

Dedication

To all the lonely souls in the world.

You're not alone...

1 | Truth

If you had the power to stop something from happening, would you do it? I mean bad things, of course; no one would stop the good things from happening to them or someone else. Okay, maybe someone else, if you wanted the boy to yourself and didn't want to see the other girl happy, but that's not what this story is about.

This story has to do with more than a boy. It has to do with what I did to myself and what my best friend did. It's about trying to feel like me again, which I know will never happen, and definitely will not happen for my best friend, either. Besides, I'm too far gone to be saved; at least, I think I am.

The only thing I can do is tell you my story and have you decide if I'm worth saving. If I'm worth the oxygen I breathe, that you breathe.

Here's what you need to know about me before I start. I just turned fifteen this past September. I have two sisters, which I'll tell you more about them once I get into my story. Like most kids I know, both of our parents work, although my mom is the sole provider; not that there's anything wrong with that, it's just that my dad chose a different occupation. He works for children services, finding kids a good home.

So, before I get off-track on the real reason I want to tell my story, I have to say that there are some graphic images I'm about to share with you; so if you're one of those people that gets grossed out by sickening reality, then it's probably best you're reading this book and not watching a *vid*.

There will be sad parts and times when you wish you could reach into the book and save or hurt someone, but you can't, and not that I wouldn't want you to, it's just not always possible to save everyone. Besides, *my story* has already played out. By knowing about me, maybe it can keep this from happening to someone else or help you to see what is going on right in front of you?

Wouldn't that be something if we could actually save people? Keep them from getting hurt? Do you think that they would in-turn do the same for you? Then maybe this world wouldn't be such a bad place after all, if only people would stop being so cruel and hurtful to one another.

I mean, really, what is the point in hurting other people? Does it give them a high? Does it make them feel more superior? Is it their lot in life to see just how many people they can destroy?

See, I knew I'd get off-track about what I wanted to tell you. Just know this, when all is said and done, you'll know my story.

I hope that if this were to happen to you or anyone you know that reading this would save them—help them in some way. Because let's face it, we all need saving at some point in our lives...

2|School

Monday

You would think that in high school, life would be easy. That it would be the most fun you'll ever have in your life before the stress of being an adult takes over.

The friends you make will be there beside you through the rest of your life. You'll go to parties together. Graduate together. Possibly, even go to the same college together. But that would be getting ahead of ourselves. None of that is a guarantee in life. Every single one of us will graduate and go off into the world, whether it is college or some lousy job that we take just so we can pay the bills. But that's not my point here. That's not the reason for this story or what it's about.

Just like most of the kids I go to school with, I haven't figured out what I want to do with my life—more or less, think about next week or next month. These things float in my mind when I'm in some of my classes at school. Honestly, I would just be glad to pass the biology test tomorrow.

Speaking of biology, my teacher Mr. Herman says, "Study, study, study if you want to pass my tests. I'm not going to make it easy on you guys because LIFE. ISN'T. EASY."

Blah, blah, blah. "Whatever," I mumble under my breath when he makes that speech. Like biology even matters unless you're going to be a scientist or something. Who cares?

Finally, the bell rings, I gather my books, and head out the door before anyone else. I quickly weave my way through the hall as it starts to fill with other freshman students like me.

The building is an old historic building and only us freshman go to school here. There's a separate building for 10th, 11th, and 12th graders, where I and everyone else will go next year. *Awesome!* I'm so looking forward to it. That's sarcasm, if you didn't know.

I spin the lock on my locker and open it, throwing my books inside and grabbing what I need for after lunch. Before I can close the door, Mick Connors slams it for me; luckily, my hand wasn't still inside.

"What the hell?" I shout at him. "You just missed my hand, you ass." Knowing he really doesn't care.

I met Mick last year in eighth grade after I found out that he was a *cutter*. It wasn't like it was plastered all over the school or anything. I knew him from Shawn Bowers and Layla Manning.

Layla and I aren't like friends or anything; she's more Mick's friend than mine, or she used to be his friend.

Mick didn't have to tell me that she was the one who went to the school about what he was doing to himself; it was obvious it was her by the way they hung around each other. I mean, they ended up as girlfriend and boyfriend after he got help.

It's not that she was wrong for telling the school, but she could've, I don't know, maybe gone about it a different way. I also think there's more to the story than him just cutting himself.

