

With the weight of a weapon clenched between my thumb and index finger, I knew I would never have to feel the pain of life again. I felt the world staring at me as I walked the streets with a loaded gun in my front coat pocket. The closer I got to the apartment, the more adrenalin I felt rushing through my veins. I could feel every little stand of hair standing up on the bumps along the side of my arm. Walking through the slums of downtown Richwood, I looked down and kicked the toilet paper from beneath the sole of my combat boots. Considering the fact that this place was like a trash heap to the people who lived there.

I pushed the buzzer along side of the rusty door handle. I could hear the screaming of a woman coming from the third floor, second window of the apartment. Continually after the scream of the woman, came the ferocious yell of a man. I stood back about ten feet and aimed my pistol towards the door handle. "Steady, steady." The shot goes off and the handle fly's right off the door. From the looks of it, therapy with Dr. Carson didn't actually work for me. I got into the elevator and standing next to me was a man. Holding something that looked to me like a paper bag lunch. He looks at my pocket and then looks at my face. I quickly pushed the big red stop button and the elevator came to a halt. I pulled up my gun and put it to his temple.

Surprisingly I felt powerless. The fact that the china man with the squeamishly pale face, stretched skin beneath his eye lids, and hair the color of the winter snow stood their calmly, kind of put fear into me. He wasn't like the others. He wasn't begging for his life, he wasn't offering me money or jewels, he wasn't even moving a muscle. I couldn't let him know that although I had the gun he had all of the power. Looking down at this stumpy man, trying to put fear into him, the first thing I could think of was to yell. I began to yell and scream and holler and the china man still seemed to be unmoved. The china man calmly turned his body in my direction and pushed his skull against the gun.

I stared into this mans eyes while he stared back at mine, no fear burdened him. The

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first time I had ever had a gun point to my head I cried like a little girl. Maybe its because the first person to put a gun to my head was my own father. Ever since then I haven't had much to fear but fear it self. This man kind of reminded me of my father, the deadly stare that shot fear hastily through my body within the blink of an eye. Then paying close attention to my facial expression, which began to show my apprehension, the china man began to smile. The way my father would smile, he knew he had put fear in me and that gave him the satisfaction. I slowly lowered my pistol with caution. Although I had put a pistol to his head he put wisdom in mine. I was at a loss of words; I didn't know what to say. I was just about ready to kill this man five minutes ago, and now I'm not even sure if I want to end my own life anymore. The china man then whispered in my ear, "It's harder to turn back then it is to keep going." he then pulled back the stop button and exited the elevator to go on with his day. I wonder if he will call the cops, try to find me and put a gun to my head, or would he even remember my face.

Turn back now? Its too late to turn back. I'm in the middle of a killing spree with my own name last on the list in bold letters. It's not like it matters if I kill myself. I don't recall any schools, streets, or plaques written in my name. Zion is a highly exalted name to many, unlike me; the life of the disturbed, discouraged, and disoriented. My life is like one of those really big world map puzzles. You get tired of trying to put it together so you just mess it up, break it all apart, and by then you lose hope and never start over.

With all these thoughts rambling around in my head, I reach out my hand and press the button. The button with the number three on it. The third floor, my second victim, the first on my list to die, and what seemed to be my only choice. As the elevator reached the third floor with a "ding" I completely blacked out and every thought in my head came to an automatic halt. The screams I had been hearing from downstairs are no longer echoing through the elongated hall ways of marijuana burning through the dark green paint. I turn to stop in front of a door engraved with the apartment number 3F. In front of the apartment, I can feel the cool air

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of the air conditioner seeping through the cracks in the door. I lean up close to the door and it opens slowly and barely makes a noise. I walk in cautiously with my gun up close to me. I peek around the side of the door and lying on the floor is the body of a woman, the body of an abused wife, the body of my mother.

My heart drops and I instantly run to her with no hesitation. She is drenched with her own blood and tears from the abuse of a malicious man. I can't cry for her, I won't cry for her. She had shed enough tears for the man I had called my father and I won't cry anymore for the likes of him. Slowly around the corner he creeps toward me with bloody knuckles. Proof of the tough love my mother had endured for so many years. I come to my feet and stare into the eyes of the beast who murdered my mother. The man I have resented all of these years, the man I had planned to kill. He acts as if there is nothing wrong, as if there is no reason to be angry, as if the lifeless body of my mother is not lying along side our feet. He challenges me with his eyes as if he is searching for some kind of fear, but he isn't going to find any cause I had no fear left. All the fear I had ever had has turned into anger. All the anger I have has been placed inside the power of a bullet. I took a couple of steps back and pulled my gun to his head. All my anger is about to make a hole through the center of his skull. His eyes opened wide as he questions my motives along with the intentions I have with my pistol. The only person in this world I would die for no longer has a pulse, I had nothing more to live for. I can no longer deal with the mouth of this man called my father through DNA. With no hesitation I pulled the trigger and blood splattered all over the back walls. His body fell to the floor like a ton of bricks. I ended his life within in the blink of an eye. It was definitely too late to turn back now. My life was ruined for good. Good thing a gun shot in this area is like seeing wheel chairs in a hospital. Its like a regular thing, nothing special.

I walked out the door and didn't turn back. I entered the elevator and there was the china man again. It was like déjà vu all over again. I looked down and he's still carrying the

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same paper bag lunch as last time. The china man pushed the big red stop button and the elevator came to a halt. I stared at him while he stared back at me. The china man reached into his paper bag lunch, pulled out a gun, and put it to my head. I was in fear for the second time, only it was a different type of fear this time. This time I was in fear for my life. I went to reach in my pocket for my pistol and it was gone. I remember, I had dropped it on the floor of the apartment after shooting my father. He asked me if I was scared. I responded instantly with a gentle shake of the head “no.” He stared me in the eyes and told me how he had given me a chance to turn back, and with a final bang, just like that he ended my life.