



## MY S.U.I.C.I.D.E

My name is Bobby Turner and March 4, 2012 was the day I couldn't take life anymore. I lived in Boxville with my mother Olivia, my sister Becky, and my father Brock. Boxville is one of the "ghetto" towns in Alabama. Drugs were easy to get, gangs were everywhere, and there were a couple deaths every month. My mother and father raised me and my sister in a godly home. To be a part of gangs or do drugs was forbidden, we were to be leaders not followers.

My life before high school was perfect except the occasional teasing from my little sister. But then life started to suck, well everything at home was good but I always dreaded going to school. So, let me just say that I wasn't the smartest or coolest boy in the ninth grade and I got bullied every day because of it. It wasn't the entire school that bullied me it was mainly a clique of boys called the Blue Dragons. The leader of the Blue Dragons was Matthew and his side boys were Johnny and David. These boys were the "it boys" they had the best clothes, were tall, and had muscular bodies.

The Blue Dragons were very consistent at bullying me and their favorite time was at lunch, they would take my food and tell me that I could afford to miss a meal or two. My best friend Billy would laugh and agree to whatever they said. I couldn't blame him because my mom had always told me not to let the people picking on me see that it affects me because it would make them want to bully me even more. One day Billy and I were eating lunch outside in the court yard and Matthew came and kicked my tray out my hand. I got up and told them to stop messing with me. I shouldn't have done that because that is the day I found out that my mom is always right.

Matthew started beating me and then David and Johnny jumped in. That is the day that I found out that my best friend wasn't who I thought he was. He ran, not for help but for his own

safety. When I went to the nurse she told me that my nose was broken and I have a black eye. When the nurse called and told my mother it all went downhill from there. My mother came up to the school and talked to the principal about what would happen to the Blue Dragons. Mr. Johnson told her that he couldn't do anything because there were no witnesses.

I was shocked my supposedly best friend wouldn't even say anything to help me. My mom took me home and told me that I didn't have to go to school for a week or until I was feeling a hundred percent better. On my third day out of school Billy came to see me, he said he was sorry and that he didn't know that the bullying me was getting to me because I never said anything to him. I forgave him and said that he needed to help me figure out how to lose weight and fast.

Billy said that his sister Jessica was trying to lose weight for her prom so she just stopped eating. Billy said that Jessica lost three dress sizes in a month by just drinking water and exercising. I had heard a lot about people who did that and they lost weight but got really sick but the risk was worth it. So for the next two weeks I didn't eat and exercised every morning and night. I soon learned that wasn't the best idea. One afternoon in gym class we were playing volleyball and as I was running to get the ball; I passed out.

At one point all I remember is someone saying "we need to get food in him fast and hydrate him." When I finally woke up and came to my senses my mother started yelling at me and asking questions. "Why didn't you eat? Did you know that you could've killed yourself? What were you thinking?" All I said was I didn't want to talk about it. The next day I called Billy over to think of new ways to get the Blue Dragons to leave me alone. With four hours of thinking, eating, and video games we came up with nothing.

When Billy left I told my mom I was ready to go back to school, she didn't like it but said okay. The next day at school I was the laughing topic of the school, all day people were imitating how I passed out. Then came lunch and that meant time to be bullied. That day Johnny didn't go to school so I thought they would be less harsh but I was wrong they took it to the next level. As I was walking to the courtyard David picked me up and put me in a trash can, rolled me to the lunch room, and put me in the freezer.

I screamed for about ten minutes until I just figured that no one could hear me, so I decided to stop and do some thinking. This time did me some justice I had just thought of the best idea. I had remember that my dad heard a noise one night so he got his gun and walking down the stairs he saw a robber. All my dad did was show the robber the gun, he ran and we haven't had a problem since. So my plan was to show the Blue Dragons the gun and they would leave me alone for good. Twenty minutes later the lunch lady opened the door and discovered me.

