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Mrs. Elgar

June 17th, 2015

Darkness

Literary 30S

Welcome to the Darkness

Words escape from my wrist

And appear on the paper,

Thoughts turn into ideas

And ideas turn into doings

I scribble and jot,

The wheels in my brain

Churning and clunking

Working on overtime

A tad unclear where the

Final destination may be

But, it's coming,

It's in progress,

It's happening

Right here,

Right now

Dreams become reality

But they take a turn for the worse

And darkness enters the crevices

That light once inhabited

Strangely comforting

There is nothing to fear

Welcome to the Darkness

Dear Diary,

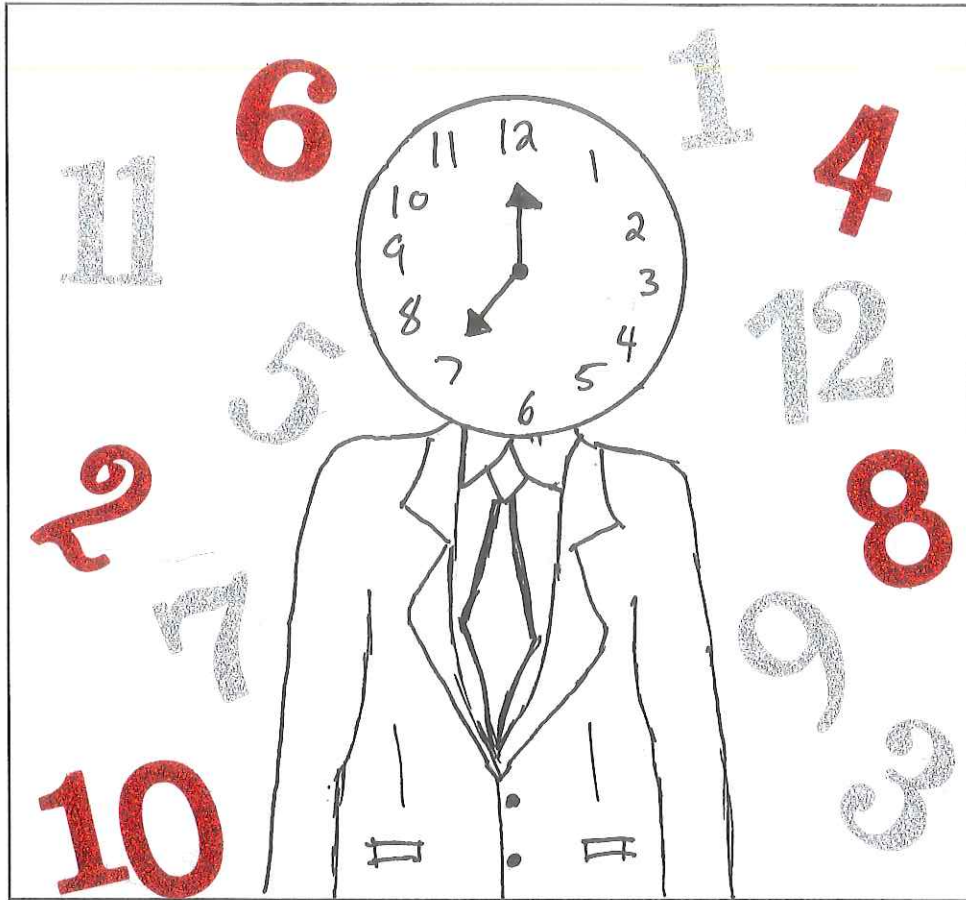
I'm getting tired of my career. It wasn't one I chose for myself, it was expected of me. It's a lonely one that doesn't allow me to get close to anyone, as I am always needed somewhere else. I'm lonely, and I don't like being lonely, does anyone? I am over worked and exhausted. It seems I will be worked until I am run into the ground, but one can only hope to finally be in the ground. I am expected to be multiple places at once, but that's not possible, even for me. My job is also sad. I don't enjoy seeing people die all the time, I don't wake up in the morning eager to start the day, eager to see people meet their untimely fate. It leaves only sadness behind for families when their loved ones are ripped from the breathing world, and tossed into another completely different from home. It destroys me bit by bit as people beg for me to spare them, to let them live, I just hope they realize that I can't, the grains of sand in their hourglass have run out. I'm tired of being seen as the bad guy, when I am anything but. I am feared, hated, cursed at. It seems that everyone I've encountered is petrified of dying, so blinded by their fright, they don't see the opportunity it brings. Anyone or anything that is living, is part of the life cycle, they live, and they die. I just decide when that time comes and it's excruciatingly awful. At first, I didn't mind my job. It was one that was promised to me at birth, one that I had been trained and prepped for ever since I could walk. But now, too many years later, I hate it. It's not my intention to hurt people, I only wish to help them, show them that death isn't a curse or an inevitable doom, but in fact, it's freeing. I serve as a reminder that life is short, and that you should make the best of everyday, because before you know you're lying on your death bed saying your final goodbyes. Once I have paid you a visit and slashed the soul's ties and connections to the body, your freedom awaits you. A weight lifted off your shoulders. You are no longer worried about the clock, or its haunting ticking noise as it signals your last breath with each passing second. You are no longer worried about the money you owe to an already rich enough corporation. You are no longer worried about not being

