

He told me that everything would be ok, didn't He? I did everything He said to do; I fostered my hatred for Him and slayed Him, and for what? In the end, I still love Him. He always used to say that everything would be ok. And for a long, long time I believed that. I believed Him, I trusted Him. I would've done anything for Him, and I thought He would've done the same for me. And to be fair, He would've. Well, he would've until that day. After all, He ran around with me in the playground and he talked to me when I was sad. When I couldn't sleep, He'd be the one who comforted me, and told me it was ok, that it was normal to not sleep some days. When I was happy, He was happy. When I won, He won. When I lost, He lost. He was ultimately my best friend. Everything was great. And then it happened. He finally did it, He betrayed everyone. He betrayed me, His brothers, His parents, His friends, everyone. "Who cares?", He thought. I cared. His brothers cared. His parents, His friends, everyone cared. But He didn't, I guess. Did He ever understand how horrible it was? No, of course not. What's it matter anyways, right? "We're an insignificant part of the universe, anyways." He always used to say that. I hated Him. No, that's not right. I hate Him. Present tense. Why did He have to do that, destroy me like that, break me and corrupt me and devastate me like that. It's His fault. It's all His fault. Why did He have to go and make me hate him? Oh, well. It doesn't matter now, does it? He's dead, I'm alive. He's gone, I'm here. I still stay up at night sometimes, wondering what it'd be like if I hadn't killed Him back then. Would I ask Him why he did that? Would I even dare speak to Him? Those thoughts always make me chuckle. I miss Him sometimes, you know? Like how you miss an old friend you haven't seen in a while. He had a special impact on me, and His presence still lingers in my life, like the scent of perfume in a hotel room. I wonder what He would say, if I had ever asked him why He did the things He did, why He said and thought the things He said and thought. But, it's too late now, isn't it? Well, I like to believe it is. But in truth,

He won't die until I do, and I won't die until He does. It's a simple calculus, I suppose. I can never truly purge Him from my life, I can never truly rid Him of my existence. For to remove Him is to remove me; He and I are one. Me without Him is the same as a tree without roots:
Dead.