

The Ugly Duckling-

Joey is a duckling. An adopted duckling of course. His mother, Mrs. Hen, has raised him alongside her own children, but since when she had babies of her own, he was put aside.

Why? But of course, because he is ugly. He doesn't look like a normal child at all.

Every day, he wakes up with his brothers and sisters ignoring him. The mother barely defends this son. He won't say "good morning" anymore when he gets up, because no one will respond. Such a cold shower.

"I'm alive again." he thinks "One more day in this fucking world."

Then, he goes to school. He would rather run away than go and jump in that fucking bus.

The schoolbus is full of "friends", who rather than ignore him, they acknowledge him very well.

-Hey loser! What's up with your face today? It's crooked again!-

He won't listen to what those bulls say about him, or those petty goose bitches, or the fucking rooster of the school, that dude who is always surrounded by girls yet he is the most mischievous of the men. He tries to not listen to them, to rely on his apathy. But apathy seems to work very badly. In fact not even a ray of sun can warm his heart, but every word against him seems to stab, cold and harsh, his heart. His long lost heart.

"Why am I still alive?" he asks himself. Someone makes him fall just in front of the bus. The bus driver yet won't help him. He won't. The ugly duckling is not simply ugly, he is not an animal anymore, he is more like an object. An object that no one wants, just like garbage.

But what did he do to become garbage? It seems that he was only born with an ugly face.

-That's why your true parents rejected you!- said people around him. He believed them.

He can't be saved, he was born doomed. It's in his destiny to live a life of despair.

But the problem isn't really his face. He could cope with that. He already accepted his face. He sees it every day. It's the others that can't stand him. He can't be loved, he can't be accepted. He can't fit a world of beauty. He is ugly, he is the image of evilness.

One day he thought: "If God is capable of everything, and can give beauty too, then why he didn't give it to me too? Why God left me like this? He is the one responsible for leaving me with no hope! I hate Him!"

That day, the ugly duckling swore to not believe in God anymore. He will not believe in the Phoenix, he has already made his choice. He has found that cutting himself hurts, but yet it makes him feel purified, like he has paid for being born.

"Don't worry world, you won't have to bear my ugliness one day more. Tomorrow, I will be gone, I will be in peace" he thought.

His brain was cold, he never felt this peaceful. Every word he wrote that night, every line, was like someone else was writing. He was already dead, watching himself writing from outside.

"Mom, if you are reading this, then I'm already dead. It's a matter of minutes. Just one last cut. I'm sorry, I'm deeply sorry for putting shame on you, and on the family. I shouldn't have come to life. I'm sorry if, of all the lost children in this world, I was given you. But now I won't be a shame no more. No more. Please tell my brothers and sisters that I never hated them. Maybe sometimes I was jealous, but now, now that I feel the peace of death, this doesn't matter. I love your babies mom, all of them. I hope my classmates will too have fun even without my help. I'm deeply worried... how will they have fun if I'm dead? Wait, they won't. But this is what they wanted. The final joke. They will finally be satisfied by my blood. Let them feed on my corpse. Tonight no Phoenix will save me. Tonight will come the Crow, to take me away. I will go with him, somewhere I can't feel sorrow no more. There, is Peace."

We won't speak anymore about this American ugly duckling. We will let him rest. I know what are you all thinking: he could have become a swan. The most beautiful bird ever seen. God had already prepared him a gift, that he would have received if he only endured a year, or a month. If he only endured the pain, one day he could've looked back at those days and think that they were only a strange nightmare. But what will have remained of its innocence, when everyone started adoring him like a god, when the day before would despise him?

Oh ugly duckling, you now rest. But your grave, so cold, judges every one of us, unforgiving.