

# High School Isn't The End

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This is about a young man who is tired of being picked on in high school and takes after his brother by becoming a street fighter.

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Why the fire burns.

Have you ever heard that song? You know the one.... The one that no matter how angry you are, no matter how sad, lost, or anything you are, when that song cuts on you smile and in that instant you know it'll be ok. You know that sooner or later you'll have the answers. You know that that's not the end.

If you haven't heard that song, have you read that book? What book? You know the one that when you have a rough day you crack it open, even though you read it a hundred times already, you start reading it again, you split a smile and you dread getting to that last chapter cause you don't want that moment to end?

If you haven't heard that song or read that book maybe it's a sport so beautiful it brings tears to your eyes or maybe it's art that means so much more than you can explain, or maybe it's poetry with amazing words that touch you, or maybe theres something you cook when you have a rough day and that is enough to change your mood, that is what'll make your life matter.

It doesn't matter what it is but everyone of you have something and if you can't think of it maybe you haven't found it yet, or it's something you won't think of, I had a friend that didn't think he had one till I discovered his was breaking things, I mean it sounds silly but he makes art out of shattering glass or punching walls, one day he will understand the greatness behind it.

But onward that is not what I'm writing about. I'm writing about what my thing is and how it all started. I wasn't born blood hungry, they made me this way. I'm the frankenstein monster of Sommerville Alabama, a small town made of big things.

My name's Clay Drake, I'm 18 years old, still in high school though it's my last year and as everyone says the most important. My mother is in rehab for meth, it's the story of her life, always in prison or rehab, one or the other. My brother is in the army now but before he left, he was a legend in my town, the greatest street fighter of all time. My dad disappeared a long time ago, I think I was 12 but who knows. It's been me and my brother Chase ever since and now he's in the army I'm taking care of a double wide trailer in the middle of bumb fuck egempt but it's not that bad cause he pays the bills, For the most part I just don't let him know that. In school I'm not really 'Mr Cool' or 'badass' or anything like that, if anything I'm the poster child of lame but it doesn't bother me as long as i have my best friend Rex who's a lil crazy and kinda lives with me.

i never wanted to get out of bed in the mornings but i did every time its like im a slut for self punishment.i would continue to assume my appearence in a tshirt with baggy blue jeans dcs and a black flat bill as usual. next me and rex would get in my 68 nova and drive to are destination of hell i mean high school.

as always my day was nothing but wlking and the back ground hiding in the shadows only speaking whe i see rex or a teacher calls on me.i wrote my iner thoughts in my notebook like i always do just jotting down thought that will never matter to any one but my self i mad it threw the day got home ate smoked outa my bong when to sleep woke up next day to do it all over again. why do i live the same day over and over some times i dont understand my self. i keep thinking bout things thatl never matter like did my dad say by the last time he saw me did he know it was the last time

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