That night in the shower I planned how I was going to get the gun out my parent's room without them seeing me. I got out the shower and before dinner when everyone was downstairs I went to my parent's room to make sure that I knew exactly where the gun was hidden. After dinner I went to my room as always but this time I stayed up and waited for my parents to fall into a deep sleep. When I say deep sleep I mean snoring and drooling all over the pillow. I peeked my head in about a quarter to twelve and they were knocked out. I walked silently through the door into the bathroom and into the closet. In the closet I moved the plastic dog and there it was. I put the plastic dog back as though it was never moved walked out the bathroom when I noticed my dad turning over.

I slammed to the floor making even more noise and that's when my dad woke up. I quietly crawled back to the closet and waited for my dad to go back to sleep. I was there for like thirty minutes before my dad went back to sleep. Then I went back to my room and put the gun in my back pack and went to sleep. That morning I woke up excited for my day. When I got to school Billy was at his locker I grabbed him and ran to the bathroom.

Slowly I checked each stall to make sure no one was with us then I quickly flashed the gun and put it away. Billy screamed like a dog getting run over making a nearby teacher run into the bathroom. I ran into a stall as Billy just stood there and made up a story telling the teacher he saw a big spider. When the coast was clear I walked out the bathroom as if nothing ever happened.

On my way to class I saw the Blue Dragons pointing and yelling at me, I wanted to do it right then and there but if the teacher would've saw the gun I would've been expelled and maybe even arrested. The way my parents raised me they wouldn't like to hear that and if I couldn't survive at school I know I couldn't survive in jail. The entire class all I could think about was how scared those boys would be when they saw a gun. I couldn't even focus on my class work knowing that I would be known for bringing down the cool boys.

I finally started paying attention when my teacher started telling the class about the assembly that we would be having after lunch. That made a light bulb go off in my head, I would show the Dragons my dad's gun during the transition from lunch to the assembly. The bell rang for lunch and from that point forward all I could do was count down the minutes until I got to see the breathless look on the Blue Dragons face.

Like I was in a different world, Billy had a monologue with himself because I didn't hear a word he said. I mean we got lunch and I didn't even hear the lunch lady ask if I was feeling

better. She was the one who had rescued me from the freezer. With five minutes left in lunch I got anxious and couldn't wait another second. Next thing I know the Blue Dragons, Billy, and I are face to face in the court yard. It felt as if we were in one of those old country movies where everything is in slow motion and then the cowboys both draw their guns and shoot.

The Blue Dragons had looks on their faces like they were ready to beat Billy and I but little did they know I had something else in mind. I know that the tough look on their face would soon change to scared and helpless. I took my backpack off, unzipped it, slowly pulled the gun out and nothing, nothing happened. The Blue Dragons laughed as I pointed the gun at them. Questions started going through my head: Why are they laughing? What do I do next? Do I take off the safety? Do I shoot? But before I could make up my mind Matthew took the gun and pointed it back at me.

Now I wasn't just scared to get hit I was scared for my life. Billy tried to run but he tripped over his shoe string. David went and started beating Billy. Meanwhile Matthew still had the gun pointed at me but I had to help even though Billy wasn't there for me when I was getting beat. Before I could even lay a hand on David, I felt a blow to my head. I turned around and noticed blood on the gun I put my hand on the back of my head when I took it off my hand was red. I couldn't take it anymore this had gone too far now was the time to fight back.

I pulled, closed my eyes, swung, and ended up hitting Matthew in his nose. Happy and shocked I celebrated but to soon the next second Matthew dropped the gun and I was on the floor. Matthew was hitting me in the stomach when Johnny joined in. they started hitting my face over and over again until they saw the excessive amounts of blood. They moved to my chest knocking the wind out of me with every punch. The bell rang and they walked away like nothing even happened.

I turned over and out of the eye I could see with I saw Billy getting up. He looked really pissed. He came over and said "I hate you! If it wasn't for you I wouldn't be here right now, I wouldn't be on my way to the nurse or maybe even the hospital. I hope your life gets better but make sure you leave me out of it." Then he hit me and kicked me in my stomach, I guessed I deserved it. I just laid there in the court yard so many thoughts and emotions were running through my head.

I didn't get up and not because I was physically hurt but emotionally hurt. That's when the thoughts started rolling. Why did God make me? Why was I hated so much? Who cares about me? Is this life really worth living anymore? I contemplated for a couple of minutes and came to the conclusion that the answer to my last question was simply NO! This was not the life that I wanted to live so at this point and time I knew what my next step was. I found the strength to get up, put the gun back in my backpack and went into the school. Everyone was already in the gym for the assembly; I walked by and went to the bathroom.

