

eddy

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My father loved me too much — I've never been much for metaphors, so take that as you will.

I love my life, I partake often in soup kitchens and helping out the homeless. I have a great house and a great job, great car too. Hell, even my neighbors would die for me if I asked....probably. Hard to believe I am only twenty four. On the bright side, I still could have bought two houses for the cost of my college degree.

These are my thoughts I type into my notepad executable at work. I glance at the clock as I wait for the last two minutes to countdown. I don't save the document, but typing it out makes me feel saved.

This is my Thursday routine.

These cubicles turn everyone into stalking spies, and I am no different. I often peek my head up and check to see if anyone else gives a shit about anyone else's lives. I work as a creative consultant at a major software company. All I can think about is the meatloaf TV dinner in my freezer beckoning me to come home to watch the newest whatever-the-fuck new episode of the new who-gives-a-shit tv series that everyone wont shut the fuck up about. Yea, that took two minutes.

As I drive home, I put all the work related thoughts away in the "who gives a shit" file, which will be opened tomorrow morning at work. The drive is taking longer than usual. This traffic seems to get worse every day. And as I set basking in the California sun stuck in traffic; I lose myself in some fantasy about whatever supermodel on whatever beach....

Honking behind me....

Time to get moving again. The accelerator always seems harder to push during several hours of gridlocked traffic.

After a couple of centuries driving, I am home.

I pull into the drive like a Jedi master and step out of my car. The neighbors greet me with the usual banter. I do enjoy their conversations most of the time. My neighbor to the west is a banker at a ghetto bank — that is a bank located in a really shit part of town. I cant imagine dealing with more drama than

they do. My neighbor to the east is a psychotherapist; although I often ponder if she is a serial killer. Maybe it's just my history with those ass clowns making small fortunes using a pseudo-science.

Sitting down in my favorite armchair and relaxing I glance over at my collection of DVD's and realize that they are out of order. Did I get drunk the other night and rearrange them in my stupor? That is very unlike me: everything in my home is categorized, alphabetized and pristine.

The meatloaf TV dinner is gone from the freezer. Weird, perhaps I ate it that drunken night and forgot. Another healthy choice is picked and the microwave whirs away. My mind wanders to the movie of choice to match this monstrosity that is the meal of kings of my generation.

After what feels like a millennium of watching pointless documentaries I reach for the DVD that is going to set me on my path to the ultimate end of the day and bed time. But its not there. I must have misplaced it. I choose another. As the scenes unfold my eyelids begin to drop.

Awakening to the repeating DVD menu song, I drudge towards my bedroom and make sure the alarm is set and I crash hard into the bed....

As I wake to the annoying sound of my alarm clock, I notice it sounds a little different. Peeking out from under my pillow I see the alarm isn't where I left it last night. It is across the room and it went off twenty five minutes later than I set it. Hurried I shower and dress. Except my toothbrush is missing. After a search I discover it in the trash under the sink. And I am going to be super late. I skip breakfast and step outside.

The neighbors look a little worried at my composure. Which is understandable, I'm rarely running behind. I nod to their *hellos* and *good mornings* and get in the car for the long drive to work. The only thing I can think of during the mindless stop n go traffic is my stuff being misplaced. Had I tripped over the alarm on my late night travel to bed? And the toothbrush, maybe I knocked it off the sink too. Maybe I am losing my mind.

After a rather frustrating day, I step out of the car and I am home. I make some small talk with Janine — my neighbor to the north — over our divisive waist high fence . Evidently her kids are the biggest annoyance in the world, even more so than my topic of how to get our homeless off the street. Her soap box finally flattened, I wander to the front door and go in. I fall on the couch and try to collect my thoughts for the day.

My stomach rumbles and I realize I am starving because I hadn't the time this morning to make a lunch. I rise, and after making it to the kitchen, open the fridge. Leftovers are missing and all my sandwich meats are gone. At this point I can only assume someone is breaking in, stealing my food and moving my stuff around.

Yea, the great bologna heist of 2012.

Maybe it is a poltergeist? I think I am just losing my mind.

I might as well be pragmatic about it and use some of that deductive logic. I must make sure all the windows and back door are locked at all times. As I check them I remember the couple of large windows I forgot to lock after attempting to make some cream sauce. I found the recipe on the Internet to which only yielded filling my house with smoke. Maybe it is a thief, maybe I need a psychologist.

This, that and the next thing.

