

Life isn't fair

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A short thing that I wrote to my mom. Please comment.

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1 - Life isn't fair

Life isn't fair. That's something that my parents taught me. The first thing they would say when I would start to cry was, "Life isn't fair." And it's true. In some cases, it applies more so to certain people than to others. Of course, I have to be one of the unlucky few on which the burden of life so heavily lies. I take in other people's pain when I don't want to. I take it, put it into my collection, and move on. This collection of mine overflows sometimes, turning into tears. These tears pour down my face, making the perfectly painted facade I so carefully constructed melt away, revealing my true self. This facade is a mask I use to hide who I am, made up of lies and smiles. Smiles I so vaguely remember having as a small child. Smiles of delight over the tiniest of things. Smiles that are now just memories. I despise living sometimes, knowing that my entire existence is just a lie. I think there's no purpose to live anymore. But then I see your face, pains of yours flashing through my mind. Pains that I can't stand, that are worse to deal with than living. So I stop. And sit there. And cry. Those words of yours float around. "Life isn't fair." They ring in my ears, resonating emotions. I let myself fall back, writhing in pain that is not my own. I close my eyes. Eyes that go unseen by strangers. Eyes that always look down. Eyes that now stream out tears. And I let out a heaving sigh. In the immortal words of Evanescence, "don't try to fix me, I'm not broken. Hello, I am the lie, living for you so you can't hide. Don't cry." But I do cry, and I silently scream for others. Others that have met my eyes. Others that have felt my pain, and me, who has felt theirs. And together, the unlucky few on which the burden of life so heavily lies, cry out between our shuddering sobs, "Life isn't fair."