

A Message of an End

Actor

Narration

Scene 1

The night had swallowed the last of the day's light, and with it, my patience. **When I am upset I yell loud, I cry loud.** My shouts echoed off the walls of my small apartment, as empty as my chest. I'd received a **message**, one that changed everything. "I'm sorry, I can't do this anymore."

Scene 2

I felt bile rising in my throat. I wanted to **deliver** a blow to the universe, I wanted to scream, "**You will die!**" at the injustice that was drowning me. Because **life is not fair**, and in that moment, I hated it with every fiber of my being.

But beyond the hate, there was a constant ache, a familiar pain that reminded me of the truth: **I love her.** I still loved her. **I'm in love** with her laugh, with the way her hair fell over her shoulders, with the sparkle in her eyes when she talked about her dreams. **I think about** her constantly, every minute of every day. And even though I no longer have her, **I see her** around every corner, in every passing face, in every memory that assails me.

Scene 3

Life went on, but mine had stopped in that instant. My shouts quieted, replaced by the hollow sound of my own breathing. How was I supposed to move forward when the world had paused, right at the moment she left?