

Just a thought

By orianajones

Submitted: March 15, 2013

Updated: March 15, 2013

This is a collection of thoughts whether it be stories or just thoughts. It's a project I'm working on. I plan to keep it simple. If any offensive material occurs I plan to keep it low detail and will write a note with the part.

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/orianajones/59872/Just-thought>

Chapter 1 - Part 1	2
Chapter 2 - Part 2	3
Chapter 3 - Part 3	4
Chapter 4 - Part 4	5
Chapter 5 - Part 5	6
Chapter 6 - part 6	7
Chapter 7 - Part 7	8
Chapter 8 - Part 0	9
Chapter 9 - Part 8	10
Chapter 10 - Part 9	11
Chapter 11 - Part 10	12

1 - Part 1

Hello. I suppose you can call me Reide. I'm not sure if I shall keep this fictional or host some reality. That all depends on the events to come in life. So what is life? Life could just be a dream or a collection of dreams in the form of a clam. Sometimes the exterior can be left quite rough but if you search close enough you just may find that pearl you've been waiting for. Around every corner there is magic everywhere. Lights in the sky, communication over long distances. In regards to magic we tend to define this as science. And we tend to describe the unexplainable by theories. Why is this? Because we need an explanation for everything. We can't ignore the unexplainable. And then there is the people. Have you ever looked in the reflection of a train window in order to see as person? Who are they? What are they doing? Curiosity seems to control our motives for most things.

2 - Part 2

There are things I want to tell you. Things I want to show you. But how can I do that? Shadows linger around every corner. Some think these are waiting to engulf us. People fear shadows. But a shadow is what makes the light brighter. They show our true selves. They protect us. They give us away. To be a shadow is to be feared. That is a sad life. But shadows know no better. They just follow. They will be with you even if you can't see them. You're never alone. And why should you be. Most of us need to be guided. And if in danger a shadow will show a predator. Always watch your shadow. To see what it's trying to tell you.

3 - Part 3

Life has a sound track. Birds singing, the wind blowing. There is an atmosphere. But most people miss this. Most peoples mindset isn't ready to see the beauty of the world. Those who are already see it but music can help provoke this atmosphere. Music is love, death, survival, fear, isolation, despair and much more. It triggers our emotions. Science has confirmed that music can effect and alter reactions in our body. An example of this is binaural sounds. This is when there are 3 tracks with in one track. If I can recall the track on the left and right are the same with very mild pitch differences. The last track has a slight pitch difference but is played in both ears. To feel the full effect of binaural you should wear headphones and only listen to it on low volume. A lot of binaural tracks are intended for things like calming and sleeping. Music also makes us think. It triggers thoughts in pair with emotions. Sometimes I find myself to lose time as I'm stuck inside my head.

4 - Part 4

The story contains death

Once there was a girl. She loved to draw. This was how she expressed herself. For a few years she had been mute. She felt she had more control over her life this way. Anyway she would go to this wall every day. A wall where people drew pictures. One night after she had spent the day drawing she was on the way home. She passed the guy she saw wondering around whenever she was on her way home. He was only ever out at night. He always looked sad. She used this guy as inspiration for her next drawing. She drew herself and the guy facing each other. The next day she noticed a speech bubble drawn next to the guy's side. It read; "Hi". She was a little awkward about writing back but hey, writing and voice are two different things, right? They wrote to each other for over a year. He told her about his allergy to sunlight and she would talk about her silence. Without ever meeting these two became the best friends. One morning she returned to the wall to find it painted over. She cried for hours. She felt as if her friend had died. She didn't return for a week. She was at home when she decided that she would go back to the wall that night. She grabbed her pastels and ran out the front door. She ran to the wall and saw no one. Walking over to the wall she saw a few speech bubbles; "Hello" "Where are you" "Goodbye" She quickly proceeded to redraw the original picture and wrote, "Sorry I was so quiet". She walked off from the drawing and went home. The next day she hoped there was a response. She rushed to the wall and saw nothing. She decided that night she would go find the boy and make sure he heard her apology. That night she sat nervously waiting for the sun to go down. She ran as fast she could to the wall hoping he was there. When she arrived she saw someone adding to her picture. She smiled. Too nervous to say something she turned away and went home. The next day just before evening she went to the wall. So many other people had started drawing again. When she saw her image she was shocked. All he said was "okay". They started to talk again properly. He was kind of cold though. After a few weeks the girl was diagnosed with cancer. When she found out she went to the wall and told him straight away. She also gave him her name. That was the last time she was able to go to the wall. Soon afterwards she was admitted to hospital. He could feel something was wrong. He knew her name and so he decided to check the hospital. When he found her she was weak and shaven. She was at her last days. He walked in the room and sat with her. They both passed away the next morning. Her from her cancer and him from his allergy as no one closed the curtain. But they were content as they had found each other and would be together forever as the best friends.

