

CALL ME



CRAZY

Written by Arek B

Hello ladies and gentlemen. The following are going to be short stories, some half a page and others maybe three to four pages long. Who knows what my pen is going to dream of? Do you? You see I right stories. Funny aren't I with my mistakes. I write these shorter stories because I like to, but not really. Well it's what I do because there is nothing else here to do in this God awful place. And well a novel, I would hate to write something that long. A novel is just a big strain on a creative mind, to stay with one character, a single plot, and all for a long writing period of time. It would drive anyone mad. Maybe that's why most novelists end up in the nut house. Well I'm not a novelist, so I'm not crazy. I dare you to call me crazy. And I would not have the time to write a novel. And as I already said, I wouldn't want to because I am not crazy. So without any further ado about myself, I bring to you some of the stories I compiled here or in the process of. So stay settled and be entertained. I promise after the first read you'll want more. How do I know you ask? It is because everyone always does. Everyone wants more, more, and more. It entertains me, you enjoying reading my stories as much as I hate writing them. So please do stay because I'm lonely here.

Bubbles

Once upon a time there was a little man who hated his appearance. And for hours he stared at the bathroom mirror, finding everything wrong with him.

"My eyes can be bigger, my nose smaller. God my teeth are so ugly, my hair is all falling out," he said.

And he would pull, tug on his hair so hard that it would be the only reason it would fall.

"God, I am so ugly. Even at just one glance!"

If at any time he had to go out, he would wear a hat to cover his head. And even in sizzling sun, he would have a scarf brought so high to his face, it would cover his mouth. But, he hardly did ever go out. His favourite pastime was to be stuck in that bathroom, having the mirror watch back at him.

"My clothes are so horrid. God nothing ever looks good on me. I'm so skinny. I should be bigger. I should be stronger, like a real man. Look at my smile."

He smiled, he tried to smile in front of the mirror but it was insincere and broke from it.

"God, I can't smile."

He raised his lips with both index fingers to look like a smile, and he held it. But, he also broke down into tears.

"At least I can smile. I can finally hold a smile."

He stared hard, and his lips started cracking from being spread to wide. They eventually cracked, drawing blood. He stopped, licked his lips and tasted blood and his tears falling from his face. He took a picture of himself and sent it on the internet to see if anybody in the world thought he was handsome looking. He came back to it the next day to check the responses. And he sat there, quietly, reading the few he gathered.

"God, why did I do this? I'm pathetic."

He went into the bathroom, stared at the mirror, pulled hard at his hair that a handful came out. He opened the medicine drawer, taking out a syringe. He had his daily use of cocaine at hand and ready. He put it in the syringe improperly, sixty percent air and the rest cocaine. He stared hard at himself. Then closed his eyes briefly, thinking of how beautiful he was as a boy and how beautiful he could have been. Careful he had been to not let the air bubbles burst while he put the needle in his skin. He stared at his despairing expression.

"I can't hold a smile. I'd kill to smile, all for a smile."

He injected himself, keeping face, and stared in the mirror. Quickly he got dizzy and lay on the bathroom floor till he died of air embolism.

The End

Obviously, it's not a true story. None of them are, but I guess will see when I put the pen down or stop narrating my story. I mean how personal is it all going to get? How much truth will I put into this all? I have no idea yet, but it will be entertaining. Why? Well hell, it is because even imagination has got to come from some kind of reality. And reality is entertaining, isn't it? And, I truly believe there is never a truly untruthful story whether based on fiction, sci-fi, or whatever, it all comes from a realistic moral or some real experience. I mean someone had to write the damn thing from something that came from their mind. It's the same thing to be said about an honest man, he will be dishonest at times to portray his honest image. And even a dishonest man can be honest about being dishonest. Like I mentioned before, there is never an untruthful story or an honest or dishonest man, not completely anyways. But my secrets are going to be hard to figure out, spotting out the truth in my little stories. They are unbreakable secrets kept in my fingertips that my pen finds hard writing down. Okay I'll keep entertaining and stop with my shitty distractions. I'll keep my opinions to myself, I promise.

The next one is for novelist writers, my favourite writers. Excuse my sarcasm, but novelist writers are crazy and I'm thankful not to be. Here's a tip worth allot to anyone thinking about becoming one, don't do it. Do not go spending 280 pages inside your head, you'll go crazy. And at the end, publishers want to kill you. Well, they want to get your work for dirt cheap and then nobody reads your novel anyway. Here is some better advice, work at McDonalds. You will probably earn more money there then trying to aspire being a famous writer. So this one is for the aspiring kids writing at their novel, but you need to be putting the pen down to read it.

Putting the Pen Down

Eyes grew wide, lips got pursed, and for the first time everything was just fine. No distractions, words came, and the characters he never thought he could think of, have appeared in his mind. And all the little doubts and anxiety that once had went out of mind. *Johnny, Selma, Richard, Ron, and Kenny the hero*, and all his attributes and personalities, he would put in his novel. He finally settled down and started writing. He sat in his high rise leather black chair, spun around, wrote a few words. He spun again. Then

he wrote some more before going to his old rustic kitchen. There was dust all over, with spider webs connecting five odd chairs to his kitchen table.