I looked in the mirror and didn't even recognize myself. Both of my eyes were black, my nose was bleeding, one of my teeth were missing, and I had a big gash in the back of my head from where Matthew hit me with the gun. I tried wiping off my face the best I could without it hurting. I went in a stall sat on the toilet a decided that it was the time to write my suicide note.

Dear Everyone,

If you hadn't known I have been bullied for the past year by multiple people. I would go to school and people would make fun of my weight, then I would go home and my little sister would make snide comments. I just don't understand why me, like I was never mean or rude to anybody so why was I the one being made fun of. All I wanted to do was have a good day and

being at school that never happened. I have been bullied emotionally and physically. I have been beat up almost every day, put in a trash can, and put in the lunch room freezer.

I would go home and cry myself to sleep not knowing what the next day would bring. My mom would always tell me to keep my head up and to think positive. Well that was a bunch of bull crap, mom if you read this that was the worse advice you could've given me. You knew about this I didn't tell you everything but you knew that I was being physically abused you should've done anything you could've to stop it. You not taking action made me feel as if you didn't care and didn't love me.

Mom and dad don't take this in a bad way but thank you for nothing now I will be in a better place. I have and always will love you; I wish you all the best without me. Becky you were the best little sister when you weren't making fun of me. I hope you don't do that at school because it could drive them to where I am now. To the teachers, principals, and nurse, you all knew what was going on and you just pushed it to the side. I mean that is the worse part about the bullying not the fact that I get talked about or hit or punched it's the fact that no one ever did anything to stop it or have consequences for those boys.

The boys that bullied me and did all the things that I listed are Matthew Thomas, David Welch, and Johnny Boyd. To you boys I would like to thank you for making my life a living hell. You did more than bully me you tortured me. Today you beat me to the point where I looked in the mirror and couldn't recognize myself. I just can't take it anymore. I am sick and tired of being beat once or twice a day. I hope that all three of you rot in hell.

To everyone else please stop the bullying if you see it tell someone and be consistent about it. Don't think that you are going to be a snitch think that you are saving someone pain and



maybe from hurting themselves. I hope this will make someone take drastic measures and stop bullying. I tell you I am not the only one help the others so they won't end up where I am.

Love, Bobby Turner

I grabbed my backpack walked out the bathroom with the letter in my hand and started my journey to the gym. When I got to the door I saw that a skit was going on. This was perfect it would just look like I am a part of the skit and no one would try to take me to sit down. I slowly walked to the middle of the gym took off my backpack, placed it on the floor, put the letter in my back pack, and took out the gun..... Bang! I shot myself in the head; I didn't die instantly but soon enough. I could hear screaming but it kept getting faint until I was dead.

It didn't hurt it was quick and painless like your little sister pinching you. My spirit left my body and at this point I could see myself laying there dead with a puddle of blood around my head. The gym was total chaos. Teachers were trying to get the students out in an orderly fashion but they failed. Everyone was just running and screaming like they were the ones being shot at. While teachers were trying to evacuate the students the school nurse and principal were standing over me.

The nurse was on the phone with the police and paramedics and the principal was on the phone with my mom. They finally evacuated the gym once the police arrived with help. The ambulance and my mom pulled up at the same time. At this point seeing my mother's face made me wish that I had said goodbye first. The look on her face as she was running into the school was unexplainable. You could tell that she felt that her life was over just because my life was.

She slowed down as she got to the gym door not knowing what she would be walking into. The police officer at the door took my mom's arm and walked her to where I was laid in the middle of the floor. She fell to her knees crying screaming "Why would he ever do this? He had

a good life.” She picked up my head and started cradling me. She said she loved me and was sorry that she didn't talk to me more.

That’s when she looked over near my backpack and noticed the suicide note. She gently laid my head back on the floor, wiped the blood from her hands on her dress, picked up the note and started to read. While reading she started crying again, she put her head in her lap and then passed out. She woke up as they were putting me on the stretcher. She was yelling at the top of her lungs “don’t take him.” She nearly jumped on the stretcher.

