

relax only a few moments ago, to work again. She let her eyes follow the horrible imperfect yellow lines to their destination. She screamed in pure agony when she saw that the speckled grey yellow lines curved into an all encompassing blackness.

With an inability to comprehend the horrid sight any longer, she forced herself to look behind her. For a moment, she breathed a sigh of relief when she saw a lone street lamp, shining a welcoming white light to the world. In mid-sigh she caught herself with a realization that the white light was a fluke, a way to tease and tantalize the masses into believing that happiness existed- that there was actually a reason for living. She saw that beyond that 'white beacon' was nothing but another all-encompassing blackness. She thrust her arms into the air and allowed her truly pained voice to reach towards the so-called heavens.

"Whyyyyyyyyyy?"

Although it may have seemed as if there was a question she was asking, she screamed to no one in particular, not at all expecting and actually receiving no answer. She had propelled her head upwards hoping that she might see something worth living for in the sky, but the clouds had engulfed the sky. The blackness had hidden the moon (...white...), and her friends, the stars (...white as well...).

Only blackness.

Everywhere she turned...blackness.

Sanity gone, definitely very gone.

Every part of her wanted to hide, to run away from this treacherous place, but where could she run? She would only run into the blackness and that thought did not offer very much comfort at all. She fought off the urge to run and for a moment, she was content, happy almost with the fact that the blackness had not won yet. Now, though, she began to realize that the discoveries she had made about this world tonight had taken a physical toll on her body.

She was growing tired, and it succumbed to her body's cries, the blackness would win anyway.

Her fight would have meant nothing at all...

That is when it all began to make sense to her twisted little mind. It did not matter, nothing mattered.

The lack of white, the endless grey, the overwhelming amount of black. It all meant nothing. And with that, she closed her eyes, but not entirely allowing the blackness to win.

She then forced her eyes open, unwilling to believe that everything meant nothing. She turned her head forward, allowing her face to feel the warmth before her eyes could see it.

Out of the darkness, she saw two beams of white light, the most beautiful white she had ever seen in her entire life. With a smile she thought for a brief second that she had actually laughed; was in fact still laughing. She was laughing on account of the two beams coming directly towards her out of the blackness that were basking her in a glow. The feeling forced her entire body to turn towards the oncoming lights, allowing her body, like her face, to relish in the warmth.

Her arms, greedy for the new sentiment, reached out in front of her body so to feel the warmth before the rest of her did.

The lights were close now, so close that the white was actually beginning to blind her. She fought off the urge to close her eyes. "It is so very beautiful," was her final thought before the blackness completely faded away, engulfing her in its beauty. She was finally happy. Truly happy.

The man driving the semi leaped out of his truck, unaware of what he had just done. He looked at the crumpled body, the puddle of blood forming around the corpse. The driver was hesitant to examine the mess, but thought the dead woman before him was smiling. His head swung frantically, searching for some sort of help, but he found none. All he saw was blackness. Distressed, he looked for some sign of life as his eyes willingly focused on the lone street lamp; the lamp that offered a meager sign of hope. He began to race towards that light, hoping that there was more behind it besides the overwhelming blackness that surrounded it.

The wind blew one final time.

Blackness here, blackness gone?

No, that wasn't quite right.

Life here, life gone.