

Restless Swans

By : ReneRSalmon

Timthony is a boy who is being bullied by some people and he's quite sick of it. He begins talking to this girl in order to get away from his problems.



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i;½

I was inside my car on day, sitting in the back, waiting for the day to pass, so the night, cool and soothing, would come about decently.

i;½ I was on the run you see, from a crime most people now-a-days;½ would call stupid and rather ill thought out for someone like myself, a straight-A student at Jasmine High, the north side school of the city Winchester's Peak. The city was likely named that, because of the high cliffs and mountains that toward the north of the city. Not really a humble settling, but it was home. This man, named Jameson Winchester, founded the city as a gold-mining settlement back in the seventeenth century. Now enough talk about that, let's get back on subject. The crime was committed was rather simple and fast, dangerous yet satisfying.

i;½ How could a boy, at the age of sixteen, murder oh, so easily. Well, that is a question i needed an answer to, but in time, I shall receive the answer by looking over my past. Let's begin, shall we?

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i;½ It all began two weeks ago, when I was in band class, enjoying myself by playing a song that I had been composing for about a week now, called A Jasmine's Glow. It was a gentle composition on my silver lined, black painted flute with valves of gold that flowed like watery lullaby, in a river, soothing and relaxing.

i;½ Yeah, I know, to most, the flute is only supposed to be played by women, who are kind and gentle, not a man, who is rough and doesn't care about most of the things he does. Well, in my opinion, I love this instrument. It's a beautiful piece of work that gives off essence of majestic melody. The flute I'm playing belonged to my ancestors, going back to the time of the crusades. Engraved on the side of the flute reads In Nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti: In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. My ancestors were assassins in the crusades, working for the Church, and apparently severing the word of God.

Everyone in my family is a Christian; all of them except me. I never really believed in any of that. I always found it to be completely unrealistic. I have my reasons for not believing in God; it's a long and painful story. I don't feel like telling you about it, not yet at least.

As I sat there on my red plastic chair, writing the last few notes of the song I had been composing, everyone else had been talking about random things. I was the only one who likes to compose music. The voices of kids were talking about their boyfriends or girlfriends, football games and home problems. It was rather interesting

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what you can find out from just listening in on what people have to say.

Let me tell you a little more about myself. My name is Timothy James Carter, but most people have taken the liberty to call me Timmy. I didn't mind it, because my mother called me that for most of my life, which is fine by me. Most people don't even realize that my name is Timothy, but then again no one asks. I never liked it. It sounds too classy to me; then again my family is very classy, although we never had money to show it.

I remember how my mom used to come home late from work to be able to pay off the mortgage payment on her, well, our house. She ran two jobs, having a shift for the morning and night, so I never really got to see her, because she always got home around two o'clock in the morning. I did hate that. I had no one to talk to, so all there was left to do was do my homework or compose music.

As I walked from the band hall, I swept my long hair out of my face that kept being blown over my eyes, due to the wind. I adjusted my hair to my liking, and then fixed it so that it didn't fall over my eyes.

I walked down the halls of Jasmine High's Astronomy Hall, searching for my last period class of Astrophysics. It was a decent class, but not really my thing. Although, it was very fascinating; the pictures of outside material that floated along in space.

It was all very interesting to learn, but as I sat there watching $\frac{1}{2}$ my teacher explain the planets, I just began to stare at the pictures of the wall, dazing off into thought of why I'm here at school just wondering if any of this matters.

Dreams and visions came to me why all of the worthless causes of what people call an education. I really didn't see why I'll need certain skills like algebra and calculus. It's not like it benefit me in my music career.

A paper ball fell on my desk. I looked, and examined it carefully, knowing who it was from almost instantly. A person named Andy Garcia, some guy who always picks on me, recently, for some reason. It's like that I'm his favorite of all guys to pick on. "Hey, Timmy, why don't you look at me you little prick?" Andy said, cockily, as usual.

"Why should?" I questioned rather upset and sick of the bullying. "Your sight isn't worth my memory."

"What did you say, punk." Andy walked over to me and bent over right in front of me. I could smell his bad aftershave that radiated off his horribly shaven neck. His short spiky hair, all messy and completely torn apart from the last time he had tried to pick on me. I had it and attacked him with a pair of scissors, but shockingly, I was caught, but knowing Andy Garcia, he's as stubborn as a donkey getting orders from a new owner.

"You heard me," I replied emotionless in my tone. Where's the teacher, I thought inside my head. "I don't have to repeat myself."

I hate it when people try to push me around. I'm pretty strong for being five-eight in height. I'm not scared of getting into a fight, it just that Andy Garcia play dirty, most likely has a blade on him. I would've squared him off then and there, but his buddies, Cal and Sam, were behind us; their essence reeking off stupidity and pathetic rage. Knowing them, they'll grab me from behind while Andy starts going at me from the front, like before, too many times to count.

They've pushed me around to many times, and I've had it with them. Next time will be the end of them, and I mean it. As I stood up, I kept eye contact with Andy, looking straight into his brown eyes, filled with hate and anger, with my electric, cold green, sapphire eyes, radiating with bloodshed and terror. I was ready for it, and I wasn't going to back down, not anymore.

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"Hey," a voice, from the right side of us, said in tone of fear and nervousness. "Timmy, can you come here, and help me with my assignment." So happens, the voice was coming from a girl by the name of Elisabeth Marie Patterson, a young lady of high-class standards. Though she was all classy, she did not let her status get in the way of her relationships with people. Elisabeth never took anything for granted and was always grateful for what she had or received.

As I replied, "Yes, I'll be there in a second." I remembered who she really was. One of the most popular girls in our school, of course not at the time food chain, as some say now-a-days, was trying to get my attention. I don't mind helping her; it wasn't a problem at all, but the thing was that most people would find this a very strange move for a girl of popularity like Elisabeth.

"I'll deal with you later, pucker," Andy whispered in my ear, as I passed him.

"Agreed," I whispered back.

I walked along the back of the rows of desks, heading over to Elisabeth. She waited patiently for me to arrive. She smiled and asked. "How do you do this problem?"

Other than me being mesmerized by her beautiful hazel-green eyes, that came with a set of long, well kept eyelashes, so long they touched the bottom of her eyebrow, I explained how to calculate the trajectory of a meteorite heading towards the Earth at 2900m/s from a 2.68×10^6 miles away from the planet, to originate with the time it would take for impact.

"Wow, how are you so smart if you don't pay attention in class?" Elisabeth asked me after I help her with some more problems that she was having trouble with.

"Well, honestly, I'm not that smart; I just have good memory of what the teacher says occasionally." I replied, not as rude sounding.

"So why don't you pay attention?"

"Well, honestly, I don't care about school that much."

"Oh," Elisabeth replied, kind of confused at the response I gave her. "I'm surprised."

"Well, you don't have to tell me that," I smiled. "I can tell."

"You're very observant." She chuckled. "Sit down, please."

I sat in the desk in front of her, facing Elisabeth. I really wasn't sure why she was talking to me so suddenly. I've never even spoken to this girl, who was smiling away as if she hit gold, but yet her grin was warm and sweet.

"So what's up with your life?" Elisabeth asked, breaking my thoughts.

"Nothing really," I replied, wondering why she asked me that. "Why you ask?" I asked, trying not to sound all that rude.

"I'm just trying to keep the conversation going. Can I ask you something?"

"Sure, I see why not."

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Elisabeth looked around, probably to check if anyone was watching. "What's up with that Andy guy, always picking on you?"

"Don't know," I replied coolly. "I would've squared him off then and there, but knowing his friends, they would've got me from behind and beaten the crud out of me." I said this low to the point of a whisper. I didn't want to start anymore conflict between us.

"Personally, I don't like fights. It scares me when I see some people going at it." Elisabeth's voice was shaky. "I mean, seriously, you haven't done anything to them, so I don't see the reason why they keep on torturing you like that."

"Don't know why, but I've had it with them. Next chance I get, I'm not holding back."

"Don't be like them, please," Elisabeth said, lowly. "It won't help at all. It's not worth your time to be dealing with them. Just come and talk to me when ever they start trying to pick on you again, ok?" She seems really serious for some reason. Why would a girl like her care about a 'nobody' like me?

That last statement did get me thinking. Why does she even care about me? I continued to think on the repeated question. It's not like I'm some guy to die for. I'm just some random guy who is only dust in the wind, driven with and by rage, and jealousy, sorrow, and agony, nothing more, nothing less. Why is this girl so worried about me getting into a fight? I don't even know her.

"If you so wish," I replied, sympathetically.

"Good," Elisabeth chuckled and tapped my shoulder with her little fist. "Besides, you're not a bad kid, and know where you're coming from. I'd be really upset if someone would pick on me too. Hey, if I were to tell you that I was never this popular, would you believe me?"

"Maybe," I replied, thoughtfully. "I don't know why you'd lie to me."

"Well, it's true. I was never this popular. I was always a shy person before I entered high school."

"Oh, wow, why so?"

"I don't know honestly. I never really liked talking to people that much, but then again I never liked being alone. I was too busy with my studies, as well, for friends, I guess you can say."

"That's interesting. So why are you talking to me if you don't like to talk to people, no offense."

"Simple, Timmy," Elisabeth chuckled. "I've changed my ways. I'm more outgoing now."

"Oh, of course."

"You speak differently from the others."

"Oh, how else would you like me to speak? Does it bother you?"

"No. It's just that your way of talking is different than other people. I've never heard anyone talk like you before."

"How is that, if you don't mind me asking?"

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"Well, for example, you just asked 'How so?' instead of just asking how? Do you get what I mean?"

"Of course, it's actually quite simple to comprehend what you mean."

Elisabeth chuckled. "You sound so smart."

"I'm really all that smart. I just have a high form of vocabulary. I was brought up that way."

"I wish my parents would've done that with me. I want to be smart now and have a 'high form of vocabulary'."

We laughed. It was nice that I was talking to someone like Elisabeth. She seems like a pretty nice girl to talk to.

The bell rang for school's release from today's classes. "Well, it's been nice talk to you," I said to Elisabeth. "I need to be getting home, lots of things to do."

"Why don't you walk me to my car?" Elisabeth smiled standing and slinging her bag over her shoulder. I noticed the way she moves is like water; so majestic, and free.

"Sure," I replied, putting on my backpack, not too fast or slow, but just at the right speed. I didn't want her thinking that I was nervous or anything.

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As we walked through the crowded halls, filled with students, eager of heading home for dinner or after school activities, it was rather difficult to walk through the hallways; I guess you can refer to it as walking through Jell-O. Elisabeth and I turned left towards the staircases.

"So, Elisabeth, what are you doing after school," I asked as we stepped down the student-ocean filled stairway.

"Call me Lisa," she replied faintly. The noise had been drowning out her voice out. "I never like Elisabeth. It's too classy if you ask me. Oh yeah, I'm just going home. I need to baby-sit."

"Oh, cool," I replied back.

"And you?"

"I'm just going home as well. I'm most likely just going to stay there in boredom."

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We exited the building a few minutes later, after weaving and dodging traffic in the hallways. The parking wasn't filled with as much students as I thought it would, having walked through an entire ocean of them.

"So, I guess, I'll see you tomorrow," Lisa said, as she entered her car, which I have to give her credit for. It was a Mercedes Benz; not classy at all. I wasn't sure what model it was, but I guess it was some extremely expensive type.

"Yeah, I see why not," I replied, smiling.

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"Cool, that's a date. See you, Timmy." Lisa drove off into the sun.

I felt pretty good that I was talking to this girl. I didn't feel alone for the first time. Now you maybe wondering; don't I have any friends? Well, of course, but only two, maybe three, depending on the third one's mood, but I'll introduce them later when you meet them.

Chapter 2

Chapter Two

As I drove down the sun-setting covered road, the quietness of my surrounding drowned me out into an abyss of nothing. Everything is meaningless, but your mind will make it have a meaning, because that is how our brains are programmed to be. They are, and were, designed to make a meaning for everything; weather is good, bad or carelessness of the object or subject, etc, because if not, we'd go insane.

The sun setting behind glared at me through the rear-view mirror. It stung with an annoying sensation of pain at the corner of my eye. Though it was beautiful to see, I never really understood why people didn't appreciate the world anymore. People were always destroying the world, and I know that there was nothing I could do to stop it, simply because where there is good, there is bad. It always has been that way since this world was inhabitable.

