

A Suicide Story

Contemplating suicide was standard practice for Randy Blackwell. Sometimes these thoughts disappeared for days, weeks, even months. Lately, however, they have been coming more frequently than ever. He was convinced that he was not afraid of death, it was the pain associated with it that scared him numb. Today, the urge was stronger than before. Driving on the familiar bridge, he pulled over and parked by the curb. He got out of the car and walked over to the edge. He looked down. Below him the water looked calm and peaceful. This shouldn't hurt, he thought, after all, it's just water.

The merging traffic behind Randy's car was accumulating. Some of the frustrated drivers honked and others cursed at him as they drove by.

"Take the leap buddy, but first move your god damn car!"

"Hey asshole, how about you jump and tell me if the water is worm!"

All of a sudden, he made the decision. He would jump, and hopefully hit a rock on his way down. He would kill himself. As he begun to climb the railing, he heard another voice behind him.

"Are you okay, sir?"

A cop has parked behind his car and one of the Officers walked towards him.

"Is everything alright, sir? How about you get down from there? The sightseeing post is at the end of the bridge."

"But you have to agree that the view from here is most humbling," said Randy thinking: it's now or never.

The Officer began walking faster towards the railing. Randy looked him right in the face, he wanted to capture everything about it – all its character and features – realizing that it would be the last human face he would see.

"Forgive me," Randy muttered as he pushed off the railing and finally became free.

Another worthless day. Why did I even bother getting up in the morning; they could've fired me over the phone instead of making me work the entire shift. At least the traffic isn't too bad. Wouldn't it be nice if one of the incoming cars just went a little bit into my lane? At 65 miles per hour it would be quick and probably painless. I think today is the day. This spot looks good.

Its high enough and the water looks deep and calm – and probably full of rocks. Hopefully it won't hurt. Honk all you want bastards, maybe that'll help you release some frustration.

"Take the leap buddy, but first move your goddamn car!"

I'm not moving for anyone, anymore.

"Hey asshole, how about you jump and tell me if the water is worm!"

How creative; it's March for Christ sake.

This railing is pretty high, might be unstable. Ha. What a thought.

"Are you okay, sir?"

Oh god dammit, a cop. Why here? Why now?

"Is everything alright, sir? How about you get down from there? The sightseeing post is at the end of the bridge."

A bright one, isn't he?

"But you have to agree that the view from here is most humbling", this reply feels appropriate. It will give him something to think about *later*. He's getting closer, it's now or never old boy. He is so young – his face, like mine was a couple decades back – blindly ambitious and determined.

Here we go, my time has come.

"Forgive me," – friend. This doesn't hurt at all.

"Oh what's with this traffic?" said Charlie sitting in the passenger side of the SFPD cruiser.

"You need to learn patience, rookie," Marvin, a 15 year veteran said calmly while taking a sip of his cola, "and here is our culprit now. What the hell is he doing by the ledge?"

"His car probably broke down," Charlie muttered with an awkward feeling about the whole situation.

"Go ask him what's up, and I'll run the plates," said Marvin putting down his drink. He grabbed the radio and began spelling out the license plate.

"Are you okay, sir?" Charlie called out to the man who looked lost staring down into the dark water. The middle aged man was evidently stirred and surprised to see him there.

"Is everything alright, sir? How about you get down from there? The sightseeing post is at the end of the bridge, " he felt that something was not right. The guy will jump, he thought, and began walking more swiftly but still very cautiously.

The man on the railing smirked and said, "but you have to agree that the view from here is most humbling." He looked intently at Charlie's face as he was getting closer. Charlie would never forget these words, or the man's piercing, lusterless eyes. The man looked as if he recognized someone familiar in Charlie.

As Charlie got to the railing the man raised his hands and jumped, "forgive me," he said as he began to fall towards the water.

