

# Tragedy or Comedy

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*A story I did for english, the story in my mind isn't very appealing until the end. I personally felt the bond between the two at the end.*

## 1. 1 and only chater im doing :P

Tragedy or Comedy

Beep beep beep beep, rang his alarm clock. He turned and smashed it with his fist.

"Eight twenty A.M., already! Seems like that was five minutes!" he thought. Still, it had really only been three and a half hours. Quickly, he glanced over at the door to make sure the piece of paper was still in the door hinge where he had put it the night before. He took a deep breath and stumbled to the bathroom, occasionally tripping on his baggy sleeping pants. As his sight focused on the mirror he looked past himself making sure no one was looking. Relieved, he turned on the water. He always snuck around as his mother said, but for some reason he didn't know why he did either.

He slowly lowered his hand to the water only to jerk back up to the sound of a "ding." He knew that meant someone had instant messaged him. As he washed his face his eyes cleared up and he looked at himself to see two pale blue half circles under his eyes. He rubbed them as he walked to his room to see the message.

Light saw that the message was from Brittany.

Hey how's it going? I can't believe that it's Sunday again!

Sweet! He thought. Another day I don't have to be tormented.

He typed a message back. That's sweet, I'll see you in twenty minutes I got to shower up and get some clothes on.

Okay! Oh yeah, bring your ice skates and don't ask why. See ya! Brittany wrote back.

He walked back to the shower and turned on the water. He checked to see if it was warm yet. Just right! he thought. As he fell into the shower he stood there letting the hot water run down his back.

I only wish I could've got in that clan! He recalled. If I only had that Halo game longer I could've trained for this! "Oh well," he sighed, "there's always another tryout."

He stared down at his water proof diver's watch. "Twenty minutes! Already? This always happens!" he cried to himself.

As he jumped out of the shower he grabbed his towel and ran to his bedroom. Got to hurry! Got to hurry! Light thought. I can't be late again! He threw on his jeans and got a long sleeved t-shirt. Though, he never thought about what he wore because that's all he ever wore.

He opened the garage door and pushed up the kick stand on his bike with his foot. Swinging his ice skates over his shoulder he jumped onto the bike and flew out of the garage. The air bit at his nose and cheeks. His wheels were submerged in snow half way up and it made him sweat to peddle, even in single digit weather!

A Chihuahua barked a taunt at him which belonged to someone he hated at his school. He hated almost everyone at his school considering no one liked him either. Once he reached Brittany's icy driveway, he threw the ice skates from his shoulders and trudged through the snow towards her door.

"I got it!" yelled a familiar voice as he rang the doorbell. Brittany cracked the door open peeking through the slit. "You're here! Come on in, it's cold out!"

"So why did you want me to bring my ice skates again?" he questioned. "I don't like to skate you know. So why did you make me bring them? To look at?" he replied sarcastically.

"Come on don't be such a humbug! We're going skating! There's a school

skate at 1:00."

"Why do you always embarrass me at these types of things? Everyone thinks we're going out!"

"Don't be silly! Come on now, don't be a party pooper!"

"Ugh, girls."

"What did you say?!"

Cold air rushed past us when we opened the car door, almost as if the door was a vacuum sucking in all the cold air. The car took over ten minutes to warm up to a desirable temperature.

"Is there something wrong with your heater it took so long to warm up?" Light asked.

"We're taking it into the shop tomorrow. It seems to keep making this vibrating noise," Brittany replied. "Why do you always wear those same pants and shirt? Wear something warm for once!" she exclaimed. "It's really boring! You need to get a serious makeover!"

"Shut up. It's not the same shirt and pants. I just have 20 of the same outfit," he grumbled.

"Oh we're here! Come on hurry up and get out!" Brittany squealed.

"Oh joy, everyone from school is here."

"Isn't that great, we can meet so many new people!"

"Shut up."

The parking lot was filled with white topped cars and kids bustling to pull on their skates. The whole lot was covered in black ice making every step harder than the last. It was a hard enough trip to get to the door let alone skate in front of the whole school. Most people thought it would be fun, but Light on the other hand was wishing this whole thing could be over already.

As soon as they got inside Brittany rushed over to the bleachers to put on her skates, while Light didn't need to look twice at the snack bar.

"At least they got food here," he said to himself as he walked over. "Ah yes, I'll have one hot dog with chili and cheese, and one medium sized blueberry slushy."

