

Think you know me

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Submitted: May 4, 2005

Updated: May 4, 2005

This is a piece I wrote in the 8th grade. I've modified it grammatically so it makes more sense... sort of. This relates to my terribly family life. & in case you're wondering, my "encouragement" is of course, my parents.

COMMENT PLEASE! Your fee

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1 - Think you know me

Think you know me

Depressed, suppressed, stressed and all alone, the voices in my head scream in monotone. Forced to run away from the ones I love, flying away, oh so quickly, like a frightened dove. The sour taste of hatred on my tongue...

It's been there since I was so very young. Dreams of possession bring constant tension. Being treated and beaten like a bitter slave encourages me, once more, to dig my own grave...

Lying dazed in my personalized coffin, my stone heart begins to soften. Thining of my past, present, and and hopeless future; I'm clawed, stabbed, and tugged at all in torture...

The though of myself with my choosen mate, brings me back to a familiar state. So, I close my eyes tight and leap out of my grave, only to see my encouragement wave...

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