

A razorblade romance

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He was lying on the bedroom floor surrounded by his own crimson fluid dripping from the open wound in his neck. She found him all alone it wasn't right for her to find him like that, it scarred her for life physically and emotionally.

It was 6am and they were all happy getting ready for the big day with all the arrangements in place everything was going to be perfect. Her maid was perfecting her hair into the most beautiful curls, and he was helping the best man with his speech. When all was ready she covered her dress with a long red coat so that it didn't get dirty, " The car is here we better get going" she called to her maids and her friend who was her maid of honour. They all piled into the vehicle and disappeared over the horizon towards the church.

He, on the other hand, was very nervous. His heart was beating faster than it ever had before and his palms were sweating profusely, it was abnormal. He told the best man to go get into the car and that he would meet him there, he had a few more things to take care of. Now he was alone. At first he didn't know what to do with himself. He was pacing up and down the room trying to control his breathing. He could hear the car beeping the horn for him to hurry, he didn't know what to do.

When he got himself together and was finally ready the maid came in crying. He went up to her and kissed her and said everything was going to be alright. She replied in a murmured voice he didn't fully understand at first, she then repeated what she had first said and he stood back with the look of shock in his eyes. He suddenly realised then he can't live the life he has. He has a fiancée^{1/2} to go and marry, and a mistress in front of him telling him she

is now pregnant with his child. The maid cleaned her face and told him to leave his fiancē½ now, otherwise if he goes ahead with the marriage he will never be able to get away from this life he has created.

He looked at her struggling for words to say, he didn't know what he should do. He thought about running away with the maid, whom he doesn't love now, which would make him miserable, and marrying his fiancē½ would make him the happiest man alive, but to have her find out about this would be too much of a risk. There is a fine line between life and death he thought, in life you do as much as you can to make you happy and live it to the full, but death, death is the coward's way out and only something that's supposed to happen when you're old.

He looked at himself in the mirror and knew that there was not much to live for anymore. He was a coward and that would never change. His time had come to end all of these affairs. So he took a knife and told the maid to leave and that he would meet her down in the foyer of the house. After she had left he brought the knife to his throat and made it a quick and painless experience so that he didn't have to hurt anymore.

When she arrived home crying and miserable she ran upstairs to her room and took off her gown. She cried so much her lungs felt sore and swollen. She wondered where he could be and went to his room. As she opened the door she saw red on the floor and was curious as to what it was. She walked in and that's when she found him.