

The streets were empty. I stumbled on drinking the brandy I had in my right hand; my left in my pocket.

Drunk. It was hard to move; hard to think. Well, “hard” isn’t really the appropriate word. It was blurred thoughts about boredom and plans I failed to accomplish. I wondered with all the soberness I had left if I would be able to drink the rest of the brandy and not pass out.

So I tried. And soon I was seeing double. I struggled to sit down on the sidewalk curb. Thinking about my life, I looked down at my left wrist and gawked at my scars.

Keloids. Bumps of purple skin scattered across my entire left arm. Certainly not something I’m proud of, but not something I’m ashamed of either.

I closed my eyes. I looked up towards the sky with my eyes still shut and sighed heavily.

This is what I’ve come to. This is who I am. Lost in my own head, can’t imagine how I’ll survive in this merciless world. All I do is smoke and drink. I can’t even seem to find a job. A high school dropout struggling to survive.

I can’t complain. I’ve been through worse. The way things are now are hell of a lot better than they were before. I got rid of my voice, rid of those shadows. My mentality has endured a lot. But with that experience, I take knowledge with me knowing now that life can’t be all that bad.

Hell, just look where we are. This planet, our home, is the most beautiful thing this world literally has to offer. We take it all for granted. This planet is not ours. This planet was never ours. We’re renting it. But just look at all the fucking trees! All the waterfalls, all the animals! It’s astounding!

Beauty is everywhere in life. Some people just have a hard time seeing it. Even death has its own aura of joy. To be finally at peace with yourself. To know what’s beyond and finally hold the answers that you could never find in life. I never understood why people cry and cry over someone’s death. I mean, of course it’s normal to cry. But to be depressed for a long time and feel so alone, I find it a little odd. The one you loved is finally at peace! Celebrate their passing, don’t mourn! They’re finally one with God, or whatever is going on beyond our comprehension! We are all life. We are all death. Nothing to be scared of. It will happen regardless if you’re ready or not.

*If I’m ready or not. Am I ready to die? Am I prepared to end my life?*

Thoughts of suicide begin to interrupt my blurred thoughts. How I would do it: a shot to the head, a rope to my neck; dive into the cement floor, pop pills like I

do French fries. How my family would react if there was life after my death. Sad. Traumatized. It'd be selfish to take that away from them.

I shook my head trying to get those nasty thoughts out of my head, yet they still lurked there. Images of my head exploding after I pull the trigger. My parents finding me in my room, my blood and brains all over my white wall. A note to my side. What would it say? I can imagine it now...

*Dear... Whoever it may concern,*

*First off, let me just apologize for the mess.*

*I thought this would be the easiest way to escape. I know there is no way to make up for this choice. I just hope you forgive me.*

*I lived happy. I died happy. This world we live in is a beautiful place. From the murders to the rainbows. Everything has its own beauty. I hope you can see it. I hope you can see why I made the choice I did.*

*I love you Mom. I love you Dad. I love my sisters, my friends, my family, my pets, I love you all. I'm beyond happy that I got to know all of you. I am so gifted to have had people like you in my life.*

*Don't blame this on yourself, this was my decision. It was going to happen regardless. All I ask is that you don't forget me. Remember me as the happy kid I am. Remember me as your son, your brother, your friend. Remember me as Kyle Stubbs.*

*I don't want to leave a sad note. But I guess that's all you can expect when you find me dead in my room.*

*If there's a God, I just hope he can forgive me and every stupid mistake I've made.*

*You are all great people. Don't cry about me. I rather have you drink and celebrate over my death instead of mourn. Smoke a J for me, will you?*

*I love you.*

Tears start to arise. I shake them off. I'm a happy kid. I'm overwhelmed with all the love I receive from my family and friends. I can't imagine my life without them.

Yet, I start to wonder why I would ever think the way I do.

Am I really happy? Am I happy with how I've become? Or am I lying to myself?

I guess I'll find out eventually.