Having a way with words does not necessarily mean you’re good at writing, being an actor and acting out emotions does not mean you’re good at expressing your own. Today I’ll be telling you a story about a girl. A girl who laughed and smiled, but from inside she was so broken that the shards, sharp as needles kept poking and hurting her continuously. Imagine something killing you and slowly tearing into your skin inch by inch but you can’t do anything about it because you don’t know where the pain starts and where it ends. It’s become a part of you, moulding itself around your body, shaping itself until it’s one with you. Well, that is how this girl felt. Hollow, baseless, as light as a feather, someone who would drift away with the slightest whisper of wind, but at the same time, as heavy as a rock, weighed down, and tethered to the Earth, from where she desperately wanted to escape, the sadness making her sink deep, deep down below the surface where no one could see or reach her.