

# BULLET TRAIN

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The weather was in sync with Nathan's mood. There wasn't a cloud in the sky, the breezes coming in at the right times. It was a beautiful day, something that was very unusual for the area in which Nathan lives in. Today, he had decided to clean out his locker. By the looks of it, it would be a good day for just that.

He calmly roamed the hallways, his fingers lightly brushing against the lockers. A bright smile was plastered on his face. Nathan hadn't smiled in a long time. After so long, the young teenage boy actually felt happy.

It was the last period of the day. Nathan had said he felt sick and asked for the nurse. He was supposed to be on his way to the health office. But, Nathan felt anything but sick. The boy was sure he was glowing with joy. He eventually came to a halt, looking down at his wristwatch. There was seven minutes until the bell rang. He sighed dramatically, as his locker was all the way at the end of the hall. He had taken too long, and so he began to rush.

Locker #1317, student number 305696. To the school, he was just a number. But in the end, none of it mattered anymore. It will all come to an end, everything does.

Nathan began to put all of his textbooks and notebooks into his bookbag, but everything else went into the trash. It happened very quickly, and he finished pretty fast. When he first grabbed his bag so he could carry it, it was pretty heavy. For the first time, it had crossed his mind that he had to make a pit-stop at his home "Ah, how troublesome. Well, at least I get to see mom." He said, to no one but himself.

After the pit-stop at his home, Nathan made his way to the train station. The station is not far from his home at all.

The walk to the station was quiet and slow. He walked slowly on purpose, just wanting to fully grasp all of the nature around him. It had never been so beautiful before. Eventually, he got there. Nathan walked the steps of the train station to get to the platform.

The boy took calculated steps. There were only two people at the station besides him. Nathan walked slowly on purpose, as he wanted the other two to pay close attention to him. He wanted them to remember his face. He wanted them to be able to go "I saw him!" when they see him on the news later. The first out of the two to notice him was the man in the suit. Nathan stole many glances at him, confirming his attention.

The man in the suit owned a very serious expression. Nathan assumed that the man had a good job and a very good education. The man seemed so stable, that it filled Nathan with jealousy. Nathan hasn't been stable, in a long long time.

As the young teenager got closer to the end of the platform, the second person noticed him. At first, the elderly lady just stared. For some reason, Nathan felt a sudden urge to smile at her. She returned the gesture, and even added in a little wave. He could only hope she was as nice as she seemed. The world needs as many kind people as it can get.

Without much walking left, he reached the end. Though it was a struggle to get his camera down safely, he managed. He slowly climbed down the ladder to reach down. As his feet reached the ground, he knew it would be a long way to go before he found the right spot. So, his journey continued, and he followed the train tracks.

After so long, he felt like the place he had found was great. Where he stood was so hidden inside the woods, that no one would attempt to "save him". During the journey to his spot, Nathan had avoided many passing trains. It was hard for him to resist the temptation.

He began to set up his camera. It annoyed him that the sunlight would leave a glare so the video would not be perfect. But, he eventually got over it. There was no going back now. Nathan had finally found the solution to all of his problems.

Finally, everything was set up, and the focus was perfect. With a smile, Nathan started recording. "Hey, my name is Nathan." He felt so awkward, that he let out a laugh. "Um, before I begin, I'd like to request something," he licked his lips, nervous, "my final wish is for this to be showed to the whole school." "They need to be reminded of what they have done," he thought. They need to see the damage they did. Nathan refused to leave them off the hook.

"So I guess I should start from the beginning, huh?" He mumbled that part and scratched the back of his neck. "All I did was call Joe out on his bad attitude." Something so small, so simple, led to so much more. "Stupid, right? It's just so stupid it's frustrating," he admitted. "And at first, I didn't blame anyone. They bothered me with little things, so I got it. Like, how could anyone notice?" At first, he really believed it. He hoped that the moment someone noticed they would stop them right away.

Oh, but of course. He was so wrong about that too. "But soon, it wasn't just Joe anymore. And it was no longer just a game of push and shove." The young teen did not receive help when things got worse. Instead, he was given the cold shoulder and pitying glances. "No one ever looked when they picked on me. It was almost as if, if they did look they would be forced to acknowledge the problem." The hatred in his tone was so obvious, it hurt. Nathan had a very serious expression now, and at his sides his fist were bawled up. One thing no one could take from him, was how strong he truly was for putting up with it for so long. Ah, but sadly, he would be gone soon.

"From there, everything just kind of piled up. The whole football team made me their punching bag." It was hard to picture and sad to admit but it was true. "The worst part? It was only the mere start of what was yet to come." That is what really got to him. All of that had only occurred freshman year. He was now a junior, and he would do anything to go back.

"Then the gay rumors began," he took a dramatic pause, "and do you know why it matters if I'm gay or not?" He laughed. "Neither did I, but let's find out!" "You see, through it all, I had one friend. A male friend."

Nathan couldn't help but sigh as all the memories came flooding back. "His name's Michael. Oh, but Mikey stopped being my friend when he heard I might be gay. My theory is that he's in the closet but that's beside the point. I mean, he's the one that kissed me. I'm not, you know? But I didn't care, and he did!" The insults started coming back and it only made Nathan angrier. "Isn't it a bummer that my supposed to be best friend ends up turning on me and begins to pick on me too?" Nathan began to laugh hysterically. "It is, isn't it?"

His eyes started getting watery and Nathan began asking himself where he went wrong. Where did he go wrong? Was it the way he looked? Was it his clothes? Was it really what he said that day? If he could take it back now, he would. But it was all just too late. Nathan sniffled, trying to rub away his tears. "Why am I not over it?" He smacked his own face lightly, trying to force himself to relax. "This was all still just freshman year. Because then sophomore year came around, and they stepped up their game." He shook his head, and scoffed. He just, wasn't over it. He never would be. "They began burning me with cigars," and to prove his point he lifted his sleeve. There, endless marks on his skin where displayed.

"But I could deal with the beatings and the insults because things heal and words go through one ear and out the other. It was fine." Nathan continued with a shaky breath before going on. "But rape is where everyone sane stops!" He yelled, the tears falling down his face. Now, he was straight up bawling. He could not hold in it any longer.

"This year, I'm a junior in high school. As a matter of fact, I'm halfway done. But recently they've decided rape was okay." "They wanted me to become their to and I simply cannot. I refuse!" Nathan screamed with his last breath. His voice had cracked and his tears were unstoppable. He fell on his knees and sobbed.

The idea of it being over soon was comforting. He slowly got up and smiled at the camera. He looked awful. He looked down at his watch and even chuckled.

"Like a bullet through my heart, you all killed me. And everyone knows bullet trains are so fast that even if they saw me, they'd kill me. You all did the same.. The train won't stop and neither did any of you" Nathan waved goodbye, cleaning himself up. The sound of a train could be heard as well as a dim light could be seen. The young boy stepped on the train tracks, awaiting death.

Death came.

The police arrived soon, and they were quick to call it suicide. To Nathan's wish, it was showed to the whole school. His bullies were punished for their actions.

Moral of the story: don't bully, you're hurting someone.