"Coming right up! I need a chili cheese dog and one medium blueberry slushy!" the man shouted.

A minute later he sat at a booth next to the ice rink where he could see everyone skating.

Where's Brittany? He thought.

"BAH!" Brittany screamed standing right behind him.

Faster than you can blink an eye Light jumped straight up and landed flat on his face.

"Ha-ha I got you!" she laughed. A wide grin spread across her face. "It's time for skating!" She grabbed his arm and dragged him onto the ice rink.

"Ah! I can't skate!" he yelled as he fell to the ice beneath.

"Just do it like me! Right foot, left foot. Remember don't step. Slide across the ice."

"Hey I think I'm getting this!" he exclaimed as they skated around the rink.

Light felt a jolt of pain in his back as one of the kids from his school smashed him in the side.

"He-he stupid midget get out of my way!" taunted Mike.

"What the heck, Mike, go away. Why are you always picking on him?" Brittany demanded.

"Alright, Light, it looks like your girlfriend's going to protect you" he snickered. The rest of the boys laughed menacingly.

"She's not my girlfriend!" he whimpered. "Just leave me alone. Don't you have anything better to do?" he asked with his head down. His eyes turned red and all the boys knew what was about to happen.

"Aw, are your little witty eyes getting red? Don't cry, Momma's here," Mike jeered while the other boys started joining in.

"Don't go and cry on us little boy," one mockingly said.

"If you cry you won't get your snack today. It looks like someone needs a nap!" laughed

another.

"Stop it!" shouted Brittany.

"Whoa! No need to yell at us," he scoffed. "Ha-ha I can't believe your girlfriend's voice is so loud Light!"

As soon as he said that, Light turned around and walked to the exit. Tripping out of the rink he walked slowly to the bathroom.

Why does everyone hate me? He wondered, as he slowly sat down in a corner. He felt a cold wet spot in his leg and noticed he was sitting in a puddle of toilet water. He didn't care. "I can't tell a teacher about it, I'll be made fun of even more if I do! I wish I was back in Florida, New York is too big. I hate it!" he said out loud.

He could hear boys shouting outside.

One said, "Come on pass it here!"

Light wished he could be like that with other kids in his school, but he couldn't because of that kid Mike. Now because of him everyone hated him. What did he do to him to deserve this?

He decided that he sat long enough to keep his tears at bay. He rose and slipped through the door, quietly walking to his bleacher seat. He finally finished untying his skate laces and grunted as he pulled off his skates.

Why are these so hard to take off? He thought. Looking over, he saw how quickly the other boys slid them off when they were ready to head over to the snack bar. Spotting Brittany, he soon forgot what had happened and yelled to her.

"Hey Brittany! Over here!" he hollered as he waved. "I'm over here!"

"Oh, there you are! I'm coming!" she exclaimed while running over. "I was wondering where you had gone! Where did you go?"

"Oh no, I was here the whole time," he lied.

They both decided that they wanted to go. So Brittany called her parents.

"Mom? Hi, can you come and pick us up now? Oh, okay well hurry!" requested Brittany.

We waited in the luminous street light while black empty sky started releasing snow more beautiful than glass crystals. It glazed over the once slushy snow rejuvenating it and adding a glisten to it. If you were to skate across the ice you could write your name because of the new layer of white powder. They both stared in awe at this meadow of swirling snow looking as if it was rain frozen in time. Light broke the silence.

"Well, this is nice!" he said with a blush.

"Yah, I wonder if we'll ever get to see this type of thing ever again. It's so tranquil," she replied.

Brittany felt something touch her hand.

"Are you cold? We should huddle together to keep warm," he said almost glimpsing tomorrow's embarrassment.

"Um, I guess so. Can I borrow your hat?" she asked?

"Okay, but it'll really mess up your hair!" he said with a laugh.

She pulled on his hat and felt warmer already. They held each other closely waiting for her mom. Waiting until a layer of snow covered them a car pulled up. A gust of wind bit at their faces as the car drove up to them.

"Hey, that's my mom's car!" she exclaimed as she got up and ran over.

"Hey honey! Hi Light! Get in the car it's getting too cold out there," Brittany's mother said lovingly. Just as she said that he remembered how good the chocolate chip banana muffins were that she said she'd have ready when they got home. They jumped up and trotted over to the metallic blue minivan.