good enough for anyone. There is relief, relief that the suffering is over, relief from the corrupted world we live in today. You are now more alive than ever. Unrestricted to discover the life after death, and all it has to offer. But for me, I'm stuck, stuck in an endless cycle of life nor death. I may not be human, but I need relief too. I don't want to be in this position anymore. I need help. Someone help, anyone. Please.

Forever Here, Forever Lurking,

Death

Obituary



The Reader of These Pages

Birth-Death

After the reading of these pages, your time has passed away due to expired age. The reader (you) has spent amounts of time, reading in depth, my perspective on darkness, time that cannot be brought back, along with other pre-deceased time.

Readers were born at varied times in varied places, all with unique details to add. Commonly, all born in to the land we call, and share, Earth. Chances are it wasn't so far away from here.

From early ages, readers may have enjoyed spending their time, bike riding, swimming, reading, or playing with dolls, but were not limited too such activities. As more time passed,

interests changed to different movies, music, books, food, and people. All the while, time weathered skin, scars were left behind from accidents, memories were made, and readers aged. Time ticked by reliably.

A reader's time has been survived by those who have not opened these pages quite yet. Time can be missed but never replaced. Time runs out eventually, but you choose how you spend it.

Your time can be mourned when you look into the mirror later down the road and realize you've aged twenty years over night. You're not the young thing you once were, you can't quite jump as high, you can't quite run as far, and you can't quite stand as tall.

Soon enough your time won't be the only thing passed on, and you too will be deeply missed and mourned.

Pressure

"Just try it"

"Once won't hurt"

Friends don't feel like friends anymore

Bad decisions,

Lead to regret

Bad decisions,

Lead to even worse choices

Soon enough my

Whole life will be

Just one bad decision,

Constructed of a magnitude

Of lies, and poor judgment

Peer Pressure is even more

Dangerous than you ever were

New patterns become

Old habits

You're losing yourself

But no one seems to notice,

Too

Little,

Too

Late

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.

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Afraid

The first time I remember being afraid of the dark was after I watched a scary movie. I was 7 years old. I had planned a sleepover with one of my friends from school for that night, we had a lot of fun activities in store, one of them being to watch a scary movie. After hours of bike riding and swimming, we had settled down in her basement with the lights off, snacks close, and blankets ready to hide under. I hadn't realized just how nervous I had been until the music queued and my heart beat quickened. Haunting tunes played out and suspense rose for the characters on screen being watched by an unknown man. We sat rigid and afraid, both of us too stubborn to admit that we were freaked out. Scenes continued playing, people kept dying, and blood kept spilling, but we kept watching. I gripped onto the side of the couch trying to suppress my fear, all the while hoping that the killer was not waiting for me near the back of the basement. The tension grew and involuntary screams escaped my lips, muffled by blankets thrown over my face in an attempt to block it out. When the movie was over we looked at each other and deemed the movie "Not scary at all". It was. The last two hours of my life had consisted of being thrown into a world of horror. A place where a man in a mask ripped apart families. A ruthless killing machine. For days, mirrors became my worst enemy, the fear that as I looked up my eyes would be met by a pair that was not mine, eyes that were void of any human emotion. The eyes of a killer. I was terrified.

