

Alone
© Cederwyn Whitefurr
25th June, 2019
All Rights Reserved.

Simon clutched the pencil in one pale paw, before he squeezed it and the pencil snapped. Sharp slivers dug into his leathery pads, but Simon was oblivious to the pain and the trickle of blood that dribbled from the paw.

He sat; hunched over, tears streaking down his muzzle. All around him, were pieces of paper his sharp claws had torn from the book. Pages were shredded, crumpled and ruined.

Along with his dreams...

As frustration sank its merciless claws into the young Buck, he cried all the harder. He felt miserable – no – he felt useless, lost in a world of apathy, self doubt and depression.

He couldn't find a way out, his once talented mind and paws had written such eloquence – enthralled and entranced – now – he had nothing...nothing but the yawning chasm of grief, misery and heartache.

I am better than this – Simon wept, his furred lips moving as he spoke, the tears spattering and smudging the few words he had managed to put to paper.

A more dominant voice in his mind laughed at him. It laughed at the grief stricken kangaroo, telling him he was hopeless, good for nothing, nobody liked him or his work. It derided his works, tearing them apart with cruelty and malice.

Shreds of his story lay in his mind, like the paper before him – torn, crumpled and ruined – unable to be pieced back together and made whole.

Satisfied, the voice within him, that cold, cruel voice – turned its malevolence on him, clawing at his fragile hold on his self image, confidence and his ability to write...

Clutching his head with one paw, the other holding the broken pencil, he wept like a joey taken from its mother.

There was no one there to hold him.

No one to comfort him.

To give him love and support.

Tell him everything would be alright.

Give him the strength to rise up and combat the darkness that lurked within his tormented mind.

He was...

Alone...

END