

My Suicide

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Everyone hates me for what I am. They all think I am strange. They stare as if i were the main attraction at a freak show. I hate myself for what i am not: social, outgoing and happy. No one would miss me if I died. I cannot take the torment of living in this world anymore. I would be better off dead!

I sit on bed in my [candle](#)-lit room, the black [velvet](#) curtains drawn shut. The smoke from the burning incescents swirls throughout the room the in the [pale](#) flickering light. The melancholy sounds of Nine-Inch-Nails softly echoes in the corners. Depressed, I wonder what is wrong with me? Why does everyone make fun of me? Why do I not any friends? How come no one cares about me?

I need an escape from the insanity of my own mind? Death, it is most people's worst fear; however, it is the only thing that will liberate me from this hell on earth. In my hand I hold the key to my freedom, a razor blade. In awe I analyze the razor: it's sterile, machine precise metal, cutting edge. It is more beautiful than anything nature could produce. Holding it with my right index finger and thumb, I place it's razor edge upon my left wrist. It glistens in the candles' flames.

I stare as the shadows of the razor dance like ghosts on my forearm. I apply pressure down on the blade until the skin depresses under the metallic edge. Slowly I apply more pressure. My skin separates beneath the razor edge and the blade sinks into my flesh.

Fascinated I raise my arm to my eyes. There is no blood, despite the fact that there is a piece of metal embedded in my wrist. I lower my arm back down and again grasp the razor blade with my right hand. I slide the razor's edge along my arm, away from my wrist, and then remove the blade from out of my arm.

The razor had left a clean three and a half inch surgical incision, starting a couple of centimeters back from the bottom of my palm. Throughout all of this I did not feel a thing. Finally, blood slowly beads up along the slit. Instantaneously the cut splits open into a deep crevice. Blood gushes out from the wound, pouring onto my satin bed sheets.

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