

Death in Pink

Life is a series of risks. When I am struggling to cope, someone always whispers in my ear, "There is no gain without pain". I guess before you take the jump, you need to make sure that you are ready to face the consequences whatever they may be, whether you fly or fall, just hope for the best and prepare for the worst. Make sure you jump with a parachute. I jumped, but without one. I jumped without a lifeline. I fell. I had to deal with the consequences.

Silence screamed in my ear, I was tortured by the sound of nothing. I had no tears of joy or sorrow, no smiles masking my face, no weeping of complete and utter despair. Just the sound of emptiness, a sound that mirrored my heart. I willed the tears to come, but I was numb. I was breathing but not living. I was hearing but not listening. I was looking but not seeing. I was dead.

I called out to the angel of death, to make me a victim of his wrath and stop my suffering. I didn't want my identity; I loathed the thing that looked back at me. I drew the knife and ran the piercing, cold blade across my slender wrist; an involuntary shiver ran down my spine. Just when I was about to surrender, the silence was shattered by the high pitched scream that was my mother's voice, "Veronica darling, I just rang the hairdressers, they said the pink will come out after some treatment. Now you don't have to worry yourself to death. Don't kill yourself with concern."