Misunderstood

The crowd roars and the players gasp. An eerie silence fills the stadium, as his teammate’s race to his limp body. The circle around him loosens as his struggles to his feet. The crowd breathes a sigh of relief as the realisation that their favourite baseball player is ok. Baseball games only became the ‘big thing’ last year, when football became too mainstream. Not that any of that bothers me. Nothing bothers me anymore. Not because I don’t give a damn about; it’s because I can’t.

To all my friends,

The food and the excitement of the baseball game should stir up some sort of thrill inside of me, but it doesn’t. Nothing does. I can’t escape the emptiness that consumes my whole body on a daily basis. The loneliness fills up the empty space left inside of me. Lonely but never alone. My friends are blind to my emotions. My friends choose not see through the opaque mask I wear daily. I don’t blame them, I wear this mask so well it sometimes I fool myself, but then emptiness creeps inside of my being and I am forced to fake a smile.

My routine is the same everyday. School, homework, bed. School, homework, bed. Not living, just existing. Craving the attention I never receive. The repetition soothes my emotions but my parents bring on the return of the boiling anger that consumes me so often. My parents, I’m sure, see my true self but they prefer to ignore it. This is what brings on the anger. My parents, the people who are meant to love me more than anything in this world choose to ignore there own child. My shouts and scream are shut down by them but the anger still bubbles away, red hot, inside of me. They make me hate them with a burning passion as bright and hot as the sun itself. And they wonder why the child refuses to talk to them. Poor poor mother and father, stuck with the most selfish child in the world. Blah blah blah. I can just imagine their creeping relief when they read this note, the happiness to finally be free of their uncontrollable and ungrateful child.

Everyday as I wake up my mind screams at me for to do it, this will be the morning. Everyday I see the opportunities everywhere that could take away my life. The speeding bus along the side of the road, the display of knives in the kitchen, the construction site on the way to school... but I could never bring myself to do it. The searing pain and regret I felt as the bus sped away seemed a more appropriate punishment then the cold numbness of death. It
seemed such an easy escape which suits me, I always detested challenges, they always disappointed me.

There was only one other thing that brought the anger and confusion to my person, besides my parents, was why I felt this frightful emptiness and the despided loneliness. From an outsider’s perspective, I had a good life. Cheerful friends, ‘happy’ parents, lots of great life opportunities. None of that emptiness made any sense, not even to me. All I know is that when the emptiness filled my head, it was deafening. Often, in the middle of the night, when moon is shining its brightest and the sky is at its blackest, blacker and colder than my mother’s soul, I could frequently be found with hand covering the sides of my head as if a blaring siren was piercing my ears and a knife was slashing at the inside of my brain. I would howl as the wolf at midnight and cry like a baby craving its mother’s warmth.

Which I was in a sense, I wanted a mother. Not the one I had, someone completely different. I wanted someone to hold me, to hug me and stroke my hair and tell me everything is going to be alright. I wanted someone to love me as a mother is meant to love a child and say what a mother is meant to say to their child in pain. My heart aches and my mind yearns to feel that but I know I never will. Not now, anyway.

I feel I owe my friends an explanation for the events that are about to take place. I owe parents nothing but I know I can’t stop them from reading this but I addressed this to all my friends. My friends, I am sorry for being a burden to you all this time; I am doing this you as much as for myself. And this is the reason why I chose to slip this note into your bag, because I know that you won’t try and stop me, that some part of you understands me, I’m sorry for that, but you know this is for the best. I thank you. So let my final words be somebody else’s: “We all wear masks, and the time comes when we cannot remove them without removing our own skin”. So choose you mask well, because no one reveals their true self. We’re too scared of judgement and rejection. We become the person we think others want to see. This completely contradicts itself anyway. How can we please others, if everybody is wearing a mask? We don’t therefore please the person trapped behind the mask, we only improve and deepen their disguise. So choose carefully what mask you choose to put on because you may start to mould to fit that mask. CHOOSE CAREFULLY.
As the crowd relaxes and returns to their cheerful chatter, I take a shaky breathe. I subtly slip the last words that I would ever write into her bag. I reach for my bag, as I’m reaching for death, my heart races as if trying to fulfil an entire lifetime’s beats within the a few minutes. I stand with steady hands and dry eyes. It really is in slow motion; I smirk think how clichéd that is. Friends and strangers heads turn to my direction as, I categorise them again into victims, witnesses, heroes and innocent bystanders. The first gunshot I fire hits his shoulder, the second and third grazes her leg and lodges into his. One more and then the final I think, as I take aim at a teenage girl, the expression on her face one so familiar. I bullet flies and strikes her in the arm, the slightest nod is exchange between the two of us. The victims lay sprawled as the hero’s rush to their aid. The witnesses watch from afar and the bystanders keep running. I turn away from their burning gaze; they don’t need to see this. I’m oblivious to the screams, sirens and crying, my eyes catch a figure still seated, looking quiet calm, never breaking the contact that our eyes create. Of course it’s her, the one who will understand but will never explain out of respect for me. She nods as a single glistening tear runs down her rosy cheeks. In that moment I wanted to run too, just to run and never look back and never have to deal with anything or anyone ever again. But I knew I would regret it. I’ve done my part now, those injured will recover and be given all the attention and support they’ve ever craved, the heroes will be hailed and be given the money they needed to support their struggling families, the witnesses will have their 15 minutes of fame as they recount the thrilling story of how they almost lost their lives and the bystanders will return to their lives encouraged to love their families and look at life in a way that will benefit everyone they come into contact with. I’ve done my part; I just need to finish it. I see her walking away from her hands clenched onto that note as if it was a lifeline. The corners of my lips curve up into a small smile before the pistol fills my mouth; my finger begins to move without a conscious commandment. I breathe my last, a sigh of relief. Everything is now as it should be.

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