fingers of my hand..

Then I just burst into tears, crying and crying and crying, tears go down my purple shirt, soaking it. My jeans get wet too, and I feel uncomfortable, I don't like it anymore, I don't care, I just want to be happy.

I don't even KNOW why I'm depressed! I have an o.k life, Tim is rich, and maybe my parents don't love me,

but I have a life other than that at home.

I have freinds at school, I'm fairly popular, I go out to the mall with people and stuff sometimes, plenty of boys have asked me out...

And I agree, but it just doesn't feel right..

I feel empty, like there's something missing in my life..

Maybe it's adventure? Maybe I want fun? But I don't know.. It's impossible to tell..

Wait... what if I go out into the world? get out of this small american town and go places?

Yes.. It's coming together now... I will go out, and find something, it may take forever, but I'll find it!

My life... It's becoming clearer! I am not wanted here! But everybody has a place, a time, a situation..

I pick myself up, brush off my jeans and shirt, ruffle my hair up a bit, put on my black coat and walk out of the dark, cold bathroom.

To Be Continued

2 - To Have a Freind

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Well, This is it...

My 'quest' to find the missing part of my life is about to begin.

But I don't know where to start!

There must be some place, some where that I can begin with...

How about school....? Nah, I never really liked school...

Maybe the mall? nope, not my favourite place either...

Wait, I know the prefect place! Somewhere I haven't been for a long while...

I stand there on the steady, red, metal bridge, looking out over the river, it's a nice evening, the orange sunset in the distance, the cold but kind breeze

lifting my hair and throwing it to the side, the steamy feel of a coming cold winter's night.

I stand there for a while, hands in my jean pockets, just looking at the sunset.

I pull my black coat closer to me. It's pretty cold out.

Then, I feel another coat being put on me. I look back and there's Malcolm.

He's a sweet guy, really, We went out, but I told him I didn't feel a spark and we kind of left it at that.

"Cold, isn't it?" He says.

I just stare off into the distance again, clenching both of the coats close to me.

Malcolm breathes a light sigh.

"I guess your thinking about him.. Huh?"

"Yeah, He was my first, we were going so well together... The he just..."

I can't finish that, I can't even believe it happened.

"You know, I heard a rumour that he survived, case they searched for ages, but no body was found."

"Yeah, I heard that too. But I've just given up now. If he survived why didn't he come back to me?" I sigh.

"Well, maybe he couldn't. But then again, why couldn't he?" He replied

A tingle ran down my spine at his words.

"I feel a bit Woozy.." I started to slant to the side, but I felt the warm hands of Malcolm keeping me up.

A tear fell from my eye, I don't understand why, but I felt like crying..

I started crying harder, letting out little sobs, that became large sobs, and before I knew it I was full out crying into Malcolm's chest.

Malcolm hugged me tightly, but I knew, that wasn't a lover's hug, it was a freind's hug.

I let out all my tears, and when I was done we both looked out into the distance together like nothing happened.

Malcolm broke the silence. "I was a freind of him too, you know. And when he died, I did a bit of research to see if I could find him."

I stood there looking at Malcolms eyes. Blue they were, unlike my green, and I could tell, He was dead serious about Malcolm.

"It seems that there are small records of some-one with his name living in the backwater town of

Leafdale ."

That sends a shiver ten times as bad as the last down my spine.

I stare blankly at Malcolm, almost ready for my jaw to drop.

"It took me all these two years, but I think I've got it. Problem is, my parents won't let me go there, they say I'm just scared that he's gone and I'll get over it soon.." he continues.

"Oh Malcolm! I could almost kiss you!" I shout.

"This is what I've been looking for! A way to find the people I lost! And your the key to it!"

"Wow, wow, wow, wow, WOW! Have you been drinking too much coffee? Leafdale is MILES away, you have no way of getting there, and even so, what's with this 'finding lost people' crud?" Malcolm shouts in a confused voice.

I breath a heavy, heavy sigh, and proceed to tell Malcolm about what I've been thinking lately, why there's a fluffy pink bag next to me, what I plan on doing.

"Oh.... Right...." Malcolm says in a even-more-confused-kind-of-way

"Please, I need your help. Just tell me all the details you know about him!" I plead.

"Okay, as far as I know, he lives in Lilydale, don't know where exactly, you can ask in town for that. Also, He's a paperboy, I think, but he must be payed extra because he's amking a decent living.

