

**Siting on the pier, the one that was the end of the path for my boyfriend - my life, I got lost in my thoughts.**

**This moment doesn't seem too far from my imagination of the end of the world. Maybe it's exactly what is happening, or it already took place the moment he died. Maybe he took my soul to the underworld with him...**

**I can't have other friends. The day will end in the bling of eye.**

**The clouds disappeared, like my desire to live. Is life even worth anything?...**

**It can easily be taken by rope or a razor. You can just jump off the roof or pier, and you are on the other side. Like he did... So if not the money, what makes living as priceless as people think it is?**

**No one was there to put a rose on his grave. People said how tragic it was a and how sorry they felt. Has his life had any value to them?...To me, he was everything. My guardian angel. I can't forgive people who murdered him with their words.**

**Lives are like sentimental things. They are only valuable to people who are keeping them near their hearts, to other they are nothing...Would it really matter if I took one more life?... Or a few?**

**The sea would look beautifully painted red. I just can't decide with whose blood...**

**The church bell rang.**

**I made my mind...**

**Julia Bis**

**ZSP Nr 1 w Zamościu**