

# Playing your game

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I live in a fake world, along with fake people. Including myself, when I wake up in the morning, I put the same makeup on and look in the same mirror, I don't see me, I see ' her' the girl that does so well as to hiding the real me. She smiles, she waves, she plays the game that I'm too weak to play, everything I'm too weak to do. Morning after morning I wake up and get into the shower, I take my rag and wipe my eyes, and when I pull the cloth away I see a mess of black. Even though I hate it there's nothing I can do about it.

I wear that mask along with countless others, who also pretend to be someone they are not. I can't stand it, being someone I'm not, but if I do show anyone the real me, let them get too close they'll run and hide, too afraid or terrified to ever come out again. I played that game for too long, the ' popular, backstabbing, b\*\*\*\*' game. The sad thing was, I played really well, and by the time I looked to see the path of destruction behind me, I was too late. I'm scared though, if I don't play along what will happen to me? I'm different, and ' different' doesn't mix in this world.