

Murdering Myself

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A short little angst fic I wrote a long time ago. Like... before Sonic Heroes was out. o_O;; It's pretty much a Shadow death. Yes I know that makes no sense, shh.

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<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Sham-Sham/23732/Murdering-Myself>

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Sham: Just a little angsty story. I wrote it a long long time ago and just found it on my computer. O.o

This is thoughts.

This is speech."

Enjoy.

This world is so pointless. Wake up to find yourself hunted, hated, betrayed. Wonderful way to start the day. I should have died years ago...so then what's keeping me from death now?

Under his jet black fur, Shadow's knuckles (No pun intended...) were turning white. He eased his grip up on the kitchen knife in his lap.

This is just sad...last second doubts. If my mind was made up why am I arguing with it now? Sickening, you have nothing to live for, just do it!

He let the back of his spiky head hit the wall which he was leaning against. The pain was motivation.

One little cut wouldn't hurt...it might even give me the courage to get on with it. Yeah...

Lifting the blade up he pressed it into his shoulder, and what began as a small cut, turned into a gash from shoulder to elbow. Slowly he removed the knife which now had a thin layer of crimson on the tip.

That wasn't so bad.

He eyed the knife that glinted through the open window above him, then repeating the process he did the other arm. Pressing deeper this time he sucked air through gritted teeth, making a hissing sound.

I thought death was supposed to be easy...easiest thing in the world, you just die.

Blood was matting his fur and brushing onto the white wall he leaned on. At this he sat upright. This was Faker's house...and as much as Shadow disliked Sonic, he still owed him a lot. And the least he could do is not die all over Sonic's walls.

If my life purpose is done, then I have no more purpose to live. So why is this taking so long? Just do it you coward!

As much as his brain screamed at his hand though, it didn't budge. His heart wouldn't let it.

Come on...don't you want to see Maria again?

His brain knew what affected the heart, and soon he found the knife blade slowly going across his left wrist...then the right. Deeper and deeper, until blood spewed out at the slightest touch.

That should do it...

His thinking grew foggy, as did his vision. The world grew dark. It felt like sinking in water, dark water, and the surface was no where in sight.

"Shadow?"

Who is that?

His brain struggled to remember the voice, to cling to the memory and hold onto it. Everything was melting away. Making a firm grip impossible.

"Jesus Christ!"

The last thing he heard was pounding footsteps.

Sham: Wasn't that fun? O.o;; There's another chapter, if anyone wants to see that.

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