I entered the driveway of the apartments, where we lived at the time. It was a shabby place with a small swing set at the center of the courtyard that would sometimes flood with snow in the winter time. I parked and got out of my car, which was just a regular Mustang, then gloomily walked out the stairs to the door.

I slipped the key of my home, and turned it to unlock the door. I sighed before walking in. The sorrowful scent of cigarette smoke hung in the air, entering my lungs, causing me to cough ever so slightly. A few beer cans laid on the floor, along with papers, pill, and all a-sorted forms of drugged, prescribed for my mother's depression and anxiety.

Everything was a mess in here. I didn't like living in these horrible conditions. It all so filthy, but every time I tried to clean up, I got slapped across the face by mother s she screamed at me to never to do it again, because all the object were in their proper place. One reason I don't like having friends come over to my house to hang out.

As I lay on my bed staring at the roof, I wonder why my life was filled with so much cruel, heartless emotions that that keep on eating at me from the pit of my stomach, causing it to feel nauseous.

The phone rang, breaking my thoughts, as everything normally does. I sat up and answered it, right after putting the receiver to my ear. "Hello?"

"Hey, Timmy, it's me, Mom," the voice on the other side replied. "I'm sorry, I'm running late, Honey. There was an incident at the office and it needed to be taken care of."

"It's okay," I replied, softly. "When will you be home?"

"In a few hours. Timmy, just check that the doors are locked."

"Alright mom, bye. Love you."

"Love you too, Timmy. Goodbye."

I stood up and walked out the room, hanging up the phone, placing in on the charger dock. I got my coat and keys. Of course, I needed to go out and clear my head from some steam. I just needed away to relieve some stress from all of this.

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I stood in from front of a wall, panting hard, with an aggravated, furious emotion fixed on my face. Sweat ran down my temples and covered face, cooling me down from the mass amount of force afflicted on my body. Blood trickled down my knuckles of my right hand. The wall that stood splattered with the dark red blood, like the aftermath of a gunshot that pierces the interior of the human anatomy.

I stepped back and sat against the wall. The alley way wasn't the best place to chill out, but it was the only one I had. There was nowhere else I could have gone when I'm upset like this. No one would understand what I feel. It's too complicated for anyone to understand, and I'm not going to see some psychologist that will just put me on pills for his own benefit to rip my mother for her had earned cash.

I wondered what would happen if I leave this place. Will anyone even notice I was gone? Maybe just my mother, but I really doubt anyone else. Thoughts of solitude and despair ran through my head, as the tears ran through my mind. I wanted a way let the pain out, but punching a wall really isn't helping me let out any anger, or sorrow. It only made it worse. I still asked myself why do I continue doing it.

I pulled out a cigarette and lit up. The white smoke exited my lungs and out of my mouth to form a small loop. A deep urge for pain was at the tip of my fingers. I looked at my wrist, and forced the cigarette with a thrust into the forearm. The engraving stung like a red hot needle getting lunged into the nerves of your arm and tearing a part one at a time. I didn't scream, but just bit down on my lip until I tasted the ironed flavor of blood.

I pulled the cigarette off my arm and panted in agonizing pain. I did feel slightly better, but the fact that I had to burn the feelings out made me give off a sensation of sorrow. I lit up again and took a drag. Cigarettes always calm me down after I become upset, but I don't know what came over me when I burned myself.

What was I to do to overcome this phase in my life? I sure wasn't going to now psychologist to get put on some pills, so I needed a new way out, but what could it be. Maybe I can get into sports or something to distract my mind, but would I be any good at them. Or could I start seeing someone, but what if they don't like me, or think I'm an idiot if I start talking to much. I've noticed over my experiences, that there is always a catch to everything you do.

Standing up from my place on the ground, I dusted myself off and walked casually out of the alley way, with the cigarette in my hand. It was a small town, so most people would care less if I was smoking between them, unlike large cities that would obviously complain for even the sight of a cigarette even though they smoke themselves, but are too ashamed to admit it. Then again, most people in this country are a bunch of hypocrites.

As I sat in my car enjoying the radio's company, my cell phone rings with that classical piece composed by Mozart. I believe it to be Requiem. It was a lovely composition, quiet epic if you ask me. I picked up a few seconds of listening to the piece. "Hello?" I asked, noticing that it was my friend Ryan calling, most likely to see if I was doing anything so we can go hang out at the park or go to an underground bar.

"Hey, man, it's me Ryan," the voice replied.

"Of course, who else would it be, man," I replied sarcastically. I intended it to be a joke, not to take out my anger on Ryan.

"Sorry, man, I'm used to these cell phone's having Caller-ID. Anyway, how are you?" Ryan's voice was a rather simple one. It was smooth, unlike most people that have a rough voice. I guess that's what helped him get girls as if it were a piece of cake, other than the fact that he had a silver tongue.

"Been better, as usual. There's nothing new." I replied with no emotion.

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"Hmm, well, you want to come over and hang out with Carry and me?"

"Sure, I have nothing better to do. Are there any tasks you want me to do before I go to your house?"

"Now, that you've mentioned it, can you pick up Carry from work?"

"I didn't know she had a job. When and where?"

"Right now, at the Rock Hard Cafe."

"Will she be expecting me coming for her?" I started the car, and put out the cigarette in the ash tray.

"Yeah, bro, I've already called her ahead of time." Ryan's expression sounded very please, but then again, he's always trying to get with Carry, but she doesn't seem interested in him, always being interested in me, though I don't see her like that. It's a kind of weird messed triangle.

"OK. I'll see you in the next half-hour at the most."

"Cool, man," Ryan replied, blissfully. "See you then." He hung up the phone before I could say goodbye. Not that it bothers me in any way; it's just that I thought it was rather rude.

"Goodbye," I said to myself. I drove unto the unfilled car highway. I'm surprised that there wasn't anyone driving at this time only being 9:30 pm. It was a Friday, and you would think that the party-going kids would be all over the streets.

Anyway, as I drove down 5th and stopped at the corner of Charles Street for the stop light, I took a drink of my drink, right after biting into a cheeseburger that I had bought before setting out to the alleyway. I hadn't eaten in a couple of days and I was starving, so I guess that dining in the car at this time wasn't a bad idea.

My burger tasted rather funky, like too much salt or some other spice was added to the meat, or something. I wasn't sure, but I'll have to pay attention to the road before I crash into something.

I was about few yards away from the Rock Hard Cafe, when my cell phone rings aloud once again, expecting that it was Ryan going to tell me where I was with Carry, but it was Carry who was calling this time. "Hello," I spoke into the microphone of the cell phone.

"Hey, where are you? I've been waiting ten minutes now," Carry's soft voice said, rather upset.

"I'm already outside. Get your things," I sighed, because of this generation's habit of being impatient.

As I unlocked the doors of my car for Carry, she walked out of the Cafe swinging her backpack around her shoulders. Her long red hair was in a ponytail. Carry opened the car door and got in. "Thanks for picking me, Hon'. She turned to me and grinned. Her green eyes met mine.

"No problem, just call me next time you want a ride," I replied, with a slight grin.

Carry and I aren't that close, but she's a friend and that's good enough for me to care enough to tell her to call me if she needed a ride, because the only one's a give a ride are the people that I care for. I didn't find her what you call a best friend, but at least I got along with her. Though sometimes it felt pretty awkward sitting with her in silence, we'd have a decent conversation about her day or about some random topic that would drift out of the blue.

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"Thanks. I really appreciate it. I can give you money for gas if you'd like."

She was reaching into her bag, when I place my hand on her hand and replied. "It's ok. You're my friend. I don't have to charge you. I get money every week for gas. You don't have to give me any money."

"Really," Carry's eyes blazed up. "Thank you! Thank you!" She threw her arms around me. "You won't regret it."

"I hope not," I smiled. I liked getting hugs. It made me feel loved. "Now, let's get to Ryan's before he thinks we're doing something."

"Yeah, I know how Ryan gets." Carry pulled off her jacket and began to do her hair, using the mirror.

I never did understand why girls always have to be constantly grooming themselves. It's not she looked extremely horrible. Carry was really cute in the face, and had a nice body to go with it. Her face was all natural, if I may add. She hated make-up. The most she'd use it just eyeliner; and that's when we go out to fancy restaurants.

"So why do you have to get ready every time we go somewhere," I asked Carry trying not to sound rude.

"Well, Hon', I just like to look my best." Carry replied, adding volume to her hair by making it puff with the brush. I really don't have any idea what she's doing, but that's what it looked like she was doing.

"Oh. I thought you were always trying to impress random guys we sometime bump into." I teased gently.

"Well, I have my mind set on one boy, but he's really hard to impress," Carry winked at me. I saw it from the corner of my eye. I knew she was talking about me. I've read it before in the edges of her eyes, but when we ask her she always denies it, plus Ryan is always thinking it's him.

"And who may he be, if I may ask?"

"Well, Sweetheart, that's between me and me only." Carry's chuckled echoed through the music less car. I could feel her eyes borrowing holes into my skull, but I had to ignore it.

I saw Carry reach down and turn up the radio. Some random band from school was playing. They were a decent set of people, except that the fact they thought of them as the greatest band in town because they're like the only ones who play shows and all, but then again, they are really rich kids, so yeah; their parents can get them into anything they want.

"So what you doing this weekend," Carry asked after a few minutes had past.

"Most likely nothing," I replied. "Why do you ask?"

"I was wondering if you'd like to go out somewhere. You're always trapped inside your house. You need to get out more."

I turned at North 10th Street, before replying. "Maybe. I'm not sure what I'm doing." I honestly don't like to go out. Usually when I go out, there's always something that has to go wrong in the plans my friends and I make.

"Oh, come on, Timmy. What can you possibly be doing that's better than hanging out with your friends?" Carry's voice was become smoother as she spoke, but didn't mean it was going to work on me. I didn't have an

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excuse this time, so I was back up into a corner.

"Fine, we'll hang out, but what are we going to do?" By 'we', I meant Ryan, Carry and I.

"Well, we could go to the movies, just you and me. Or we can get Ryan and go to the park. I'm not sure. You know I'm not good with planning these kinds of things out." She laughed. "Come on, Timmy. Laugh a little. I haven't heard you laugh ever since the accident."

It was true; it had been a year since Dad died. I hadn't laughed in front of my friends ever since my father died in a fatal accident at his office, when some worker brought a propane tank for the cook out they were planning that night. Then he left in next to an exposed wire of a lamp. My father tripped over the propane tank and then I guess it exploded. I don't remember it that clearly. I refuse to allow that memory haunt my thoughts. That was the story that they all tell me, my mother the most. I didn't really understand how that could happen, but then again, things like that do happen randomly, at the most unexpected times.

"Sorry, Carry, I just can't anymore." I replied sullenly, as I turned into Ryan's neighborhood.

"I'm sure we can make you laugh again, Sweetheart." Carry placed her hand on my shoulder. "You had such a gorgeous laugh."

"Carry, do you mind if I ask you something?" I was curious to know why she called me 'Sweetheart' most of the time.

"Sure thing, Hon', anything you heart wants." The way her voice's expression gave off that certain sensation that made it seem she wanted me to ask her out.

"Why do you call me, Sweetheart, and Hon'?"

"Because I adore you, Timmy." Carry let out a cute giggle. "You should know by now." She ruffled my long black hair.

"It's pretty obvious. I noticed a long time ago. Since the day we met again last year at that party." I smiled.

"Really? Wow, was it that obvious?" I saw her blush.

"Well, not at first. It took me some time to figure it out." I chuckled slightly. I thought it was pretty cute that she didn't know that it was obvious that she liked me.

"Then why aren't we together?" That was a question I'd been meaning to ignore, because I didn't want to tell her that I didn't feel the way she felt towards me. I didn't want to hurt her feelings.

I needed to think of something fast. Something that wasn't a lie, but it didn't give me a reason to date her. I finally got hold of the timid bluff. "Well, I'm not ready for a relationship just yet. I'm still shaky about my father and I'm not sure I'm stable enough to do anything." I stopped in Ryan's drive way.

"Well, ok." Carry sounded a little disappointed. "But know that I'm here for you, Sweetheart." This was a statement I've heard a lot from my mother, except that Carry's was more comforting.

I looked at her. "Thanks Carry. I really appreciate it."

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"You're welcome," Carry exclaimed, leaning over and kissed me on the cheek. A soft touch of her lips was at the base of my second corner of my lips. It was warming, and gentle, like a morning's breeze in mid-April.

