

## ROMEO:

And then she just stopped existing...just like that.

It was like switching the lights off.

One second you are in room full of bright warm positive light energy where everything is clear and sharp and you realise how beautiful the life how is and the second later everything goes black and you find yourself in total, impenetrable murk afraid to take any step and aware of monsters lurking in that darkness. You feel helpless and defenceless and all you can think of is dying. And you down there, deep inside yourself dream of ending this miserable life. Death will end the suffering and release you from the hopeless situation you are in.

If you are reading this it means i'm no longer alive. And here is why:

We met a half a year ago. back then i was just shy high school kid who didn't know what to do with his life. I wasn't good at anything in particular. The teachers kept saying that to me. So did the parents. I didn't have many friends. Actually, i didn't have any friends. I was bullied and laughed at by all the other 'normal and cool' guys. My appearance was far from attractive. No girl would lay her eyes upon me.

And all i wanted was to finally get one. I wanted it so badly. I wanted a girl that would understand, truly understand me and support me. The kind of girl that would accept my flaws and help me conquer my weaknesses.

And when i thought i would be a loser for the rest of my pitiful life, it happened.

There was this site [www.nolongeralone.com](http://www.nolongeralone.com) where i had created a website some time ago. It matched you randomly with a person from the opposite sex and if you enjoyed the first conversation you could carry it on until one of the sites cancels it.

It was a dull, grim day when the miracle happened. School was already over, and as usual i logged on the website and what i noticed was an alert informing me i had been matched with a girl with a mysterious nickname: 'lightInDarkness'. From the very first words we shared i knew this was it. She was that perfect girl i have been dreaming about forever. She seemed to really understand me and accept the type of person i was.

The next day we also talked. And the following one too. And every one after that. I finally found the sense of my life. It was like finding a well in the middle of the wdesert. All time i was in school all i could think of was talking again to that girl. No other things mattered. I was waiting for the end of of the classes because it meant i could be able to speak to her again.

Over the next few months i was falling in love with her. Falling like crazy. Falling like rain on area touched by a drought. I was dreaming about her. I dreamt of how she would look like.

I started feeling alive again. I stopped caring about the bullies and lack of interest from girls. I found the woman of my life. I was the happiest man on the earth. And nothing could have changed it.

And then she wrote that she wanted to meet me. And that her name was Julia.

Finally i couldn't think of anything else but the meeting that was facing me.

I was counting the days down. I neglected anyone and anything else.

When it finally arrived Juliet wasn't at appointed place. I waited for hours.

When i got home later that night i was certain that i would find an information from Juliet explaining why she couldn't have come. But what i saw instead was an alert informing the connection was canceled. At the same time i realized that my life was back to its previous state- complete despair. i didn't get her phone number, nor address. It was like a death sentence to me. I had enough of this.

There was only one way that led out of this situation. And i was determined, like never, to take it. I took a piece of paper and decided to put, for the last time, an effort into one thing - scribbling goodbye letter explainig why i had done what i did. There was a small chance that my parents would read after a few days- when they would stop, just for a second, being busy with their we-dont-care-at-all-about-out-loser-son life.

Goodbye cruel world. Why, Mother Earth did you put me on this world!?  
I hope you will burn in hell for what you had done to me.

## **JULIET:**

It wasnt supposed to end like this.

He wasnt supposed to end like this.

He was one, one of the hundreds people i have been writing and texting to.

He was just a boy and what was between us was just a non sense relation.A game.A type of game you quit when you get bored. And i got bored.

As always.

He have never met or even talked before.

It wasnt supposed to end like this.

Sometimes, i just think his death is only a cloud into the blue and clear sky of my life.

Life full of everything i wish or desire.

I am that type of girl. I get what i want. My parents and friends they would better know about it!

Am i i still that type of girl?After all this?

SOMething....something has changed. There are these dark thoughts that keep coming to my mind, epecially at nights. When it happens I wake up, covered with sweat and find myself trapped into the same life. A same routine. A life of girl addicted to Internet.

A life of a prisoner of Internet. The beloved Internet, the cause of my pain. Internet has paussed my feelings. Internet has splatted them till to the point when i coultn recognize them no more. And what has happened to Romeo, its just out of the consequences. Only now I realize how stupid i was, in being so comprehensive at and in quitting everything so fast. I could only see the monitor, a stupid monitor while, behind a computer somewhere in the USA there was a boy struggling for my. Struggling so desperately. Waiting for any of my messanges. Regardless how short and repellent they were.

We shouldnt ever forget the people have, wend behind monitors.

And it doesnt matter what one does: everyone should respect others right behind a computer or not. When police called me to tell me that a boy had been chatting with some girl called Juliet i thought it wasnt me.

How could I, such a popular girl, be involved in such a controversial thing?

They wanted to know, they wanted to understand why wohuld such a shy boy commit suicide.

BUt i had no answer. I had quitted the chatroom and he had quitted his life. With the same simplicity, with the same ease.

While i was going out in my real life, his sous, his poor soul was escaping his body.

And the amazing person i to be in that chatroom is now vanished away.

That nice, comprehensive and sweat girl existed just for him and is now gone. Im back to my real popularity and to my real life, out of that chatroom. Out of that maze. He used to live there, to feel home there. But i have left that virtual world, and he has left the real world.