

Vomit.

Yellow.

The colour of bodily fluids spewed out on the floor.

As I stick my fingers down my throat, confused thoughts linger in my head.

Will I ever be perfect like the pretty girls on tv?

Would three fingers work better than two?

Should I just stop eating completely?

Will all this fucking fat ever go away? Ugh. I hate myself. I want to die.

Ugly.

Red.

The colour of blood as it flows freely down my arm.

As I slice my wrist with this razor, I begin to wonder.

Is it better this way? I bet no one would notice, or care either way.

No one loves. The pain is unbearable but it feels so right.

Could I really die tonight?

Silence.

Black.

The colour of death slowly taking over my body.

As I gently fall to the floor and being to think that I've taken this too far.

Was this the right thing to do?

Will this be the end of my useless existence or will someone find me in the last phase of death? Please. Someone help me. Save me from what I've done.

Please. Free me of my problems and let me live again. I'm Scared.

Bright.

White.

The colour of the light that shines upon me.

As I walk towards the voice, I see my life pass me by.

What have I done? I was only 17.

Why did I do this to myself?

Can't I take it back? Restart from the beginning. Try again.

I didn't want it to end this way.

Fast.

Blue.

The sound of sirens are heard from a distance. The silence slowly fades away.

Three people dressed in uniforms rush inside to where the corpse lays sprawled out on the floor. Soaked in a puddle of blood and a razor still stuck in her wrist.

"Another suicide case" one paramedic says to the other. Tears form in the eyes of the workers.

Clouds.

Grey.

The colour of the sky on that dreadful rainy morning.

The hearse sits parked near the grave. Family, friends and strangers surround the hole dug in the ground. All crying, mourning the loss of a beautiful child. The casket lowers into the ground, the sound of the cries grow louder. Mourners search for comfort in the arms of others. The innocent life of a child is lost and who's to blame for this ungodly act? Society or the child itself? Is it really the end...or only the beginning of an ongoing trend?