"Hi Mrs. Sterna. We had such a good time!" he lied remembering the only part he liked was waiting outside. Brittany is his only friend and he thought he went a little far, though. He couldn't risk losing this friend. There was no doubt that he wished that they could be more than friends, but whenever he tried to bring up the subject it always came out as a "Shut up!" or a "Whatever".

"I knew you kids would like it!" Mrs. Sterna replied.

"Wow, it's warmer than it was this morning in here!" he exclaimed as he hopped through the door.

"Yah, while you two were at the school skate I stopped at the car dealer's body shop to get the heater fixed. It surprised me that it only took 4 hours!" replied Brittany's mom.

"Is that so," he mumbled as he slowly drifted off. In his mind all he could picture was him and Brittany sitting in the snow, but this time it was warm and they weren't wearing coats. The snow was as soft and warm as a feather, and it was all shades of blue. The dark sky was illuminated with Aurora Borealis, while every flake itself was neon lighted. When all of a sudden it started to fade into a new scene.

"Wake up crazy hair!" Brittany coaxed. "We're at your house!"

"Really?" he said slurring his words. "Alright, well I'll see you later Brittany!" He jumped out of the car and trudged through the snow covering his knees and down in an inch thick layer of powdered ice.

"Oh and Light! I'm sorry we didn't stop by my house for those muffins; I'll give you some tomorrow.

"Oh thanks!" he replied. "Hey mom, I'm home," he called. Waiting for another second he emptied his coat and shoes of snow and called again. "Mom, I'm home!" No reply. Ok, that's weird he thought. She said she'd be here tonight?

As soon as he was done drying off he walked to the kitchen to grab a quick snack for the night. Tonight I'm training for the tryout, he thought.

"So I'll need a lot of brain food," he chuckled.

He checked the refrigerator for a message from his mother. Sure enough, there was one crudely taped onto the fridge door.

"Let's see here. There are two apples in the crisper and some left over macaroni and cheese in the freezer," he recited. "Sounds good to me!" Only she forgot to add one more thing to the list." He paused for a second. "Doritos!" he shouted.

He slunk over to the cabinet and pulled out the "family size" Doritos bag. Without a hesitant move, he ran up the stairs and threw himself into his chair. Clicking the power button on his computer it slowly booted up. He flicked on the monitor and reached for the Halo CD. He stopped and jerked around. Looking at his door he made sure the paper fell in the right place. He sat and wondered if that was there before he opened his door. He aimlessly sat for another ten minutes think about it. Noticing how stupid he was acting he turned back around and slipped the Halo CD into the drive.

The theme song started up and he reached for a Dorito. Slowly bringing it to his mouth, he savored the artificial flavored taste letting the powder melt on his tongue. Clicking online play he reached for another chip thinking how disgustingly delicious they were.

"I'm going to get fat if I eat these too often!" he chuckled.

After about ten rounds of capture the flag he looked at the sleek black Ipod Nano he got for Christmas. He turned it on and the I-c-d screen illuminated the room showing the time in the upper right corner. It read 12:13 A.M. I guess I can stay up seventeen more minutes. I just hope my mom doesn't get home early, he shuddered. I wonder what she would say if she knew I stayed up like this, he thought. Turning back to the computer screen he saw that there was thirty seconds left of the game.

The game ended and he clicked the sign out button. As soon as he turned the computer off his body fell limp onto his bed. His mind starting to wander and lost its conscious state while drifting into a wispy cloud world of dreams.

A burst of light shot through his curtains and beckoned him to awaken. He arose and walked upon the mighty threshold called his porch. Finally realizing reality after a long dream he walked to the bathroom. He stepped into the shower cleaning like he did everyday. He gingerly stepped onto the towel placed on the floor and dried himself. He didn't want to wake his mother just in the room right next to his.

He walked down the creaking stairs and hurried to the kitchen. Preparing a bowl of Frosted Flakes he grabbed his cell phone and dialed his Dad's number.

"Hey dad?" he asked.

"Hi," his dad replied. "How are you doing?"

"Great, though I miss you. When are you going to be back from that trip?"

"Well I still have to give the presentation then make the deal so about four more days."

"Oh. Well, I'm going to do some homework. Okay?"

"Okay, well I'll talk to you later!"

"Bye Dad!"

