

This is the story of a girl. A girl who has been ripped apart so many times that she can no longer find the pieces to put herself back together. She has tried so hard not to surrender, not to give up, but now she can not keep going. She has been tossed down for the last time. No longer will glue and tape hold her together, so instead she turns to stronger bonds. The bonds of friendship. And the sweet escape from this reality which is all to real.

Her heart aches with the pain of what seems a thousand years of suffering, though she knows it has not been nearly that long. She is, after all, not even a legal adult. Theoretically, in a perfect world, she should just be discovering the joys that this earth can bring, ready to venture out and explore, to find her true purpose in life. But instead, she finds herself only wishing she could go back. Back to when everything could be solved with a hug and a kiss from mom, when she could run crying to her father and have her tears wiped away as his big, strong, warm arms encircled her and told her it would be all right. Back when she could hear such words and believe.

It's too late for that now, no matter how much she wishes to be little again where the biggest care was whether she got the bigger portion of cake than her brother. That time is past, though she tries to deny it. This is a story of the good and the bad, the love and the loss, and the living and the dead.