

The young boy slowly lifted his head and looked around him through blood-shot eyes. He sniffled and grunted something like, "It's all your fault."

"Pardon me?" said a woman next to him. Alex slowly turned to her and stared. Again he said, with new anger,

"It's all your fault!"

"What is?" she quietly asked. Alex squinted at her and then stood up, pointing at the passengers, screaming,

"Everyone! Its' all your fault! It's all your fault!" He took a deep breath, then "Its' all your fault my father's dead!" Tears emerged from his eyes. "You all killed him!"

Everyone went silent.

Then Alex grinned.

"Yeah... that's it. *You* did it! You *all* did it to him!" The woman tried calming him down, and got him to sit.

"Tell us your story," she said.

"Story. Yeah, my story." Alex blinked several times, and for once actually seemed to attempt sanity. And like he had told this story so many times before, he began.

"I had it all. I mean, we had it all, my family. My mom, who stayed at home, my dad, the great Dr. Alexander Cadere, and me, Alex Cadere Jr.

Beautiful house, beautiful things, beautiful life. I didn't see my dad too often, though. He was busy. Very busy." He laughed at himself a little, but then got very serious again.

"But when my dad was home, he was the greatest. Not like 'he buys me whatever I want' sort of thing, but, he really loved me sort of thing." Alex paused and looked at his hands. "Really loved me."

"My mom was just awesome. Just the best... Still is the best. Yeah, I had everything. All through elementary school life was the best. Nothing was wrong..."

"Then my dad's practice got busier. I saw him less and less. Mom didn't like it all at. Thing started getting... bad. My parents... argued" His narrowed as if he still couldn't understand it all. "They... they... loved each other! How could they do this? What could possibly come between two people in love?!" He shook his head, and took a deep breath.

"We had a big house. It had everything: a pool, a library, a game room, everything. But there was one place I wasn't allowed: my father's study... About a week ago... my curiosity got the best of me. Heh, you know how it is. You wait until you're home alone to do it, but you still sneak in there, as if someone might still be watching. At first it just looked like any old study: desk, lamps, books, big comfy chair. I knew there had to be something interesting in there. Why else wouldn't I be allowed in? Sure, I saw patient files and paper on the desk, but

what would that mean to me? So I looked in the drawers. Behind random, old papers..." he stopped, breathed, then continued in a shaky voice.

"In the back of the top drawer..." he started to fade out, but started again as if he wished it didn't pain him to say it. "...was a bottle of pills. I -I know it could've been Advil or whatever...but it couldn't have been. Dad never would have kept that in his study; he was too strict about keeping pills in safe places."

Alex looked up at everyone. He could tell that they understood what had been going on. "I had heard it on the news, seen it online... Busy doctors needed to stay awake longer, keep sharp. They were... getting addicted to drugs. My dad..." he choked on his words. "My dad was better than that! He was stronger than that! He knew better!"

"I couldn't look at that bottle anymore, I threw it in the back of the drawer, ran into my room, and didn't come out." His voice was quiet.

Silence.

"What... what was I supposed to do?!" He blurted out. "My dad was a-a drug addict!"

Silence.

"I stayed home from school the next day. I couldn't... function. I just slept in my room. Until around one. Because I heard the front door open. Neither of my parents were supposed to be home, it was only one. Even my mom would've still been out doing errands. I had no idea who it was, so I carefully got out of

bed, locked my door, and listened. I was totally freaked out, but I listened. I heard two voices. One was my father's... the other was a woman's." He blinked a tear out of his eye. Then with sudden anger he firmly stated, "It was not my mother.

No one spoke. No one could. No one needed to. They all just listened to him cry awful tears for what seemed like eternity and return to the sorry state he first appeared in.