I hate that phrase, but it crept into my mind as it cried for sleep.

Bed, sleep, awesome.

These sort of things continued to happen over the following weeks and I seriously began to consider bringing in a priest, a psychologist and shaman to either be the butt of a great joke or to cleanse me.

I can't tell you why I did it. Although I am fairly religious and god-fearing, I'm not what you would call a *bible thumper*. I looked on-line and found a local *medium* that makes house calls. I called her and we set up an appointment. She will exercise the demons in my house whom eat my food, move my stuff around and forget to Tivo my favorite shows.

The week passes with no change in the odd circumstances that have somehow become my life and the Saturday arrives in which she will free me of my *French critics*. Yea, I don't know, I began to create characters for these angry ghosts and I decided that they are angry little Frenchmen with a taste for vengeance against my culinary ineptitude.

Even though my place is always immaculately clean, I spent extra time making sure everything was spotless. I don't get visitors often. The knock and I am so nervous, because this will make or break my next moves. I open the door and she is beautiful, young, dressed casual with a large shoulder bag. I can feel my face getting hot. I guess I expected her to be 85, covered in moles and dressed like a gypsy.

Don't stammer or say something stupid.

I welcome her in and she follows.

Her name is Jenny, she says and she begins with some of her hocus pocus. Something about cleansing evil demons from the air. All I saw was incense smoke burning my eyes and some jingly jewelry. It smelled nice I suppose, so she had that going for her. Next, she began reciting something I didn't understand in Latin and lit a big white candle. This she explains, helps convert the air to a positive place where evil will abhor.

As soon as she had arrived she was packing up her stuff and heading for the door. I thanked her with a smile and some kind words, trying not to hit on her. She flashes a smile back at me and then stops cold. I ask her what's wrong

and she explains that she saw my aura and it is very strange. Something about so many bright happy colors overlapping some dark, deceptive and ugly colors.

Whatever that means.

She leaves addled, yet smiling: what looks like a fake smile to me.

I realize how stupid I must have looked to the world. I really bought into the poltergeist crap. I actually had someone come and *cleanse* my house. If my mother were alive she would probably disown me. I can only imagine what my neighbors Janine and Sammy must be thinking. Even though I speak with those neighbors everyday, I get the feeling Janine wants to stay the night with me and Sammy does too. Sammy is a guy.

Oh, he has a woman over!

I'm never going to hear the end of that inquisition.

Well, obviously its not some angry French ghosts; so that means someone must be breaking in. Maybe Sammy is sneaking in at night and watching me in my sleep? Creepy thought. Hell, maybe it's Janine.

Earlier today I bought some micro security cameras and I began installing them on the 'closed circuit' setup as described in the instructions. I hooked it up to a hidden VCR behind my entertainment center. It isn't really a VCR; it's basically a portable hard drive that interfaces with a motherboard that muxes all the video feeds onto one screen and saves the all the raw data in chronological means.

I am going to get to the bottom of this nightmare. It has been a month since this began. I made sure all the cameras were on and the feeds were recording, and I go to bed.

* * *

My eyes open, startled by the alarm clock and the dreams of the morning slowly fade away. My brain cranks into action as I get out of the shower and eat some breakfast and make my lunch. I can't watch the video just yet. Not enough footage. I will goto work and when I return home, I will catch this asshole red-handed.

There have been so many days of my life that felt like I barely got to live through them. I wake up, do my thing and then off to bed before I know it. This is not one of those days.

Everything is irritating.

The three cups of coffee I've managed to spill on myself throughout the morning hasn't helped either.

Work, lunch, work, more work. I began to find myself fantasizing about how I will get home and catch this burglar in action and what I will do to him. Then my thoughts turn to the beautiful woman that was in my house just the day before.

Saved by the bell, so to speak. Work is done for the day. I tear out of my cubicle and speed walk to the car. The excitement is nearly overbearing.

Traffic, traffic, traffic, traffic sucks.

I overhear on the radio the host talking about some horrible wreck near the freeway I am on. Traffic doesn't slow too much, but I do get to partake in the classic *slow down and stare* maneuver at the ghastly pile up. There is a lot of blood and broken glass...disturbing.

Freeway exit, my street, my driveway, park.

I slam the car door and try not to notice Janine and Sammy outside doing their usual...whatever it is they always seem to be doing when I get home from work. I hear them trying to snag me into a conversation, but not today. I have some serious shit to attend to. I nervously glance to each one of them as I speed walk to the door and they have the funniest expression of fright and anger on their faces. Maybe I look intense or maybe they saw my burglar.

