

Despondent

By PurplishInk

Published on Stories Space on 12 Jan 2014



I know suicide was not and never is an option, but sometimes, it's tempting. Oh, so tempting...

<https://www.storiesspace.com/stories/young-adult/despondent-1.aspx>

The rain finally started falling tonight. The steady clanking of raindrops on the roof soothed me. I like it. A relaxing feeling filled me then, and I found myself crying. I guess my emotions decided it's about time they break out. So I cried. Along with the rain, I poured all damned feelings that were caged inside me for a lengthy time now. I don't know how my body managed not to fall apart already since I was shattering little by little every effin' day since who knows when. Well, not until now, at least. Maybe because of that little word called "hope," huh? Hmm. I have no idea. But, I do have here a list of why I think my life sucks: Well. There's the breaking up with my boyfriend, Geoff. Wait, no. Scratch that. He broke up with me. He said that he thinks I'm perfect, sweet, adorable, and beautiful but that he just found some other darling and fell in love with her. That he doesn't want to hurt me so "we should end this up now." Ha, some perfect girlfriend I am. I cried my heart out and sulked for some weeks. I know that he's not the only living guy left on this earth but, it's not that easy to move on from a two year and a half relationship with the guy you thought was "the one", you know? All I needed was time. And a girlfriend... not. After some months, Chloe, my best friend, barged in on my room and went full Armageddon on how maddening I am for "grieving on someone who hasn't even died yet," for sulking and thinking that I've got the world's biggest problem, and for ignoring all the guys she's set me up with. "I'm sorry, babe. I don't think I can do this anymore. You're like someone who's living on a respirator, all brain dead and whatever. I couldn't even go out in the mall anymore because I'm feeling guilty you're not with me. I mean, look at my hair!" With a shake of her blonde head and an exasperated look, she walked out of my door while I sat at the end of my bed, mouth hanging open from hearing her monologue, not uttering a single word. So, I'm not allowed to mourn the death of my love life but she's having a massive crisis with her hair? Yep. That was my best friend there, with her speech of high hypocrisy. Double break up. FML. So, you'd think I can do this. That I'm only 17 and have a lot of good things ahead of me. Because even without a boyfriend and a so-called "best friend," I still got my family, right? Well, no, maybe, yes. Being an only child, I still have both of my parents with me... and by that, I meant a mother who never emptied her hands of a glass of liquor or whatever poison she has, and a father who married and fathered his office. The stereotype kind of family drama, I know. But sadly, I'm in it. I know suicide is not and never is an option, but sometimes, it's tempting. Oh, so tempting that I even thought of slashing my wrists with a shard of glass from a

picture frame I've thrown earlier. But then, I thought it would be morbid... not to mention my total repulsive reaction towards gushing blood. Fainting before you die? Gruesome. But I still want these emotional pains to stop. So I grabbed a handful of my mother's sleeping pills and popped 'em in my mouth. There, I think that's harmless now. I crave for sleep. I am so tired, I just want to close my eyes and forget how fucked up I am. I'll just drift from now and let the rain cry for me. Yes, this is perfect... I'm starting to pull away. I think I might even get lucky and actually die. I couldn't hide a smile. Dying at seventeen? Chloe will freak out and forever envy me.