"Today will be a good day," he said as he blew the dust from the tea kettle.

There had already been water in it. So he turned the stove on and waited patiently for it to boil. He started hitting his nails hard on the kitchen counter. Growing impatient, and as it came to boil, he quickly got his tea frantically ready and walked back. His hands were shaking and spilling along the way.

"The ideas, they got to stay."

He came back. *Murder, sex, drug abuse, yes, he thought. But who could be the killer? What kind of Killer? He looked around his room and saw puppets. The murderer would be a puppeteer who murders people for his only gain, pleasure. His blood raging until he finds a new victim and drinking blood tea to calm him so he doesn't go crazy lose on the street. He would be a highly sophisticated victim chooser, making no mistakes. But could a killer drink tea?* The writer thought, *would that just be too weird?*

Cold his tea got when he got to it, but drank it all anyway. He looked out of his window, which had a tree in front. It was summer and the leaves, blooming green. He based a couple of his pages during the summer season. *Hmmm*, he thought and realized that people usually say the word, not think it. *No! No Keep concentrating*, he thought again. He looked outside his window another time. It was winter and the tree, bare. He based a couple of his pages during the winter season. His fingers hit the type writer so hard two nails broke. And even in pain he kept writing. He almost had been finished, and would refuse to stop until so.

"A few words, just a few more and you are there Patrick."

His last words came. And he leaned back in his chair to write them, THE END. He was in love.

"Today will be a good day," he said as he got up from his chair, with much persistence and pain.

"Today will be a good day," he said again.

He took a step and fell to the ground. His stomach was in much pain and so he closed his eyes. He died of starvation.

The End

Well that story just goes to show why you should never become a novelist writer, you will become crazy. In the story he died of complete stupidity. Some passionate people might argue he died for love. Letters and words, it's all that they are. It's only sentences. Nobody gives a shit anyway. Sentences don't yell! They have no emotions behind them, only you do. I think it's actually sad when people forget that only you have emotions reading them, they express nothing back. No one should sympathize for me for what I write down. No one should love me, just because I wrote it for you. As I mentioned earlier, never become a novelist writer. I apologize, I just realized I got a little personal with the story I finished writing. My pa's name was Patrick. Huh, I didn't even realize that I used his name. Well hell, whatever, he's dead now. This is not his story, it's mine.

Who gives a single toilet seat about him and that? Not me! Nor should you! Where was I before? Starvation is a horrible thing to die from. I just had an apple in my hand, so I'm well fed. What happened to my apple? I didn't eat it, I swear. Well I had an apple. God, I'm hungry. But that story I just finished is not about me, not at all.

But, the next one you should enjoy if you are a zombie lover. If any of you are still entertained and actually stayed to keep reading, I'm pleased. I hope you don't think it a mistake reading my story and if so, I'm sorry. But truthfully not really, I could care less about you.

Mistakes are made to Forgive

Where all going to die and it's not even a question of when anymore, it's how? Or optimistically, if you're own of those, how the hell am I not going to die?

The dead count, six hundred just from my neighbourhood alone. But it's been hard to keep track. The guy who use to come to my house and did the count, is a count now. Infection is spreading. Zombies are raging for blood. And people, unbelievable people with their last few days left go fulfill their inner darkest goals. People I never expected to be killer's are, and not on zombies but killing other normal humans. Priests are becoming molesters. Rapists are screwing dead corpses before they turn. I guess it's because they don't believe in God anymore, or he doesn't believe in us. If he did, he would never let this happen. This just goes to prove, there is no God. We are all going to hell, at least to shit anyway. I hope that will have nothing to fear in death. Whatever, it's all shit anyway, me thinking. But the only way I can keep sane is by thinking, so sorry for being crazy. It's just this boredom and waiting I'm in, it's crazy. I guess that's why allot of people just gave up and let themselves be turned. I guess that's why my will is breaking to. But, still there is allot of things I would have wanted to do before I died then being locked up in the basement with a lighter. I spark my lighter for entertainment. Shit sorry, it's easy to get distracted. Oh yeah this gun I have, an axe, shit food, and the one that is the worst is my pregnant girlfriend. These are the worst circumstances to have a child, it's a mistake. We will never have a normal family, it's all shit. I mean if you lose one, see it be turned to a dead walking person only born to hurt people. I just can't bear it. It was a mistake. But still if it weren't like this, I would have loved to be a father to my kid.

"I hear something sweetie." That's my girlfriend.

Well not only that, but I would have liked to be a good father, very fun and loving unlike mine.

"Do you hear me John, they got in the house."

You know what I also would have liked. I would have loved to drive a very quick fast sports car, which only rich bastards drive but don't appreciate. I mean they never punch those cars to the limit. Why the hell would they buy it then? Bastards I call them.

"John," she whispers but squeals with a high pitch, "they're at the basement door."