I analyze the front door and windows as I make my approach, but nothing looks out of place. The door opens with a click and I step into my abode, tripping over the door frame. I throw all my work stuff off onto the living room chair. I notice my house still smells of that awful incense. Pulling the recording unit out of its hiding place I copy the day's footage to the TV and hit play. My eyes are like magnets for justice watching the footage.

Nothing so far, I fast-forward a bit.

Still nothing.

I hold the *FF* button down and watch ever so closely. Absolutely nothing all day. Maybe I am going crazy.

End of tape, no one came or went. Angry, I change into my running outfit and go for a long jog. By the end of it I am feeling better and worn out. I round the corner back to my block and end up on my front porch. With the sly of a secret agent, I glance around the neighborhood to see if anyone is going to try and surprise me with conversation about my lady friend or my behavior earlier.

In the clear.

My dreams were verily more obscure and obscene than normal. I woke up today super early even though I didn't have to work. I am hell bent on proving this burglar theory, *it has to be*. I once again loaded up the footage of the overnight and hit play.

For about one fourth of the night it was as it was before, nothing; and then something happened. As I watched myself stir in my sleep, I got up and went to the bathroom. I don't remember this, but I figured it was normal. Then my sleepwalking self walked into the kitchen and disappeared into a corner for several hours.

I had to laugh, I was the burglar!

I know in my sleepwalking phenomenon I was the one moving shit around. No wonder none of it made sense. I was feeling a huge relief and exhale and I smiled, it was going to be a great day and I could get back to my normal life.

I fast-forwarded a bit to see some more highlights and hijinks of my sleeping demeanor. I notice that I was left handed as a sleep walker, weird. Weird enough that I had to pause the video and check out this kitchen corner I disappeared into. Had I sleepwalked and then fell asleep in the corner? I stand up and walk over to the corner, nothing seems out of place. I have no idea what I was doing. I return to the video screen and hit play.

I watch my *sleepwalking* self walk out of frame and outside. Nothing for hours and then I return with what looks like a body bag. Fear shakes down my spine and then rewind the sleeping video. Watching again, I notice I wasn't sleeping, but wide awake, I think.

Jesus Christ. What the fuck is going on?

I return the video to where I last stopped and continue watching in disbelief. I disappeared into the corner with the body bag.

Nothing happens on the screen for several minutes. Minutes to turn into an hour. Another hour later I appeared again but with several smaller bags. In the playback I see myself put these smaller trash bags into the oven. I put the oven into self-cleaning mode and stand back for a bit. I wondered off frame again and returned when the oven was done. It looked like I had yet another bag which I

swept all the ashes leftover into and vanished out of frame, presumably outside.

Freaked out is far from what can describe my state of mind at this point.

What the fuck is in those bags, a body?

A body hacked apart?

I am losing it and I do not know what to believe. This has to be a dirty trick. I have to investigate more into this corner of the kitchen. Realizing that I have never gone to that corner much, if ever. There is a slight layer of dust on everything in the corner except for one piece of paneling on the wall. I investigate it and I find what feels like a small button just barely within my reach above.

Pressing it, the wall opens and my world shifts.

There's a hidden room in my house?!

What is going on?

This has to be a prank, a dirty trick. My mind feels like it is trying to shut down as if wanting to protect me against this new nightmare. I shrug it off, my entire body, entire being is shaking and screaming. The moment passes and I decide I have to know what is down there.

Step by step by step by step. Quite possibly the longest descention I have ever undertaken. How did I never even know of this place? It is completely separate from the rest of the basement. Immediately I notice a ventilation system at work I cannot even fathom: it is elaborate. Stepping off the last step and looking around at the concise murder before me, I see body bags hanging in the corners and on tables. There are surgical instruments everywhere hanging on the walls.

At first I refused to open any of the bags out of denial and then I open one and aside from the acrid odor that emanated from it, the body of some young lady I have never seen before.

How long had this been going on?

Curious surgery for anatomy or some dark desires I have no idea even exist within me?

Out of pure fear I continue to examine what my...other half or self had been doing. This ventilation system is really impressive. Somehow it removes almost all odors and makes them smell normal outside. I also notice that below where my oven is that a second vent runs through this system. Explains the self-cleaning mode and how I never noticed any stink from it. I can feel shock overcoming me almost completely. I slap myself in the face I focus and hold on to the threads of my sanity.

