

Deciding to kill yourself, some think, is a very hard decision. But in truth, it's easy because it is the simplest solution. Some people go with the plan of jumping off a bridge, others the shooting yourself in the head. He was deciding whether or not he wanted to take a bunch of sleeping pills or cut his wrist and bleed to death.

Going in your sleep sounds so nice. But he wants to feel pain. Cutting makes you suffer to the end. He debates this as he is writing a letter to everyone. He would type it up, email it to everyone, and by the time they get it he would be dead. He had everything planned out, he just had to go through with it.

He doesn't know when he started to feel sad. He thinks he always felt this way because he can't remember when he felt happy. He wrote songs to take his mind off of everything. The guys thought of him as the daddy of the group. None of them noticed the cut marks on daddy's feet. No one asked why daddy always wore socks. He got away with saying he had a blister on his foot because when he cut so much his foot would ached for days. He'd just switch to the other one.

The first time he thought of killing himself was when the baby started to make his own album. He was very happy for the baby but he began to feel like everything was going to end very soon because of the baby. And it did, very fast. The group's new album was being pushed farther and father past their original 'start to work on it' date. He wrote and wrote, papers piling up in his recording studio of all the songs he made. They got more and more hate-filled and more disturbing.

He made his decision to die the day before he started to write his letter to everyone. He was staring at his scarred feet and watched his toes twitch. He looks up into the mirror and sees tears running down his face. He doesn't feel it. He knew he was completely numb then. Nothing could keep him going like a robot anymore.

His letter was a few pages long. He edited it several times before typing it up and pasting it

onto an email. One to the father of a baby girl, one to the solo artist, one to the insane alcoholic, and one to the only one who knows of his secret. It was an accident of course, but he had to put lotion on his scarred feet sooner or later. Simple process – put lotion into hand, rub hands together, massage feet till lotion is invisible to the eye. A gasp and he looked up, seeing those green eyes staring in horror at his feet.

Why didn't he ever talk to him about it? Maybe he hoped that it was from something else and not a razor blade. Whatever the reason, he knew that the green eyes would be sobbing once this letter was read and he'd feel guilty, maybe kill himself too. The insane man would probably read the letter and drink himself to death. Baby daddy would become angry and maybe end up abusing his wife and child. The solo artist would write songs dedicated to him and go on with his perfect life forgetting all about his former friend.

He sits at his computer and waits about ten minutes before clicking the send button. He leaves his computer on so when they found him they could go through his computer to find something that would make them feel less guilty. He walks slowly into the kitchen, eats a container of his favorite ice cream for a half an hour, goes into the bathroom, takes a nice pee, takes a nice poop, wipes himself clean, stares at his face in the mirror, grabs the bottle of pills, fills a glass full of water, walks down the hall to his room, sits down on his bed, dumps a handful of pills into his hand, throws them into his mouth, drinks half of the water, dumps another handful of pills into his hand, throws them in his mouth, drinks the rest of the water, drops the pill bottle, slowly gets under the sheets of his bed, and waits-

"JC!" He hears his voice coming from somewhere far away. He struggles to open his eyes and finds the voice is right there above him. It was the baby solo artist. It was too late now. "JC DON'T LEAVE ME!" It was a whisper to him. His eyes fall shut. "Hello, 9-1-1? Yes, I need an ambulance right away. My friend just took a lot of sleeping pills..." He doesn't hear anything else, but the last thing he feels is a kiss. His last thought is if the tears are his...

**TA-DA!**