"I love you, and I don't think you'll ever know how much. And, I think you always thought I didn't care, but I did. I'm sorry for putting you through such hell. "

I also wanted to always tell her that to. I always appreciated her for taking care of me, especially after the accident that left my legs paralyzed. I blamed it all on her. You see I got to our house here and she was with my best friend. I caught them. I stormed out and drove till someone hit me. It left my legs paralyzed.

She stayed with me, begged and apologized, and took care of me. She had been trying to make it up to me since, sincerely. I stayed with her because she was with child. I didn't even know if it was mine. But she said it was. She said she only slept with my friend that one time. And well, she told me about the child before the incident. For like a month, I didn't eat, didn't go to work, I didn't even acknowledge her existence really, and then the world went to shit. But I realized, through all that time, she was the constant that stayed. I guess, I mean I never loved or appreciated her the way I truly really ever should.

"I'm so sorry," I tell her.

"Shh."

The knob starts to turn slowly, but it's locked and sealed. The knob turns slow again then violently and an axe goes through the door. A head pops out from the hole. A dead, bleeding head, a zombie.

"Go hide under the trap door, quick."

"I love you."

"I love you to."

She runs to it and hides. I see the zombies halfway through the door with rage in their skulls, while looking at me like I'm dinner. I pick up my axe, but drop it. I search for a cigarette and find them in my top shirt pocket. I light up the last one. I might as well look badass. Taking my gun, I shot the one zombie right in the head trying to get in, but two come popping through the door. I take the gun to my head, look around the room. And, I shoot at the gas tanks that heated up the house. I can hear the spray from the bullet holes. I close my eyes thinking about the life I could have had, and inhale the last of my cigarette. It could have been better, better than this shit. They run down the stairs to get to me.

"See you all in shit's town," I say hoping it won't hurt.

One bites at my arm and pushes me off my chair. My head goes to the floor and I could hear my baby crying through the trap door. I could make out her yelling I'm sorry, and screaming out of pain that I'm almost dead. I manage to sit up and grab the lighter, and notice that all of them are in the basement now. It's painful to bleed dry, and I'm almost all gone. But I close my eyes and let the flame explode. I could hear the fire crackle. Goodnight love.

The End

Well I can actually relate to that story. I am in a wheelchair and there was a fire because of gas. But I don't really want to get into it. It really is none of your business anyway. And I don't remember if I mentioned this already or not, but I don't really like to get overly personal. I mean, I really hate assholes that get overly personal. They expect empathy from everybody. Should people move off their seat for pregnant mothers? Should handicap people have a closer parking space? I don't think so and I'm a handicap. I hate bending for people and nobody bends for me. I don't empathize for no one, not anymore. And I don't want anybody to do it to me either. Go to hell! It gets easier to judge people and like them, hate them, when you become personal, it's awful.

Whatever, nobody listens to me anyway. It's all shit. But I will tell you I have child, a daughter. She is a beautiful daughter. Ever since the accident, it has been hard on me to take care of her. Like I said, I don't really want to get into it.

Anyways if you are still here, the next story is about a boy named Adam and his father. I hope you're entertained.

Adam

My saddest day and I am only a seven year old boy. You might wonder to yourself what a seven year old can be sad for. I probably have more money than you. Don't be mad though, I have more money than anyone I know. Well, at least I think I do, my mommy tells me anyways. She tells me that I should not play with other young boys, which I consider to be my friends, because they are poor. She hates the fact that some are a strange color, called niggof or something like that. Once I told my teacher that color because I wanted to know what color it could be, and she told me to sit by a corner by myself. I can't even remember the last time I saw them, my old real friends. I still remember, on my sixth birthday, my mother invited little young kids my age, and I didn't even know any of them. Mommy said that none of my friends wanted to come to my birthday. I got upset at them, and I never talked to them. Funny that I should miss them still, they could always cheer me up. Yet I guess even now it would be hard to cheer me up, even with my friends around. All my toys, my swimming pool, my butler, nanny, none could cheer me up today. I seem to be so fortunate, so people look at me differently because of my riches and my possessions. But nobody knows. They don't have a clue, what it is to be me. He is only seven, a child, with rich parents, is what everyone thinks of me. Even my teachers at school, they look and treat me differently, like nice when I'm around but then they talk behind my back when I'm not there. Even the other kids and their parents, they look at me differently when I pull into school in a limousine sometimes. However, it always seems to surprise me that they know what I am living through. They don't have a clue, and why should they. They have been taught to hate the rich and that they have no feelings. Be merciless and strong, that's what my father use to say about what people thought of him. But truthfully my father only taught me to be kind and help everybody, because they helped him live the life we have. He said we should never take it for granted or something of that sort. They think that people like me, and my family, are care free with nothing do to but waste money. Yet, they don't even know what we've been through, and how fortunate they all are. At least, I can admit that I'm fortunate, they can't. They have a home, food, and they live with their families, whom are healthy. They don't see that there are people who don't have a home, food, or that are alone in the world because their family died. I met a boy named Tom, on my trip to Africa, last year. He was a thirteen year old African boy, with black hair, and the strangest baby blue eyes I've seen. He told me he was alone, how his mother gave food to him, and not feeding herself. He told me how she died.