What have I done?!

How many times, how many people have suffered and died because of me?

I have lived my entire life *knowing* that I am a good person who helps out the community and the world. This changes everything and now I must figure out my next move. I walk back to the steps and sit on the bottom step with my head in my hands almost weeping. What am I to do? None of this has hit me and I feel almost outside of myself waiting for it to hit me. It just won't hit me.

Forcing myself to once again look up and examine from afar the horrible things I've done; I break into tears and cry like a baby for a minute. In my moment of self-discovery I realize I have to do something about this monstrosity. Normally when I was upset I would listen to some good music to put me in an uplifting mood. That would not clear my conscious. It became clear to me all of the things that had transpired over the previous days and weeks. I have to make a choice. I can't allow this to continue and I am going to turn myself in.

As I stand up, a white tunnel approaches and I am enveloped in it.....

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I became aware of my alarm clock ringing once again and droning me back into reality.

Was it all a dream?

God, I fucking hope so.

I get up and turn off the alarm. Looking around my room, everything looks normal. I walk out of my room and realize my cell phone is missing. Walking out of the hallway into the main room I notice an electrical nightmare: all the phone jacks are ripped out of the walls and windows and doors are boarded up. I have to laugh out loud a little bit to myself. This is ridiculous...a waking nightmare.

My other *personality* must be aware of me and is not allowing me to give up. Like I ever stopped me before; if there were a way to trip myself at the most convenient times, I would find a way. My car keys are missing also. I have to get out of here and get myself locked away before I hurt anyone else.

But who is going to believe me?

I notice the door has the least amount of reinforcing and pry my way out to the sunlight.

I run hard across the street to Sammy's front door, pounding profusely. After several moments he opens to the terror that is my current state. I ask permission to come inside and use his phone. He refuses outright and threatens to call the police on me, followed by slamming the door. I run to Janine's house and knock several times. She opens and looks confused at me. I can't imagine what is running through her head, but I don't care.

She refuses me entrance and slams the door. I try this with several other neighbors with the same response. Someone has to help and I guess nobody wants to help the guy next door turned psychotic. I thought about breaking my car window and trying to hot wire my car, however I remember that I don't even know what that entails. I calm down and walk back into my house and look down.

Maybe I should put some clothes on.

I configure a quick and honest outfit and go back to Janine's house.

I begin by apologizing, that I thought someone had broken into my house

and stolen some things and blah blah blah and that should explain my profusion. She slowly begins to listen instead of talking. Just as quickly as begins to listen, my desperation overcomes me and she pushes me out of the door and slams it again.

Fuck.

I never give up so easily. I could break into a house or a car and get myself arrested. That could take too long though and they could knock me unconscious and let my alter come out. Maybe I could rob a gas station.

There's a thought, community activist robs gas station to get locked up.

Clearing my head of such nonsense I begin walking to the closest police station. I realize that I have no idea where the nearest one is so I start towards the closest gas station. They should know or at worst, I guess I could rob it and get my free ticket to the big house. I laugh to myself once again.

Several blocks pass by. I realize how nearly every house on every block looks exactly the same. Something that never crept into my mind before. I guess I don't see a house as a house, but rather as the sum of the good people living within it. I think there are things in this world I never noticed nor conceptualized. I begin to kick rocks down the street ahead of me as I go. Before I know it, I am in front of the local gas station.

Walking through the front door I turn to the clerk and see a line of people waiting to pay for their various transactions. I wait patiently and when it is my turn I ask him where the nearest police station is. He mentions that they have a pay phone, but I don't even have my wallet on me. I decline and he gives me the directions. Thanking him kindly I leave the store and head west in the direction he gave me.

It isn't far.

Just moments after stepping out of the parking lot I sense that someone is watching me. Paranoia, I reassure myself and then cross the street. I get passed the alleyway and I hear a man in a disgruntled voice telling me to stop and hand over my valuables.

I am getting mugged and I have nothing of value on me, he is not going to believe me.

This cannot end well.

I tell him I have nothing of value on me and he of course does not believe a word of it. He pulls a gun and walks me back into the alleyway. I repeat my stance and it only angers him. I think I have talked sense into him and he puts

his gun away. He turns away for a second as if to walk away and I feel so relieved. Just as I turn to continue on my walk away I feel a sharp pain run down my spine....

...It is beautiful, Jenny is here and she's doing a little more than voiding my house of demons....

