

IF ONLY

If only I'd listened to Mrs Scuttlescromp. If only. That's the thing about life. No matter how many times humanity screws up, we wish we did more. Because in our dreary world, we hide the slimy monsters we are, claiming that because we feed the hungry, because we try not to use our warehouses full of ammunition, it makes up for the times we killed for the sake of killing.

Sunlight peeks through the clouds above me, spotlighting my pale complexion, acquired from years inside. I used to think the way the light escaped through the clouds made it look like scales belonging to some beast, and the rain was its hissing. Although, I also thought I'd be happy someday, and look how that ended. With me, pointing a gun to my head. So, yes, I should've listened to her, should have gotten help. As I rise from my crumpled body, I bid farewell.

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