Now, Lilydale is very far away, it'll take one week by car, but generally no-one goes that way, so I'd say you'll have to walk a bit, ride a few trains, hitch-hike a bit, hey, maybe even catch a boat!"

"Okay... And I might need a map or something. I have all the other supplies in my bag."

"No prob!" Malcolm walks quickly off to his bike, and retrieves a map with a detailed way of the safest and best route to Lilydale written on it.

"Lucky I was holding onto it, but anyway, the Red lines indicates road, so you should hitch-hike for that one. Blue is for Train, which is fast, but very lonely.

Lastly, green is for walking. You'll be doing a fair bit of it at the end of the journey." Malcolm explains

"koolio!" I exclaim, taking the map from him and walking off to the left of the bridge.

"And if I do find him, I'll promise to come back here with him!" I shout back at Malcolm.

"Good Luck! And by the way, how much hair dye do you put into that hair? It looks as flourescent as las vegas!"

"Oh shut-up!" I shout back with an annoyed tone. "I'll catch you later, I promise to come back!"

I turn around and walk away, leaving my childhood town behind me.

"By the way," I hear the faint voice of Malcolm still shouting at me. "Nice Melons!"

I turn around and give Malcolm a rude gesture, then go back to walking away.

Nice feeling, it is, to have a freind. But I still feel empty....

To be Continued!

3 - Goodbye, Childhood

(C) and stuff ;)

I never knew the sunset could look so good here.

I've never actually been outside my hometown, but now that I am, I feel I've missed out on a lot during the last 14 years...

Sigh I'm not good at goodbyes, so I just turn away and walk off.

After I feel I've walked enough, I turn around to look at my birthplace.

Depressing, it is, really. That's the bad thing. You decide to do something, you set yourself up for it, and when you finally get to the time, you're hesitant.

Well, my feelings never led me anywhere, so I'm just going to ignore them and walk on.

It's getting colder and darker, so I decide to go to sleep.

I walk off the side of the road into the tall, dry, stiff grass and find a small square patch where the grass has been cut down and there's a campfire about five metres from the road.

I find the comfortablest part of the patch and unroll my sleeping bag there.

I take off my backpack and my black coat and settle down inside the bag.

Looking up at the stars, I think about what I'm going to do next.

I'll probably need a car for the next 500 miles, and then I'll need to stow away on a train, then get in a car again until I get to the 100 Mile walk...

I yawn and turn on my side, going into a deep sleep..

"What the heck?" I exclaim and almost jump out of my skin.

There was a sharp pain on the back of my neck, and I put my hand there to see what made it.

But I froze with fear the moment I knew what it was.

On my neck I feel the warm, fuzzy hairs of a creature no bigger than my hand.

I move around on it to find it has a large center piece, and bits sticking out of the sides...

"Holy crud...."

"ITS A FRIKING SPIDER!!!" I yelp, and Run around like crazy trying to get it off.

I jump out on the road, kicking and screaming and somehow managing to get rid of the spider.

Exhausted because it's still so early, I turn around to head back to my camp, when I see a blinding light, then a sharp, painful, jab like a brick being hurled into my stomach.

I fly back a metre into the road, and just manage to see a face through blurry eyes before falling unconscious...

To Be Continued...

A slightly Shorter chapter this time :P

4 - Riding with a Freak

"Owwwwwww"

I awake to the pain in my stomach.

I hold it, trying to reduce the pain, but it's no use. It feels I'm being stabbed everytime I move.

"Argh!!" I yelp at the pain in my back. It feels like I broke my spine.

"Hold on kid, you should stay lying down" I hear a girly voice say from behind me.

I turn my head around, grimacing at the pain, and see a woman of no more than 20.

"Shhhhhhhh..." She takes my head and let's it rest on a pillow, and I doze off again.

I awake again at what seems like night, and look around the car. It looks like some Slightly-messy 4WD. There's a bunch of luggage and crap in the back, and the seat is comfy but it stinks.

to the left of me is that women, she has long blonde hair and is wearing a plain shirt and jeans.

She looks like a nice person, and I feel that I can trust her.

It seems she's dozed off, her head is rested upon the window.

In front of the black seat to the right is a man, I'm presuming that because of his snore.

In the Seat to the left is the driver, who must be awake because he's driving the car.

The man notices I'm awake and turns around for a second to face me.

"Hey kid, We kind bumped into you when you jumped out onto the road, why did you do that anyway?"

He spoke in a light, teenish voice. But he sounded mature.

"I... had a spider on my neck..." I whimpered. Flashbacks came to my head that sent a shiver down my spine.

