

All she felt at that moment was regret. She had been immune to tears a while. She was so sick of it. She was exhausted. She was desperate. She wasn't feeling sad. Though at the same time, she felt really miserable. She had tried everything to get herself down to the point of crying. It had been ages since the last time she managed. Now it was unconscious for her. She didn't need to try to suppress them anymore. It came to her naturally. It was part of her usual way of survival. Nothing seemed to bother her at that time; not the strong freezing cold breeze blowing against her bare skin. She only had one thing on her mind at the time... she could hear herself screaming inside. She walked out of her sea-facing house onto the snow white beach, and looked out onto the water. Ice here, ice there, ice everywhere. No water was flowing. She pulled out her favourite weapon from her tiny pink shorts's pocket. Holding it in her right hand, she began reminiscing. What all she had managed to do to herself with it. It was time to make a change in her life. She had to accomplish what she hadn't been able to for such a long time. She decided to build herself a castle. She could see the top of a toy bucket buried underneath the sand. Quickly digging it up and pulling it out, with it, she went up to the frozen sea. 'Smash!', the weapon struck. The ice broke. The bucket, fast filling with water. The girl's hand trembled like never before, and drops of salty water fell to the ground.