I wake up and all I see is white. I hear beeping coming from somewhere. None of it makes sense. I try to get up but can't. At once it comes back to me and looking around I see I'm in the hospital and in restraints. How could they have possibly confused me with someone violent? I begin imagining that in my knocked out state, my alter must have been too reluctant to help.

Shortly after I placate all the possible scenarios that could have transpired, a nurse followed by a doctor walk into the room and see me awake. They inform me that I was found bloodied and beaten very badly in an alley and thus was brought to the ICU. As soon as I was placed in my room I awoke and began thrashing about wildly, swearing and cursing conspiracies. For my own safety and theirs, they had to restrain me to the bed. They gave me a sedative and now here we are, he tells me.

Understanding and frightened after this month of pure hell I nod and ask for a police officer to talk to. The doctor sighs, shifts his weight to one side and acknowledges my request. He says that there is already one in route to get my statement of who attacked me. I nod again and relax back down on the bed.

The doctor checks my vitals and leaves. A moment passes and I ask the nurse if she would remove my restraints. Absolutely not, no way she responds. She tells me to stay relaxed and the police will be here shortly and then I can go.

I lay there for what feels like years, listening to the television in the distance on some channel of endless commercials. The other patient in my room coughs randomly and loudly and I can hear his heart monitor beep like a metronome of Chinese water torture. I began to think about what I will tell the police man. He must be told that I am dangerous and must harm no one else.

Another nurse walks in with a chart and pushes a button near my IV and I feel new chemicals working their way into me. As I lay back and look towards

the door, I spot Jenny walking slowly by my room. Our eyes connect and then the moment is gone...

When I open my eyes this time I see a shiny badge over a bright blue uniform, a gun holstered on his side and badly grown mustache. The policeman begins asking me questions. In the room I notice the two nurses from before and the same doctor, but they stand in the distance, sort of watching and judging my interactions with the man of the law.

He asks me how I feel and other things and I respond in my normal uppity fashion. He looks to be waiting for me to say something, so I begin my prearranged oratory about how I recently discovered I am a psychopathic serial murderer who kills in his sleep. It goes on for a bit and he listens to everything I have to say and writes it down. When he is done writing, the doctor pulls him aside and whispers fairly loudly that he thinks that my medication and pain killers are rudely interacting with my current state of mind and it will all pass.

The police man then asks me who jumped me.

I have no fucking clue, I mean, how would I know?

I give him my best answer and a description that could be anyone from your neighbor to Greg Kinnear, which could actually be *your* neighbor for all that I know. My point being, I could tell the policeman did not believe my words and that I may be on my own to try and stop....myself. He finishes his notes and looks to me and says that he believes me and is going to check on my story.

Feeling slightly relieved I ask if he is willing to take me in and put me in a cell so I can harm no one else. He chuckles to himself, putting his little notepad away. He corners the doctor and whispers some things I can't make out and then leaves. Disgruntled still, I sigh loudly and the doctor once again pumps me up with medications. I must look horrible and sound worse. For a quick moment I imagine what my boss must be thinking and what my co-workers must be saying about me....

Mid-dream, I open my eyes to Jenny's pretty face and I am confused to if this is real or a dream. She has unfastened my restraints and is breaking me out. I tell her the same story I told the cop and she nods. She says she thinks she can free me of the demons that hold sway over me. That breaking me out and getting back to the source of the demons will help her eradicate the trouble. I think she likes me and if I wasn't so out of it I might make something of it, I tell myself. In reality, I have no game.

Before we escape she starts asking me all these weird questions about my food intake, any enemies I may have and other things that I know have no precedence over what is happening to me. I answer to the best of my knowledge without sounding like an asshole or smart ass.

She is way too pretty to bullshit.

Smiling I accept her challenge and we quickly discuss the plan to get me out of here.

The first problem, my clothes. Evidently, in her broad gypsy wisdom has extra clothes on her—or maybe she stole them—and I change out of the hospital napkin they make everyone wear. I feel slightly weak and bruised, but I don't care. Maybe she can really cure me of my psychotic alter personality. We begin our walk casually out of the hospital. It was really easy, not at all like the movies where they have guys guarding the door or nurses and doctors stopping you and asking you ridiculous questions.

We get in her car and she drives. I feel a sense of sleepiness wash over me and I fight it, hard. I must not allow my evil to awake and ruin this one chance I have. I try to make conversation to keep myself awake and to get her to smile. I only slightly succeed before we arrive back at my abode. As we pull into the driveway, I tell her we need to get the evidence from the basement secured, as well as the camera footage.

