

## **Why do you keep hurting me?**

Love was the reason I got created. My existence occurred for reasons I don't understand, but I neither care nor will think about it. My goal in life is to exist. There isn't anything that makes me look forward or try harder. I'll do what other breathing things do; live.

My world was peaceful and relaxing. Nothing seemed to change that. There were a couple of fights, but that was common until something changed. They were solid and curious. Exploring their environment, learning new things, and then they created. It was beautiful, their development motivated me, and I wanted to try harder. It inspired me to protect them. Protecting them is my principal motivation, and seeing their growth was the most incredible thing I've ever seen. I love them.

They reciprocated the love. We spent many hours together, learning about each other and discovering new things. There was somehow something blooming between us. And that made me ponder what the future, our future, looks like.

I've never felt anything like that before. It was amazing how we could impulse ourselves and reach the top of something we didn't know. We made each other better. And the idea of that made us addicted to each other.

They needed me. They needed me to breathe, to eat, to live. And I accepted it. I took the role of providing help and protecting them.

And they did the same for me. Took care of me and made me blossom. We talked about so many things. They talked about how I made them change, how they loved me. And how they wouldn't let anything hurt me. Because if that happened, they would die. They thought they didn't deserve me. They were terrible for me. But they couldn't stop because what we had were magic and power. I fell in love with those words and believed in them. And that was my downfall.

I have never met somebody like them.

Everything was great. Until that obsession with me started to hurt me. Because they needed me, and I could do nothing to stop it.

Selfish, egoist and self-centred, damn monsters, that's what they were. They hurt and destroyed me as if everything I ever did for them was nothing. They ripped me apart and used me like I was nothing. And I let it happen again and again. I can't stop. I want it to stop, but I can't. Am I an idiot for not giving them up? I want them with me, but I also need them gone and far away from me. Would it be better if I gave them up? If I allow them to die the slow death they deserve? In the end, it doesn't matter because they're killing me. They don't mean it. They will stop, but it might be too late for that.

And as I write this, conveying all my love and hate towards you. I keep asking myself, why do I keep protecting you? What have I ever done to you? Was I too cold? Too hot? Did I not give you enough resources to feed your starving self because of your greed? You destroyed me and broke me. There's nothing left of me. I got treated as a toy for you to use and throw.

I'm melting and feel like I'm drowning and burning. I ought to be going insane, my moods are switching fast, and I've never been this inconsistent. Is this your doing? You devour everything I have to the point I'll turn to dust. Be flooded until nothing is left to burn and destroy, but we both know the answer. You won't stop until there's nothing left for you to take.

You dug yourself into me until you made a hole. Furthermore, you made me burn because you started the fire. You don't even try to stop it. Worse, you enjoy it. Are you enjoying this?

And I have one last question.

Why do you keep hurting me?

Waiting for you,  
Planet Earth