

This Is Not a Suicide Note

By the time you read this, I'll have been dead for a day or two depending on the efficiency of the U.S. Postal Service. Don't be sad! I'm happy to go! I've decided to leave this world on a high and in my prime. Like Kurt Cobain and Jimi Hendrix. Bruce and Brandon Lee. River Phoenix and Jesus. Not that I'm comparing. I've made no contribution to society. I've existed. That's what they should put on my gravestone. He existed. I like that. I'm not kidding. I hereby put you in charge of my gravestone. I hereby make you the executor of my last will and testament. I don't want my parents to have control over anything. You've made the last six weeks the happiest of my life and so I'd like you to be in charge. Will you do me that favor? The honor? I know. It's a huge responsibility and you're only 17 years old and you've only recently left the hospital. I know. This is the last thing you need, but I have to do this. Let's make one thing clear. This is not a suicide note. If you want to call it anything, call it a suicide essay. It's too long to be a note. Haha. But seriously I don't understand why it's such a big deal when someone takes their life. Why is life such a big deal? Do dogs spend time worrying about their mortality? Do fish? Why should we be any different? We're animals just like them.

Here's some directions for my funeral. Under no circumstances should it be held in a church. The parents are Methodists. They're not fanatical. But they have no imagination and they don't really know me, so they'll probably try to put me in a church. I'm an atheist and a church is the last place I belong. Here's another reason. Once I went to a kid's funeral. Eric was his name. Jesus Christ, last year the kid got a new Jeep for his 16th birthday. Two days later he was playing chicken with the biggest tree in the city and of course he lost. The preacher was this young guy and he tried to sound like he knew Eric. He said Eric was a student just starting to show his potential and Eric was well-liked by his classmates. Bullshit. Eric was stupid and hated. No one was really sad to see him go. At my funeral, I don't want some preacher telling lies about my life.

On second thought, I don't want a headstone. I want to be cremated. But I don't want my ashes to be stored in some boring-ass urn. I don't want to be put on display like one of my mother's precious knick-knacks. This is what should be done

with my ashes. Other than you, Sasha and Cleo are my only friends. You know Sasha from the hospital. I went to school with Cleo. I'm writing her phone number at the bottom of my essay. Please get in touch with them. Tell them to meet you at the lake. Even as I say lake in my head I'm picturing the majesty of the Pacific Ocean. My brain is cinematic. But the lake will have to do as the ocean is hundreds of miles away. Maybe you guys could go on a road trip. That would be awesome! Like a movie. No, you have things to do, I'm sure. You have a life again. You're all better. We'll make the lake my final resting spot. There's a dock there. Cleo knows it. Go on that dock and spread my ashes over the water. I don't want any eulogies. A few tears are inevitable but I want this to be a celebration! I'm leaving on such a high! Now I can finally rest. I've never been good at resting.

I went to the gun store today. I held a Walther P99 and a Smith and Wesson 45. I really hammed it up for the skinny bubba working the counter. I acted like I knew what I was doing. Really eyeing the guns. Mashing up my face like I was thinking hard about its features. Then I decided to have some fun. I asked the bubba what's the best gun for offing yourself? And of course he looks at me real funny and while the slow-ass gears are working in his tiny brain I pointed the 45 at my temple. Then I put it under my chin. Then I put it all the way in my mouth. I fucking deep-throated the gun. It was classic! You would have loved it! All the while I've got the thoughtful look of a connoisseur on my face. A connoisseur of suicide. Finally this bubba wakes up. You can't do that! he tells me. And he grabs the gun and my spits all over it. How old are you? I need to see some ID he says. You gotta be 21 to be in here. And I'm thinking, what an idiot. I'm 17 and let's be honest. I don't look a day over 15. This bubba's head is on another planet. If I had time, I would report him to the better business bureau.

I don't know why I even went to the gun store. My dad's got a gun. A 38 special tucked in a dresser drawer. I found it years ago. I thought about all this before. It felt almost right. But something held me back. Now it feels a hundred percent right.