That took me by surprise. It was a bit of a shock for me, because that's never happened to me. It's something that came out of a movie. "What was that for?"

"For being so cute," Carry chuckled, ruffling my hair again. This was the most affectionate she's been with me. Usually, we're always arguing about something.

"Well, I think we should head inside. And isn't it a miracle that Ryan hasn't called," I added as I exited my car, locking it with the alarm.

"Yeah, I've noticed that too." Carry stood on the other side of the car.

I walked up to the red door of his suburban home and knocked on it. A few minutes past as Carry and I waited on Ryan's porch. His house was taken care of rather neatly. Even in the night, the lawn looked extremely well put together.

Ryan answered the door after a few more knocks, and unanswered phone calls that Carry took the liberty of putting into action without me having to ask her to do so. His hair was all messy and wet. The light brown gleamed off his short hair. "Damn, can't you guys give me some time to shower," Ryan exclaimed, slightly upset. That's when I realized that he didn't have a shirt, and that he wasn't in that good of shape that he always claims to be in.

"I didn't know, man, but get a shirt on, bro. I don't want to see you without a shirt." I replied, after walking into Ryan's house.

"Right," Ryan said, cockily.

"Get a shirt on, damn it!" Carry exclaimed angrily, tossing him a shirt.

"Fine," Ryan replied. "Dang, crybabies."

"We're not crybabies; we just don't want to see you without a shirt." Carry said this.

We followed Ryan to his room upstairs as he put on his shirt. His house was a decent sight for sore eyes. There were pictures of his family, happily about, portraits of paintings that brought joy and comfort. We all entered Ryan's room after some more thoughts of his beautiful house.

Of course, I didn't sit down automatically and began playing video games as we'd normally do, but, instead, asked. "So what are the plans for tonight?"

"Now that's a first," Ryan smiled. "About time you ask that."

"Well, no one said anything, so I thought it was appropriate for the situation." I replied this in a tone of carelessness.

"Honestly, I thought we were going to stay in tonight," Carry replied gently. "Maybe watch a movie, or something."

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I sat on the chair next to his desk and suggested. "Why don't we go to the Road? I'm pretty sure there's something happening tonight."

"I'm up for it, but are you?" Ryan replied, and asking Carry teasingly.

"Of course," Carry replied, offended. "Why wouldn't I be?"

"You never know," Ryan laughed, knowing that he made Carry more upset than she already was from seeing him without a shirt.

I watched them argue. It drove me more into my sorrow that I was already in. Though I didn't show it, I can feel in creep up from the pits of my throat, and shoot all over my veins.

"Don't you guys ever stop fighting for the most ignorant reason?" I asked this with no emotion, no tone. Ryan and Carry stopped from their quarrel and started at me in shock.

"What?" Carry asked, confusedly.

I stood. "Let's go. If you all are going to come with me, follow, or just stay here in argument." I nodded towards the door. My left lower eye lid twitched.

"Dude, calm down, it was just playful manner," Ryan soothingly replied, making eye contact with me. "And we're going."

"Sorry," I heard Carry muttered. "Hon', you want us to stop fighting, that's okay with me."

"It's whatever to me. You all know I don't feel shit," I replied blankly.

"Timmy, are you ok, hon'?" Carry's sounded concerned.

My eyes shot towards her. "No. Now let's go." I walked out the door, down the stairs and out the door.

Ryan and Carry followed me down the stairs a few minutes later. Their faces were filled with concern. I could just feel it as they glanced at the back of my head, and whispered so soundly on the subject that I had just snapped at them. I mean, how was I not to do so? I simply hated the way they always fought with each other, mainly because Ryan wants a quick fuck out of Carry. The one who looked the most worried was Carry. I looked at them blankly. "Sorry," I said after we had gotten into the car.

Carry was sitting on my right side in the passenger seat. "It's ok, Sweetheart. I know you've been dealing with us argue for a long time now."

"Yeah, man," Ryan patted my shoulder. "We understand, bro, but just don't snap at us like that again. I thought you were going to stab us or something of that matter."

"Don't worry; I won't hurt you guys at all. You're my friends." I replied, starting the car, and exiting the driveway. I didn't intend to say that in the way I worded it. It sounded as if I would kill, the expressionless tone of voice, but not them, not them, they were my friends.

I sat there wondering what they thought of me for that moment. I hoped it wasn't anything sinister.

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"You all want to go to the movies? I'm pretty sure there's something new on this week." Ryan's suggestion rang through my head, but I didn't want to snap at any of them. They were my only friends for Christ's sake. People that were always there for me, and helped me out whenever I needed them; those to me were real friends, not those lame people that were at parties getting extremely drunk, and asking you for money to go buy beer. They're just there to take your money and leave you for dead when you over dose. Trust me, I've been there before and I'm not going there again.

"Sure, I'm up for it," I replied with a grin, but I doubt that Ryan noticed it, because he was sitting in the back seat. "And you, Carry?"

"Yeah, as long as I'm with you guys," Carry giggled.

"Awesome," I exclaimed.

"Let's stop by the Road though. I want to pick someone up," Ryan added his reason for wanting to go to the Road.

"Fine, but you'd better call someone fast."

"I already texted her. We're picking up Drea (the name was pronounced Dray-ah, if you're wondering.)" That name was a curse to me, because that girl was a major pain in the ass. Excuse my language.

Chapter 3

Chapter Three

Now if there's one thing that I don't enjoy being around, it's Drea. She's got this extremely preppy attitude that you just get annoyed by. It's not that I don't like her, it's just her attitude that I get fed up by, but Ryan wanted me to pick her up for him, and that's what I get for having a friend whose a smooth talker to every girl he sees.

Ryan most likely is doing to try and get Carry jealous, but it's not going to work, obviously. "I don't know what type of game your pulling Ryan, but it's not going to work," Carry's face and eyes said so agitatedly.

Well, some other useful piece of information you might need to know is that the Road is what you think it might be, an extremely long road with a bunch of parking space and stores, where kids or adults would go shopping, eating or watch a movie, etc. Anything that you can possibly think of was on the Road, from video arcades to strip joints, or gentleman's clubs.

As we drove down the road with the street filled with about hundreds of cars leaving to parties or home, where ever most people now-a-days go to after their down with shopping, etc. I was wondering where that girl was; I wouldn't doubt that she was at some bar getting drunk before she comes over to have sex with Ryan as she normally does.

"So where is she, Ryan," Carry asked impatiently after ten minutes of driving around constantly.

I heard his phone vibrate gently in his left. A slight pause was before Ryan's answer. "She said she's going to meet us at the movies."

I sighed. "Fine." I drove off the highway onto a back road that leads to the only movie theater in town. Does she always do this? Of course, it's Drea, what do you expect, that in every single novel you read there's always a perfect world. No, obviously not.

I was pretty angry that Drea moved locations and made me waste gas. After all she wasn't the one paying for it. Well, anyway, I just wanted to have a good time tonight. I didn't want argue with anyone right now. I needed something to calm down my nerves from earlier. Everything was getting to the point where I was getting more, and more upset with things. I believe it was the reason because they were always wanting me to do things for them constantly, but for the last few months, I have not talked to anyone other than Carry and Ryan, so I could not understand why that might be the reason.

Kids were already getting on the edges of the streets for the Midnight Races, and that's something I didn't want to get caught up in, because I don't have the money, and I don't want to die horribly. It was a shame to see a bunch of unsuspecting kids to lose their lives and money in an unfortunate accident. It's funny really, because I always know whose going to die; when and where, and how. I find it a useful skill to give the people a warning ahead of the race, but, of course, they won't listen to me for several reasons. The first is because I'm Timmy Carter, outcast, the 'nobody' in the shit hole. The second reason is well because they just don't like me, but it's all good because karma takes vengeance on the sevenfold.

I hurried along the edge of the street to avoid traffic, along the shoulder only to find myself caught up behind a truck whose driver was hitting on some hookers to try and get some action. I swerved around him, making Carry bump into me, and causing Ryan to jump to the other side of the car.

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"Would it kill you to be careful," Carry asked in an annoyed voice by my aggressive driving, but she knew I was upset and was attempting to keep her cool.

"No, I'm just trying to get some excitement going on." I replied this most sinisterly than I implied to. I got shivers along the edge of my spinal cord.

"Well, warn us next time," Ryan said from the back seat.

"Yeah, would you?" Carry this time.

"Sure, I'll try my best." It was my turn to speak.

I drove into the parking lot of the movie theater not too long later. To my surprise, it wasn't full as I expected. There was about one quarter of the lot filled out. I found this to be good, because I don't like when there's so many people at the theater. They never know when to scream in horror films as if every single door opening will release the cheap pop-up that comes out to attempt to give you a decent scare, but fails to do so, unless you are weak of mind, then in that case, you're going to have the best damn scare Hollywood has to offer since the 1980's. Yeah, I believe you are aware of what I'm explaining. I'm pretty sure that it's occurred to you at least once or twice in your life.

It must be almost midnight for there to be no kids, and/or people here, because the drag races were about to start in a few minutes. I didn't mind it really. I've been in a few of the races before, and won some money, but after the accident with my father, I never really found myself that outgoing as I normally was. People I used to be friends with some of the drag racers, but now I don't even talk to them anymore.

"You ok, Timmy?" Carry asked with a voice of concern.

"Yeah, man, are you alright," Ryan asked. "You haven't been yourself ever since we left the house."

"I'm ok," I replied, hoping to give the illusion that I was ok, and that everything was alright. "I was just in my own world just now."

"Oh, ok," Carry replied, disappointingly. I know why she was disappointed too. She wanted me to be more open and outgoing again. Carry didn't want me to be all confined in myself, and bottle up my emotions like I normally did, and then take it out of someone, especially her. I didn't mean to do it, honestly, but it's just sometimes I can't control what I do.

I looked at her and grinned slightly. "I'm ok, honestly."

"You better be," Carry smiled softly. "Because tonight is when we all are going to have fun and enjoy ourselves." She threw her arms around me. I knew Ryan was watching carefully, but I didn't really care at that moment.

"Yeah, man, I'll buy some drinks," Ryan said placing his hand on my shoulder.

"I'll even drink to have fun and keep you happy," Carry's cheek was right next to mine. It was warm and smooth; something that I haven't felt in a long time.

I pulled up in an empty parking spot. "Thanks guys, but you don't have to drink, Carry." I didn't like her drinking. It made me feel bad that I drank occasionally right in front of her and she had to join in so she wouldn't be a buzz kill. I've told her countless of times that she didn't have to drink. Ryan would encourage

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her not to drink, but she didn't listen to us. "Now where's Drea?" I asked as we exited my car.

"She's inside waiting for us," Ryan replied, checking his phone, and replying a text. "Oh, wait here she comes."

Drea was coming alright. She stepped out of the movie theater and stood in front us with a sly grin on her face, that I was only able catch. With her long brown hair, and blue eyes, she cast a spell on most people that are just too ignorant to realize who she really; an inconsiderate bitch. Her figure was probably the only honest thing about herself; slender with a slight curve, that looked she was slightly starved, but then again, I feel no pity for her, because I once over heard her that she was making herself throw-up her lunches and dinners for some modeling gig downtown.

"Carryâ Ryan," Drea exclaimed happily. She took the liberty of hugging them, getting returned by an embrace as well. She looked at me and smiled. "Timmy, you're here as well; what a decent surprise." Drea looked happy to see me. "I'm glad you're not at home all alone."

"Yeah, I decided to come outside for a change," I replied, politely enough.

"Cool, so what are we going to watch tonight, Ryan?"

Ryan, who was drooling all over Drea, answered after snapping of the trance. "Well, I was hoping to see something on the spot."

I wasn't too thrilled hearing that. Ryan didn't seem like he knew what he was doing. Of course, I wasn't going to just tell him in front of his crush, because that would've been "rude" as my mother had once pointed out a long time ago. Even though, I hated Drea's guts, I had to control myself because Ryan was most likely trying to get with her and Carry wasn't going to be too excited if Ryan was all over her again.

As we walked down the cooled hall of the movie theater, the voice of people excited to see certain movies that were in the main-stream at the time. It always fascinated me how everyone could just follow everyone else instead of being themselves and doing their own thing. Ah, well, I shouldn't really be worrying about what everyone else does.

