The Dead Do Tell Tales

Chapter One

Alex sat at the bottom of his steps in the basement. He wanted to die. Alex wasn't certain what made him want to do this, he always had a charming happy life full of joy. He was married, had a kid with another on the way. It would be an easy choice to stay, Alex had so many things going for him.

Setting the knife down, Alex felt tears rolling down his cheeks. Alex knew the reason why he wanted to die. His wife of twenty years had gone off and had an affair. It was simple as that. Alex didn't see the point in living anymore. Why hang onto someone who didn't want you? That thought had crossed his mind over the course of the past three weeks.

Now at the bottom of the steps he had a decision to make. Alex took a swig of Fireball Whiskey from the bottle sitting next to him on the step. If he did it right, he wouldn't feel pain.

Alex picked the knife up again. Why did she have to cheat, he wondered. Why did she have to run off with some guy? Alex's hands were shaking. His anxiety was getting the better of him. He forced his arms to stop shaking. Taking the knife, Alex ran it along his forearm.

That's when he heard the sound.

A baby cried.

James! Alex's mind screamed. You forgot about James! You can't kill yourself now, you're all he has!

Alex dropped the knife and ran upstairs to where his infant son was laying in the crib. Alex picked up James and soothed him. The boy quieted down almost immediately. James knew when daddy was around, daddy always had a way of soothing him. Alex sat down in a rocking chair and the two fell asleep. Father and son. A disaster was averted for now.

An hour passed. Alex woke up.

After putting his son back down for a nap, Alex burst into tears. His head in his hands, Alex couldn't control the emotions he was feeling. He was angry, sad, furious, and depressed all at once. Surely this wasn't a way to live. Surely this wasn't a way to die.