"Well, it seems like you were lucky. We're guessing you've been squashed-up a bit and your spine might be a bit bent, but we'll get you to a hospital and you'll be okay" He replied.

"Thanks." I felt up my back, yelping when I found the broken part.

The man looked at me with a concerned look on his face.

His eyes were blue, and had some crazy black hair that was going everywhere. Nothing like my straight, short hair.

"You might not want to move, you'll only make it worse. Anyway, it'll be 2 days to the next town, so just rest until then."

I smiled weakly and slowly lowered myself down onto the pillow.

"Wha....?" I exclaimed surprised.

The other man was sitting next to me, with a hand on my breast.

"Jesus Christ!" I slapped his hand away, and sat up. My back didn't feel hardly as bad, but there was still pain.

"What the hell do you think your doing?" I asked the pervert.

He smiled and said:

"I'm sorry, but your just so.... Hot. Ever since my Girlfreind broke up with me, I couldn't find anyone, but now I have... It's you!"

I gazed at the man. He must be at-least 5 years older than me!

He reached out again, going for my left breast.

I screamed, forcing the door open and grabbing my backpack.

The man grabbed my shirt, but I turned around and bit his hand.
"ARGHHH YOU LITTLE dog!!!" He screamed out, and I limp-ran behind a shed.
I found a couple of bushes, and decided to hide there.

"What the hell are you doing?" I think it was the woman who said that.
"That devil of a kid bit my hand and ran away!" The man yelled out.
I felt scared. I couldn't go with them now, but I needed to get to a hospital.
"I thought she was a nice kid. We give her hospitality and she bites my freind's hand? let's get out of here" I can hear the dissapointment in his voice. It must be the driver.
I hear the noise of the car engine starting, and then itg drives off into the distance.

I stand alone by the side of the road.
This must be the end. I'm hurt, alone, in the middle of nowhere.
I can't survive this. I need a doctor, but I have no idea which way the nearest one is.
Wait... The driver said it would be two days to the nearest hospital.
I check my watch. About 40 hours have passed since that. It'll take me at-least 20 hours, maybe even double that because of my condition, to get there.
But now, if only I knew which way to go...
Wait! The tracks! the 4WD went back the way it came, so the way without any tracks must be the right way!
It's to the left. Now all I have to do is walk there...

I take my jacket off and tie it around my waist, lift my backpack onto my shoulders and set off for the hospital.

To be continued

5 - I'm not Ready for the Light...

Ouch..... My back is getting worse... My stomach is kinda o.k though.
It's the middle of the day now and I can feel the scorching sun on my back.
I didn't want to go to sleep last night, I was afraid about the spider..
But now, I think I should of... I feel woozy, light-headed, really.
I can't think straight, maybe it's the heat. If so, I should get a drink
I sit down on a nearby rock and drop my backpack.
I take the bottle from the right pocket and take a long drink of water.
I suck the container dry, and think about going for my second bottle, but I decide to leave it for later.
I lay there on the grass for a moment, just looking up at the blazing sun. I never knew it could be so hot in winter.
After resting for a while, I pick myself up again and continue along the road.

"Phew... This is tiring" I exclaim to myself.
I check my watch. 4 In the afternoon now. That means almost 12 hours of walking.
And it shows, I feel exhausted.
I grab my stomach. Owwww... Another pain. I keep going for another hour, before I just collapse on the road, in a deep sleep.

"Ouch..." I rub my head as I stand up. It feels like I banged it against a wall.
There's so much pain, so much suffering. I can't stand it!
I yell out in frustration and kick my back pack across the road.
But then I'm quite. I look to my right.
A beautiful sunset... So marvelous, something that cannot be explained in words...
I look out at the horizon. There's nothing as far as the eye can see.
I stagger up to my backpack, feeling even more disorientated.
I lazily grab my bag and sling it over my chest, making it jab into my back and causing me to cry out in pain.
"Must... Go... On" I mutter to myself.
I feel weak, so tired, so.... I hold up my head with my hands.
"The.... What...."
I keep walking, a slow, wonky walk. Like that of a drunk.

I'm exhausted now. I've put my... All into it...
But.. That wasn't enough.... It's over now...
I fall on my knees, too weary to go on.
I drop slowly to the ground, I can see a blinding light...
But a Soothing blinding light... A blinding light of hope, of truth, of happiness... I feel myself being dragged towards the light..
The light... So close now... but I can hear the cries of people... a loud noise I cannot make out...
I feel I'm not ready to go... to the light... yet...
I suddenly see what's around me, like I awoke from a half-awake state.
it's cold, a cold room, but it's well lit.. and it smells like a million chemicals mixed together..