Her last words were, "Tom, sacrifices are hard. But with sacrifices comes rewards. The greatest reward is making somebody else happy, so they can go off and make somebody else happy, and so the world can go around happily. Don't be selfish and don't be cruel. Others have it much more worse then you."

Then she died by his side, of a disease that I can't pronounce, or ever heard of. When I met him he was the happiest boy in the world, happier than me it seemed. We played soccer with my dad. My mother did not want to go on vacation with us. I don't know why, maybe she was sick? But we had the happiest time, playing with a ripped up soccer ball and two palm trees as a net. I can't remember any other day my daddy was as happy. Maybe it's because I was so happy.

“Adam,” my mother yells, from the bottom of the house. “Can you come downstairs please?”

Her voice starts to dim down, but I can hear her more clearly as she makes her way up the steps. I turn so that the door faces my back, and I face a wall.

“Come on Adam, it is time to go,” she replies as she sits down on my bed. “It’s time to go to church.”

“I don’t want to. The church is boring, and I don’t want to go. Not today,” I reply in an angry tone and cross my arms.

“I know you don’t and I don’t want to neither. Everyone is waiting already. Can you please do this for me? Just get dressed and get down stairs...for me Adam,” she reassuringly replies giving me a kiss on the cheek.

Slowly, I turn around and see her heading for the door, almost in tears. She has a nice black dress with flowers imprinted in it. I don’t want to go to church, I say to myself. But I remember my father always telling me to listen to her, because I would not always have him let me be so free. I wait a minute or two, I can’t tell, before I get out of bed. I look around my room, seeing my toy helicopter flying in the sky. And my train set chugging around my room. And all my toys that I now call junk. I take a deep breath, and I go to my closet. I take out my suit, because my mom said that in church only suits should be worn. I take it out and change into it. I slowly make my way downstairs.

“Oh doesn’t he look like the sweetest thing,” my grandma says loud.

My grandma was the sweetest old lady, and I never understood why. Especially in a day like this, I can’t understand why she is so happy. Others are waiting downstairs for me, all wearing the same type of clothing. My mother and I share a limo, with grandma and grandma. We usually took a sedan when we went to church. We only took limousines when we went to parties or friends. It just does not make sense to take a limo to church, we are not celebrating anything. The limo ride was quite. As we approached, my grandma started to burst into tears. She seemed like a happy woman, but not anymore. Me to, I feel a bad feeling, a sad one. We get out, mass starts. It is really boring and a lot of people cry. My mother and I go first to see the man in the casket. We slowly make our way up the steps. Tears flow down my face because I already knew who he was: a good man. I close my eyes, just to make sure I am not dreaming. I open them up again, my heart shatters, and my mom hugs me and cries on my shoulder. I hug her back.

“Daddy,” I softly reply in my mother’s ear.

“I’m sorry,” she replies back to me, holding me tighter, and tighter with each breath.

He was a good man: a father.

The End

Why I wrote that I have no idea, my father was a horrible man. He was awful, an evil man! I didn’t take anything from him, and I barely mentioned him to my daughter or wife. He beat the shit out of me and my mother, when I was young. When I got older, he was a weak old man and I socked him back. And I left home, from the mess, forever that day. I realized something when I hit him, I was becoming like him. I hated that

feeling and I left, without ever discussing it. Not even to my mother, I never told my mother goodbye. But I did trail them, now and again. When I got older and had my own family, I couldn't bear seeing my mother and explaining to her why I had to leave. I regret the most, or should I say, I miss hugging her every time I use to leave the house and saying, "I'll see you in a while crocodile". They lived in that same house till they died. By the way, my name is Adam and I have no connection the story I just wrote, except having a dead father. But I don't like to get overly personal, I hate fluffs that do.

Shit, I need a cigarette. I can always find them in my top jacket pocket. There are half of my cigarettes left from the pack, and all I need now is the flame. Fire, he's my best friend and worst enemy. And now I inhale my sweet poisonous friend and fiend. Sorry where was I before my cigarette. Yes smoking is glorious, but who gives a shit. Enjoy the next one, if you like germs, as I enjoy my cigarette. Oh sorry that was rude, I mean Germans.

A Little Girl

"We are soldiers. We are trained. We will obey. No matter what happens we will stay, fight till the end. There is no death, God, and power. We are soldiers and we are here to devour," the soldiers said.

All looked alike, smelled alike, talked alike, and each one had no mentality of their own, with their only discretion coming from the dictator. The soldiers were born for one purpose: obey. No emotions, no feelings, and their advantage, no pain.

"Rise up my soldiers, and we will devour. The world was intended for us, and we are simply going to take what is rightfully ours. The world is Germany! And soon Germany will be the world," the dictator said.

The ceremony was outside. It was heard loud throughout the city speakers. Fifty speakers and ten microphones blasted through the city so everyone can hear. So everyone can tremble in their boots. So everyone would obey. The soldiers stood in a postural pose, outside in rain. No soldier spoke. The floor was muddy, and the soldiers were all dressed the same: buttons buttoned, shirt tucked, blond hair slicked back, and creased dark blank pants.