Darkness was no longer a state that lulled me to sleep. It was a trap that could hide danger around any corner. I lay in my bed unable to sleep, petrified of what fate awaited me if I let myself rest my eyes, even for a second. Visions of being ripped from my bed and tortured, danced through my head. I slept with the door open. Always.

I was a very nervous child, one who always worried and fretted. This made me never stray far from my mom in public, the thought of never seeing her always drew me back.

I continued watching horror movies and they continued to scare me, each one bringing new frights. Stalkers, murderers, psychopaths displayed on the big screen, all accompanied by blood and death. But I couldn't stop, I liked the thrill, I liked the adrenaline.

One night, I decided to sleep with the door closed. I was determined to survive. I brought in my dog to scare off any creatures and with a little bit of difficulty, I fell asleep. I awoke the next morning unharmed. I realized that the dark is nothing to be scared of. There are no monsters lurking about, the

real monsters are the ones who come out at day, disguised as our friends. The night is nothing but day, deprived of light. Your fears play tricks, plant ideas, and create scenarios in your head that don't exist.

Years later I find comfort in the darkness. I find it's best for thinking. Long nights get lost in thoughts on everything and anything: dreams, hopes, regrets, wishes. I find inspiration. The world is asleep but I am wide awake.

Wall Flower

I see the collegbounds

And the hopeless

The jocks, populars,

The promiscuous, and furthest from

The high school sweethearts

And the "It's complicated"s

All pressed together

Into a rhythmic mass of despair

Synthetically produced by

Wanting to be liked, identical personalities,

And overpowering, awful music

Though smiling, laughing, dancing,

It's as if they're not real,

Transparent as glass

I can see right through them,

For I as well fell the emptiness

They hold in their shallow hearts,

And I know what they do

Tonight cannot fill

Such a gaping void

But they are not here for reason

So I remain,

An invisible spectator

Standing to the side

Waiting for something amazing

Or anything at all

I see these things

And understand

I am a Wall Flower

Into The Past

He stared in horror at the dark, slick puddle before him. It was dim, but he didn't need the light of the sun to confirm his suspicions. Because inside he knew, he knew that the hue of the mess before him represented that of something he'd seen many times before, the haunting colour, all too familiar. He knew the scent circulating the room, that thick, metallic smell, all too well. It was blood. But it wasn't the fact that there was blood marking the floor in front of him that made him reduce to tears, though that would do it for most people, no, it wasn't that. It was the source of blood. Not a mere four meters away, laid Scarlett, unmoving. He rushed over to her with all the speed he could muster up. He fell to his knees and onto the cold, hard, unforgiving floor, he scooped her up into his shaking hands and gently pulled her close, as if nothing else in the world mattered as much as she did, nothing was as delicate, or fragile, or so beautiful. The colour that normally resided in her naturally pale skin was gone. She was cold as ice, her full lips parted and blue. He knew it before he even touched her, she was dead, but reality hadn't sunk in yet. Wet liquid coated her dark, ravenous hair. It had to be blood. He cradled her closer and wailed. This was the hardest he had ever cried, harder than the time his mom left, harder than the time he watched his dog get mutilated by a truck, harder than the time his arm snapped like a twig.

“Why!? Why her? Why not me! God, why not me?” he screamed into the blackness, the air thickening with every passing moment.

This girl he had known since he was little was now lying in front of him, the life from her body having completely escaped. She may not have known it, but he cared about her. He always had.

Two days ago Jak was sitting in biology class, watching the hands tick around the clock in what seemed like slow motion. He clicked his pen repeatedly, fighting against the glares he received from his fellow classmates. He was bored out of his mind, waiting for the bell to sound that would signify he could head home. The last thing he wanted to be thinking about on a Friday afternoon was how the liver functioned. Sean's deep voice interrupts his thoughts.

“Hey Jak, I'm having a sick party for graduation tomorrow night, you should definitely come”
Jak just nodded his head, unsure of what he was going to do.