Carry was trying to get me away from Ryan and Drea, because, from what I can see, they were about to start their flirting routine which lead into Ryan ditching us, and going off with Drea to some alley for some cheap sex; and as I've mentioned before, I'm not going to point it out just (as straight forth as possible) I'm not a dick.

As we walked into the theater, just moments after choosing some cheese chick-flick movie, I took the liberty of finding a seat to myself around the middle section of the seating-area. If I was going to watch a movie about some romantic getaway on a boat, I wanted to be alone because I don't hate the sound of girls 'awing' all the time.

"Mind if I join you," Carry said, sitting down next to me before I could have gave my response, which, of course, would've been no. She had a little drink in her hand and popcorn. Carry was the kind of person that didn't give up that easily, which was pretty goodâ in certain situations.

As the movie started, the lights began to dim down, and Carry sat snug against me. I didn't mind it really; mainly because she was my friend, but the only thing that bugged me was that she liked me, a lot from what I can tell. "Popcorn?" Carry offered holding up a little piece of popcorn.

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"Sure," I replied with a grin, trying not to seem too annoyed by her.

"Well, open up," Carry grinned beautifully.

I opened my mouth slightly to receive the popcorn piece, but knowing Carry, she always had some sort of joke in mind, so I observed quickly on the piece, seeing if she didn't put anything on it. Well, it was in my mouth before I can spot anything.

"Thank you," I replied, happily. You know what; maybe hanging with her isn't so bad. Wait, what I am sayingâ never mindâ !

"You're welcome, Sweetheart," Carry is a sweet girl; in fact, I think too sweet towards me. I had nothing against her really. I just didn't really feel the same way she felt towards me. "So what's this movie called?" Her voice was soft as she leaned on my arm.

Her hair felt soft against my skin. The warmth of her presence and affection towards me was indeed an interesting and most intriguing feeling. I've never really felt this, how do you say it, safe with someone.

"I believe it's calledâ 'Days in the Scene,'" I replied, allowing Carry to adjust on my arm, until she felt comfortable. I didn't mind it really. I used to let all of my friends that were girls rest on my shoulder, but that was such a long time ago. It felt really weird having a girl on my shoulder again. It was relaxing at that, almost blissful.

"Oh, what's it about?"

"Who knows, Carry; there's only one way to find out."

As we sat there, waiting for the movie to start, I felt there was a tension between Carry and I, but I wasn't sure what it was exactly. I felt her against me, so majestically sweet. "Timmy, can I ask you something?"

"Sure, go ahead and ask," I replied, relaxingly.

"What do you think about me?" This was a question she asked frequently with me. I'm not sure why she was so persistent with trying to get me to like her so much. Of course, I liked her, but not as a girlfriend. Maybe later on as I begin to get over the loss of my father; things are too complicated for me at the moment.

"You should know," I replied softly and respectfully, hopefully not sounding harsh on the reply. "I tell you all the time." I chuckled slightly.

"I know, but I know you're holding something inside, something that you don't want to tell me. Sweetheart, I know you don't want to date me, but I know you like me a lot." Her voice was soft and sweet, like honey on a summer's Saturday morning when you spread it on a honey wheat toast right before you add the jelly. It was a pleasant delight hearing the way she said that, so water like to the ear.

That took me off guard. I can honestly say I wasn't expecting that. "I don't know what to say."

"Timmy, you don't have to say anything. I know what you're going through. You see, Hon', I've been through my own set of trouble too. You're not alone in this situation."

I had completely forgotten about what had happened to Carry, but I didn't realize it. If you're curious about what happened to Carry, I will explain to you, though the memory is vague in the back of my mind. I couldn't

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help but feel that it was all my fault because I had promised Carry, since we were kids, that I'd protect her from whatever harm came, and I let something terrible happen.

There were several signs that it was happening to her, but I refused to listen. The situation must have taken many years till I snapped out of my trance and I was forced to do something that I hated to do. Something that was terrible in many ways.

I recall the day she came running to my house, through the back roads that connected my neighborhood from mine. She came when I was outside playing some catch with my little brother, who was taken away from us, but that's another story to be told at a later date.

Carry ran into my backyard and threw her arms around me, her eyes filled of sorrow and agony. Her sobs were a horrible sound to take in, especially from Carry, who I considered more than a friend at the time. I didn't understand why she was crying so much; it was just a complete shock to me.

I brought her into the house, in arms up to my room. I held her close as she sobbed frantically. I remember her eyes being a blood shot, dulled out baby green color. I've never seen them like that. I may add that it was such a horrific sight, seeing one of your close friends suffering like that. The sight was almost scaring, if there is a way to describe it simply.

"I can't take this anymore." That is the line I heard Carry cry several times from those cut up lips. "I can't take this anymore, Timmy. I can't let him touch me like that again." Need I inform you, that she did not imply that in a sexual way, though for some reason there is a sense of doubt when it comes to that part of the subject, but what she was trying to say is her father abuses her. "He's gone to far this time," Clawing into my chest, with her long nails that were painted red.

"Well, what did you expect, Sweetheart," I replied, rubbing her back, trying to sooth her. "You and I both knew that it would get worse. I'm just sorry that I wasn't there to stop it."

"It's OK." Carry stuttered, but I knew that it wasn't OK. How could I let this happen? "You were busy; what could you've done." I knew her father did that to her, but to the point of bleeding and bruising all over the body, this was too intense. I wasn't sure what to do. What can I do? The deed has already been done.

"Carry, I'm so sorry I couldn't be there." I felt an eating sensation deep inside the depths of my stomach; a horrible carving agony that bore through the edges of my stomach. I believe it to be guilt now, but for all I know I just felt bad, as you can see.

"What could've you done? You were all the way over here," Carry replied, holding the tears, which ate at her eyes, away.

The urge for revenge was in the atmosphere. Deep bubbling sensations boiled at the bottom of the pit of my stomach; this rage began eating at the top of the back of my head; like a headache that would never cease to stop the torment of a consecutive amount of time.

I burst out the door as Carry whipped her tears. I was sick of his foul games, sick of all the shit that he's put Carry through. "Timmy," Carry's voice cried out from behind me, but I ignored it.

I was so determined to teach Carry's father a lesson that I had forgotten about everything; who he was to begin with, what he can do, what he was capable of doing; everything went black around the goal of teaching that man a lesson for hurting Carry.

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I ran through the backyard of my house, past the gate that led to the small alley way that connected Carry's neighborhood from mine.

"Timmy," Carry's voice said from my left ear. She had been trying to get my attention ever since I drifted into flashback. Of course, her expression wondered if I had been paying attention. Honestly I completely had drifted off, so I can't really back up anything or recall what she was talking about. "Where you listening to me," she questioned in concern. "Because it looked like you completely spaced out on me."

"I'm sorry, Carry," I just couldn't help, but drift off, it happens all the time."

"Yeah, I know. I'm surprised that you haven't crashed when you were driving home from school."

"I hear you on that, but I don't know why it happens. It's been happening a lot more frequently, as I started separating from people."

"Why is that, if you don't mind me asking?"

I didn't answer. I remained in silence and Carry gave me the "Oh, I understand." look, but I know I had to answer the question, because she needed an answer. Everyone deserves answers weather the response in good or bad.

The movie had ended later on, and as usual, Ryan and that other girl went off for some alone time, and have some "fun" as most kids were calling the act of having sex with each other.

Well, getting back on track, I was in the car with Carry, as we are normally, because we always end up in this situation of thick atmosphere and oppression. Sometimes I really wish we can go back to the old times where Carry and I were running through the alley ways trying to stay out of trouble, though we'd be stealing people's fruit from their trees.

"Carry, when I lost my father there wasn't much I can do about it." I said to break the uncomfortable silence that was filled by the mild clicks of the cell phone in Carry's hands. "Many times I wish that I had not do what I done to your father; we wouldn't be in the situation we're in if it wasn't for me."

"Sweetheart, please understand that you did nothing wrong." Carry replied setting her phone down, which is rather rare for her to do, because she's addicted to that thing. I never really understood why girls were always so into their cell phones, as if they were obsessed with them. No, that's a bit under exaggerated; it was like the cell phone was part of them. Yeah, that seems appropriate for the subject.

"Why, Carry, how?" I raised my voice over the inner pain building up. I didn't intend on the action I just did, but what could I do. "If it wasn't for me getting so easily upset over what your father did to you, my father would've been alive. It's my entire fault." Tears ran down my cheeks in steady streams of clear liquid that gleamed in the light post's dim lighting.

"Timmy," Carry looked at me suddenly, in shock with the drastic shade of worrisome expressions on her beautiful face. "Calm down, Hon', you need to calm down. I don't want you getting mad over something that happened several years ago." Her arms were around me in the next seconds elapse.

The softened embrace of comfort that held me so soothingly and filled me with a sense of living was once in my reach once again. I didn't realize how "cold" I have become towards everything that I had forgotten what it was like to feel. Everything was so cold, the light, gentle drizzle of icy rain that came from the clouds of dim grey above, crawled up my spine for the last six years, eight months, and fourteen days, that cold was all I

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knew how to feel; what I learned to feel.

Carry's embrace did not loosen as I sat there in shock. The sweat ran down the side of my temple and forehead along with those tears that have swelled so much in my eyes. The streams kept pouring out as the night drifted on. After so long, she still cared for me, and I've done nothing, but neglect her, and treat her as if she meant nothing to me, like any other object that was just lying around when I strolled on by.

Chapter 4: Chapter Four

Chapter Four

I was running the next day. I was running and running as fast as I could from the boys who tormented me so. Why I was running and why was I scared out of my mind? Simple is the answer; let me just explain a little on the subject. I will have to start from the beginning of the day, a day that I will not soon forget at all. Then again, I don't forget anything.

You see I was taking a stroll after some session at my theory and I ran into those kids by the names of Andy, Cal, and Sam just outside of the drug store. I didn't want anything to do that day, and I was hoping that they didn't start anything, mainly because I wasn't in the mood for bullshit. Please, excuse my language, but try to understand the vastness of the situation. I saw how they watched me walked from the outside of the store's door, as the day nearly came to a close.

I watched them right back, and kept my distance on the outside of the sidewalk. The meters were dimming and their eyes were skimming me, every little inch. My hands were in my pocket, wrapped around my black handled switch blade, stinging my fingers, almost chilling to the bone that I was already considering to thrust my six inch stainless steel blade deep inside their bowels.

I walked passed them not to long after that thought, and it was rather clear that they were here to jump me, beat me, maim me as far as they could think of, but I wasn't going to let them. I wasn't going to let myself be driven to the point of insanity just because someone was going to get a slight thrill of insulting me and tying me up, then considering the thought of maybe killing me. No, they were not going to hurt me or anyone, not this time. If they were going to attack me, I will not hesitate to hurt them or anyone else who stands in my way to stop bulling from happening, because yesterday's jumping was too far. They will never do that to someone anymore. They assaulted that poor kid for nothing, merely a few quarters and some answers for a test.

There was nothing though. They didn't do anything to me, as if they knew something was going to happen. Andy watched me carefully; I could feel his eyes piercing the back of my head. I stopped dead in my tracks when I saw a car speed by in front of me, only to come to a direct stop in the middle of the four way intersection, but there was a slight silence. Then, out of nowhere, from the depths of my sight, a loud crash erupted from the middle of the section.

I turned and saw the red sedan turned over. There was blood on the edge of the windows with the cracked glass, and the dented metal shell of the car. The smoke was a thick mass that came up from the top of the over turned red sedan. The other car, a blue Mustang wasn't as lucky as to surviving. Its hood was completely pushed into the passenger's seat. Its engine was completely a flame and the hands of the people inside were hanging out the windows in twisted maggot fashions.

My posture was firm as I turned to the side and saw Andy looking at me in an outraged expression. I didn't figure out why, neither could I figure out what was going on because he was starting, followed by Sam and Cal, to go at me with his fists closed. I had no choice, but to prepare myself when we got up in my face, violating my personal space by many inches.

I viewed his eyes, directly into his pupils, wondering what he was going to do next. Personally, I was afraid, who wouldn't be, but I know I had to stand up and face my fears, mainly because all of this is just getting chaotic. I didn't know why he wasn't concerned about the wreck, as I was, but it wasn't going to matter anytime soon.

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His eyes were filled with anger, as his face was. I looked at him directly in the eyes, making my statement firm that I wasn't about to go anywhere. I was already up to it when Andy spoke. "You didn't see anything." His voice was a strict sounding with a hint of deadly urgings. "What did you see?"

