

**BAND
AIDS
FOR THE
DEAD**

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SAVIOR





he night is dark and dangerous like a graveyard no one visits any more.

I'm sitting on my unmade bed in my room, thinking. Somewhere there are noises, but they are far away and faint. A feeble glow emanates from my bedside lamp. I'm staring at the floor without really seeing anything. My attention is focused elsewhere. I remain motionless to see whether it will happen again.

THERE ...

It feels as if there is someone else inside my body. His hands are my hands. His feet are my feet. His head is inside my head. I feel him moving. Slowly. First to one side, and then the other. Only slightly, but enough to let me know that he's here.

Suddenly I sense him standing behind me. He is groaning. His strong hands are heavy on my shoulders. They move down my upper arms, down to my chest ... slowly ...



Unexpectedly, his hands grasp each other tightly. His arms lock around me. I want to stop him, but I can't move. He squeezes the air from my lungs. For a while I remain seated like this, until it feels as though I'm going to flatline. My body goes cold and limp. He keeps tightening his grip. I try to free myself. I try to feel something. But it's no use.

I stay as I am, leaning forward slightly, and try not to panic. "It's okay, it's okay," I tell myself in a rasping voice.

Tasting blood in my mouth, I swallow it. I know the grip will slacken in time. Not by much, but soon I will be able to move again. Until then I just have to wait.

"Stay calm!" I whisper to myself. "You should know this feeling by now."

Soon the sadness will come. I try to remember a time when I didn't feel this broken. I know there were times like that, there had to have been, but I struggle to remember them. Was there ever a time when I was happy?

Images from school flash by. Kids' faces. They are looking at me as if my soul is hanging out. The clever freak. The weirdo, the screwball. That's me.

At last the grip on my body relaxes. Air gushes into my lungs, burning my throat. Slowly I sit up and try to get a hold on reality again. I look towards the open door. My dad is sleeping now. His storm of earlier has subsided. Tonight I got away with only a punch in the eye.

You were lucky this time, Dad. Next time I'll beat the shit out of you.

Next time?

I forgot.

There won't be a next time.

Suddenly I stiffen. Is that someone moving around in the house? Maybe my dad, or my brother? No, it's quiet again.

I get up and head over to the open window. A light breeze stirs the torn lace curtains. It reminds me of the movements I felt stirring inside me just moments ago. The movements of the darkness. Or maybe my soul? Ha, my soul. Whatever that means – I know mine has been sanded too thin.

And that's why I'm going to do what I'm going to do.

Tomorrow everything will change. For me it will be the end. For many people at school as well.

Tomorrow I'm taking a pistol to school.

I've had enough. I know what I have to do, and I'm going to do it. No one's going to stop me.

From now on I'm taking control of my life. I will make the decisions, full stop.

This is my last evening ever. I don't need to sleep.

Tonight I'm going to say fare-fucking-well to everything and start the countdown to the hour of doom.

I'm expecting something incredible when I pull the trigger. It will be like a massive fireworks display with sparks spraying over the darkness.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

And, likewise, the blood will spray the school walls.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

I'm expecting unknown horror in the kids' eyes, then I'll watch their petrified souls drain from those very same eyes.

It's going to be awesome. I just know that.

Awesome.

