

2023

# Suicide

(Cut ver.)

My feet hung precariously over the concrete ledge. Below was an abyss, a bottom far lower than the sparse moonlight could reach. It would be reasonable to think that one would plummet endlessly should one fall in. However, I was assured that waiting below was a hard floor, spelling death to anyone who fell off.

My mind wandered off to the harrowing times of my life: My skin scarred by my father's belt; My heart blemished by my mother's unceasing lambasting. Had I not been behaving well enough? Had I not been smart enough? Had I not been strong enough? Yes, I was nothing more than a straw of hay in a haystack. Perfection wasn't within a light year from me.

Bracing my nerves, I propelled myself down the building and into the darkness.

"Cut! That was perfect! Let's move on to the next scene," exclaimed the director.

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2023

# Suicide

(Raw Ver.)

My feet hung precariously over the edge of the concrete ledge. Below was an abyss, a bottom far lower than the sparse moonlight could reach. If one were to fall in, it would be reasonable to think that they would plummet endlessly. However, I was assured that what waited below was a hard floor, that would spell death to anyone who fell off.

My hair danced in the embrace of the gusty winds. My mind wandered off to the harrowing times of my life: My skin blemished by the scars from my father's belt; My heart engraved by the scars from my mother's unceasing lambasting. I recalled the times my eyes were overflowing with tears that deterred away my classmates and teachers. Had I not been behaving well enough? Had I not been smart enough? Had I not been strong enough? Yes, I was nothing more than a straw of hay in a haystack. Perfection wasn't within a light year from me.

I braced my nerves. Looking back at the comfort of the dark void, my heart calmed as it reminisced the warmth of the shadowed corner of my school. Without a second thought, I propelled myself down the building and into the darkness.

"Cut! That was perfect! Let's move on to the next scene," exclaimed the director. I sighed, as I got out of the familiar foam pit, which I have fallen into countless times.

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Author: Keith Cloves

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Word Count: 148(Cut); 236(Raw)

Writer Notes:

One of my most favourite writings I've ever written. It was originally meant for my school's flash fiction competition; hence the 150 word limit. However, due to my impatience, I wrote this flash fiction before they announced the theme. Hence I could not submit this piece of work. Instead, I wrote Celestial Cuisine—another flash fiction in this drive—and submitted that work. Let me know which you prefer!

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