

Into the
dark

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I'm still alive. My plump head, burning with fear, is about to erupt like a raging volcano. My pale face, etched with tiredness and entire days of scanty sleep, is still scarred and bruised from the lengthy twigs which slapped me as I endeavoured to forage for a place to spend the night. Against half-closed eye lids were weak, sullen eyes drooping plaintively with regret of what had happened.

My legs are weak and spindly, trembling as the cold, icy breeze drifts in at unexpected moments. Beside my thin, scrawny body are two stick-like arms dangling plaintively. Unruly, dishevelled strings of wool hung under my beige coloured beanie. My bag was half-filled with mushy egg sandwiches, cheese crackers, a few marshmallows which were falling out of the ripped packet and dozens of gummy bears cramped next to my water bottle. I had no idea of how I would get out of this 'never-ending mess'. But first let me tell you the story.

We all have something unique or common in ourselves that other people relate to, however for me I had nothing similar to my friends. My hair was jet black, I had a hideous, scarred face and my eyes were cold grey, which displayed not anything to admire but a mean, murderous look. On the other hand, my friends are idols. They are inspirations for people, having warm, welcoming smiles, colourful attires obviously matching their personality and elegance and beauty.

But I didn't care. All I want to have are friends who I could narrate my feelings and my emotions. Somebody that I could trust.

Sunday was a day where I wouldn't get goggled and judged at. Where I could just be free. Be myself. Ysor, Ylloh and I were going to host our own trendy campfire with gooey, roasted marshmallows and loveable s'mores.

My hands were still snow white from my rock climbing session with Mrs Aivilo. She can be quite bashful when encountering people however as soon as you get to know her she is the most vicious and fierce creature demanding orders as though your a servant willing to work 24/7.

I began to rummage into my drawer, endeavouring to make a decisive choice on what to wear. It shouldn't be too colourful, or else the rats dwelling inside the crack inside the wall will faint. It shouldn't be too dreary as well or it won't be a campfire but an unforgettable funeral. Foraging even more, I gave up on scanning my dark, depressing clothes and drew out a beige crop top on top of an off-white singlet and to top it all off, a ruffled denim skirt.

Brushing out my stringy hair, I picked up my backpack filled with

