

What Should Be Treasured

September 23rd, 2012,

A painting? Of all the things that bastard had in his possession, he left me a painting! An ugly piece of garbage that wouldn't be worth a cent to anybody! My siblings all inherited all the wealth while I got left with this, while I got left with garbage! That man even had the gall to claim that it was 'his most prized possession, and that I should treasure it!' Treasure it, because apparently 'it will be my most prized possession as well'. "Most prized possession, my ass! It's just an ugly piece of garbage," I screamed in frustration. Is this some kind of joke? I worked my ass off to be the perfect son he expected of me for all those years, and this is how he rewards me? Moreover, everyone is in on it! Everyone who sees that garbage compliments on how beautiful it is or how wonderful it is, even going so far as to say that, that man must have loved me very much to willed it to me; and the worst part, the worst part, is that no matter what I do, I can't get rid of the damned thing! Every time I try to throw it away, it always reappears, and It always comes back uglier than before. Is this a fucking joke? I mean, just how elaborate is that man's insult! I have burned it. I have boiled it. I have shredded it. I have even buried it in concrete and dumped it into the ocean; but no matter what I do, it always comes back. I even tried to giving it away, but when I confronted the man after it reappeared, he claimed that he had no idea what I was talking about; and it always comes back at the weirdest times. Like after I completed a business transaction, or after I took my medication, or when I picked up a date, or when I'm hanging out with my 'friends,' like I said, the weirdest times. That man is defiantly screwing with me.

April 4th, 2013,

That painting is Cursed. That man definitely cursed me. I didn't notice it at first, but ever since I got that painting, strange things have been happening. For instance, business deals that should have been a sure thing, I haven't been able to close. Girls who use to be easy, keep rejecting me, even going so far to sneer at me and call me a pig. Me! Can you believe that; and my so called friends suddenly don't have time for me any more. Those ungrateful bastards, when I decide to grace them with my presence they should be honored!

August 16th, 2013,

My health has been declining lately, and my medicine hasn't been as effective lately I've had to start doubling the dose. I know its that damn painting's fault. I have to get rid of it! Oh why, did that man curse me so?

May 20th, 2014.

Its just me and that damn painting now. All my money's gone, and my family and friends have deserted me. Thinking back to the time I tried give the painting away I figured I could sell it, and once it returns and they forgot I could keep selling it; but, now of all times did people finally start recognizing it for the garbage it really is. I knew those assholes were mocking me.

November 12th, 2015,

Ha ha! I did it! I don't know how, but I finally did it! the paintings finally gone! It's been weeks now, but it looks like its really gone! Maybe this is an early Christmas present from god? You know, to correct the mistake he made in accidentally forcing that curse upon me. Now that, that curse is gone for good things should finally turn back to how they should have been. Just thinking about how I'm going to get revenge on all of those bastards for screwing with me for all this time, fills me with excitement.

December 18th, 2015,

It's gone. All gone. I've spent weeks looking for it, but I can't find it anywhere. Where did that damn painting go? I don't know why, but I need it. I thought that when it was gone things would finally turn out, but it only got worse! I thought it was hell before, but I was wrong, so wrong. Oh painting where have you gone? Only now do I realize how important you were. I should have listened to that man, my father. I should have listened, and treasured you like I should have. Now I just feel empty, everything is just empty. Oh painting wont you come back?