

## My Three Friends

Death has been yelling, screaming out my name, trying to lure me close to it. Nobody knew this, of course, partly because I only whispered for help, and partly because nobody took the time to figure me out- to switch minds with me, and hear the voices I did.

Death's voice was first heard when I was eleven. My grandmother had died and I had just moved into a new city. It was hard making friends and those who did befriend me eventually left. I felt like an outsider. There was no one to talk to except the voices in my head.

As time went by, the two voices- Death's and mine- were constantly at a conversation. Only my side was getting weaker and weaker. Death was gradually becoming the conversation starter, and would carry out most of the conversation. I was sick with dread. That was when Guilt befriended me.

Guilt came to my house everyday after school, reminding me of all my failures. "You got a 43 on your math test, Stupid.", "You cannot wear that tight shirt in phys ed ever again, Fatty. You gross everyone out.", "Yes, those 'friends' of yours were talking about you behind your back.", "You stayed up too late last night, and you are going to have to stay up again tonight, you lazy, worthless, pathetic excuse for a human."

"Yeah, I know." I sighed in response.

Guilt would often stay for sleepovers. My mind would be buzzing with all the things it told me while I would attempt to sleep. Guilt would be there, right when I woke up (on the nights that I did manage to sleep to begin with); welcoming me to another, wonderful day with it and Death's Voice, which never left the back of my head.

"There's nothing to look forward to. But you must carry on, and wear this mask. Death's Voice and I will be by your side through this all."

I obeyed. I took the mask from the grasp of Guilt and put it on. It was in the shape of a smile. The school day was torturous- as always. But Guilt and Death's Voice stayed near- just as promised.

A few times Fear, Hopelessness, Stupidity and a few other members from that clique stopped by to say "hi".

Guilt followed me home; its burden was extremely heavy. Luckily, Guilt introduced me to who became my best friend- Blade.

That night, I spent most of my time with Blade, contemplating what we could do together.

When I made the first incision onto my left wrist, I heard Death's Voice booming, calling out my name. My "help me" was growing louder, but it was drowned out by the screams of Guilt that always echoed in my mind.

Every night was spent with my best friend.

"What should we do next?" Blade asked.

A little cut here. A little cut there.

Soon, those little cuts were not enough. I could tell my best friend was growing bored of me.

No real surprise there- everyone else had; that was one of the many reasons they had all left me.

Blade told me, "I can do better. I can go deeper."

"Great idea!" I thought. And I listened. I cut deeper.

To my surprise, the pain was slight. I was numb to it. I guess, I have been hurt so many times, Pain became a part of me.

Although I was numb, the blood poured from my gash.

It was a pretty waterfall.

My blood trickled down my arm and dripped onto the floor and my mind roared. But my mouth stayed closed and I was silent.

My sight became blurred, with tears that rushed as quickly and violently as the blood that gushed from my wrist.

I was feeling so faint. Everything seemed like a dream. No, a nightmare. Or was it a dream? I was not really sure. All I knew for sure was that I was breaking.

Over all this time, I had been slowly falling to pieces.

Each night I had a sleepover with Guilt with many tears shed.

Each night I played with my best friend, and much of my blood, bled.

I was drifting farther from the few friends I had at school and told them less. It seemed like none of them really wanted me around, anyways. No one took the time to understand what was going on- to spend a day in my skin. I did not want to spend any time in my skin, either, so, I continued to wear my mask; the wider my mask, the less questions asked.

My appearance at first glance, seemed so happy and innocent, but inside, grew a monster.

At home, when I was alone, the monster inside made me destroy myself.

The monster inside me made me twenty pounds overweight and it ate up all of my self-confidence, making me fatter and fatter. Then it would regurgitate up a bountiful amount of self-hate. I despised myself after that. No one could ever like me. I didn't even like myself.

However, I was so grateful for the three friends I had that stuck with me through this all- Guilt, Blade, and Death's Voice.

At this point, Blade was drowning in my puddle of blood on the bathroom floor. I felt so sorry. I was so selfish. I didn't mean to stain my best friend.

Guilt was packing on a heavy load over all this time; it passed it on to me as a gift.

It was then, when I realized this was a dream, not a nightmare. I was dreaming of the day when it would all end. I was anticipating it. Every star I saw first at night, I wished upon; I wished for the ending to be near. "Please," I would beg to anyone, everyone that would be listening, (not like anybody ever was) "Please let the end be today. Don't let me wake up in

the morning."

This wish, this dream, was now becoming reality. Death's Voice was heard again, reassuring me that this was real.

It whispered to me. It was the quietest it ever was right then and there. It knew it had me, it did not need to waste a breathe in convincing me to cross over anymore. I was already dead inside- the monster took over; all that was left of me was this fake outer shell with many scars. It no longer looked so innocent or happy.

Although this was something I wanted, something I yearned for- what my body ached for; knowing it was so close, I became petrified.

My mind yelled out, screaming, shrieking, the loudest it ever was, "Help me! Help me! I can't do this anymore! Help me..."

I realized then that what I truly wanted this whole time was exactly that- help. Maybe, just maybe, if someone took some of their time to try to step into my skin, they would understand how I felt. They would understand how much it hurts, to look in the mirror and to hate yourself, every inch of your skin, so badly, that you had the urge to tear it apart. But, no one did.

My voice bounced around in my head; in the very back, I heard my name again.

Death was still calling, I was the only one who heard it.

It was so soft and luring. I tried to resist, but only for a second. Was this the voice of Hell's angel?

I called out for help one last time, with all my might, "Help me!"

I waited.

My blood continued to pour.

No one heard me.

The source of Death's Voice began to transform; I heard it's footsteps.

Slowly.

Thump.

Thump.

Thumping to the bathroom door.

Time seemed to stand still.

There was a pause with complete silence.

Then I heard it again.

My name.

Then a knock.

Death was at my door.

I answered.