5 - Part 5

So the world today is filled with so many different people. The good and the bad bad. Young and the old. Black or white. Rich and poor. Yes we have a vast selection. This is why the world is so interesting. If we look at everything as a whole it's really a work of art. Isn't it?

6 - part 6

Light. It's something we see every day. Light is supposedly the fastest thing to travel through time. It makes the shadows in our life darker. These are what scare us the most sometimes. Without life we wouldn't see them. Some people think that if we go faster than light we would travel time. There has also been debate about whether or not we would be suspended in time if travelling the speed of light. The theory of relativity has supported a few of these ideas. I don't know much about light or time but what I do know is that they could go hand in hand. The more we look into light and time the more we will learn.

7 - Part 7

Dreams are often forgotten. When we sleep they are our only reality. But when we wake we realise how silly we were to trust in them and then we forget. Funny isn't it that something so hidden and private can be so effective in our everyday life. Maybe it's just me but I often find myself remembering dreams from years ago. Just like some kind of deja vu. I will hear a conversation I once heard in a dream. Am I predicting the future or is it just a coincidence? What is the purpose of dreaming if we'll just forget? Why is a dream a dream? Is it really or is it just another reality? You decide for yourself.

8 - Part 0

=13px**Titled part 0 because I wrote this last year. I feel it is relevant however**

I have the most amazing thought. It's an interesting perspective on how we see ourselves. Imagine if you were to look into the mirror and your reflection didn't appear the way the rest of the world saw you? You saw yourself differently in photos too because that is usually based around a mirror. Imagine if the rest of society saw you to be a completely different person appearance wise. Just a small thought.

9 - Part 8

“What's a thought without a voice”. I once heard a song say this. Those words have true meaning. How can you express a thought or dream without letting it out and sharing to the world. That's why I'm here. I feel it's important to think and I feel that it's even more important to be heard. The louder your thoughts are the more people will hear. And the more what you think will matter. Sometimes thoughts will come in different forms. A dream. A story. Even a drawing. Some thoughts never get heard because others outshine them. So how will you make your thoughts known? How will you keep them burning brightly in this dim world?

10 - Part 9

When I was a kid me and my sister thought we would run away from home. We were going to have new identities. Her "Bridget Jones" and myself "Oriana Jones". Anyway being a hot day in summer we thought we would marry the trees. Now I don't know if this was because we were dehydrated or if this was the imagination of children. But we were quite odd that day. Everything was like a dream. We were going to start our own little world. Anyway we found ourself outside of an abandoned beat up house. Inside the house lay a mattress on the floor. This would be our new house. We sat there for hours making plans about where we would put furniture. Eventually we went home. We visited our house every day that we could for the next few months. As time went by the house began to degrade. Pieces of the roof had collapsed but we didn't care. It was ours. And we were happy. One day we came back and saw it had been knocked down. Someone had destroyed what was ours. We were heart broken. It may have been broken but it was ours and we had taken it under our wing.

11 - Part 10

As much as she wanted to cry she couldn't. She had found them in the hospital bed this morning. She watched the professionals tend to them. The boy was dead. The girl was still alive. But only just. She was on life support. That's at least one good thing.

To her left she saw a boy about her age at the counter. "Where is he?" he demanded. She hoped with all her heart it wasn't the boy's brother. His skin was crusted and blistering. Even if he was still alive it would be a horrible sight to see.

The boy rushed to the doorway and looked at the girl for a split second. His face had an expression of shock. He walked in the room and said, "I need a moment alone." The nurses gestured the girl to leave. They followed and closed the doors.

After half an hour the boy walked out. The nurses and the girl walked back in. The first thing the girl noticed was that the girl's heart rate monitor sat still. "The plugs been pulled," A nurse said. A tear went down the girl's face.

She turned and ran down the hall. She stopped at the intersection of the hospital halls. She caught a vision of the boy walking out of the front doors. Sprinting as fast as she could she burst through those doors. The boy was already at his car.

"What did you do?" she screamed. He smiled.

"My brother's dead. Now we're even".

"What do you mean?"

"You could have stopped him," He said with a more angered look.

"I've never even met him. I don't even know who he was," She said looking down. He looked shocked. This wasn't anything he had expected. His brother had told him about the girl in the hospital. How she was an artist. How she was his friend.

And then he realised. The girl was a mute. She hadn't spoken to her sister in god knows how long. He felt so stupid for even blaming this girl who obviously cared for her sister a lot. The boy silently climbed in the car and drove away. The girl just stood there in shock.

"I needed to go anyway," Said an unfamiliar voice. She looked up. Standing before her was the ghost of her sister. "Forgive him. He's just like you," she said with a smile. "Besides I'm still here with you."