

The Waves Of Pages

The waves were harsh, it was hard to stay afloat. Pulling me in closer to the middle, never letting me escape to joyfulness. Stopping me before I made it out. Adding more and more harsh waves to the mix of gloomy water. I paddled endlessly, as the tide crashed down on me. The water murky ,with overuse.

The Piranhas were attacking me, biting off my confidence, biting off my self-esteem. They stayed strong, never giving up, but so did I. Their sharp teeth never stopped biting off my happiness. I lay silent, trying to remain calm as I worked through the vile water. It sucked me in as I darted to the stairs, to escape. My escape.

The exit was close, in arms reach. I was so close I could see the happiness that I will unlock from reaching the exit. One more glide and...

"Argh!" The water swept me away. Pulling me in all different directions. Adding more and more harsh bullet like waves. The waves of pages pulled me down like a clueless anchor. But I was a fighter. The spirit in my overcast soul was still there and it was not going anywhere. It was concreted into my soul, into me.

I was getting out today or the next day or the very next. The point is, I am not stopping until I get out. Finally I know what to do with my life, with my future and that was, to never give up. I am committed. I will always be committed.

This was my moment to get out, I paddled to my escape. I was almost there. I had escaped.

I had made it out. I had made it out alive. I had made it out of the waves of pages. I had finished my homework.