He closed his phone and slipped it into his pocket. Looking around he spotted the clock.

"Aw, time to go," he muttered searching for his shoes.

He ran through the door and sprinted to the bus stop a couple of blocks down. He saw Matt, Mike, Donny, and Megan waiting as he veered right to miss a mail box. When he got there Brittany was making her way down her snow covered driveway. Walking straight over to him she noticed how tired he looked.

"You look exhausted" Brittany cried.

"Yah, I was up all night playing Halo," he laughed.

"You play Halo?" asked Mike.

"Me?" Light replied. He never would've thought Mike would talk to him about something beside him being weird. "Oh, yah I do."

"Really? So do I," he said. "Are you in a clan?"

"No but I'm trying out for one."

The bus arrived with a halt. They continued talking throughout the bus ride talking as if they were best friends. They brought up all sorts of topics and things they had in common. By the end of the bus ride they knew each other as well as any best friends would.

"Hey, what's your cell number?" Mike asked.

"That would be 576-3283. You can call me between six and two o'clock in the morning," he chuckled. "One more thing, if someone else answers besides me being a total idiot, it's probably Brittany."

"What was that?" Brittany yelled a few seats back.

"Looks like your girlfriend. I mean sorry, old habit," he said.

Light hopped from the bus and was immediately greeted by a swarm of kids. He was never popular with many people but being Mike's friend made him the center of attention. Boys punched his shoulder occasionally saying, "What's up?" He felt great and it was all because he played Halo.

His first class was his best Math class ever. He and Matt, since Mike wasn't in his math class were throwing spit balls left and right. The whole class was laughing and even the teacher couldn't figure out why. The next class was English. He had the best grades in the class, so he didn't see why he couldn't fool around a little.

The bell rang and the two minute passing period started. Children were bustling through the hall and everyone seemed to know Light. He felt as if he were back in Florida, except even better.

They teachers were just closing the doors as he walked through. Two minutes goes fast! He thought, especially when you have so many friends. The Mrs. Howatt turned toward the board and wrote in capital lettering, GRAMMAR: PREPOSITIONS.

"Today class we are going to be working on prepositions," she announced in her usual monotone voice.

"Usually people would think it would be the history teacher that sounded like this," he whispered with a chuckle to Matt.

Matt started uncontrollably laughing at the joke and fell off his chair.

"Mr. Livingston, could you care to tell us what exactly your doing?" the teacher demanded.

"Oh, sorry!" he replied as he pulled himself up into his seat.

"If you wish to interrupt my class again I warmly invite you to the hall," she snapped back.

"What were you thinking?" Light whispered.

Class soon ended after a few more barrages of jokes. The day went on almost the same. He was always the center of attention because of his sense of humor and new popularity. Nearly filling his whole contacts list with names his cell memory was almost gone!

The only time of the day he wished would've passed faster was the bus ride. He wondered how he could've got in trouble. I mean he even hid behind the seat so she couldn't see him! Now I have to sit in the front seats all because of one stupid ignorant girl! He thought. Jeez, all I did was throw one little spitball!

The bus stopped with a violent halt throwing Light and everyone else on the bus to the floor. Mike called him from the back as he got up and slung his backpack over his shoulder.

Hey, wait up!" he shouted. "Let's get some kids for a football game!"

"I promised Brittany I'd go over to her house. Although, she probably wouldn't care if I called and cancelled," Light replied.

"Okay, well I'll see you in about twenty minutes?"

"I can't make any promises!" he laughed.

The vivid bright colors that had shown earlier in the snow this morning had left leaving a slushy ocean of mud everywhere. Finally reaching his house after countless minutes of trudging he opened the door and his cell phone rang.

"Oh, what now!" he moaned.

"Hey, it's Mike," Mike stated.

"Oh, it's you. I thought it was Brittany calling me again," he replied.

"Okay, well try do be out in another ten minutes."

"Sure. See you then."

He closed the phone and headed up the tan carpeted stairs running his hand over the fine polished oak handrails. Flinging himself on his bed he sighed and threw his shoes off. Where are my cleats? He thought. Searching through his closet he found an old pair of ripped up cleats. Pulling on some athletic shorts and a white t-shirt, he walked down the stairs once again.

Crossing the neighbors' lawn he ran over where he saw all the kids grouping up.

"I call first picks!" yelled Tommy.

