I was bored

written by

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I was bored during school one day and wrote these. And in no way have I ever been nor will I ever be suicidal.
Chapter 1

Way out

Wave after wave of sadness crash over me. Pushing me farther out from shore. All I can see is blue, a deep mountain blue. It seems as if there is no hope, no light, but there is always a way out. In your pastor's holster, in the kitchen cabinet, and in a drug bottle. There is always a way out, the question is, how badly do you want it?
Chapter 2

Looking Glass

The woman looks into the Looking Glass, what does sh÷ see? Something broken? Once useful? Look closer, what does she see? More imperfections than stars on a clear night sky? Look closer still, what does she see? A nobody? Now you look into the Looking Glass, what do you see? Or better yet, who do you see? Your mother? Do you see your father? So you see your creator? Or do you see the face of death? He is knocking on your door, will you answer his pleading cry? Will you open the door and let him in? That decision is up to you, it is up to me, it is up to everyone, will you?
Storm

In me there is a storm, skies so grey no life dare form. For they fear they will be rejected to the light, they are right. Wind so strong, too strong, I failed. I am now one with the wind. Up and down, down and up. Will I ever return to shore? Wherever it may be. Will I forever be steadfast as the sea? I know not, but I do know there is a storm, the storm inside of me.
Chapter 4

Nothing

Nothing, I feel nothing. No joy, no p9, no love, no hate. All of my senses nuked down to the core. I'm lost in space, floating between the past the future, and the relentless present. What is to become of me? I know not. What have I become? I know neither. I am slipping away, and, drowning, suffocating, and no one takes notice. So what do I feel? My answer is nothing.
Chapter 5

Falling

Here I am, and I'm falling, falling into the pit of despond. Where so many have hit rock bottom before me. Help me, catch me, hold me, and never let go. If I reach the bottom, I will shatter, shatter into a million pieces. A broken mirror, long lost and forgotten. Waiting... Waiting...Waiting. And you don't come, you didn't see the signs. By the time you had reached me I had cracked, no longer to be bothered by the things of this world. Search for it, search deep inside. Behind the fake smile I have plastered on my face. Look for an alternate meaning in my words. Search for me. What do you see? Joy? Contempt? Love? Peace? I think not, help me, I'm falling, falling into the pit of despond.
Doubt

Drowning, that's what I am. In a sea of doubt drowning....I am at the bottom of the ocean now. It is a deep midnight blue. Here I am with tons of pressure weighing down on me. Help me, help me please. Because I am drowning, drowning in a sea of doubt.
Hello, I hope you somewhat enjoyed reading my beginning of school year pain. ???????????

Chapter 7
Chapter 8

I would love it if you left comments in the comment section. If not that is completely fine. Have a nice day, month, year, life, death.....MAHWAH MAHWAH MAHWAH!