"What do you mean what did I see?" I questioned him right back.

"What did you see?" Andy repeated.

"Yeah, what did you see, punk?" Cal interrupted.

"What are you talking about?" I honestly didn't know what they were talking about at the moment.

"Did you see what we did?" Andy grabbed the front of my shirt.

Reflex kicked in, and I pushed him back. It was unintended, but it got the message across that I didn't want to be messed with. "No, I don't know what you did, now fuck off!" Now this was not my intention.

"You've asked for it punk," Andy said, pushing me right back. "You're in a world of shit from now on, and that red head or blond isn't here to protect you now." He pushed me again.

I adjusted my stance, and walked back from him. "Look, I've told you before. I don't want any problems, but continue and you'd be in a world of shit." I needed to keep my world strong, so I pushed him right back. "Fuck off, asshole!" I was screaming now, and it was a pretty sight. Sweat ran down the side of my temple, as I braced myself.

I saw Cal and Sam stay behind, about several feet from Andy. I believed that they knew that something was going to happen, but what was it? I couldn't really put my finger on it, but I knew one of us will come out hurt.

Andy launched himself towards me, fist first. Instinctively I ducked down, dodging the blow by mere centimeters. I stepped forward and threw a punch myself, jabbing him in the gut, then I heard a loud gasp. I knew I hit him properly, and I knew that I did some damage to his diaphragm. When I stepped back, I looked quick and throw another, which he blocked, and got a hit on me right on the cheek bone. I stepped back.

Andy was trying to catch his breath, and he knew he needed to get it fast before I got back on my feet, which I already had done. Now it was my turn to return the hit. I throw a right hook, then a left jab, hitting straight in the nose. He wasn't expecting this at all because Andy gave out a slight whimpering jolt of a petite shout. I throw again and again, hitting right on the face and throat, then rib cage. I grabbed his loose arm, and urged forward, pulling him along with me. Andy swung around and was tossed onto the floor.

Andy laid there, his face all bloody, and bruised. I wasn't merciful this time, not ever again. He's lucky that I don't kill him. He's lucky that he didn't suffer as much as I did; all those time that they beat me constantly along the fence in the play ground, bashing my head against the floor, and telling me to die, that I was worthless. No, not ever again they will hurt me. These assholes will be dead to me and to everyone else soon enough. "Pitiful prick," I murmured under my breath, soon catching it.

"Andy!" Cal shouted running to his friend, who was now moaning out in pain. "You're an asshole!" This was addressed to me. I didn't care much.

I lit up a cigarette and watch as he and Sam picked him up then begins to drag Andy away. Sam then exclaimed in anger. "You're going to pay for this weather you like it or not."

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I exhaled the smoke. "Come for me, motherfucker. Come for me, and see what will happen." I took another drag of my cigarette.

Need I state that this was a stressful event for me? Scary, of course, but nevertheless, I felt relieved; I felt extremely achieved at my success. I watched how he was dragged off, and placed in his car, followed by the slamming of car door. The alley had never felt so like home. Never before has a rundown neighborhood been such a relaxing sanctuary of peaceful tranquility. Ha, god how I'd love to drive my switch blade deep inside of him, and twist his insides, and expose his interiors just to show Andy, Cal, and Sam that we were all the sameâfrom the inside out.

But then, there was a flash, and I was seeing shoes. They were white Nike, but the front of the tips were stained a scarlet red of a substance I learned to be blood. It was mine. It was always mine. I was on the floor. Me, no one else was right there sitting next to me. I didn't know what to make of it.

I reached up and felt my cheek where it lay, and I felt swelling and immense pain. That's when the sound came. It came so suddenly that I didn't know what to make of it. How could I be on the floor? I knew that I had won. I was aware that I was the who made him fall on the floor basically crying, but no I was the one that was on the floor, never again going to see the light, but then again, who would stand up after what I just experienced? No, one, that's who would.

The sound erupted in my ears like a siren that just burst out its vast sounding screeching call once it was activated in the call of distress by the call in. It was the laughter, the laughter of many people in a circle around me, mocking me over fact that I had lost my fight. They were all the students of my school. All of them were my class mates and most were the ones that I helped out when they were in distress. How could they do this to me?

I saw several of my old class mates. Amy, Sammy, Dan, Alice, Jim, Richard, Anthony, all of them were laughing at me. They were the once who I stood up for in the middle of class when Cal, Sam and Andy beat on them. I took the beating for them. How could they do this to me? Why didn't they help me? What was their problem with me? Was I merely someone that deserved to be tormented like I am? Please, someoneâanyoneâhelp me now? I begged and begged in a silent squeamish manner, and those kids merely laughed even harder.

"You see, Carter," Andy's voice was announcing from behind, and then I noticed that he was in front of me. Cal and Sam picked me up and held me, holding my eyes open so I could see Andy's eyes directly in the face. "No one likes you. All of these were once your friends, maybe even more, and now they are on my side. They dragged you here and let me and my gang beat on you till you died. They let you be abused to the point of death, and merely watched in what you call 'an absolute horrific manner of uttered disgust' and yet they all filmed. You put up a good fight don't get me wrong, but you were no match for the three of us. You deserved it, as I was offended by you ones called 'scum'." He smacked me across the jaw and I held my breath. Every one of those kids was now cheering and shouting things to kill me, to maim me even more. I was dazed, too dazed, to even do anything to defend myself, to over powered. "You're kind disgust me. You all don't deserved to live, you putrid agonist." I was unaware if he knew the definition of that usage of that term, but I really didn't care.

"At what cost must I say that I did nothing to you, or anyone," I whispered.

"You exist, you disgusting piece of shit! That's the reason why. I thought you were smart, Timmy." He placed his forefinger on my chin then flicked forward and with his long nail I was scratched. "You were meant to die, and the fact that you helped kill my uncle was even worse. It added to the price, to your 'penance'."

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What was I to do now? I watched as Andy pulled out a cigarette from my pack, and lit it. He took a long slow drag, and exhaled unto my face. Andy's smile was one I had, I knew that smile. It was the smile that I had when was victorious at something. "You're one hell of a fight kid; you messed me up pretty bad earlier today, but I told you that we'd make you pay regardless of what you do, Carter, you'll never be accepted in society.

I knew from the day you came to our school you were destined to suffer by my hand. My disciples and I will torment you whenever we get the chance." His voice was sterner this time. I couldn't believe what I was hearing. What was he talking about was what I was trying to comprehend. "Remember who we are, always remember, never forget, because in seven days time we will return, and you will suffer."

Now I knew for sure what I was dealing with. He was crazy, but that's besides what I was trying to figure out even more. How did I get here? How did I end up on the floor? These questions were more important and need answering, not what was going on with Andy, and his religious sermon on my type of people, which I didn't understand how we were different. I was aware that this was a hate crime. I knew that this was messed up none the less, but where was everyone?

"You know, Timmy," Andy said after like several minute of silence. The cheer silenced then he spoke again. "I told you that we'd get revenge." This was the second time that he said this. "You should've been watching your back in the alley way, but unfortunately you didn't, and now look where you are, in a shit hole unknown place thatâ"

There was a loud noise coming from the out skirts of the perimeter, and the entire group looked around in stunned silence. There were gasps and there was some sort of commotion coming from the distance that was like some sort of loud cry of agonizing metallic screeches. Loud annoying screams from all around erupted soon from the days.

Cal and Sam's grip tighten, for some reason, I knew it wouldn't last that long. The instinct held in when I heard the disgusting splats of a liquid hitting the floor or wall. All of the kids that were around me were now running squirming from the sound of what I came to the realization of being sirens, sirens of police cars. Cal and Sam let go of me and I fell to the ground hard. I wasn't about to run, but when I heard someone shouting. "You're all under arrest!" from behind me, I wasn't exactly up for going to jail for someone else's deed.

Well, there you have it. This is the reason why I was running. A little more description would end up saying that I was running through the vastness of thick dried up tree and all. The twigs and gravel crunching on the bottom of my shoes didn't make it anymore easier for getting away, because they brought out dogs. Their barks were echoing all throughout the banks of the river, where I was running along right now.

I was evading in any way possible to be able to get away so desperately attempting. I didn't know what to do when I saw something so strange in the corner of my eye, an emerald green shine that radiated from the river's small lake that it filled out into before leaving again into a much larger river. It glowed with an iridescent figure and magnified the scene from which I was watching.

I glanced and watched it for one moment, then without any form of a warning there was a snap and the next thing I know, I'm falling and tumbling over the spiked tree branches that had fallen unto the floor. It didn't make it any better that I was already pretty messed up and all from today's earlier event, but nevertheless, I did not see the branches that were above the log that I had jumped over in some unsought through plan of mine.

Now as I laid there on the floor, as the dogs barks were getting much closer, I saw what was causing the glow. It was two swans, one black and the other was white. They danced on the water with majestic motions making circles of several sizes. The water began to glow an emerald green. Never have I ever seen something that

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beautiful in my entire life. In these vast years that I have lived through and suffered through, I had found the most beautiful sight that I had ever seen. My eyes just watched as my vision began to blur then darken. How I wondered if this is how it feels to die was beyond me, but if this was the way, I'll say that it is the best blissful epiphany of happiness that I've ever achieved. Now the next thing that I know everything begins to fade to blackâ

It wasn't too long after when I came to. It was obvious where I was at. I could feel it in the back of my mind but nevertheless that lingering curiosity in the back of my mind when you pass out and you're just wondering what happened. I saw things coming to light and there was a light that was one the edge of my eye sight. It beamed extremely bright, almost too bright, for the eyes to handle. It was a light reddish light that blended into a whitish grey. It stung at so irritatingly, painfully, and bright. Everything was moving sideways, up and down, in circular motions with a blurred image till it finally settled and I saw clearly.

I was in an office, no doubt about that, with the police sirens in the background of everything and every little turn seemed like there was nothing but case scenarios and of beat down looking people with beards and puffing eyes like it was a tear jerking style to go and ball out a river on how red they were red.

"Well, well, well," a voice from behind said. It was a deep voice of a man, most likely in his thirty's and African American. I could tell that he was a big man with broad shoulders and a narrow stare that could most likely pierce through you. "Look who's finally awake."

I saw up and watch as the man I had just described sit down with a folder right in front of him on his desk like you normally see in every cop film or show. I sat up and looked him dead in the eyes, wondering what he was suppose to do, or what he was going to do. I didn't really understand it, but every mood he made was predictable to every extent, like the ways he saw me and the ways that he gestured to the way made eye contact like every cop or officer does. It was the same routine for every cop judging by it. I did not know where I got these ideas from, but I was certain that it was spot on. I can see that he rehearsed thing several times right before walking in to the room.

I waited for him to continue saying his mighty lecture, and the headache wasn't helping me cope with any of this. I was getting frustrated by the simplest of things, that ticking off the clock and the tapping of his shoe on the floor under the desk. Everything made a trickle of sweat fall down the side of my temple, or maybe it was just the fact that I had just woke up from a blackout. I didn't understand why I was here instead of in the hospital. I assume they thought that I was healthy enough to not be in the hospital.

"You gave us quite a scare, Mr. Carter," the officer said looking at me. "We were wondering if you were going to make it. Good thing that we had the ambulance nearby."

"I don't understand why I'm not in a hospital instead of here," I finally said, wonderingly nonetheless, but I wasn't ready to go out just yet (this was a figure of speech).

"Don't you worry about that we had someone come over and check you out to see if you weren't dead and look at you, still alive and curious as ever." The officer was happy in a sort of curious way. It wasn't as clear as to why he was using so much sarcasm.

"We have our reason, Mr. Carter, but you in good enough shape to remain conscience enough. Those are just bruises and small cuts. You'll live."

"Pretty cruel for something a cop would say." I watched him and made eye contact directly in the eye, waiting for him to say something that would cause me to snap.

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He then stared at me again. "Well, what do you expect; it's been one hell of a day for us. Then again I wonder how it was for you. What were you doing in the premises?"

Well, I had to answer the truth because these guys will humiliate you in any way they can so that you will look disgraceful to the rest of the city. "I had gotten into a fight that day with one of the boys and he and his group caught me off guard then took me there. From what I was aware of, I assumed they tortured me or something, because simple cuts and all like this don't come out of nowhere. Now, I'd appreciate it if you took me to a hospital before I die of infection."

