

Fountain of Youth

Short Story Publication

A Story begins in a snowy night



Today was cold, and tired for me to live.



The main door woke me up.



No one stand in front of the door, looks like I am dreaming.



Wondering the report for full body check, maybe I got some serious problems.

I CAN'T
STOP
THINKING!!



I go back into the bed, because I am so tired in this few days, for no reason.



Someone knocked my door again, what day is it? Certainly, today is not Halloween.



I should beat that person up.



Someone was standing in front of my door, which he is my cousin(pass away already).



Feel strange, scared, all the things are
representing something or telling me
something, maybe it just an illusion.



He tells about what he did in the past, and telling many justifications, the hardest thing to understand is he tells me don't exchange my life for just a little happiness.



"I know, 'This is the day the Lord has made.'
Can't I rejoice and be glad tonight?"

Then he turns into mist, and ran toward to the moon.



I don't care about what he says, I just think it was just a dream, no need to worry, then I walk into my bedroom, sleep and all turns well in the morning.



I walked into a new place as I asleep again.



There was a fountain, with a big sign that says Fountain of youth ,but it won't let me come closer.



It tells me that the fountain of youth isn't exist, to get close to the fountain of youth, you must close your eyes.



The only things I can see is the past, but I also feel the existent of the fountain of youth inside myself, this is not the important thing, because in this moment, I have my answer for the fountain of youth.

I felt very tired in this moment, really want to get some sleep.



I lie down against the fountain, slowly
making a period at the end of my
sentence.



The End