Do you remember your last night at the hospital? Of course you do. It was barely a week ago. Sometimes I ask the stupidest questions. If there was some kind of life after death I'd remember that night for all eternity. Why did you care? No

one ever cared that much. The hospital has been pretty much my home since I was 12. I had some people I guess you could call friends. They were lifers like me. And I saw other people build friendships, I guess. But for the most part people stick to themselves in there. It's not like school where everyone latches on to each other for dear life. Everyone's gotta have a group! A clique! Don't leave me stranded! Being crazy is pretty much a solo experience. But you were different. You seemed so normal. Crazies have this force field of crazy all around them. It keeps you from getting too close. But you didn't have that. You were so funny. I laughed my ass off every time you played the thought bubble game. You'd look at Jeremy or Kasey and you'd know what they were thinking. Or at least it seemed that way. Jeremy was always chewing his fingers and you'd say in a goofy voice, funny, they tasted better yesterday. Or Kasey would climb the fucking couch like she was surfing some big wave. Making like she could lose her balance at any moment. Your voice was all breathless. Look at me! After 15 years of trying, I'm standing! But you weren't mean about it. It was comedy. It was a diversion. Besides, everyone loved you. You talked to everyone even the real freaks. The unreachable. Since I'll be dead, I can be real honest with you. Embarrassingly so. I used to get jealous when you talked to the others. I wanted you all to myself. I know it's selfish but it's true. But that last night was special. You spent your last night with me and me only. We didn't sleep in our rooms. We stayed in the community room. They turned off all the lights while we were still on the couch. They didn't see us there. We held hands and you put your head on my shoulder, and I watched the clock wishing I could make time stop. It was just past 4 o'clock when we kissed. 4:04 to be exact. Then you slept for a couple of hours. You fell asleep on my shoulder. But I couldn't. I haven't really slept since. That kiss was like a shot of adrenaline. I've been so high for a week now! I didn't want anything to get in the way so I stopped taking my meds. I got offered a weekend pass and this time I didn't turn it down which brings me to now. The parents will be out tonight. Dinner with friends. Thank god for being alone. So I can do this.

People will want to know why. You can tell them. We've talked about it. I'll put it into words again. When it happens, it feels like I've wandered into black sludge. We've all seen pictures of those oil disasters. Some asshole oil

company has a tanker that crashes near the shore, spilling all that fucking oil. And the wildlife gets caught up in it. I'm like one of those birds. I can't get that sludge off and it starts to suffocate me. That's what it's like. And it'll happen again once I come down from this high. It'll be worse than ever, and I don't think I can take it anymore. I've fooled with the idea that that kiss was some kind of cure. I'll just stay high forever. And maybe just maybe that would happen if you were still around. But you won't be. You can't be. We don't even live in the same city. You have your own life. If this was a romantic comedy, we would find some way to overcome these obstacles. Another confession that don't matter because I'll be dead. I'm a secret fan of the romantic comedy genre. At the end of every one of those movies is the promise that happiness lasts. But if you have any kind of brain at all you know that everything changes. Nothing stays the same. Especially the way you feel. Why did I watch those stupid movies? So I should know that even though I love you now it won't last forever. But god I don't want that to happen which is why I have to do this.

I can do this!

But maybe I'll call you first. I won't tell you anything about the plan. The plan for tonight! You'd just try and talk me out of it. I'll call so I can hear your voice one last time. You were always so sane! Are you sure you were ever crazy? Do you even exist? Sometimes I thought you must be an angel sent to save me. But I know you're human and at one point you were crazy like I am and will be forever unless I take matters into my own hands.

Please be a faithful executor of my last will and testament. I know it's kind of a hassle but I don't think I'm asking for too much. If the parents get in the way, show them this letter. Go to a lawyer if you have to.

This is a terrible way to end an essay. My English teachers said you gotta end with a bang. Actually they didn't say bang. They said you have to end with something memorable. As a writer I'm too scattered and disorganized. And I could never end with a bang. Well, my life is gonna end with a bang! haha Better at suicide than writing!

god I want to hear your voice.