

Lights out

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Choice, it's almost comical the amount of choice we have in our lives. Have you ever stopped to think about the absolute power you hold in your hands every time you walk out your door? Most of us just go through our day to day routine and do our best to stay out of trouble. Some of us make a decision to rob, rape, and murder and not always in that order. At any second, you could change your mind, get up from your office chair, throw your stack of work aside and jump out the window. If you felt so inclined you could grab the nearest woman to you, rip off her clothes and then take her with you when you dive out that window. My point is simple; choice is the only real thing we control in this world, and you always have a choice.

I looked at the light swing back and forth, it's fluorescent bulb flickering in and out of existence. Somehow I was trapped there watching this artificial structure move like a pendulum; I hated that light more than anything else in the world. It would splash color across the room for a second, just for a moment, just long enough to see all the bodies. I tore my gaze away with great difficulty and looked at the brown carpet, how dull and lazy it looked. Only this caused my anger to take hold because I had hoped all that blood would change the carpet somehow; instead it matched the brown color perfectly. I wanted to look at what I had done, I wanted to see the glory of the choices I had made today, but I couldn't, not with that damned light swinging around. I lifted my pistol and ended the god awful flickering that was driving me mad. Well, angrier than I already was at this point.

“Oh, thank god that’s over with, now everything will be OK.” I said out loud believing it to be the truth, even with all the killing I had done I knew everything would be OK. The light shattered against the ground and soon after a crashing sound filled the hallways, the metal piece that held the light had fallen to. With a sigh of relief, I was able to gather my senses and truly get a feel for what was happening all around me. I could see the blue and red lights trading places with the brick walls and a big dust covered window. I could hear the sirens of police cars, fire engines, and of course ambulances that were gathered and waiting for the all clear to start the long day of pronouncing the dead. I even heard someone in the distance on a loud speaker asking me something important. “This is your last chance, place your weapons on the ground and come out with your fingers interlocked behind your head.” It wasn’t a threat I cared for; there was nothing they could do to me, and I was already dead. Well at least I was about to be, another second of pure enjoyment and then I could end it all with a simple gunshot to the head. I didn’t feel guilty for killing so many people, I didn’t even feel happy, what I felt was a sense of peace like I finally was able to make a choice that would change people’s lives. It was funny thinking about my old life and how good I was, how I had dreams, how I wanted nothing more than to help these people. Now I felt nothing but peace looking at their cold dead faces. Faces distorted from fear and pain and even what looked like confusion.

Play time was over. The police would kick in the door any second and would fill this room with tear gas and flash bangs. I would be tackled to the floor, and cold metal handcuffs would be secured painfully and hard. They would never let me see the light of day; I would spend years in a prison cell unless of course some other convict killed me.

Which was likely considering what I had done was considered horrible even to the most deranged criminal mind. That particular path didn't seem too great; I would be beaten and ridiculed, questioned, poked, and prodded. No, the best way to end this perfect day was a bullet to the head, and then no one could ask any questions.

I put my body in a cozy little corner; it was the perfect place to splatter my brains against the nearest wall. A young woman lie there curled in a ball, she had been trying very hard to stay out of my way, only I had seen her earlier and was never going to let her survive. I had savored her for a moment, I wanted her to think I was going to walk right passed her, like I had already forgotten her. Just when I felt her sigh of relief touch the wind, just when she thought she was safe I B lined right back to her and lifted my gun. She never moved from the fetal position; she never broke character and even now she looked hopeful that she would live; only she was cold and dead.

It may have been a waste of time, but I felt the need to move her body out of my corner, this was to be the place of my death and she couldn't share it with me. I kicked at her body she slumped and spread out like a sleeping cat that you're trying to move off your keyboard. I crouched down and pushed against her body using the wall as support, she ended up rolling to a much better position. Now she rested on her face; her neck looked strained and awkward; it looked gruesome and somehow perfect. I took my corner and readied the gun by pressing it against my temple, I wasn't scared I was ready for this, I was prepared for this. Every choice I made up to this point, I already knew things needed to end just like this. I closed my eyes and decided not to waste another second, with a steady squeeze I pulled the trigger.

The cold steel hammer slammed against the weapon and created an audible 'click'

sound, the sound that indicated an empty magazine. I looked at the gun a little lost. I decided to squeeze the trigger again, and again only the same cold click was all I received. True panic was setting in now, and I could envision the approaching police that would drag me away in only mere seconds.

“Impossible, it can’t be there’s no way.” I was trying to convince the brown carpet, the dead bodies, but most importantly I was trying to convince myself that this wasn’t happening. My worst fears were about to be realized, and it didn’t make sense; I accounted for every bullet. I had saved one just for me, just for my exit strategy. Then, I remembered the light that had been driving me crazy, the one that was swinging back and forth. I had shot that light down with my very last bullet, the bullet I had saved to kill myself.

I had one mission left to complete, one thing I had to do before the police chased me down, and the world questioned me until some convict beat me to death. Killing myself without a weapon seemed like it would be a rather difficult task. One idea came to mind, and it just might work, but I had to get past the police. I questioned whether or not anyone had ever slipped the police in this serious of a situation, aside from in the movies of course.

There was one spot I had to reach if I was going to get out of this dead. I heard the police crash through the nearest door, and I ran with sudden ferocity. There is nothing more dangerous than a man who has made the choice to kill himself. Well except one that decided to kill everyone else.

I had one place in mind the rooftop of the school; the fall might be just enough to end it all before the police locked the cuffs on me forever. I dropped my pistol while running

over the dead bodies and blood stains. Hope shined bright and new as the lightbulb had been before all the shooting began.

Up ahead I saw an armed SWAT team just coming into the building, I turned hard to the right and went back the way I came in an effort to avoid them. Suddenly I felt a jolt as an officer tripped my legs and wrestled me to the ground. I struggled and fought against his grip only he was tightly woven around my legs. I thrashed violently trying to break free before more officers arrived and held me forever. I could feel blood dripping from open cuts that had appeared all over, due to the fighting with the officer.

“I won’t go alive, I won’t!” I screamed while reaching down to press my hands into his eyes, or tear off his ears anything to free me. Only my hands touched something that wasn’t human at all, in fact, it was a cord of some kind. I opened my eyes and saw the black cord that had been attached to the lightbulb. Somehow in my effort to escape I had tripped over it and struggled until I was tied up in it. Now knowing what it was I had hope once more. I pulled the cord off and lifted my body away from the pieces of lightbulb that were sticking in my back and arms.

It was at this moment that I looked up and saw that I was surrounded by police and SWAT with nowhere to run.

“Lights out psychopath.” I felt a kick and everything went black. At least this was all my choice I thought before letting the darkness take over.