

Chapter 1

The girl in Red

She lied in her own warmth , a red warmth , the suffering , the harm , the harness of life was finally over , over before it began to her little dark mind , in despair she did what she did because nobody was there , in misery she lied in a pool of her own red warmth , a warmth bleeding and oozing out of her soft fragile skin , it kept going till she was drained of her own warmth. The only thing that was hitching and holding on was her pumping heart who was left there inside of her , trying to hold her on but slowly pumping out everything , her veins who were cut short from a long life that were lying there like electric wires with no use or saving , she was not held accountable by her mind , unlike what would go through someone's mind in their last moments , hers was finally at peace with the ending that was presented in front of her on a silver plate not gold , because that's cliché for someone like her , she had no regrets and no life left behind her , she was a poor soul so why wish for gold for her last breathes? as she took her final breathes and so her eyes were slowly giving away and looking around dizzily , she saw what's written through the red warmth that surrounded her , it was regret , misery, remorse, tales and stories of her short lived life but she couldn't go back now and so she took what was displayed on that silver plate and ran with it through heaven.