

I sat down on the grass under the maple tree in the back yard. Thunder echoed in the distance all that was left of the big storm that just hit. I looked around me at the damage, trees were on the ground and leaves covered everything. I closed my eyes in despair and threw my hands up, then I lay down on the ground and fell asleep.

When I awoke it was dark. I didn't want to go inside but I did anyway. I noticed my brother passed out in the couch. I missed my parents. They died about a year ago; and we were living in San Francisco then. I was at school and my parents were leaving for N.Y. that night, and I wouldn't see them before they left unless they picked me up at school, so I called my parents to come pick me up. I know it was childish but I *wanted* to see them. On their way there the car malfunctioned and the steering wheel wouldn't cooperate. They drove off of the mountain side. No bodies were found.

My brother, Adam was supposedly old enough to take care of me. Nine months later my brother turned twenty-one. Now he's an alcoholic and won't quit or see anyone about it, and he can't get a job either because he's *never* sober. I'm fifteen and still in public school (provided by the state). I cut class on Mondays and Wednesday to work at the 7/11 to raise enough money to pay for electricity and water because my brother was supposed to raise that money because he's 21 and supposed to be making a pretty good living (that's why the government doesn't pay for electricity and stuff but they did move us into a smaller house in Sacramento)

Sometimes I hate my life so much I just want to end it I feel like there's nothing to live for anymore trust me I've tried suicide but I never go through with it I never know what's stopping me. The most common reason for other people is they still have hope left that things will get better, but that wasn't my reason. I have no hope left for this world. I don't know what my reason is. I've tried drugs, and smoking, but they don't help.

I heard my brother get up and start banging around the kitchen. Ruining my mourning session, I ran to help him, but by the time it took to cross the house my brother was unconscious again on the kitchen floor. I dragged him to the living room so he could lay on the carpet, but I wasn't strong enough to lift him onto the couch. Returning to the thought of suicide, I wondered if maybe this time I wouldn't stop myself, if I tried would I actually do it. It was so tempting the idea of not having to worry about taking care of anybody or never getting caught for the things I've done.

I walked back into my room with new-found enthusiasm I grabbed the rope from under my bed and the ladder from the garage. I laid the rope on the grass and

set up the ladder under the maple tree, grabbed the rope, and headed up the ladder. I was crying as I fixed the rope to the sturdiest branch, not because I didn't want to die, but because I didn't want to survive I was scared that I would stop myself. I fixed the rope around my neck and stood at the top of the ladder for about thirty seconds. I took a deep breath and kicked away the ladder. I fell and was afraid immediately, but the rope tightened and there was no getting away. I cried until I passed out from lack of breath. A few minutes later, I died.

Nobody found me for a day, until my neighbor came over to get our mail for us and saw the strained rope in the tree. He knew about my brother being an alcoholic and knew that Adam wouldn't know so he didn't bother knocking. He just went right into the back yard. My funeral was on the next possible Saturday, but only the preacher showed up (probably because he was being paid for it). My brother went to rehab, he met the love of his life Marie there, and now they live in Denver, Colorado and have three kids Harry, June, and Frankie. My soul enjoys an eternity in hell.