

The key to my
happiness



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

Everyone hates me for what I am. They all think I am strange. They stare as if I were the main attraction at a freak show. I hate myself for what I am not: social, outgoing and happy. No one would miss me if I died. I cannot take the torment of living in this *censored* world anymore. I would be better off dead! I sit on bed in my candle-lit room, the black velvet curtains drawn shut. The smoke from the burning incense swirls throughout the room in the pale flickering light. The melancholy sounds of Nine-Inch-Nails softly echoes in the corners. Depressed, I wonder what is wrong with me?

Why does everyone make fun of me? Why do I not have any friends? How come no one cares about me? I need an escape from the insanity of my own mind?

Death, it is most people's worst fear; however, it is the only thing that will liberate me from this hell on earth. In my hand I hold the key to my freedom, a razor blade. In awe I analyze the razor: it's sterile, machine precise metal, cutting edge. It is more beautiful than anything nature could produce.

Holding it with my right index finger and thumb, I place its razor edge upon my left wrist. It glistens in the candles' flames.

I stare as the shadows of the razor dance like ghosts on my forearm. I apply pressure down on the blade until the skin depresses under the metallic edge. Slowly I apply more pressure. My skin separates beneath the razor edge and the blade sinks into my flesh. Fascinated I raise my arm to my eyes. There is no blood, despite the fact that there is a piece of metal embedded in my wrist. I lower my arm back down and again grasp the razor blade with my right hand. I slide the razor's edge along my arm, away from my wrist, and then remove the blade from out of my arm.

The razor had left a clean three and a half inch surgical incision, starting a couple of centimeters back from the bottom of my palm. Throughout all of this I did not feel a thing. Finally, blood slowly beads up along the slit.

Instantaneously the cut splits open into a deep crevice. Blood gushes out from the wound, pouring onto my satin bed sheets. Amazed, that I had actually gone through with it, I am unable to move. I sit in great pride; my eyes fixed on the blood streaming out of my arm. There is a tingling sensation in the gap where the razor had tore through my skin moments ago.

That sensation then turns into a burning pain. I stand up and become light-headed. Every heartbeat pumps more and more blood out and onto the white carpet floor. My body grows weaker with each pulse. Still staring in a trance like state at the gapping wound, I become scared. I really did not want to die. It was just a test of my strength and will, to see if i could do it. It was just supposed to be a test! I do not want to die! Fearful for my life, I stagger towards the poster of Kurt Cobain taped on my bedroom door.

Spilling blood with every step I take, leaving behind a trail of blood. My legs strain to maintain balance. The floor begins to sway and I must lean all my weight against the door to remain standing. My skin is cold to the touch. My body shakes uncontrollably. My hand trembles as I reach for the door handle. My vision becomes blurred, making it impossible to focus on the door. My fingers grow numb. Unable to see straight I and not having any feeling in my hands, I miss several times when grabbing for the door knob. Finally, my hand catches the handle. I struggle to turn it.

I try pulling the door open, but my grip is too weak. My hand slips off of the knob and I collapse- first hitting my left cheek bone against the chrome handle, and then smearing blood all the way down the door. Lying in a pool of blood, I taste the bitter saltiness of blood on my lips. My cheek swells to the size of a baseball. Unable to get up or move any of my limbs, I scream, but nothing comes out. Amidst all of this pain and suffering, I somehow am able to feel pleasure. My whole body is completely relaxed. It is better high than any drug I have ever done.

There is total silence, except for the birds in the distance singing like angels. They tell not to worry, and assure me everything will be alright as long as I follow the light to the end of the tunnel. I close my eyes. All I see is darkness: no light, no tunnel, just darkness. The overpowering coldness numbs every part of my body. I can no longer open my eyes. It must be a pathetic sight: me lying face down on what was once an all white carpet, bleeding to death in a dark room filled with burning incense, flickering candles and a razor blade sitting on blood soaked sheets.

I lay here for what seems like days, but I know has only been minutes. My mom should be home soon. She will help me. She has to help me! I helplessly lay on the floor waiting. Blood continues to drain out of my body, but with the same force as before, for my heart has also grown weak. Clouds of darkness form over my mind and reality begins to slip away. I can no longer distinguish if I am awake or sleeping, alive or dead. And with my last breath all my thoughts and memories fade away.