The bell rang out the chime he was so used to after four years at that school, he picked up his well-used back pack and headed out the door. His thoughts travelled to the party, he knew exactly what it was going to be like, a night full of drunken mistakes, sobbing girls, and the cops coming to crash it. He wasn't going, it was decided. He thought his mind was made up, but it was quickly changed by the girl with the big, green, cat eyes.

"It's been way too long since I went out, and I've been stressing over exams the last while. I think Sean's will be fun! We should go" her velvety voice made its way over to his ears. It was Scarlett. She was with one of her good friends, Jak didn't know her name, Jenny? Jessica?

Back in grade school Jak and Scarlett had been good friends. They often spent evenings at another's house playing video games, building forts, or just hanging out and enjoying the company the other had to offer. But as the road had it, awkward teenage years, puberty, and new friends drove them apart. They hadn't talked in years, so it made it odd that Jak still thought about her. It was stupid really for him to still think about how he would always beat her in Mario Kart, or how when she laughed her nose crinkled in the slightest of ways. He was certain she didn't remember them ever hanging out, and certainly not who was better at driving go-karts in a video game. He wasn't sure why he still remembered those things, but he didn't mind. He liked when his mind travelled back to the days spent with her. Now standing in the hall, his decision about the party was changed. He wanted to go. He wanted to see her. From out of nowhere he now felt the desire to be close to her again. Admiring the way beauty marks decorated her skin, was getting tiresome from afar. He craved that attention from her again.

Saturday night came fast. Jak spent his time before the party trying to decide if his faded jeans looked better with a dark grey shirt, or a black one. Deciding on the gray, Jak left his room and headed for his hand-me-down car. Sean's house was only a ten minute drive away, but he still took the opportunity to listen to some classic rock. The sun had already said its goodbyes for the day and disappeared, and the moon had taken its place, shining full and bright above his car. As he sped down the dusty gravel road into the quiet country side, houses grew further apart and the trees grew denser. The closer he got to Sean's house, the more it looked like people actually came to this part of town, cars lined the road and all the way down his long, winding driveway, and smoke rose into the sky, undoubtedly from a bonfire. Jak parked his old Honda Civic between two other cars, then made his way over to the smokey smell. Familiar faces crowded the

closed space, many he knew of and had gone to school with for years, but had never talked to. Funny how high school can do that.

A couple drinks later, the party was well underway and Jak was starting to loosen up. He sat by the fire in a lawn chair watching his graduating classmates throw back drink after drink, occasionally striking up a conversation with those he somewhat knew.

His attention was diverted as soon as Scarlett came into view. She was with the same friend she had been in the hall with yesterday at school, Jenny? Jessica? They were talking and laughing about who knows what. Making their way over to the fire, they found a place to sit across from him. He loved the way she talked, she used a lot of enthusiasm and whenever she talked about something she was passionate about, her features lit up. It was enthralling. He was trying to work up to the courage to talk to her, when suddenly there was a tap on his shoulder, he looked up to be met by her intense green eyes. He hadn't noticed her even get up, he was too lost in thought.

"Jak, right?" She asked sweetly and smiled.

He went to answer but found himself at a loss of words. Here she was, talking to him first, and he couldn't even give her a "hello" or a "yes". As if she could sense his problem, she interjected again.

"I'm not sure if you remember me, but we used to be good friends and it has been awhile since we last talked, and I'm not sure why I decided on right now of all times to come and say hi, maybe it was the fact that we're graduating in a couple of days and I won't get the chance after that, or maybe it's the fact that I had a couple drinks and confidence is on my side right now, but hi."

He let out a laugh of disbelief, the humor clearly lacking in it.

"Of course I remember you, how couldn't I? How have you been? God, it has been too long. How's your brother? How's your mom? Is your fish still alive?" All these questions hit him at once, and he wanted to know the answers to all of them.

She laughed a genuine laugh, her bright teeth showing.

"Slow down Jak, we have time to talk, I'm not going anywhere *yet*."

The way she emphasized *yet* concerned him, but he paid it little attention, happy to have the chance to talk to her. They talked for what seemed like forever, catching up on the little, and new things that had been going on in their lives. She told him about how she had been accepted into an art school in New York, and he told her about his hopes and aspirations to go to school for music, if his parents would ever allowed it. Her attention never waning anywhere but his eyes.