"Then we get ball first," Mike returned.

"Sounds fair enough to me! Okay, I call," he paused, "Tanner."

"Yes!" Tanner whooped as he punched Tommy's hand.

"Alright then, I call Light," Mike announced.

Light walked over behind Mike smirking at the rest of the boys. He had something in store for them that no one knew about.

"Can I be running back?" Light questioned.

"Are you fast?" Mike replied.

"I guess you could say that," Light chuckled back.

"I don't see why not then."

"Hut. Hut. Hike!" yelled Jared as he launched the ball through his legs and toward Mike.

"Pass it here!" yelled Mark as he darted through two linemen.

Light ran past Mike with celerity and agility, he grabbed the ball and made a touchdown only to trip in his victory dance.

"Nice! If you keep this up we'll kill them!" Mike exclaimed.

The sun was falling and the game finally ended with a score of.....54 to 6! The tired sweaty boys shook each other's frozen numb hands while slowly and clumsily clambering to their front steps. Light started to walk back to the house when he realized.

"Brittany, aw I forgot to call her!" he wailed. "She's going to hate me!"

He ran straight to Brittany's house to tell her in person. Finally reaching her large glass door he knocked, no answer. He knocked another time, and there was no answer again. He was about to knock one last time when the door creaked open.

"I've been waiting a long time," she said. "I thought you said you'd be here after school. That was four hours ago," she mumbled.

"I'm sorry! Really, I was so caught up in that game!" Light replied.

"I know you did well, I saw you."

"You did? Well thanks!"

"Yah, I guess I was getting a little too emotional! After all it was an accident."

"I'm really sorry. See you tomorrow?"

"Yeah."

Later that night, Light found the house considerably warm and cracked the window letting a sip of cool air through his room. Now to call Mike, he thought.

"Hey Mike?" Light asked.

"Yeah, hey I'm on instant messenger," Mike replied. "Get on so I can hang up, my mom's coming."

"Okay."

Later that night Mike decided they should get off. Mike and Light stayed up until twelve o'clock p.m. playing Halo.

Hey Light? Mike typed. I got to get off. I'm so tired! Okay, I'm getting off too, Light typed back.

Whoa that was a long night! Light thought. His eyes once again slowly drifted down only to open soon again.

That morning the same routine followed. Getting into the shower, calling his dad and then of course rushing to the bus stop. Mike was waiting with the usual bunch, Matt, Megan, and Donny.

"Hey Light, that was a nice game last night!" Mike laughed.

"Yeah, we owned those guys!" Light exclaimed.

"Owned in what?" Donny asked.

"Halo, the sweetest game you will ever play!" Mike hooted.

The yellow sleek bus pulled up almost hitting Brittany who was crossing the street. They all loaded into the bus and Light and Mike sat down together discussing how it's possible to get a one hit kill on a gun that takes three hits to kill someone. This Halo conversation continued until the bus came it's ninth halt before reaching the school.

"Hey we're almost here, we should get our bags ready," Light stated.

They both threw their backpacks onto their shoulders and the bus's door opened with a loud hiss. The children filed out of the bus slowly heading to their solitary classes. Light and Matt on the other hand had different plans! They stood in the hall until the last moment planning

each class's disruptions to the very last spitball thrown.

After their morning classes ended in chaos, the lunch bell finally rang. A wave of screaming, chattering children ran through the white Plexiglas cafeteria double doors. Light and Mike stepped up to get today's main entrée, hot dogs along with apple sauce and a small tossed salad followed by Matt, Brittany, Megan, and Donny.

The group walked over to the only available six seat booth left in the over populated pig stein, as Matt called it because of its stench and filthiness. Lunch went fast because of the ongoing conversation which Light was usually not accompanied with.

School soon ended and Light walked to the after-school bus as well as his five other new best friends. As the bus ride went on, Light fell asleep dreaming of flying or having super strength only to be awakened in a similar situation to something he vaguely remembered.

"Wake up!" Brittany yelled.

"Major headache!" he moaned.

"We're here, so wake up!"

"Yeah, yeah I'm coming."

As Light stepped out of the bus, a cool, nipping wind bit at his face. Walking back to his house he opened the familiar, oak wood doors and walked onto the warm carpeted flooring. Rushing to the refrigerator he saw the usual shabby looking note taped to the plastic door. Reading it he saw it said, I left some steaks in the freezer, pull them out and thaw them before carefully putting them into the oven on tinfoil. Make sure you set it for three hundred fifty degrees Fahrenheit. I love you!

