

Alone I Break

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Not being able to take anymore, Quatre makes a final decision on life.... (3+4 hinted, angst, death/suicide, song-fic)

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1 - Alone I Break

*Pick me up
Been bleeding too long
Right here, right now
I'll stop it somehow*

The pain, it throbs. The feeling everywhere. The blood pours like a hot sticky liquid. The pale skin was tainted this crimson red color. The small jagged knife ran skillfully over the skin. The floor and bathroom sink began to fill with this color, drop by drop it fell. The knife fell to the floor and a small hand took a pile of bandages and began to cover the painful cuts slowly. Small pale lips quivered and a slight cry was heard as tears flowed down his cheeks. *I will make it go away*

*Can't be here no more
Seems this is the only way
I will soon be gone
These feelings will be gone
These feelings will be gone*

"It doesn't matter, I don't care about this life, this, pointless life I lead. All this world offers is disputes and arguments, never will I feel free." Staring back at his reflection in the mirror, Quatre Winner, frowned. He brushed away the tears and sighed. "I won't feel like this anymore once I am gone. Never again. Never." War, disagreements and death had ruined this once pure hearted child and caused pain, anger, and depression. Somethin no teenager should have to feel ever in their life. *Now I see the times they change*

*Leaving us, it seems so strange
I am hoping I can find
Where to leave my hurt behind
All the shoot I seem to take
All alone I seem to break
I have lived the best I can
Does this make me not a man?*

Yet even now that this war has ended the pain and regret still are bound within the soul. The memories. The suffer. The death. "Happy? How can anyone actually be happy after all of this. The war. All of those that have died. Not all killed by me, yet the thought of all of those that have been killed for stupid reasons. I feel I am not the only one who has suffered, yet I feel to be happy I need to die. Is this right? Must happiness be with death?" Quatre turned his face from the mirror and walked from the room. Feeling awful. Yet enjoying it at the same time. "I'm trying my best yet no one seems to notice, or even seem to care." *Shut me off*

*I'm ready
Heart stops
I stand alone
Can't be my own*

"I see my friends. My... friends during the war? Do I call them friends? Allies? I really don't know." I pause and watch them from the other room. My feelings are hiding in my dark soul. I will show no one. "I don't want to get more involved with them. I want to end it now. I know, I have gotten to close. I have made friends with them. I admit it. I have to admit it. I know I have gotten close to Trowa. I know there

was love between us. Yet... I can't do this anymore." *I will make it go away*

Can't be here no more

Seems this is the only way

I will soon be gone

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These feelings will be gone

"I think I'm ready. Yes. I was always ready. They don't notice me standing here." Quatre chuckles to himself and continues quietly to the basement down below the house. It was quiet, Cold, and the light was dim. "Perfect..." He muttered. "I'm ready to rid myself of these painful feelings. All of it..." He found himself pulling a rope from the corner of the room and sat down at a nearby chair. Yet a small smile stayed plastered on his face. *Am I going to leave this place?*

What is it I'm hanging from?

Is there nothing more to come?

(Am I gonna leave this place?)

Is it always black in space?

Am I going take its place?

Am I going to leave this race?

(Am I going to leave this race?)

I guess God's up in this place?

What is it that I've become?

Is there something more to come?

(More to come)

The rope was around his neck. Tightly and secure. The chair below him wobbled slightly. His body shook with fear. "I'm not afraid to die. I'm not." He lowered his head and felt the chair go beneath him. Very painful. Like air was being sucked out from his body at a rapid rate. He felt his blood run cold. And past memories returned to his head. Of space, the darkness the war. The scared people, hiding in their homes, afraid of fate. He felt his last breath take hold of his body and the tears soon stopped. The fear, pain, and hurt was gone. Is it really happiness after death?