"Well, isn't that interesting, because the boys you're talking about say that you were the one that attacked them, then you took them to the site then tormented them, along with an entire group of people. Now, don't call me a liar, but they stated their story thoroughly." As I knew it, the cop would always side with the bad side of things. Then again, they've always done this; ever since I got into trouble with the law involving my father, all they did was never side with me, even though I was saying the truth.

"Well, don't believe me, but it's the truth, Officer Jackson. You've always done this to me, regardless of any situation you put me under; it's always me as the accused." I stated this firmly, as I felt my eyebrow drip down a drop of blood. "If I wasn't any 'stupider', I'd say that you were paid off to cover up something that always ended up with me as the accused, because let's face the facts, in every situation that involves me and Andy and his gang it always ends up me being the accused and them the innocent, and frankly, I'm quite tired of it." I stood and reached into my pocket, hoping that my cell phone was still intact, which with my luck would not be, but this time fate favored me, so I pulled it out with ease. "Now, if you excuse me, I'm a call my lawyer, because I'm in need of some medical attention and you refuse to give it to me out of your stubbornness and stupidity."

"Fine, fine," Officer Jackson said in a stern voice. "But first answer me the question, what were you doing on the premises of the crime?"

"I was taken there against my will and obviously beaten," I replied. "I don't know how well educated you are in criminal justice, but I'm finding it rather hard to believe that you passed the written portion of the exam." I was, in fact, upset to the point of beating him, but I wasn't going to assault an officer.

Officer Jackson stood up and looked at me in the eyes upset, trying to be little me as I suspected. "What did you say, punk?"

"Oh, I'm sorry Officer, did I pinch a nerve," I looked at him directly into his dark eyes, chuckling at his attempt to make himself look bigger. "What are you going to do, assault me, and then arrest me saying I assaulted you first? You may only arrest a bunch of, oh what was the word you used, oh yeah, punks, but know this, Officer Jackson, I am no punk." I turned around and walked out. "You do not scare me and never will. Just know that I am not who you think I am. Now go out there and arrest those assholes before I go and file a lawsuit against you all for being paid off to torment me."

I walked out of the office and out the door into the street, walking home as I intended on doing. I noticed the clock was so off on my watch, which now had a blood stain and crack on it. It couldn't be three in the morning, so I just walked on expecting some of the cars that would normally pass by every few seconds would do so, but as I continued on walking, they never did. The street lights were on and the eeriness of the subject was already getting to me. I could see that well, and I came to a conclusion. It was extremely late and I had no idea what my mother was going to say when I got home, and judging by where I was, my home was on the other side of the city, about ten to twelve miles.

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I began the journey back home. It was an exhausting walk, having been beaten to nearly death and having been abandoned by today's "top-notch" cops. I had to make it at least to the hospital and get treated for my wounds. Right now, that was on my mind, not getting home, not my friends or family, just getting help so I won't get any infections and die. I hurried myself on towards the hospital on the corner of Jackson Avenue and Maples Lane. Personally, I couldn't imagine myself running all the way over there, so I stopped at a nearby gas station, the Lucky 8's, after realizing that I didn't have my cell-phone.

The clerk inside was a calm looking man with long brown hair and small mustache. He glanced at me as I leaned on the counter with my arm on it, having it been cut up from the days earlier activity. He wasn't that much older than I was and to come to think of it, I believe he went to school with me. I believed I had him for third period, English IV, but I couldn't put it together. I did know that his name was Paul, and judging by his facial expression, he was frankly too shocked to even say anything.

"Excuse me, man," I asked in a panting voice, having walked at least five miles to get here. The roads were filled with such a light brush of trees and the gravel of the roads didn't make it any better, but simply exhausting to the point. "Can I borrow a phone?"

"Yeah, sure, man," Paul, as referred to on his 'Hi, my name is' card on his chest. He bent down and pulled out a phone and pressed 9. This was to let the call go through. Paul handed it to me and said in a concerned voice. "Are you alright?"

I took the phone and dialed in the number. "As you can see, no I'm not." I replied solemnly. The ringing began to enter my ears. I dialed in Carry's number, hoping she would answer. I had tried my mother at first, but as usual she didn't answer, even when my father had died, she didn't answer; I must've called several times. I waited for like three rings until Carry finally answered the phone.

"Hello," her voice was tired. "Who's this?"

"Carry, it's me Timmy," I answered lowly into the phone's receiver. "Can you come to pick me up and take me to the hospital?"

"What, what the hell happened!?" Carry shouted. "Where the hell are you?"

"I'm at the gas station about five miles away from the police station." I said softly, trying to anger her more. "So, you think you can come and pick me up?"

"It's three in the damn morning. Never mind, I'm on my way. You have some major explaining to do to me and your mother, because I'm picking her up too." Carry shouted into the phone. I heard the door slam on the other side of the phone, and just as she happened Carry said. "I'm on my way. You owe me big time!" The phone ended.

I looked at Paul, who was glancing at me in a scared expression. He was looking at me in the eyes. Paul's next saying was: "So I take it your girlfriend's mad?"

"She's not my girlfriend, and you have no idea," I replied, grabbing some tic-tacks from the side of the counter. "How much are these?" I wasn't worried about my breath if that's what you're thinking. I just wanted the taste of blood out of my mouth, which had a deep iron sensation to the back of my tongue. Personally, I could care less what Carry thought of my breath at the moment. Personally, I just wanted to get to the hospital and get myself patched up, because you never know what is damaged on the inside of your system.

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For example, I had this throbbing pain on the side of my chest. I suspected it to be a broken rib or something of that sort, or a bruised rib, I wasn't exactly sure. It stung and felt as if something was piercing my side and itching under my skin, in such a devastating, most annoying way possible to keep me from snapping and hitting someone in the face.

"Well, those are a dollar?" Paul replied.

I reached into my pocket and felt a sharp poke on my side. I flinched and then I pulled out the only remaining dollar that was hiding in the depths of my pocket. I handed him the blood covered dollar and opened the packet of tic-tacks, and ate a few. They rang with the orange flavor that I was expecting. "Thanks man." I walked out of the gasoline station.

I waited there in the darkness, wondering how long it would take Carry, and my momâ waitâ my mother, oh damn, well this isn't going to end well. I knew the first thing that Carry would do is smack me across the head and call me an idiot, then my mother would do the same for 'scaring' her. I knew they cared, but they needed to learn that I wasn't a mere child anymore. I just came to a point in my life where I could be more independent with things, if I was simply given the chance. Well, I believe I had the chance, but I assume that I 'blew it'.

I waited anxiously for Carry, and my mother. The night seemed to drag and wouldn't cease to torment me with the inner guilt that I felt in the depth of my stomach. It was hard to believe that only ten minutes had passed, though it seemed like an hour, no to be more correct, several hours. I've learned that time and guilt does not mix in any sense of any subject especially when something like this has occurred.

It must have been at least ten more agonizing, nerve wrecking minutes until a white Torres pulled up into the parking lot. By this time, the streets were completely empty, and the day was almost upon us. Soon it'll be Monday, and I'd be face to face in even more drama with Andy and his gang. Now that I know who is on my side, I know who to stay away from, but why I was wondering about Monday was beyond me, but I knew something on that day was to change my life forever, and ever.

"Timmy," Carry shouted out as the door opened, and she ran to me, throwing her arms around me. This was obviously, though predictable, through me off by surprise. Like I said before, I was expecting more of a beating. "Are you ok?"

"Yes, Carry, I'm fine," I replied patting her back for reassurance. "Can we please head out to the hospital? I'm in pain, if you aren't aware."

"Honey, what the hell happened to you?" Carry asked assisting me to car, as she opened the passenger door for me.

"I got into a bit of 'play-date' with some old friends," I entered the vehicle and sat down on the seat, waiting for my mother's soon coming tantrum.

"Was it Andy and his gang? God damn it, this is the second time you get into problems with them. I told you to stay away from them," Carry summed this up after sitting in the driver's seat and drove off. "Don't you ever listen to me, Timmy?"

"Of course, I do," I admitted in a stern tone. "I was just caught off guard; it's just a few cuts and bruises."

"Cuts, and bruises, my ass, you do. If you did, you wouldn't be in this mess. Look at you; I can't even look at you. You look so horrible. You may be the only friend I really care about, but that doesn't mean you have to

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ignore me every time that I try and get you out of trouble."

"I wasn't trying to get into trouble, and I've listened to you for the last few half years and all." I looked at her. It was the truth; I tried to stay out of trouble, but I didn't do anything this time."

"Look, Timmy, I don't care who started what, the point is you got in this, and now I have to be driving you at three in the morning, so you can be ok."

I looked into her eyes through the rear view mirror. She was tearing up and I couldn't really help, but wonder why. It was such a strange sight seeing someone cry for you, and I didn't know what to do. I was honestly dumbstruck over such a sight. I knew she was any point of breaking down, because Carry's voice trembled as I said. "Carry, why do you care about me so much?"

"Becauseâ because I just do, sweetie. I don't know, well, yes I do, but I just can't say, because I don't want to lose you," Carry's tear rolled slightly down her cheek. It gleamed gold over the dimly, lit light posts that surround the streets of asphalt. It then shined and then just stayed there on the bottom of her chin. Her skin, so smooth and warm, just held it there.

"Why wouldn't you want to lose me, but a more interesting question would be why would you lose me?"

"Timmy, I just really care about you and you know it. I know that you don't feel the same way towards me, and I respect that, but I can't keep myself from caring about you."

I didn't really understand that last statement, and I wasn't about to ask what she meant, because knowing Carry, I knew that she didn't mean what I am thinking, so I wasn't going to bother. It was still really strange for me to have someone care for me. All I've ever gotten from my friends was that I was a piece of shit that didn't deserve to live. Well, of course, I don't associate with them anymore. I was always the different one in many ways; thinking was one of the major things that separated me from my 'friends', but nevertheless Carry and Ryan were the ones that stayed on my side and that's what really mattered to me.

"Carry, are you ok?" I had to ask that. It was the right thing to do, but it wasn't the right thing at the moment. Obviously she wasn't ok; if she was, she wouldn't be on the verge of tears.

"Look, let's just get you to the hospital."

Well, that wasn't quite the answer I was looking for, but I assume it was a simple no, plus to make things even more tense at the moment, she stayed quiet all the way to the hospital, which took at least about another five minutes to reach. I didn't really know what to expect, but I knew that the news I was about to receive wasn't going to be such a "jolly intervention", as my English teacher would have said.

Now when I come to think about it, he always says such a phrase when he meant it to be sarcastic in a tense situation. I remember being in the middle of an essay that I needed to write and Mr. Bark shouts out in a tone with so much sarcasm, "Oh what a jolly intervention this fine blasphemous day has brought us children," that even the 'slow' kids were out and about puzzling about why he used such sarcasm. No one really knew why he did that, but according to a childish superstition he was once a priest and that he would always do that after ever sacrament. Personally, as I've mentioned before, I never founded of such teachings because it became something of a brainwashed society, but I assume if it brings happiness and relaxation to some of the followers then I assumed it was alright, but enough of this.

Anyway, Carry and I arrived at the hospital to be greeted by late night volunteers and medical workers with open arms. It wasn't long until I was in the ward awaiting the response of the doctor after his tastings that he

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had given me. Dr. Osborne was his name, and I've visited him many times before this fine occasion, so he knew my file good enough, which was enough for me to trust him, and after some patching up from the kind (I'll admit, attractive) nurses, he came into the room with dark circles around his eyes, which I knew he had been working over time, many hours over at that.

Carry waited for me in the chair that was on the window side of the room, and watched as Dr. Osborne said through his bare rimmed glasses. "Well, I'm glad to report that you have no major injuries, Timothy," his voice was stern, yet soothing and relieving that I wasn't bleed internally or something of that matter. "Your ribs are bruised though, so we'll be giving you some pain medication to control the pain. Be glad, and grateful that they didn't do anymore damage to you; I'd consider myself lucky."

I stood up slightly, being assisted by Carry. "So have you called my mother?" I was more anxious to know that then how I was doing.

"Yes, and she said that she's glad you are alright, and thanks your friend as well, but I wouldn't say your off the hook just yet." Dr. Osborne replied this in a light chuckled towards the end.

