

# **Suicide Series---A Series of Heartwrenching Suicide Stories**

By : ALdarkersidelo

A series of stories I have written with one key theme...Suicide.

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## **Table of Contents**

Suicide Series---A Series of Heartwrenching Suicide Stories Chapter 1

# Suicide Series---A Series of Heartwrenching Suicide Stories : Chapter 1

## Aiden

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I woke up to the screaming again. My parents were fighting over something stupid as they always did. It started after my sister was born. At first I thought it was just the stress of having another child but after a year it still hadn't calmed down. It broke my heart to think of my little sister growing up with that, parents fighting and screaming about anything they could find to scream and fight about.

There was a timid knock on my door and I knew it was my sister. I didn't even have time to open it fully before Mandy was clinging to my leg in tears. I closed the door and picked her up, "Hey, it's okay." I rubbed her back and sat down on my bed with her in my lap.

She sniffed, "All I asked was if mom was driving me to school tomorrow and then they started to yell at each other." She started to cry again, "Make them stop, please make them stop Aiden."

It tore me apart to have my little sister cry to me like that, "I wish I could Mandy, I really do. If I could stop them I would." We sat there for a little while longer. I rocked her back in forth saying things to calm her down. After a while I kissed her head and got up, "Come on, let's go for a walk." I held out a hand to her and she took it. I opened my door and held her close as we walked down the stairs. I watched my parents, my dad throwing my mother against the wall, with cold, tired eyes. "I'm taking Mandy out." They didn't even look at me. I got frustrated at them, fighting and ignoring their kids. "Hey!"

My father turned to look at us, "What do you want? Can't you see we're busy?"

I glared at them, "No dad you're not busy you're fighting for no reason. And I just thought you might like to know that I'm taking Mandy out for a bit."

My father just waved her hand at me, "Sure whatever." I sighed as they started to fight again, cringed as I heard the smack of my father's fist hitting my mother's face. I took Mandy's hand again and walk out the door. Mandy was too young to have to deal with this. I looked down at her as we walked. She had long brown hair that went down to her waist tied up in a red ribbon I had given her. She was wearing a dress I had bought her, blue and white flowers with a black ribbon wrapped around her waist. On her pinky was little ring that our mom and dad had given her before they really started to fight, a small gold band with a blue gem in the middle. When she glanced up at me with her eyes, those beautiful sky blue eyes, the eyes I fell in love with the day my parents had brought her home, I couldn't picture those eyes seeing something so horrible as my parents fighting day and night.

Her voice brought me from my thoughts, "Aiden?"

I smiled at her, "Yah sweetie, what's up?" She pointed over to the ice cream shop across the street with a hopeful look on her face. I chuckled, "Alright, let's go get some ice cream." I looked both ways many times before crossing the street with a firm hold on Mandy's hand. We got two ice cream cones and went to sit down on the patio of the ice cream shop. I looked up and laughed, Mandy had ice cream on her nose. I pulled out a napkin and wiped the ice cream off her face. We finished and I took her hand again. We walked to a park a short walk away and played on the swings before deciding to go home. Hopefully our parents would be done

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screaming. I took her hand and we crossed the street. When we were across she noticed her ring was gone. She looked around and saw it shining in the sunlight in the middle of the road. She ran out to get it before I could stop her. A horn caught my attention as a car came swerving around the corner. I screamed out to her to come back but she didn't listen. I ran out to get her but I was too late. The car ran right over her.

I ran over to her, "Mandy! Mandy, come on baby girl hold on." I called 911 and started CPR. By the time the medics got there it was too late; she had lost too much blood and had too many fatal injuries. They took her away in the ambulance and I called my parents.

The tears in my eyes turned from sad tears to angry tears as I heard my father drunk on the other line. "He-hiccup-Hello?"

"Dad? It's Aiden. I have some really bad news."

On the other line I heard him take another sip, "Bad news, what could be bad in this world?"

I sighed, "Everything is bad in this world. I just thought you might want to know that your daughter was hit by a car and dying."

I heard my father yelling at my mom, "Why do you have to be so useless?" I heard glass breaking, "Now look at what you did!"

"I didn't break it, it's not my fault!"

"Yes it is everything is your fault!"

I got fed up and hung up on them, not wanting to hear them arguing. I knew as soon as went home I would hear it again.

The ambulance got to the hospital but they knew there was nothing they could do. Mandy was already dead. With Mandy gone I didn't know what I would do. She was my life, all I was living for. Now that she's gone what was left for me live for? I walked for hours to the closest bridge. I took out my phone and dialed my home phone number. When my father picked up I place the phone on the floor and stood on the edge. The only thing I could think to do was scream, with anger, with hatred, with sadness. I let myself fall through the air the short distance to the ground, hoping he understood that my scream was the last sound he would ever hear from me.

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End

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