The police offered to drive her to the hospital but she first had to go and break the news to the family. On her way home she called and told my father they planned to call a family meeting during dinner to break the news to my sister. At home around the dinner table they ate. Becky was asking where I was. She made a comment saying “What happened did he get beat up again and have to go to the hospital?” My mother started crying then she started going off.

She said “See Becky because of people like you your brother isn’t here. Today at school during an assembly Bobby shot himself and committed suicide. He was being bullied at school and just couldn’t take it anymore.” My sister told my mom that she shouldn’t joke about things like that. My mom took out the blood splattered note from her pocket and gave it to Becky to read.

When Becky was done she quietly got up from the table went to her room and slammed her door. Shortly after my parents heard big booms and bangs coming from Becky's room. They ran to her room when they opened her door they saw her sitting on the floor in tears. My mom and dad sat there comforting her. After a couple minutes Becky says “I want to see him.” My parents tell her that it wouldn’t be a pretty sight but she says she didn't care. They get into the

car and drove an hour to the hospital. While in the waiting room my mom apologizes to Becky about yelling at her.

One of the doctors came out the room I was in and went to my parents. He had told them that it would be about another hour for them to finish the examination and clean my body. When my mom heard that she once again realized that this was real, she busted into tears and fainted again. Seeing my mom lay there as if she was breathless made me realize what she felt when she saw me laying on that gym floor. Now I felt bad, now I felt guilty, and now is when I realized that they really did care.

A doctor came and took my mom to a room. I had to do something but how. The questions started rolling: what could I do? Why was I still here? Why could I still see all of these things? Why wasn't I in heaven yet? What is my purpose? That's when it hit me, like it literally hit me. There was a little girl who had thrown a ball and it hit me. I was confused because I thought that I was like a ghost or a spirit so it wouldn't hurt and it would just pass right through me. She grabbed her ball and apologized for hitting me, nobody else heard her. I must have had a puzzled look on my face because she said "I was just like you confused about why I was still here but you will soon figure it out, I will help you."

She started telling me her story "my name is Ashlee and I was eleven when my seventeen year old sister rapped me. She told me that if I ever told anyone that she would kill me. I was scared so I always kept my mouth shut. Then about three months later she started doing it about once a week and while she would do it she would hit and punch me. I went to school and told my counselor because I couldn't keep it in any longer. I trusted her when she said that she wouldn't say anything to my mom but the trust was soon broken."

“When I got home my mother was sitting on the couch with a belt in her hand. I was thinking oh yeah she is about to beat all hell out of my sister when she walks through that door. I was wrong the belt was for me she starting yelling saying that lying like that could get my sister arrested and could really hurt the family then she beat me until I bled. When I went to my room I took the scissors sitting on my craft table, slit my throat, and laid upside down on my bed to make sure the blood would run faster.”

“I was like you, still here wondering why but what I saw told me what I had to do. My sister wasn’t just doing this to me she was rapping other little girls. So I figured that I could influence people not by taking over their body but by making them think certain things.” She went on to tell me that we could influence people and to think about what I wanted my suicide to accomplish. She left and said that she would come back later. When I went back to my waiting room my mom was back and looking better than God. About ten minutes later the doctor came back out and said that my family could have their time with me before they take me to the funeral home.

My mom said that she was going to stay in the waiting room because she couldn’t do it. My sister went into the room and busted into tears she looked at my dad and said “he looks so pale, was he sick?” my dad explains that happens when a person dies. They take a few minutes, my dad says a prayer and they leave. The next day they had my funeral everyone from school showed up except the Blue Dragons. That’s when Ashlee came back she asked me to come with her. She took me to the neighborhood next to mine and there were the Blue Dragons bullying someone.

There were parents there not doing anything and even at one point encouraging them. That’s when it hit me I wanted to make an organization for people who got bullied and families

who lost a love one from being bullied. But how who could I influence to do this. I thought and the best person was my sister yes she was young but she was powerful. So Ashlee and I went back to my funeral and everyone was crying. When it was over I tried to influence my sister with something small so I knew how it worked. I put a thought in her head to pick up a flower and she did after thinking for a minute.