I assumed I was in some trouble, but I didn't do anything, so my worries were to that high. I was more concerned about how Carry was feeling. She hadn't spoken ever since we've been assigned a room. I was beginning to wonder if she was upset at my actions or something. I mean, who wouldn't be upset if you had to pick up a friend who was just beaten down. Also, to top it off she didn't even get dressed. Carry was in shorts and an old shirt that I had given her when hers tore that one night at the camping trip with Ryan and some other people, who I don't associate with. Of course, her makeup was not done either, and her hair was a brief mess.

Carry and I walked down the hall ways of the hospital right as a voice suddenly interrupted us from the walk on home. "Timmy, is that you?"

I turned and saw that it was, to my surprise, Lisa. I haven't seen her for the last three days and it feels like a lifetime. I can't say that I missed her; but it seems as if that these entire recent events have been occurring so fast that I lost track of time. "Oh, hi there," I managed to reply.

"How are you?" Lisa said, adjusting her blonde hair. "I saw the records."

"I'm fine, thank you," I said. I felt Carry's hand apply pressure to my side. It was more of a stabbing sensation than an intended attention getter. I knew that she wanted me to leave already. I knew that Carry wanted me home. She wanted me safe, so I cut the conversation short with Lisa. "Look, I'm exhausted and want to get some rest. I'll see you in a few days or so."

"Ok," Lisa replied not shocked or anything. "I see your condition. I'll let you rest. Take care, and call me if you need anything." I wanted to question what she was doing in the hospital, but since she was dressed in scrubs I assumed that was self-explanatory.

We walked out of the hospital and drove home. I was dropped off after a brief explanation of Carry's silence. She said that she was quiet because she didn't want to mention anything that might offend me or affect our friendship in anyway. I attempted reassurance when she was almost to the point of tears, but it didn't work. I mean how can it help if all you say is "I'll be ok", but I assume I am really bad at this.

Now as I ignored my mother's requests more me to explain and just walked on upstairs to my room, I saw how she cared for me. I saw how she wanted to take care of me, but for now I can't let her intervene with my life, because of the complexity that it will unveil.

Chapter 5: Chapter Five

The days gave no sense of relief over the next few days, because of the constant rain that let down on the neighborhood residences' houses. The clouds that hung over head grey as an ever, casting sorrowful establishments on my body's well-being. This wasn't common in Winchester's Peak. Our rain patterns consisted of small showers that last ten minutes each, but this storm was different; it has been letting off rain for at least an hour and a half, by now, and it shows yet to let up from pouring down.

I watched all of this from the safety of my room, in the low lighting of the day's cloud cover, too lazy and slow to turn on the lights, or even attempt to open the curtains, just view through the small opening that was now shining most of the light that filled my room. The essence in the room was so relaxing; you could say I could actually take a breath without worrying about anything. You know, sometimes I wonder when I will get over my father's death. I know that it wasn't my fault, but for some reason I still blame myself for what happened. If I hadn't gone and fought Carry's dad, he might have still been alive, and would be telling me how proud he was that I was finally going to make it in the music industry and how good, he'd say, my music was, and that I was a really good composer, but those days are over, and I had to face reality and accept the fact that he will never come back, and drive up the drive-way then come up the stairs, hugging me as I'd run up to his arms as he begins to tell me that everything is ok.

I stood up, and walked up to the window, pulling open the shady red-green pattern curtains. The sun light fell in slightly, but yet it didn't do much more than give another ray of light into my room. Nothing seemed more relaxing than the silence of the warm steps of my feet that glided gently upon my carpet. The breeze that caused the tree branch to tap in a rhythm filled with a harmonious tone, and the leaves that still are around the place of the apartment complex were now blowing in the wind with no restraint and no sign of letting up from flying away from this place. There was no worry in this brief moment that will soon be broke every so often by the passing cars down in the road below.

"Timmy," a knock from the other side of the door interrupted my thoughts. "Are you going to go out today?" It was my mother, who was probably just out of the shower in her bathrobe with a toothbrush in her mouth, because she always was a rushed person, and needed to get to her first job at the beginning of seven o' clock.

"Yeah, I am," I replied, softly, just loud enough to let her know that I was alive. "I'm going to call Carry, and Ryan to see what they're going to do today." I honestly didn't want to be in the house at the moment. I just wanted to go outside and be there, alone as I'd normally do throughout my weekend, and smoke a cigarette with the least amount of thought on my problems. Actually, I cigarette would be nice at the moment, but knowing me, I was fresh out of those relaxing cancer sticks, and I'm not going to have enough money to go buy another pack, due to the compelling prices of gasoline.

I continued thinking about one thing that's been on my mind for the last few days. I remember telling my father that I wanted to leave to college and never come back, because there is no opportunity in this city and that I didn't want to be bugged by any more of the bullies that would get to me. I remember telling him that I was going to become my own man, and do things that no one would have ever expected me to do. I'd leave, and always be independent, not missing anyone. There'd be just myself and no one else that would accompany me. Now when I think about it, I realize how much I miss my father. How I miss him getting after me when he'd catch me digging holes in the back yard, or how I'd be always climbing trees and he'd then shout at me for me to get down then I'd get smacked in the back of the head and called an idiot.

I remember a friend telling me how parents would miss us when we'd go off to college and how they'd miss us making them upset, just to let them know that we still existed. I find it extremely ironic and I guess you can say that it was pretty sad, almost depressing, and that my father wouldn't be missing me when I go to college.

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How his life could have ended so early? You know I mean that how could he just be gone...just like that. It's so strange experiencing this slight suffering that now plagues me for what seems like the rest of my life. Obviously, there is no reason to whine about it, but I'll admit, that I miss my father. I miss him more than you can possibly imagine. I miss his arms around me. I miss his eyes that were filled with knowledge, and I missed the way we'd always be just talking about life and all these other things that a father and son discuss together.

Now when I think about it, as I type in the number of one my closest friends, I remember seeing his face. I remember seeing the bliss all upon his eyes that shined with every day. "Carry, its Timmy." I stated this when she answered in the next few rings of the cell phone. "Are you doing anything today, or are you going to get busy later on tonight?"

"Timmy, it's seven in the morning. Can't you wait until I at least get up?" Her voice was soft and somewhat tired, but then again, when I come to think of it, Carry was always tired, because she was always working to save up for college. "You know I'm up for hanging out, but let me wake up, or just come over. I think my mom is up; she'll let you in."

"Alright," I didn't want to go this early, but I didn't see anything wrong with it, so I guess I'll just get dressed and then head out. "I'll see you later. Do you have anything in mind for today?" I honestly did not have any idea for the plans of the day. Of course, normally I'd do it ahead of time, and then I'd go with the agenda, but lately I'd been beginning to procrastinate more and more as the days were playing out.

I walked to a pile of my clothes that had just been folded by my mother not long ago most likely yesterday. I noticed how perfectly aligned the lines were with each other, how they were neatly straight along the background which fell to be crooked. I always loved how the perfection of these things was, yet they were extremely simple to do. I loved how soft the clothes were as they brushed against my skin, so soft, blissful at that. It gave me a sense of comfort that someone at least cared. Personally, I don't know where I'm getting all of this from. I assume I was just missing my father, but in this case, my mother.

I was walking down the small alley way that connected my neighborhood from Carry, and it was rather worn out now; Ever since the shooting, no one has really come down this road, except me. I'm probably the only one that still remembers it. I assumed it was because of the dark past it held. Several people did die on that day. Many of them were innocent, and other deserved to die, on a person's perception on the deceased. I remember how it the grass used to grow over the next few turns that snaked to the opening to Carry's neighborhood, which wasn't so bad. It was a nice look street of assorted house where everyone knew everyone, and if there was a problem, they would merely talk it over and find a solution; unlike mine where all they resorted to violence, which always ended with an occasional death.

I was walking into the driveway when a red car pulled up into in behind me. I turned to see who it was, passing the trees as I went along with the walk. It was a red car, I don't really recall the make, but it was rather new, maybe a year of age. I was completely calm with the car driving up in the driveway, but then I realized who it was, her brother. I wasn't scared of him, if that's where you're going at, but the fact that he hates me for beating his father down was one thing, but hanging out with his sister was another. I know that I really don't find Carry attractive like that, but knowing him, he was over protective just because I say "Hi" to the girl.

He stepped out of the vehicle not to long after that thought. I was there looking at him as he walked out. Carry's brother, who was named Jay, was a muscular person who wore leather jackets with a "W" on the back. His jeans were too tight, tighter than I'd ever wear them, and mine were tight. Jay's boots were wrapped with a chain, and were pitch black. What I didn't understand is why he had to have his long red hair brushed back, and greased up. Personally, I found it unsanitary, which it was, and absolutely disgusting. Jay always had his eyes hidden behind dark tinted sunglasses that he wore even indoors at all times.

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I turned and walked towards the door. I knew it wasn't such a good idea in the first place, because Jay was going to try to start problem, but judging that it's like eight in the morning, I really doubt that he might, because he just got back from work.

"Morning, Timothy," Jay said randomly as he passed me and opened the door with his keys. "Is there anything my family could do for you so early in the morning?" He's voice was sarcastic. I assumed it was because I talked like that occasionally. I don't always begin just to speak in a formal matter unless it was required to.

"I came to see Carry," I replied, trying to avoid starting anything, because if there's one thing that I know, is that Jay was very short tempered and it gets extremely annoying when he just suddenly decides to just start throwing fists. Of course, I was trained very well in all kinds of self-defense, but I wasn't going to beat him down on his own property. "I've already called her, letting her know that I was on my way."

"Well, isn't that fine and dandy," Jay said with a spark in his voice. "You think you can always do what you want, don't you Carter? Think that you can just come on over whenever you want?" Jay's voice was firm and to the point, an obvious sense of rage was building up in many of the ways that was damn right, excuse my French, bullshit.

"Well, the obvious answer is no," I shot back him with my sense of sarcasm, but more well thought out. "Even if the answer was 'yes' I wouldn't be having this conversation with you. I'd be upstairs eating your left-over food." Obviously I was trying to enrage him, but I believed that I should stop, so I did.

"Well, aren't you a smart ass," Jay chuckled. "Just walk up to my sister's room before I change my mind, and kick your ass, you smart ass prick." I was aware of this. It was a common experience that happened every time that I came over to Carry's house.

"Well said." I walked passed him and into Carry's house.

It was when I was half way up the stairs that I just stopped. There was a flash, a great flash on absolute magnitude. It was white and large....

I was walking down the hallway. It was so dim. The lights were off, and the moon shined through the curtains of the window, which illuminated the floor with a speck of whitish blue. It was a soothing spectrum of existence that made me wonder how could something so beautiful, be feared by most people that were not adjusted to the simplicity of the dark, but I assume that that was the answer to my question. They just weren't adjusted.

There was a silence unlike anything that I hadn't experienced. The light footsteps that fell onto the floor when I walked so softly along the walls wallpaper, attempting to stay quiet as I go. The small lights that covered the hallway were all out of life, as they were all off with broken bulbs. The carpet on the floor didn't help the silence feel any more comfortable with its small shades of black and grey.

As I walked on there were screams that were heard, shouts of agony screaming. "Why are you doing this to me? Why are you killing everyone that you once loved? Talk to me, God damn it!" The voice was of a female, and it was shockingly stunning that it rang so familiar, so sinisterly familiar that it was frightening.

I turned to where the door stood shut, from where the screams were crying out from. I looked at it, just gazed and wondered what was going on. The sweat, cold, and warm, trickled down my spine like a river during the middle of December. I wondered why this sensation was bugging me deep inside. It was eating at me, like a boiling sensation, sparking at the pits of my stomach. The sensation worked its way up to my throat, making me nauseous as I go. I heard the screams, shouting and tossing was on the other side of the black door. I was

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reluctant to go in, but I knew I had to, so without any more hesitation, I rushed into the door.

What I saw was something that I was hoping that I wouldn't even have the audacity of viewing. I saw a man that was there, he was about my height and body figure. He wore completely black, and his face was half covered by some red cloths that was ragged, and ruined at the edges. On the floor there was a girl that had red hair, her face was all bruised up and cut. Her eyes were covered with the tears that she'd been flowing. The smell of sweat and blood were in the air. The stench caught me off guard, like a bat being swung at you, but you still had time to get out of the way right before it struck you.

That's when I realized that the girl was Carry. I was in absolute shock and fear ran up my spine. It felt as if I'd walked right into a horror movie, because what I noticed next was even more horrifying. There on the floor next to Carry, right at the edge of her knees was those three kids that were messing with me, Andy, Kent, and Cal. Their bodies laid there motionless with blood all over their clothing. They laid there in a crippled fettle position, stacked up like a holocaustic burial ground.

