Desperate lullaby

It was a rather arduous process: finding somewhere to die. One couldn’t make it too public – it wasn’t an exhibition after all, but at the same time, one doesn’t want it to be so private so as to never be found. Christopher wanted to leave this Godforsaken world, yes, but he did at least want this parents to have his body once he was gone.

He thought about doing it in the lounge but no; it was too public. Besides, his landlady would probably find the body and Chris couldn’t stand the thought of that woman telling his mother that he was gone.

He thought about doing it in his closet but that was too private. His roommates would only start looking for him after a few days, once they woke the hell up or if they needed him to get them some more quality shit from his dealer. Well come to think of it, the smell would alert them to where he was but, if he was honest, he didn’t want to have his body degenerate into a bloated, maggot-ridden sack of decaying meat in the two weeks’ time it would take those fuck-wits to get their heads out of their asses. Or sooner depending on whether they wanted to get high with him or not.

Gregory and Phillip. Upstanding names right? The fortune sons of a banker and a doctor. They were just as big a part of him doing this as the sugar was. After all, they had introduced him to it, offered to teach him how to fly. They’d helped turn his life into the perfect circle of doom that it was and now they wouldn’t look him in the eye anymore. When they left the house that morning, Chris literally could not make it down the stairs without help but even through that haze he could tell they’d given up on him too. Just like his supervisor, just like his parents and just like Chris himself. For now he would take ownership of the one thing his had left. His death.

Of course there was also the question of how he was going to do it. His first thought had been an overdose of prescriptions but that would be too darkly ironic for him and he was always more theatrical than that, why should his death change anything? He bounced back and forth between slitting his wrists and straight-up hanging himself. He liked the latter more, just as long as his throat snapped cleanly, he didn’t like the idea of choking with his neck half broken. Maybe he could just stab himself with a butcher knife or something? He would do an inventory and then decide from there.

Plath once wrote: ’Dying is an art, like everything else. I do it exceptionally well. I do it so it feels like hell. I do it so it feels real. I guess you could say that I’ve a call’.

Well he had a call alright. It was time to make his rendezvous with Death. And he was going to greet the reaper in style. See his death was going to be the kind of excellent that his life should have been. The universe had denied him a good life when it sent the Kramer twins into it, so he sure as fucking hell was going to have a good death. Chris was going make his demise into the motherfucking Sistine Chapel of suicides.

When he was younger, he’d been a stead-fast believer in destiny. ‘Nothing is an accident’ he would say. ‘Everything happens for reason’ he would repeat. Now he wasn’t so sure. The thing was: if everything really happened for a reason then what did that mean for the sufferers? What did that mean for him? The way Chris saw it, there were two ways it could work: either the universe didn’t give a shit about anyone or it was a malevolent entity that uplifted the few and spat on the rest. He didn’t know which one he hated more. Either way Chris was tired of getting spat on by circumstance. The drugs, the debt, the alcohol. None of it came here with him. But it was his baggage now. At least until he quit this stupid game.

It was midnight when Chris started rifling through the drawers, unpacking and repacking them. Looking for signs of anything that could be of use. He laid out everything he found on the kitchen table. A bottle of Jack Black, a chef’s knife, a wine opener, a tie and a letter.

The bottle was still half full. He could always crack it over his head and stab himself? Well he’d finish the damn thing first – one didn’t waste good alcohol - and maybe take a hit of sugar as well to calm his nerves. Actually no. This plan was too messy. The knife could work but it was more of a last resort, in case nothing took his fancy.

The letter was probably the university looking for their money, or one of the Credit Card Companies, or the landlady – actually no, she would just yell in his face for that. He had half a mind to get naked and hang himself from the landlady’s balcony. The Vitruvian man: hanging edition. At least that would be a good ‘fuck you’ to her and her incessant whining.

The tie was his best shot. It was the one thing that still had value to him. Its red and gold stripes had seen him through the best 5 years of his life. And now they would see him through the end of it. It was decided. Now the question went back to where.

Christopher Lowell stood in front of his bedroom mirror and looked at himself. He scarcely needed the thing anymore, his hands worked automatically. Straighten out both sides to the right length, cross the two then loop them around - he didn’t want to end up with a four-in-hand-knot. After a few seconds he landed up exactly where he wanted to be. In front of the mirror with the same Windsor knot around his neck that he had tied for 5 years, the very knot that would end him. What had his father called these? ‘Little nooses’. The irony was too delicious for Chris not to throw his head back and laugh.

As he stood in front of the mirror, he couldn’t stop looking at the tie. The vivacity of the red and gold seemed to make the object come to life. It represented good memories, happier times. The damn thing felt as though it was burning his neck. The proverbial cross placed on a vampire. He wanted so desperately to use it, to allow it to help him enter the blackness that held eternal sleep but he could not. It would not let his eyes go.

Chris turned the tie around his neck, the knot now facing away from him, and tightened it until he could barely breathe. This was his childhood and his adolescence wrapped around his throat, the penance for his adult life thus far. Yet it was that childhood and the purity of the memories associated with it that made him think.

He hadn’t been honest with himself, it wasn’t the Kramers or his parents or the landlady or the universe that he really hated. They didn’t deserve his punishment. They didn’t deserve him wielding his death as a weapon to coerce them into guilt. Well maybe the landlady did - that woman was raving bitch who lived to make his life as miserable as possible. It wasn’t his skin either or his throat, either. Rather it was something deeper, more internal. Something that existed passed the blood, the bones and beyond even the control room of his brain. It was himself. Or whatever part of himself that had allowed his life to go to shit.

He looked in the mirror. He was only 23. He had been old enough to enter the world but young and stupid enough to get himself saddled with a drug addiction, mounting debt, no money to pay that off with and almost no contacts left to help. It was hopeless.

But the tie around his neck reminded him that life had not always been this way and maybe it need not be this way forever. Chris scanned his brain, trying to put that degree to use for once, and after a second found the passage he was looking for: “It’s the theatrical comeback in broad day to the same place, the same face, the same brute amused shout. A miracle! That knocks me out.”

Maybe he would die today. But not in the way that he had intended. He could make this into his theatrical comeback to the same house, the same situation and the same life but be different in himself. He could remake himself. But first the needed help from one last contact.

Christopher rummaged through the house and mustered up some loose change to use the payphone on the next street over.

“Hi. Is Dr. Lowell available?” Chris asked with a stammer. He hoped the person at the other end had heard him correctly. Should he repeat himself?

“Who, may I ask, is calling?” a husky female voice answered

“His son.”

**Notes**

* Insert Sylvia Plath’s poem Tulips with the tie acting as the Tulips. They hurt him. Dragging him back from the prospect of the darkness that is his eternal sleep.
* [Checkout out the Bell Jar – when Esther thinks about doing it but says she has nothing against her skin but the problem is somehow deeper than blood with something lying within herself that she wants to cut out]b
* I have to make Chris realize that he doesn’t really care about his parents or the debt or anything else. In truth he wants to hurt himself, he’s wielding his death as a weapon to punish anyone near him (landlady, the Kramers and God) but he really wants to punish himself.
* Once I finish it, I’m going to kill about 1/3 of it.
* Look up John Green’s Romeo and Juliet video
* Remove the swearing. This story doesn’t need it.