I can see some-one.. it looks like they're wearing a strange outfit... He's saying something..
I can barely make it out...

"It seems... Poison... Dangerous... Don't worry... Live.... Your going to feel..... Sleepy.... Now....."

6 - Change of Plan

"Oooooooooohh..... My head"

I feel like I've been sleeping for ages, a state of light-headedness.

I look to my right. There's some kind of machines and things that I can't understand, and also a beeping noise.

I must be in hospital!

There's a woman to the left of me, her long, blue dress tells me she's a nurse.

"Uh... 'scuse me?" I whimper out to her.

"Oh, little girl, your awake!" The woman turns around and faces me, a nice one she is, blue eyes, short blonde hair, anyway.

"I'm not little, I'm 14. And how long have I been asleep?"

"Oh, about two days, the doc said the anti-dote would make you drowsy. If your awake now, your probably pretty healthy now."

The nurse walks off towards the plain, white door in-front of me.

"Wh.. Where are you going?" I blurt out.

"To get the doc of course, dear. He'll need to ask you a few questions." She continues out through the door.

Oh, of course, right.

Why did I ask her that? I must just still be woozy from the heat.

Wait! If the doctor is going to ask me questions... He'll ask me where I live!

The LAST place I want to be right now is back home! I have to get out of here!

I take a look around the room. Ah! My fluffy pink back pack!

I lunge for my bag, grabbing it and cuddling it before going back to looking for a way out.

There! An open window. I leap out of it, falling on my butt and grimacing a bit before running off into town.

I decide to catch my breath inside a cafe, I walk in to the nearest one, trying to look as casual as possible.

I sit on the stool near the counter, and ring the bell.

A young guy about the same age stand up from behind the counter.

He has black hair and really sexy green eyes and...

Whoa! What am I thinking? Keep yourself together..

"A coffee please?" I whine in a small voice.

"Sorry?" The guy speaks back in a sweet voice that is music to my ears.

"Uh... I said... A coffee please?" I turn away and blush.

"Coming right up!" The guy heads off towards the back of the cafe, and disappears behind the kitchen door.

He comes back with a nice cup of coffee, although it looks a bit expensive.

"Here you go! It's the best coffee we have! All the girls in town seem to love it, but your not from around here are you?" He winks at me.

"Uh... No, I'm not from here... I'm... Going on a little vacation by myself." I smile and try to look cool.

Oh, Jesus, I must look like a fool to him.

"Oh? And where are you going?"

"Uh.. Right! I'm going... Wait, I'll show you.." I reach into my backpack and search for my map.

"Funny... I thought I left it in here... Argh! My map's gone!" I say out loud.

"Uh.. Sorry... I seem to have lost my map, and I kind of need it to get to where I'm going.." I continue.

"Hey! I have a map out back, if you need it I could give it to you!" The guy replies, turning away to get the map.

I glance back behind me and see a couple of girls sneering.

A grin spreads itself across my face.

The guy comes back with a tattered map, looks a bit old but accurate enough.

He spreads it out on the counter in front of me.

I look at the map, and point to my destination.

"There! Leafdale!" I shout.

"Whoa... I've heard of that place before. It's pretty backwater. How do you plan on going there" The guy look up at me with a confused face.

"Well, first I'm going to need to hitchhike for a ride to over here." I point out my route with my finger.

"Then I'll need to stow away on a train here, and when it get's to here I'll stop off and I'll walk the rest of the way."

I don't know why I told him all that, but I feel like I can trust him... Somehow.

"If your going to do that, I'd suggest taking the train from this town over to here, before walking the rest of the way."He suggests.

"Uh.... Okay? anyway, I was hoping you could give me the supplies I need.. I have the money."

The guy instantly grabs a bunch of muffins, take a few bottles of water and starts calculating the price.

"That'll be \$20.00"

I reach into my backpack and grab my wallet.

"Hah! Just my luck, all I've got is a 20 dollar note." I exclaim, handing him the money and grabbing all the goods and stuffing them into my bag.

"Glad I could be of help." The guy smiles at me. "Anyway, the train will be off at 5 pm.. Which is in an hour! You better hurry."

The guy directs me where to go, and I scurry off to the train on which I'll be riding for the next 4 days...

:O A bit uneventful, I know, I'm gonna try and make the next chapter more action-packed ;)