"For Germany!" the dictator said with a fiendish uncontrollable smile on his face.

"Germany! Germany! Germany! Germany! Germany! Germany!" The soldiers chanted in sync together.

"Tomorrow will have England and the next day, the world!" The dictator yelled.

The dictator's blue eyes rose to look cheery. His black slicked back hair was completely wet from the rain. He appeared as a man with everything to gain, a man with hope and a planned destiny to rule.

The dictator turned around and went into his black Mercedes. A couple of scientists wearing white lab coats, at the ceremony, started to gather up all the soldiers. They had a black stereo box, which played static. The soldiers followed the sound of it. The scientists took the soldiers inside a house, in front of where the ceremony was held. The soldiers marched following forward without saying a word. They went into a room with individual chambers.

“Go, go inside,” the scientists told the soldiers.

The soldiers stepped inside the chambers, laid down, and each one closed their eyes. And each at the same time fell asleep. When early morning came the soldiers woke up and went to do their regular activities. They jogged for an hour in a straight line. Their blond hair, each at mid length, waved with the wind. Their blue eyes had no emotion, and if you saw them you would have pity on them. The scientists came out 4 hours later, programming them to do the next activity for the day: England. At first, they went by car. They had taken over the neighboring countries, so they did not have trouble to get to France. Then they would take a boat to England. England knew that they were coming. But they just did not know if it at day or at night. When the soldiers got to the shores of England at night, shots were fired at the German soldiers. And when one soldier got hit, all the German soldiers would get a scar. No matter though, the German soldiers could heal faster than any human, and without the pain. The German soldiers took out their knives, and started to cut open any close by enemies. They did not want to use guns, at least not for this battle. One German soldier went a bit further from his pact, because more Brits had been there, and he wanted to kill them. They fired multiple rounds at him. It was getting harder on him, but the German soldier kept battling on.

“No, please don’t. I have a family,” one Britain said.

He was forced on the ground and a terrified look came over his dark eyes. His future was the knife in the German’s hand. The German soldier slit his neck, but not completely. The German wanted him to feel the pain of bleeding dry. When the Brit died he was left thinking about his daughter, her dark hair, and the teddy bear that she carried around in her arms.

The Britain’s released a toxic gas, and the Germans could not handle its smell. They started to head towards their boats, all but one. One soldier, whom was far from his pact, kept fighting the Britain soldiers. However soon the smell started to get to him and he fell to the ground, with his eyes wide open. The chemical gas did something to the one soldier. And ironically the other German soldiers were not affected the same way he was. He was isolated from the pact and his wounds were his own. He just lay there paralyzed and alive, having something happening to him. He was feeling, pain being the dominant emotion. He saw the many dead bodies around him, and the dark red blood that stained the sand, which flowed into the ocean water. It had been a hot sunny day, the German soldier started to feel its warmth. It was all new to him. Soon enough, he got up when the gas started to leave the air. But he got up jittery, and he could not walk normally. A couple of Britain’s saw him and started to charge on him. They had masks and rope, and they tied him down. One man carried him by his hands and another, his legs. They traveled far from the smoke and set him down in a forest, far from the beach. They placed the German soldier leaning on a tree. They all sat on the ground.

“Let’s try to kill him somehow,” a British soldier said.

“We can’t. We have to learn from him so that we can beat all the others like him. What they eat and when? So maybe we can poison their food. Or when do they sleep? Maybe we can kill them then. We must learn more from him before we do anything,” the commander replied.

The German soldier did not speak because he was taught never to talk to an Alkaline, men sprung from Satan. Anybody who was not German was regarded as an Alkaline, to the German soldier anyway. The British soldier and commander looked at the German with hate, but they still felt praise to have captured him.

“Where are we going to leave him Sir?” The soldier asked.

"It would have to be somewhere safe where other British can't kill him. It would have to be a house. Are you up for it soldier," the commander said.

"Sir, I'll kill him," the soldier replied.

"Then, I will kill you!" The commander answered frustrated.

They gave the German soldier a pill, which would make him fall asleep for hours. Leaving their British troops behind, they hoped that the other German soldiers would not come back looking for their German brother. Since their homes were nearby, they ran carrying the motionless body. When they got to the house, the British soldier's daughter and wife were home.

"Are you back? Are you staying?" his wife replied, with tears of joy streaming down her face.

"I'm sorry, no. Hi, theirs my little girl," the British soldier replied.

The little girl, in a baby blue dress and with her dark hair clipped back, ran to her father. She was thinking how fortunate she is to have had him, at least for a little while.

"We have to go, we have this," he paused, "British soldier, and we need him to stay here."

They placed him in bed.

"Give him these if he even looks like he is waking up," the British soldier forcefully replied to his wife. He tied up the German soldier to his bed frame. "He may be a little paranoid, and so I'm tying him up, just in case."