Searching the freezer he pulled out the frozen T-bone steak looking as tender as ever. He always salivated before eating steak imagining the juicy feeling he would get when he bit into the fleshy heaven. Preheating the oven he opened his cell phone to call Mike. By the time Light and Mike had situated what their game plan for tonight was the steak had thawed and Light placed it into the oven. He forgot one thing, to turn on the buzzer.

Later that night Light smelled something weird.

"Hey, Mike wait a minute," Light said hesitantly.

Walking down the stairs he saw the tan colored carpet engulfed in flames! The stair way was blocked by a barricade of intense fire, licking at his pants singing the blue, dark washed denim! He ran up stairs and blurted the whole thing out on the phone to Mike.

"There's a fire in my downstairs!" Light screamed.

"What are you talking about?" Mike replied.

"I don't have time for this!" he shrieked back.

Running to the stairs he panicked not even thinking about getting himself out of the fire.

Mike looked through his window and stared in dread seeing that Light's little joke wasn't a joke. Instinctively he screeched, "FIRE!"

He ran downstairs, completely oblivious to his mother stumbling out of her room saying, "What is going on Michael?"

Mike picked up the phone and smashed in the numbers 911.

"Hello, how may I help you?" the operator answered.

"What do you mean how may I help you? There's a fire inside of my best friend's house three doors down!" Mike hollered.

The operator asked him where he lived.

"I don't have time for this!" he retorted back.

"Wait, honey what's going on?" yelled Mike's mother.

Completely ignoring her he crashed threw the door and sprinted to Light's house. Coming to the door he kicked it open and saw what horror the sight really was.

The fire ripped and trashed at the wood cabinets and the lovely red silk curtains that

Light's mother had put up were ashes.

"Light?" Mike screamed. "Light?"

"Mike?" Light shouted. "I'm up here!"

Mike jolted through the fire and up the stairs scorching his hair and arms.

"Aghh!" Mike screamed as he hit the final step. His arms were red and bleeding. The blood was seeping through the charcoaled skin and Light rushed to his side.

"What are you thinking? The point is to get OUT of the house, not in!" Light screamed.

"We have to get out of here either way, and now I'm here too. So we'll just have to do it or die!" Mike yelled back.

Light looked through the second story window which was much higher than any ordinary window, dreading the long fall if that's what it would've to come to.

"We could jump? No! What am I thinking? We should sit here and wait," Light stated.

"This is no time to wait!" Mike shrieked. "The fire's spreading too fast! We're going to die!" Mike whimpered. He could see the flames climbing each stair, one by one gradually getting faster.

"No we're not! We are going to stick to it until the end! Even if dying is the end.

"No, no, no. I don't want to die! Let me out! Let me out!" Mike screamed as the flames engulfed the top stair. Mike ran to the window tearing at the screen ripping the flesh from his hands.

"No! Mike!" Light screamed. "Don't jump!"

Mike smashed the window through with his fist cutting and ripping more of his flesh away dripping the gore onto the floor.

"I'm not going to die Light! I'm going to live!" Mike cried. Tears were pouring down both of their faces as the flames ate at the doorway leading into that same bedroom! Mike leaped to the window sill and Light tried to grab his leg!

"Mike! NO! Don't do it!" he bawled. "Don't jump!"

"Light, don't worry. We'll both play Halo tomorrow night. It's all going to be fine." Mike whispered quietly.

His body drifted out of the window peacefully gliding down until the final sickening crack that ended his life as he hit the ground. His eyes were so serene. His face was so tranquil.

Light seeing the crippled body twisted and coiled collapsed.

"I thought you said we were going to live," Light murmured. "I thought you said, we were going to see each other again."

The last moments between the two were the most unifying moments. Only to be cut and strangled by death.

"I'm going to die anyway," Light said softly as he walked toward the fire. "It might as well be for you, Mike, the person who accepted me into this new place. Only because of a game, but nonetheless brought me from that darkness." He whispered as more tears ran down his dry cheeks.

The closer he stumbled to the blazing fire, the calmer his mind felt. Finally, after what had seemed hours of standing thinking, he threw himself down the stairs into the flare, forever silencing himself.