As far as I can tell, he doesn't cut anymore. I remember him wearing long sleeves last year, and I had even seen cuts on the inside of his legs in PE class. Now he's been wearing short sleeves, and I see no cuts on his arms, just scars. *Good for him, he's found a reason to live*, I think to myself. *I wish I could*.

"Come on, Carly, now you're calling me names?" Mick says, grinning.

I smile, cause it's just how we are around each other. "Well, if the shoe fits," I reply, laughing. Mick and I started hanging out more the past two weeks. We've always sort of been friends, but since my *once forever* best friend stabbed me in the back, we hang around each other more now.

Mick and I get into step, walking side by side to the cafeteria. I used to sit with Bailey, but God she's like so much DRAMA—I can't stand her, so now I sit with Mick and Alisha, who pretty much keeps to herself.

Alisha talks to us, but it's not like we're best friends or anything like that. We don't share our inner most secrets. We don't hang out. Actually, I have to be honest with you; I really don't have a best friend. Well, I did two weeks ago, but she's a bitch and a trader, and she's not a friend I want to have if she doesn't care about me like I once did about her. It's probably better that way because if everything goes as planned on Saturday, I won't be here much longer.

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Lunch blows by quickly, and so does the rest of my classes after lunch. Now, I'm gathering whatever books I need for home, and make my way to the buses outside.

It's stupid, yet smart, how they have the bus routes set up. If I miss this bus, it'll leave and go to the high school down the road a few blocks; then comes back here to pick up anyone who might have missed the bus the first time around. Told you it didn't make sense, but at the same time, it does.

Twenty minutes later, I'm stepping off the bus and walking up my driveway to the front door. Both my parents are at work so it's like I get the whole house to myself, for a while anyway.

I have an older sister Kyra who is eighteen and just started college, and I have a younger sister Rosie who is in second grade. She was more of an oops, so to speak. After like seven years and then oops, here comes another baby. Don't get me wrong, I do love my baby sis, but she can also get on my nerves at the same time too.

Once I get inside the house, I make my way to the kitchen and grab a juice box before going to my room. I know Rosie will be home in an hour so I have to finish what homework I can before she arrives.

I drop my bookbag on the floor of my bedroom and go into my parent's bedroom. I have to do this when they're not home because, well, if I was to get caught stealing from my mom's

prescription bottle when she was home, then there would be a lot of questions. Truth is, I don't have those answers.

I open the drawer to my mom's nightstand and pick up the bottle of pills. I'm not sure why she has a bottle of Xanax, but hey, I'm not going to question it. One can only assume the kind of job she does can be stressful. That's why I'd never be a lawyer.

So, a couple of times a week, I come in and steal a few pills. I can't do it every day or she'd know some were missing.

I head back to my bedroom and open the door to my closet. In the far back, on the top shelf, I have a box. The box contains things that mean the world to me. Like pictures and small gifts that were given to me from friends or family members. Things I want to treasure for as long as I live; which like I said before, if all goes well that will end on Saturday.

I guess your question would be: *Why do I want to end my life?* I'm only fifteen—life has just begun. I should be out there living it up and having fun with my friends. But to be honest, life really sucks for me.

Okay, so maybe I should start from the beginning and tell you what happened lately that has made me think death would be a better choice. Because the truth is, life is full of shit! Some people make life out to be something so great and fulfilling, but for me, NO! It just sucks all-the-way-around. These are not the best years of our lives. Whoever said that is full of shit! Being a teenager is so much worse than being an adult, where at least you get some control over what happens to you. There's so much stress with schoolwork, friends, boys and family stuff that it makes me want to throw up. I honestly don't know how people make it through their teens.

There I go again rambling on and on, forgetting what my whole point to this story is.

So here are the jiffs of what I'm trying to tell you. I was seeing this boy named Taylor Ryans. Well, he wasn't just a boy; he's sixteen going to be seventeen in a month, and has his own car. We were like the most *awesome* couple ever; well, that was until he...well, we'll get to that part later.

Two weeks later, this past Saturday, I saw my so-called best friend Staci hanging all over him after the football game. He ended it with me, which to be honest, I wasn't planning to see him again anyway. He said he didn't need me anymore, that we were finished. But seeing my ex-best friend with him, scared the shit out of me.

Thank God, he doesn't go to the same school as me. I don't know if I could face him after what happened.

I can't stand to look at myself in the mirror.

I'm ugly.

I'm disgusting.