They left and went home but I stayed thinking of a plan about how I would do this and what I wanted “this” to actually be. But then I realized that all I could do was put the thought in my sister’s head and it was up to her what she was going to do with it. When I got home my sister was sitting on my bed looking at some pictures of us from last summer at the beach. My mom walks in and Becky starts to cry. She says that she had been bullying some girl at school for having bad acne. Now was the perfect time, I put the thought of doing something to stop bullying in my sister head. After she was done crying a light bulb went off in her head.

She said “mom I want to do something to stop bullying, something that will make an impact in this community.” My mom then hit a low blow and told my sister that she can’t do anything to stop bullying until she stops being a bully. Becky ran to her room and never came out for the rest of the night. The next morning Ashlee came to see me; she brought a game that she liked to play called “The End”. She explained that the game was based on people who had did things that made them end up dead or in jail, who wish they could go back and change things.

At first I didn’t want to play the game because I thought that it was going to make me regret killing myself more than I already did. We started playing and the game was nothing like I expected, it was funny not sad. I was a guy who was in jail for killing a lady who had raped me when I was young. The first choices that I had to change was push her down stairs, completely

avoid her and go to clown school in Oklahoma, or show her my fist and say I will hurt you then run. I won the game because I completely changed my fate and Ashlee loses because she still ended up in jail. The game had taken my mind off of regretting killing myself but after it made me think that there were many ways that I could have changed my fate.

After the game she told me that she finally found out why she was still here and that her mission was done. She said “my sister rapped this girl almost to the point where she could’ve died; while she was in the hospital I went to visit her and buy surprise she could see me. I told her my story and she began to cry and she told me that she didn’t want to tell the police what happened but I convinced her and they arrested my sister. Then yesterday at her court appearance she broke down and confessed about every girl she had rapped or had sex with including me. The look on my mother’s face was priceless and she told my sister that she hope that she burns to death in hell. That’s what I was here for to help send my sister to jail and even better the girl started a group for all girls under the age of twenty that had been rapped.”

I was amazed at the impact that a dead person could make. Ashlee wished me good luck and that she would be waiting for me on the other side. She left and I felt alone now like I didn’t have anyone. I just sat there thinking wondering what it is that I would do next how would I get someone to make a change so I could leave this earth and go to heaven. I knew only one thing and that was that my sister was the one to make the change and set me free. I went to her school to find her and put another thought into her head but I didn’t have to.

When I got to her school she was apologizing to the people she had bullied making it known that she was changing. She then went to her counselor telling her my story and how she felt that part of it were her fault. The counselor, Mrs. Jacobs, told her that it wasn’t her fault and that she shouldn’t blame herself. Becky then does something that I was hoping for she says “Mrs.

Jacobs I want to make up a program to help people who have been bullied or were bullied at once. Before my brother killed himself I was a bully and I did talk about him that's why I feel so guilty. I want to do something for those families of the people who have had people who committed suicide or tried from bullying. Last night I came up with the name of the organization it would be called My S.U.I.C.I.D.E. Mrs. Jacobs said "I love this idea and I will help you behind whatever it is that you would like to do. Tonight go home and make flyers to hand out and think more about what you want it to be."

That night Becky still didn't talk to my parents she went straight to her room and started on the flyers. The flyers said My S.U.I.C.I.D.E the new found group dedicated to my brother for those who have lost a love one due to being bullied. Printing the copies she had an even better idea, why not make this a school wide project and have a fundraiser to fund the organization. She took it up with Mrs. Jacobs and the next day they had an assembly.

Becky was nervous standing in front of 500 kids and teachers. But she did an awesome job she read my suicide note everyone cried and when she asked for people to help fund and start the organization everyone stood up and at that time she noticed my parents in the back. This was when I finally understood what Ashlee meant, I could only put the idea in someone's head and it was them who decided what to do with it. I am glad my sister was the one to do this for me and now I am finally free, I can pass through the gate way to heaven.

Now from heaven I look below to see how the organization is helping people. I am still sorry that I killed myself because it hurt my family more that it hurt me but I am glad because now my story is used to help many people who thought about committing suicide or a family of someone who did. I am dead but my story will forever live on!