The front is unlocked and for some stupid reason, I approach cautiously, as if *someone* might be inside. I must look like a fucking lunatic to her, but she seems completely unnerved. We head to the basement hiding place and we quietly descend into the hellish domain.

My first foot down on the cement and she gasps unable to comprehend what is down here. And I agree, it is completely spotless and empty. The cleanest basement I have ever witnessed. Angry, I send her upstairs to collect the surveillance video while I investigate down here. She quickly ascends the steps and can only be heard by her faint footsteps.

Looking around the room, it is very obvious to me that my alter personality has cleaned the place before I even had a chance at turning myself in. Why had I been so foolish to think I had gotten the best....of myself? I am afterall, not a moron. I am not very perceptive, so I began to double check everything to see if any damning evidence can be found. Minutes go by and I hear a loud pounding on the front door.

Great, all I need, one of the neighbors checking up on me. Stupid questions and I have a beautiful woman upstairs. This is looking haggard and I start towards the stairs to see who is rapping on my door. I faintly hear what sounds like the police making themselves present outside, I feel much better, but halfway up the stairs I feel my leg give out and I am falling back down the stairs; I land on my back and....

Freed again as the fool fell down the stairs. I see policemen surrounding me. The haven't found me out, I've been too clever and sly. The bodies are disposed of and any proof destroyed. They rudely ask me how the fuck I am, or so I heard anyway. I respond calmly and coolly. They ask if everything is fine here because his stupid neighbors are getting cautious of his maniacal behavior. Of course, of course, I tell them. Merely a stressful week at work. Nothing to be worried about. I can feel pride wallowing out of my chest and onto my face.

Sitting down at a table downstairs, they ask me for my statement of the mugging.

The mugging?

Oh shit, my alter is a moron, how did he allow himself to get mugged. Using my genius intellect, I let them know of a description that could fit just about anyone. As pleased as they can be, stand and head upstairs to leave. I thank them kindly for their hard work and laughing under my breath. Jackasses, go protect and serve someone who needs it.

I see them out the door, shutting it with a big smile. I then hear a noise from his bedroom and out comes a pretty little thing. I bet she smells delicious. As I give her the story of what happened I cook up a great plan. I have some machinery downstairs I can use to my benefit. I coax her downstairs and spring my trap. Out cold, I carry her out to the car and sit her in the passenger seat.

I drive.

The alarm again?

I can feel fear and hysteria fighting its way to the surface and I try to stop it but I cannot. If the police wont stop me, then I will have to stop myself. I instinctively glance over to my bedroom closet where my M1911 sits locked in its case. I shudder at the thought of having to use that, but nonetheless I take it out and load the clip with three bullets. What am I doing?

Hysteria finally overtakes me and I lose control. I scream at the top of my lungs at no one, at myself. Trying to coax him out as if I could shoot him dead. I fall to my knees and begin sobbing uncontrollably. I feel better and I gain my wits.

Jenny!

Shit, shit, shit, shit.

I pocket the gun and run through my house looking for any signs of her. I finally make it down to the hidden room and I find a note attached to a table. The handwriting is terrible, nothing like my own.

Dear fellow, I know this may seem hard to fathom, but your lady love is gone. I have driven her to her grave where she lies waiting to run out of oxygen. I cannot have any more distractions from you. Consider this to be the last time I let you come out. Don't worry, by the time you wake up she will have run out of air.

Your friend, -----

PS: I was here before you were...

My skin crawls at the signature. I am writing letters to myself in the dark and reading them the dark.

Shock and despair.

In my attempts to stop myself from getting anyone else hurt, the only person who wanted to help me I hurt. I am defeated and angry.

How is it possible that any of this has happened?

How the fuck has this gone so wrong?

I begin to rationalize an idea and that I have only one choice. I couldn't save her and I am responsible. My gun is still loaded. All the bullshit is running through my mind, I can't be stopped and I've involved people who shouldn't be.

I've made up my mind and I pull the gun from my pants and pull back the slide, loading a bullet into the chamber.

I put the barrel inside my mouth trying to figure out how I ever got the best of me. There really is no other option in my mind. I squeeze my eyes tight and begin a prayer to god. Halfway through the prayer I start squeezing the trigger and feel the impact of the hammer on the bullet.....