The wife looked a little confused but didn't question her husband. She took the pills, hugged her husband, saw him leave, and went back to her chores. The little girl helped her mother when needed. But when she did not need help, the little girl would run over to see the German soldier. She climbed up on the German soldier and started to play with his face. Soon enough, the German soldier started to open up his eyes, and the British soldier's wife had been in the kitchen, not noticing. The German soldier completely woke up, and he saw the little girl before him. Quickly, he grabbed her by the neck, and choked her hard with the rope that was binding him. The little girl could not even scream. She started opening and closing her eyes quickly. The little girl grasped the German's hand, the one which he had been choking her with, and he looked straight into her baby blue eyes. He saw innocence, beauty, and he soon started to feel her touch. It had been soft, and when the little girl started to cry her tear dropped down on his arm. He never saw any person feel such pain, and look so innocent. For the first time in his life, the German started to feel love and sadness for another human being. Soon, a tear started to flow down his arm, and he let go of the little girl. She collapsed on the floor, grabbing her neck, and she had been breathing heavily. The soldier started to feel so horrible, he cried and he screamed. He never screamed before and he started to realize why all those people that he killed screamed before they died. His heart was so broken and he had no words to say. He had been through so much stress at this point that he started to have a seizure on the bed. Breathing was getting hard on his lungs. He did not want to be a part of such a world, where people felt so much pain. All the other German soldiers, his only brothers, that he did not personally know all collapsed and died. The war was over.

The End

As you were reading that I enjoyed two cigarettes. I wrote that story a while ago. So I just narrated it. Cigarettes are great stress relievers, but I'm not here to promote smoking. Hold on there is somebody coming in. Hold on, I think it's my daughter.

"Hey Adam," she says.

"You can call me dad," I say back at her.

"Right I forgot, sorry dad," she says looking at me hesitantly.

"So dad, it's time for your pills."

"Oh, I hate that crap. I'll have them tomorrow."

"No dad now!" She says persistently.

She walks closer to me and unfolds her hand out. "Here take this dad. They will help you for all your burns and scars. It will make you look healthier and younger."

I wheel myself to my bed. She continues standing, waiting until I take them. I grab firm of the rails off the side of my bed. I lie down and hug my beautiful daughter to the side of me. God I love strawberries. Her mother picked out the same perfume or something all the time for her. A strawberry flavour, she loves them so much. Her shampoo, I mean everything. Her favourite colour is red because strawberries are red. I take the pills. I hear the door close. The pills make me want to sleep.

"Goodnight for now dad," she whispers in my ear.

I wake up. There is a teddy bear by my side. I guess my daughter must have left it. It smells like strawberries. I turn to face my breakfast on my desk already, eggs. My daughter is the best daughter. I know every father says that about their kid, but I'm honest. I grab firm of the bedrails and climb into my wheelchair and wheel myself to my desk. All right, I eat.

Why do you want me to get overly personal? Did I not already say how I hate to get personal? Well if you are still here with me, I guess you must be entertained. Shit this means that I failed. My mission was to bore you to death, death being the operative word. I'm not a murder. I don't kill randomly is what I really meant.

Anyways, are you not entertained? What if I chewed my food louder! Much louder! Munch! Much! Munch! Munch! Sorry, well that must be annoying the hell out of you, doesn't it?

Annoyance

There was once a boy, an eight year old boy, named Eric. He loved superheros, like most boys do. But he even took it one step further, actually becoming one. He wore a cape and a mask. His voice didn't change, but he would make it sound deeper when the mask came on, believing it would hide his "secret identity". In school he would wear his regular clothes with his cape tucked underneath, and he carried on with his regular sounding voice. Most kids did notice the unusualness layering of clothes, thinking he just put on some weight. And for his mask, he hid it in his backpack until the occasion sprang up for it. At times, he even believed putting on the superhero costume would make him invincible. His parents just thought of it as a phase, one that he would grow out of. His parents made it aware to the teachers and president of the school, just in case he ever wore it, so they would know who he was and how to handle the situation. Most of the teachers just laughed at the idea, behind the backs of the parents of course. They expected him to never show the costume out in public. But, he did.

"Oh hi, Miss Jackets," said a male teacher.

"Well hello Tom," said a female teacher.

"Are we still going to do you known since yesterday, tonight? Let's say my house, chain me up and all."

The superhero kid was making his turn around the corner when he heard.

"You are so bad."

Bad, the superhero kid thought to himself. He had not revealed his superhero self to the school yet and thought this to be the best opportunity to do so. He took off his sweater, revealed his cape, reached into his backpack, and he became the Superhero Kid. He came around the corner using his backpack full of books to hit Tom, the teacher, at his knee caps.

"What the hell?" Tom said, not much in pain but in annoyance.

Then the superhero kid stomped with all his might Tom's foot, which is when annoyance became pain.

"Oww," Tom yelled grabbing at his pained foot.

Miss Jackets quickly grabbed the Superhero Kid in her arms, pulling him away from Tom.

She calmly smiled at the boy and said, "Thanks. But, I just didn't need any rescuing sweetie."

The Superhero Kid kept starring at Tom, making sure he did not get close to Miss Jackets.

The teacher continued, "You can't just go around eaves dropping on people and not know what's going on. I know what you heard but Mr Jared, or Tom as I call him, are friends. He would never hurt me."

