

English-Creative writing:

Bye, bye

TW: Suicide, Abuse

Prologue

He liked to hurt girls. Not physically, but mentally. He would make them ALL fall in love with him, and then he would shatter their hearts without looking twice. That's why I, Delilah, (who had sadly also fallen for him,) knew that I had to hide my heart, so that he would never be able to take it from me. The thing is that he would play the hero, until they forgot that he was a masked villain. This world has taught many people how to hate themselves, especially girls. That's why he, Jake Greywood, could give girls even the smallest piece of attention they would instantly fall for. Jake could be mean and ruthless, but he was popular and loved by the town. He was the basketball team captain and had always led the team to victory. So, it didn't matter what he did, he could cheat, lie, and abuse. Because at the end of the day, he knew that every girl would always come back to him, because we accept the love we think we deserve and frankly most girls don't think they deserve anything. Girls were like basketball to him, a game. He could play when he wanted to, and he was good at playing, but he could also always stop. He was like a white rose, on the outside he looked perfect, clear, and beautiful. But most people forget that every white rose has a shadow.

I'm Delilah or Lilah, I'm just an observer, that's who I've always been and who I'll always be. I like observing, it feels like I'm watching a movie or a snow globe, but the good thing about the observer is, that I always stay on the outside and never get involved. I'm good at understanding people and their actions. Observing has taught me a lot. I'm 17 years old and I'm a senior in high school. I've applied to very few colleges, to study psychology. I was supposed to be the storyteller/narrator after all, not the main character, because as I said I'm an observer and I stay on the outside or at least I tried to stay there.

The Letter

Hi,

If you're reading this letter it's because I want to tell you about me and my story. I don't want to leave unheard; I want my thoughts to have meant something in this shallow world. I want to tell you about the deeper parts of my life, the parts no one really talks about or mostly lies about. (I'll tell you about my deepest feelings and my most personal thoughts.) I don't want my story to go untold.

It all started when he, Jake, started noticing me. I felt so special, for the first time I didn't feel the need to escape reality and live through the characters of my books. For the first time, I didn't feel like I was on the outside observing something and just existing. No, for the first time, I felt like I was living, which was something I had almost forgotten how to do. He made me feel special, wanted and above all, he made me feel loved. He picked me up every morning to go to school, brought me to every class, and at the end of the day he drove me home. Jake was more of home to me than my own house had ever been though.

My life at home is something I will never truly be comfortable opening up about, even in this letter. My dad, well he was a bit different from other fathers. You could say that he had two personalities, the first one was when he was drunk. He got mad at my bare existence and became abusive. The second one was when he wasn't drunk. Then he acted as if he had never laid a hand on me. The second one was mostly an act though, when we were around other people or after beating me, that's when he got sober. It was as if beating me was some sort of coping mechanism for him. At least he was some sort of present though. My mother on the other hand was a drug addict, who had already fallen off the edge. So, before Jake, I simply thought that I was born unlovable, but he taught me that I was just raised without love, those are two things that can be mixed up very easily. Jake listened to me, he held me, and he understood me. I poured out my heart and soul to him. I let him see me bare. I let him see me under a thousand other layers of me. Somehow, he always knew what to do or say, to make me feel better. That is something I should've asked about. How did he know what to say? Or what to do? Was it because he had, had similar experiences? I never knew. What I realized after being with Jake was that we only ever truly talked about me and that he never truly answered personal questions. He made you believe you knew him when you didn't. In the moments when I was with him, everything felt so intense, alive, and beautiful though. After fights with my dad, I would go to him and he would take care of me and clean my wounds.

I thought Jake was an angel sent from heaven just for me, so I ignored his past and the looks from jealous girls at school or the longing looks from girls that he had previously been with. Because of course I had my physical wounds from my abuse, which I never minded. A lot of people don't understand that abuse can feel like love sometimes and starving people will eat anything. I was 100% sure that I was starved of love. But other than my physical wounds I had other ones that you couldn't see. Wounds that were deeper and more hurtful than anything that bleeds and Jake being there helped. Even with Jake though, I still felt better asleep, and I never wanted to wake up. It's almost the reverse of a nightmare.