The man was there laughing his way into silence. In a most satisfying, most disgusting laugh I had ever heard. It rang in the in the depths of my ears and it never ceased. I wondered what it was, this disgusted yet satisfying laughter called pleasure, or was it desire that rang in his now depleting chuckle. The tingle that ran down my spine was chilling, almost paralyzing to the regular lasting soul.

I looked down toward the fake Carry and watched her as she shouted. "Timmy, run!" That last word echoed throughout the vary depths of my mind again and again.

I then realized what was going on. I saw that Carry was looking into my eyes. It was the real Carry, not the one that was in myâ lvision. She looked frantic, and was calling my name, trying not to shout, but just loud enough for me to snap out of what happened to me. "Timmy, are you ok?"

I looked at her. I hadn't realized that I was expression no emotion. I was grabbing the rail of her staircase with astounding force, so tightly gripped that I had forgotten what was going on. A cold racing sweat was in my shirt covering every last bit of cotton strand that you could see. Trembling I was, as terribly anxious as I felt myself be. Never had I experienced such a deep chill of fear, or honestly I didn't know what it was. It was almost completely aggravating to even commence the thought of such an over bearing thought. Nevertheless I wasn't going to let any of this take part in my mind tormenting me so.

"Timmy, are you ok?" Carry's voice was firm this time. She grabbed me by the shoulders and guided me to the down the stairs, and to the kitchen on the left. I knew she was worried, but for some reason I couldn't speak. The words just couldn't escape my mouth as if someone had sewn my mouth shut.

I looked at her, and opened my mouth, finally pushing the words out as hard as I was able to. "Yes, I am." I didn't know what else to say. It was all so disturbing that I was under the influence of almost breaking out into a nervous breakdown over how terrifying it was. What did I see? What did it mean? These and many other questions raced all throughout the electrical singles that pulsed along my mind. Personally, I was scared. I honestly didn't know what was going on.

"Timmy, tell me the truth, what's going on?" Carry was so scared. "What's going on? Why are you acting so strange?"

"Yeah, Carter, what's going on with you?" Jay said this, from behind, if my senses haven't failed me yet. "Tell us, oh wise one, tell us how you're not going crazy, because that act was pretty weird."

"I don't know what you're talking about," I replied so silently. "I don't know. What did I do?"

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"You were just there looking at me as if you saw a ghost." Carry met my eyes one more time. "Sweetheart, tell me what is on your mind?"

"What more can I say?" I sat up straight lightening up on the subject.

"Timmy," Carry's bottom lip was shaking. "What did you see?"

That last question was unexpected. I didn't know what to say. How did she know I saw something was more on my mind that telling her that I saw someone dead, and that I viewed the kids that I so wished dead were dead in front of my own eyes. I didn't know what to say. The words had been taken right out from the bottom of my tongue. "I saw them dead," I managed to say.

"Who did you see?" Carry looked in my eyes. They were so scared, so filled with beauty, but terrified. I just noticed how ruined her hair was, and her face wasn't in the simple set up of makeup she normally wore. I looked down slightly and noticed that she was in a night shirt. She had just woken up, and now she had to awake to some kind of drama that I was causing.

It was something that I regretted saying, this next phrase that ran on the edge of my lips. "I killed them. Those kids that hung out with Andy," I muttered this in such a slight manner that it was really dimmed, so dim that I was completely silent. I didn't quite figure what was happening until I was shaken by the shoulders by Carry.

"Timmy, what's going on? Please, tell me," Carry looked on the verge of snapping and smacking me across the face. I didn't know why I was being so incompilant. I was to the point of slapping myself in the face. It wasn't until a few seconds later that I was able to come to myself, and reply Carry's question.

"I saw something. It was so strange. I didn't know what I saw, but I had a feeling it was evil. It felt like a dream; very vague, it was, and yet the message was so clear." I stunned myself and the others around me, well just Carry for now, so Ryan would be coming over for breakfast as we always have on a Sunday morning. "Death is cold, but death is fair, and the last, but only the beginning."

Carry held me on a state of shock with her trembling smooth skin. So majestic, it was against my chest. "What has happened to you? Just last night, you were fine. Timmy, I can't take this anymore. It's been so much drama ever since the day ourâ our fathers fought. I'm to the point of breaking." I felt the tears drip unto my shirt. How could someone be so strong, but yet so fragile? How could anyone stand so much drama for so long?

"Carry, I'm sorry." I held her gently. "And I thank you for caring for me. I know it's been so long that someone's given me any form of kindness and I was blind to have neglected you. I know it doesn't matter now, and I know something is going to happen. I don't know what it is, and I believe that no matter how often or time I spent pondering about it, I will never figure it out." I adjusted so I could look her in the eyes. "Let's just move on with our lives, ok? You're my friend and I don't like seeing you like this."

"Of course, we don't," Ryan walked into the room, and watched the scene. "So why is she feeling like that?" Ryan was always the one to be asking questions, I mean I couldn't blame him of his curiosity, but nevertheless I couldn't be answering everything to him just now.

"There was just a scene," I replied as I looked at Ryan directly into his eyes. "It's not something to take a major worry on."

"Oh, ok, that seems legit. I'm glad to hear you too are finally not being all dramatic on each other, because for the last few days you two have been a Lifetime movie with all the crying and all."

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Carry looked up and said in a shocked tone of voice. "What did you say!?"

"Yeah," Ryan replied. "I saw you crying one night when you got home. I was going for a walk to the small convenient store and I saw you get off your car and you were crying."

"Oh, sorry," Carry replied lowly. Of course, she was upset that someone saw her crying. Even more to add to the situation is that I knew why she was crying, and I knew who it was about. It was about me; always has been, maybe always will be. "Sorry, you had to see that."

"It's ok, don't worry about it," Ryan patted her back. "So, let's start with some breakfast." Ryan walked over to the refrigerator and took out a carton of eggs and placed them on the counter. He took out about seven and cracked them, preparing them for the usual scrambling.

I looked back at Carry and watched her carefully, hoping that she would not just suddenly snap and then start killing people. I knew she was under a lot of stress, and I feared the worst already, because all this crying was only getting worse, as I concluded.

"Carry, are you ok," I saw myself walking towards her and holding her. "I'm so sorry that I'm being driven insane by these people. I wish I could just tell you it'll be ok, but I know deep down inside that it isn't. I know that I can't just fix everything and making all over of problems go away, but know that I'm here for you. I've realized that I want to take care of you and get rid of all of this drama." "Yeah, how convenient all of that would be. Oh, how'd I'd to do that, but unfortunately I can't do any of those things and then again even if I did it wouldn't be the same, because I was so used to the drama and it just would make us collapse.

I wanted to help her in any way possible, but right now, things are really strange. I mean ever since last night, I have been experiencing such strange things. I would black out and then I'd come back to on my bed wondering what I was doing. It was such a frightening experience and I personally I was almost terrified what happens when I black out. I knew that it wasn't normal for me to be experiencing such events, but for now, I must live with them, so I can make Carry feel better by saying that I am fine.

I wasn't to exhilarant about eating breakfast just yet. I wanted to relax and get over this traumatic experience that I just went through. What could it have meant was beyond be, but nevertheless I knew that it had something to do with my desires; the desires no one talks about because you'll get sent to a mental institution for thinking of such blasphemous thoughts in modern day society. What I didn't understand was why those kids were the ones to be slaughtered by my own hand. I obvious was not planning on finding out, but when Carry suddenly said from the blue. "Timmy, would you kill Andy and those other jerk?" I was complete thrown off my seat, almost literally, and Ryan didn't hesitate to glance and give a stern look on his face saying 'what!?'

Now, I was complete mesmerized by what the meaning of the 'vision' held. I wanted to know what did I really see, and what did really happen? "Well, if it comes to a point, maybe I will be driven to that point in life. I don't want to hurt anyone, but I don't want them treating me like this. The fight I got into with them just made things worse. The cops were always against me because of my record, and now, I hope that I do not get into any more trouble, but knowing them and past events, I can assume it isn't safe anymore."

"What do you mean that it won't be safe," Carry looked at me dead in the eye. Her eyes, sorrowful and yet hoping that there everything will be ok, were already going to begin to tear up. "Just tell me that it will ok."

"I just don't know anymore, Carry," I said caution. I know that if I said anything else that she would get even more upset from my words. I was aware that they were bleak, sometimes to blunt at that, but nevertheless, she will get hurt. "I'm sorry, but judging by past events, things will get worse. I don't know what will happen next,

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but I'm sure that it won't be good. I have a feeling, such a devastating numbing sensation that soon there will be something bad to occur."

Carry and Ryan just watched me. They knew when I spoke in such a way I was serious on the subject, but assured I would have to continue with the subject, I carried on. "In my 'vision', if you must say, I saw Andy and his friends dead at my feet, I don't know what happened and I wondered deeply what was occurring when I saw the scene. I saw Carry crying in front of me begging for the black figure to stop! "

Carry was the first to interrupt me of my interpretation, that I was about to give out. "Please, Timmy, just stop it! Just stop, let's just get back to making breakfast, ok?" Her eyes were softening like crazy, so I realized that I was pushing her to the point of breaking down. I found it painful almost to see her like that. I didn't know why, and I most definitely could not explain why these feelings were occurring.

"Ok, Carry, I'll stop." I said softly to her. "If it makes you feel better, I'll stop." I took a glance at her and I realized that she hadn't even changed from her night gown and yet I had the audacity to keep on pushing her, but yet there Carry was just glancing at me through watered eyes with an expression that was to the point of begging. "So what do you all want to make for breakfast?" I attempted to change the subject.

Ryan was the first to respond, climbing off the kitchen counter where he had been sitting. "I guess some bacon and eggs would be nice. What do you think, Carry, would that be good?" Ryan looked Carry, who replied a simple 'yes'.

Carry stood up and went over to the counter, and pulled out a bowl from the top left drawer. She did this in such a slow and careful way, as if the bowl had some sort of material scattered on the inside waiting to just burst out at any time. I knew she was nervous, and I knew that she was anxious, but I could not piece together if she was devastated about what has occurred that it has pushed her to the point of breaking. Honestly, I was to the point of snapping, and I know how she felt towards the sensations of these types of agonies.

I got up to help her; hopefully that it would ease things up from the, but as I did, she just pushed herself towards the counter even more. Carry's shoulders were tensing when I put my hand on the left one and said. "Do you need any help?"

"Darling, I appreciate the help, but for now, let me make you breakfast. You've been through a lot." I heard the small thump of the bowl being placed on the counter.

"Carry," I turned her around. "What's wrong?"

"I don't want to talk about it right now, wait for a little bit when we go out somewhere, OK?" Carry turned and broke eye contact from me.

It wasn't until long that we were all eating the delicious food that Carry cooked. She was excellent at it, so good, that we had already started planning on her opening her own restaurant and assisting her when she needed some help. I hope she was planning on going through with this; Carry was an extremely good cook. The bacon was crisped red and to just the right crunchiness and juice that seeped out from the inside of the bacon. It was salty, but not too salty.

Ryan was munching down like he's never had such a good breakfast before. I saw him just 'munching' away, and the egg would fall out of his mouth, that was when I looked at Carry, and we both laughed at Ryan's sloppy eating. "What I do?" was what he said when he noticed us sneaking out some laugh with the food hanging out of his mouth. "I didn't do anything," he said with his mouth full.

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"Nothing, nothing," Carry chuckled in that soft voice that she had. I was glad that she was no longer upset. I really enjoyed it when she was happy, but I knew that it wouldn't last for long. I knew it was a pessimistic way of thinking, but it was the truth. As cruel as it sounds, I know that it would be worse for me, then again I wanted to make sure that she was happy at least for the remaining time.

"So, Carry, are you still planning on opening that restaurant?" Ryan asked short after breakfast was done.

"Yeah, I want to go to college for it," Carry smiled as she took a small drink from her glass of orange juice. I can tell that she was passionate about making food. The tone in her voice was almost excited when she spoke of it. "I want to go to school in New York at ICE."

I didn't know where that was, so I just said. "Well, that's good. I'm sure you can make it to the school."

"Thanks, Hon," Carry smiled towards me. I was trying to show her support and I assumed that she noticed it. "I appreciate you all supporting me."

"You're welcome," I replied, grinning for a while...

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