"I'm so sorry. I just thought you were in trouble. I..." He stuttered, "...I just wanted to help."

"I know and understand. What should I call you sweetie, your superhero name?"

"I'm the Superhero Kid and I just try to help anyone"

"That's it. That's all your catch phrase. How about you say something else? Say something like this, the only superhero that worries about the little guys because he is a little guy, the Superhero Kid. I think that's kind of cute, don't you?"

"I don't care about cute. I just want to help people?"

The teacher rose to her feet and said, "Well that's good. But today you didn't help, you made a mistake. And now what do you have to say to Tom?"

Tom approached the Superhero Kid.

"Sorry Sir," he said empathetically.

"It's all right, just go out for recess."

The Superhero Kid made his way around the corner. Eric tucked his cape back into his pants, put his sweater back on, and put his mask back into his backpack. He made his way outside for recess. Loud noises of children screaming, bouncing basketballs, and even more loud kids screaming, it was the only thing Eric heard. He found a wall no one was leaning on or using for playing, and he sat down, leaning. He took out a comic book from his backpack, The Amazing Spiderman, and started reading. He must have read the comic book hundreds of times, it was his favourite. The superhero and villain were both his favourite as well, Spiderman and Venom. When he finished, he found a new self confidence in himself. He went around the corner and put on his costume. He looked around his Gotham City, playground, and started looking to see how he could help people. He saw a crowd of people, in a circle, with two boys inside who looked like they were going to start a fight. The fight broke out and kids were screaming around them, chanting "Fight!" over and over.

The Superhero Kid made his way inside the circle.

"Stop," the Superhero Kid yelled, separating the two boys.

"I can't take this bully always taking my lunch money. Let me at him," the smaller of the two boys that were fighting said.

"Why don't you just give him the lunch money back, please?" The Superhero Kid said.

"What the hell are you talking about? What are you? God, you look like a freak."

"Just give him back the lunch money and there won't be any problems."

"Piss off," the bully said shoving off the Superhero Kid, almost bringing him to a fall.

"That's it, I didn't want to do this." The Superhero Kid took a swing at the bully.

"Ha, that's all you got kid? Now you're going to get it."

The bully pushed the Superhero Kid to the ground, got on top of him, and started punching his face in. He got really bruised and the bully only stopped until he had a black eye.

"You son of a bitch," the bully said, "If you ever try getting into my business again I'm a pound on you much harder. And you only brought this upon yourself kid. Just mind your own business and don't be so God damn annoying."

The bully took off his mask and searched him, finding a few bucks from Eric's pockets.

"And if you tell the teacher, you are in for a massive amount of pain, boy."

Eric got up from the ground and said, 'I won't' and he ran inside to the school washroom.

He dropped his backpack and his comic book fell out, opening to the middle of the read. He looked at himself in the mirror. He ripped his cape off his back and threw it in the garbage. He managed to hide his tears from his enemy, the bully, even though he really wanted to cry.

“God I’m so stupid,” Eric said looking at his tears flow down.

The recess bell rang, and he managed to clean himself up. He grabbed for his comic book and read where it was opened up to.

“With great power comes great responsibility,” he read and continued with his own words, “Even if you have to pick yourself up. If you fall down, you must get up. Because there will always be a villain but not always a hero. I am a hero.”

He went to class, the teacher wondered what happened, but he lied. Eric said that he tripped while playing soccer and fell on a rock. The teacher didn’t really buy it, but let it go. The bell rang to go home and Eric grabbed his stuff and was about to leave, till the teacher stopped him.

“Is there something you want to be telling me Eric?” She asked.

“No why?” He even gave off a confused expression in order to fool the teacher.

“Did somebody do this to you during recess?”

“No I just fell.”

“You sure,” The teacher asked again.

“Yes, I’m sure.”

“All right well get your stuff and start making your way home then I guess.”

“See you tomorrow then Miss,” and with that Eric left the school.

His house had been just a couple of blocks and he didn’t even need to cross the street to get to it. His parents would sometimes pick him up, but most times not.

“Oh no,” Eric said.

The bully that beat him up was walking not too far in front of him, with his gang of friends. Eric slowed down his pace, put his head down to get unnoticed and kept walking the same direction as them. The bully kept walking on the curb close to the passing cars. The bully completely stopped and Eric really slowed down his pace, but was close enough that he heard what the bully was saying.

“All right boys, it was a good day at school. I got to get home. I’ll see you guys tomorrow.”

The bully walked backwards talking to his friends, while crossing the street. Adam saw a distracted driver, shuffling with their paperwork, not too far from the bully. Eric dropped his bag and ran quickly to the bully yelling, “get off the road.”

The bully looked over at Eric with a confused expression and he turned around to see the car coming close to hit him. With a blink of an eye Eric pushed the bully out of the way, saving his life. Eric got trampled by the front and back tires. Eric died instantly.

