

Mr. Problem Solver

Michael Crane

The boy was sitting on his bed with his dad's revolver in his hands. He got it from his dad's room since he was downstairs, passed out in his chair from all of the booze. The boy's eye was black and his nose was bloody.

He held the gun in his hands, and it felt cold. His dark eyes stared at the handle, the trigger, the cylinder, and the barrel. A wet, warm tear fell from his black eye.

I promise, I'll make everything better. The gun seemed to be speaking to him. *Just trust me on this.*

The boy gripped the gun harder. His fourteen-year-old hands shook as he held onto it.

I'm scared, he told it.

I know you are, but you have to trust me. I can make all of this pain go away.

The boy looked out to his window and heard a tree branch scraping against it. The wind was loud and wild. The moon was glaring.

It'll be quick, it told him. I promise. You won't feel a thing.

His body shook and another tear fell.

You won't hurt anymore. He won't hurt you anymore.

His teeth were chattering. Static was in his ears, but he understood everything. He thought about all of the nights that his dad would get drunk and beat him, just for kicks. Cursing him out, telling him that he was pathetic and worthless.

It was loaded. His old man always kept it loaded.

You promise? he asked it.

Promise.

The boy took a long, deep breath and closed his eyes. He was searching for another answer. Another solution. But there was none. This was the only way to end it. If he didn't tonight, he would endure another beating. He would get hurt again. His dad would see to that.

Trust me, it said to him. You've never trusted anybody else in your

life, now trust me.

He took it in his right hand and pressed it against his temple.
Another tear fell from his eye. A snort came from his nose.

It'll be over soon. Trust me.

His finger pressed against the trigger, slowly applying pressure.

He won't hurt you anymore.

The boy opened his eyes, and the static went away. Everything was clear.

He won't hurt me anymore, he said to himself and smiled.

The trigger was pulled and a loud, bright light filled the room.
After that, everything went silent.