

## Friendship

I have often times wondered the value of this word and if it could be shown by those around me. But this is to no avail. I am not necessarily a hermit now but i do stay to myself most of the time. I did have a friend whom i will call Linus and I showed her that the friendship I offered was real and that i would always be here for her when ever she needed me but I didn't get this in return. I oftentimes ask myself how a person's sense of these things can be so warped. But then again i also have to wonder how a person's sense of right and wrong and be so unrealistic at best. Friend is a word i don't use lightly. i have had some claim me as such but i always seem to decline their title of me. No, not in arrogance but becauds because i see the truth of who they really are. The wolf behind the sheep's mask if you will. I find myself hungry like a vampire would be for blood just for a person to talk to at times. One i could trust 100% and who would keep all my secrets. But also one who would allow me to do the same. I am **rejected** on all accounts. I guess the only friend i have in this chaos is my writing. No one can take this from me and I can always put pen to the paper and write to my heart's content. I don't expect everyone or even one person to agree with my view or the way i feel but it would be nice to hold a conversation--one worth having. There is none of that here. The thought of me living my life alone seems to want to consume me and leave me drained of all human emotions. ■ Today, i am weary of this life. Some days are better than others but really is it worth living? NOT without them...

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