The End

Now that was one hell of a story. One hell of a good read for you, I would think. But what would you do if you were Eric? Would you have let that bastard of a bully die, or would you take his place? Would you let a good person live or leave a bad person to die? I guess any good person would never let anybody die. I guess that is what makes them good.

That story did actually happen. I can't say exactly say how, but it was how the bully told it, with my addition of how Eric really was. Eric only wanted to help people. Well hell, bad shit happens I guess. But still it's funny or maybe not, and when I was younger it did not even faze me that he died. It was the weirdest thing. When my parents told me I didn't think twice about it. But in the back of my head I was thinking he would come to my house next weekend, like he always does. We would play a gaming console, we would pretend to be superheroes and villains, and it would be perfect. I think I lost my best friend at a very young age. Well hell, it seems that as you age you just lose everybody. Nobody is left to see you die, nobody that matter anyways. Hold on someone is knocking at the door, they come in.

"Hey dad," she says hesitantly, "It's time for you to get some exercise. Let's go."

Oh hell and shit, I think to myself.

"Okay, let's go," I finally say.

She wheels my chair and takes me to this room with basketballs and nets, and she closes the door behind her. I don't really like basketball, but at least here I have enough space to roam around in my wheelchair. I throw a basketball to the furthest right hand corner of the room. You see, there is something shiny, which I already knew was going to be there. I pick up the basketball and the shiny thing, trying to be inconspicuous. Everyone is watching me here. Everyone! Even you, but I guess you're just listening or reading for the most part. You're really no harm at all to me. I slip Mr Shiny into my pocket. Shit I have to wait fifteen minutes before they take me to my room. And I am not telling you anymore stories until I get to my room, they'll hear me talking to myself and think I'm crazy. They already think that, I have no idea why, but hell. I sigh because I'm tired of everything already. I'm tired of being here. I'm tired of only talking to you. I'm tired of not seeing my wife, my love, and daughter. I'm tired. She opens the door again, my daughter. God I love strawberries and I'm tired of them. I want my daughter. She takes me to my room.

"Did you not have fun playing basketball?"

"Yeah, it was a blast thanks sweetheart."

She shuts my room door behind her. She seems angry and agitated, more today than she did yesterday. Something must be bothering her. But who really gives a single toilet seat about me or her? Not you, that's for sure.

I'll let you have one more story. I am getting really tired. And I'm going to have to do something very soon, and you must leave for it. Let's call this story...Actually, I don't care anymore. Seriously I don't give a shit! You make a title of it what you want. I hate putting titles on anything anyways. I'd call this all shit if it was all up to me, but it isn't. You choose and decide because I give up.

Something unexpected can be striking. I'm just walking and bleeding with no one around. My own damn yells can't even reach a single soul. Oh well, what the hell. I guess I'll wait it out or live through it as long as I can. I got a God damn gun wound! Damn, what the hell kind of place do we live in? Shit! I am thinking now, you know what really pisses me off. It's when people say they don't know when they will die. It is horseshit and bullshit in one. I'm one of those crazy shit heads that dies right now. You can call me ruler and king of my own destiny, because I will die not now but in a few minutes anyways. And I will decide when I die!

"Shit heads! I'm bleeding to damn death over here!" I say to the emptiness of the street. •

I limp my way until I reach the tunnel, my tunnel. No, I don't call it my home, but it is where I live and I'm fine with it. Awkwardly enough most people aren't all right about where I live. But who cares, they don't live there, I do. I rest where I previously laid out my sheets this morning. It starts to rain. I can smell piss and shit coming from the corner of the tunnel, where I do my usual business every morning. I do wish I cleaned it up more. Oh well, who gives a shit now. But it, the awful smell, becomes stronger as the wind pushes into the tunnel. I really should have cleaned up. But anyways, you know a lot of people look at me, call me lazy, pity me, and I don't ever even give a shit. I would never give a shit, not even everyday when I take my shit. My life has not been bad. Not bad at all. I lie down and nestle my head on a bunch of newspapers I scrambled together. You know what, no it's not the best pillow, but it's how I like it. I always liked a hard pillow. Always, now let me rest.

"Mother!"

Shit I am going crazy thinking about her like this. Why did I call out her name? Breathing starts to become harder for my lungs. Give me a second. I get up, having the tunnel supporting my back. I pace my breathing until I'm calm again. I breathe slowly, slower than I usually do. I think my lungs are giving up. But who gives a shit, I'm just a hobo. Anyways, what I really feel like talking about is my mother. I'll tell you an incident of when it started. I mean when my mom first started to really hate me. And guess why it happened. All because of a horseshoe, no I'm just horsing around. Well I'll let you figure it out as you read. If you're smart, you'll probably figure it out quickly.

"Tom," My twelfth grade teacher called out my name in class.

Everyone else had left and she wanted just to talk to me. Shit, I thought I was going to receive yet another failed test mark. Let's just say I wasn't one of those smart LED bulbs. Let's just say I wasn't a bulb at all, but more like a brick.

"Yes Miss," I told my teacher. •

"You got 50% on your test mark. Can you tell me? Please tell me how we can better improve your grades! You need to take this more seriously. I think I might have to call your parents," the teacher said. •

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