Firecrackers exploded around them, their conversation halted by flashes of fire and bursts of noise. Jak looked up and noticed it wasn't just happening around the fire, everyone in the near distance was in a frenzy, running and swearing about. Beer was being shaken from cans and sprayed like a hose, more firecrackers were going off like a mine field, toilet paper was strewn threw tree branches like streamers, and people were trying to jump the fire. Most of these were in an attempt to have fun, but it was getting out of hand. Through all the chaos, Scarlett and Jak got separated.

When the party had calmed down, and you were able to hear your own thoughts, Scarlett was still nowhere to be found. Figuring she would make her way back to him, Jak sat down to wait. He let himself think about what would happen between now, would they talk again after this? Was their friendship rekindled? Or was she just drunk?

After an hour of waiting, and no sign of Scarlett. He ditched the old lawn chair and the warmth of the fire to search for his old friend, a diamond in the rough. Aimlessly, he wandered, searching for the petite girl in the jean shorts and black flannel. He remained unsuccessful, however he did find the friend she was with earlier. He still didn't know her name but he was going to assume it was Jenny. She was standing near a tree talking to a boy he knew as Michael, but never talked to. In a panic, he interrupted their intense conversation, his voice catching in his throat.

"Have you seen Scarlett, we were talking and then she disappeared. I have no idea where she is."

Too distracted by the boy, she seemed uninterested about the where about of her friend. "The last I saw her was about a half an hour ago, she was alone, I think she walked north into the forest. That's all I know. I could be wrong"

He didn't get it. He didn't get how whilst in the middle of a well-needed and missed conversation, she could just disappear. Vanished through thin air. His mind kept getting drawn back to the way she had said "*yet*". What did she mean by that? Why had she even said it?

He trudged on further into the great forest, the trees so alike, you couldn't tell if you had already walked there before. With the party far behind him, the quiet grew almost eerie. Every snap of a twig or rustle of a leaf could bring new danger, he was alone and unharmed in the dead of night. Tree branches scratched his bare skin, threatening to draw crimson, but he remained determined, his will unwavering. He had no idea how long he had been looking, maybe hours, maybe minutes, but to him it felt like forever, his panic growing. He wanted answers and he couldn't get them unless he found her.

Breathing heavy, and fatigue starting to settle over, Jak came into a small clearing. At the far end of the clearing laid an old stone church, broken glass windows, and dirtied walls from seasons of hard weather, told it was unused. A forgotten artifact in a hidden clearing. Anyone from that side of town could tell you about it, the church had been used years and years ago for regular sermons, but was abandoned when a bigger and better one was built inside the town. Now it was a spot used to get away, hide from your problems, take some time to think, be inspired. Jak knew this place, he had been here before with friends, often up to no good. But he had also been here once before with Scarlett.

They were ten years old and she had wanted to have an adventure that day. They left her house with a picnic basket of food and headed towards the forest, unsure of what was in store. They explored for hours, trying to find the perfect spot to set up camp, nothing seemed quite right, if a potential spot did not have enough light, or had an abundance much bugs, they were off. Then they found here, the old church. A perfect hide away. They had their picnic and played games, laughing and talking the time away. It was a good day, ended by their parents who came to find them, terrified when they couldn't find their kids at home. Communication had not happened before their adventure.

Something in Jak's being told her she would be in there. It all made sense now, she had wanted to leave and she had wanted him to find her. When the opportunity had arose, she took it. She had come here, but he could only guess for what. He sprang into a run, his heart now in his

throat. The seconds it took to get to the entrance felt like forever to Jak. He just wanted her to be okay, to be sitting in one of the pews with her sketch book, working away. She wasn't.

Jak entered the longstanding church and called out her name. No answer. He took four steps into the room, and saw her. It was like all the air in the world had been taken out, leaving him not able to breath. He knew she was dead, but he still ran over to her.

The next moments were a blur. Jak phoned the police and they had come, the outside of the church circled in cop cars, their lights broadcasting the reds and blues onto the ceiling of the church. He was pushed to the back of the room as he watched the girl he knew as Scarlett, being hauled away in a body bag. A bloodied knife a few feet away. She had killed herself, a victim of self-hate. Scarlett was gone, the *yet* had come.