Instead of waking up from one, I woke up in one. When I woke up, I started crying. It was almost like a routine, waking up crying. With Jake I felt like a piece of glass that was broken into a million pieces and he was the glue sticking me together.

Jake and I were inseparable for weeks, there were days when I actually let myself believe that he would stay forever and that we'd be okay, but of course nothing good stays forever. That's what the movies and books lie about: good doesn't always win and evil isn't always secretly good. Sometimes good is just good and evil is just evil, without any other interpretation. And one day without a second glance my way, Jake Greywood just stopped talking to me. He completely ignored me, and I tried so hard to get him to talk to me, because I was nothing without him. I had given him what was left of my already broken heart, and my heart was shattering, and I couldn't do anything about it. He didn't even acknowledge my existence anymore and so with my heart, the glass broke too, because the glue keeping it together had dissolved. Deep inside I had always known he wasn't an angel. And even if he had been, I knew that I wasn't worthy of one. So, he must've been a devil. Maybe Shakespeare was right after all and hell is empty, while all the devils are here.

After he left me no one helped, and no one cared. Everyone that had suddenly grown some sort of interest in me, while I was with Jake, just disappeared. That's something I should've expected though, right? I was an observer after all, and I'd seen what happened to girls after he'd left. I'd observed it a million times and I'd still fallen for him. I had told myself that I would hide my heart, but I had just handed it to him, he had taken it and just played with it. As if I was nothing. I always thought a heart cost up to \$200,000, but apparently. I was wrong because the heart I'd given him for free was worth nothing.

I can't deny that Jake helped me. He really did, for a while, and it was nice while it lasted, I guess. After not being with him things for me only got worse though. I had sleepless nights, I couldn't stop crying and I was overthinking everything. I wasn't safe in my own mind anymore.

A week after Jake and me, I saw him with another girl. After that all I could think about was if I had ever truly been enough. Or if everything he had told me were lies. I couldn't stop thinking about the whole situation, it was the one thing consuming my mind 24/7. I felt numb, nothing mattered anymore, and, in that numbness, I realized that life was just a beautiful lie, while death was the harsh truth. The thing is that beauty is relative and I saw through the lies of this world and I was so tired of living a lie. While others can conform with living lies, I can't. I don't want to live a nightmare every day, waking up crying and praying to God every night that I would just die in my sleep. I don't think I would've ever gone through with it if Jake hadn't happened. I knew that it appeared as if Jake had been kinder to me than to most, because I knew that he had abused other girls and cheated on them while manipulating them to take him back. He always got to know the girls before hurting them, he wasn't satisfied with just hurting them. No, he needed more. He needed to hurt them, where he knew it hurt most. My biggest fear had always been to be unlovable and to be left, so after had acted as if he loved me, he just left and proved me right.

I had always known I was unlovable, but him acting as if he did love me and the next day ghosting me hurt so much more than words could describe. His "love" felt so good and even though I got hurt, I am still grateful that it happened. Because of the heartbreak I spared myself from a lot of days of sorrow. By the time you are reading this I have probably already put myself into a long sleep, call it Eternity if you like. I am truly happy with this decision I've made; it would have come sooner or later. Luckily it was sooner. No one could've stopped me. Although I wished for someone in this life that would've walked

with me in the dark, I knew better than to compare fictional people with real ones. The only people I can thank in this life are authors. Authors that created and built worlds for me to live in, when this world was too cruel.

Thank you, truly. I don't know whom this letter will reach, but if there's one thing I've learned while living is that, like the moon, we all must go through phases of emptiness to feel full again. My phase of emptiness was too long, and I was too weak. Hopefully you'll be stronger.

Love,

Liliah