

A Gun, A Envelope and a Tiny Bottle of Vodka

By james13

Submitted: April 2, 2011

Updated: April 2, 2011

this is a thing i wrote yesterday,its up on my DAaccount, and im not really doing anything here on fanart,but im rally like how it turned out,wanted to share with you guys!if you want to see more of my works then visit:<http://kenna20.deviantart.com/>

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/james13/58984/A-Gun-A-Envelope-and-Tiny-Bottle-of-Vodka>

**Chapter 1 - A Gun, A Envelope and a Tiny Bottle of
Vodka**

2

1 - A Gun, A Envelope and a Tiny Bottle of Vodka

A Bullet, A Envelope and a Tiny bottle of Vodka

I was just digging around in my friends' room, he was sitting on the computer and i was just looking through all the trash he had scattered around the floor.

You couldn't see the floor at all; it was only one open path leading straight from the door to his desk, and this little alley-way leading from the desk to his bed.

I heard shooting from the computer, he was playing Call of duty-Black ops, he had been playing for days.

I was sitting next to his bed in a pile of empty soda cans and was looking trough a bunch of old CD`s, at the bottom of the pile I found a few old Jim Reeves LP Records.

"Jim Reeves LP`s? Really man? Really?" I was waving up the LP`s and he just gave a quick glance to see what I was talking about.

"oh yeh, got em from my dad, not really my style" he answered back, and concentrated about the game again.

"Do you even got anything to play these records on?" I had to ask, they seemed pretty outdated compared to today's technology

" yeh of course, over in that box there!" he waved lazily over to another pile with empty packs of cigarettes.

Where? I thought quietly for myself.

Time went slowly, and this was the way we preferred it, I decided to venture into the unknown depths of under the bed, in search of hidden treasures, but instead I found a White shoebox that sort of stood out among all the dusted down stuff, this one did not have dust on it, which suggested that it was taken out every so often.

Wow! An object in this room that he actually used! Well except his computer tough.

I opened the box and sat quietly for a few minutes, the content of the box scared me.

I put the box down and picked up a gun, it contained one bullet... only one.

Pretty much shocked I looked down in the box again; I found a tiny bottle of Vodka, a piece of paper and a unused envelope.

Slowly realizing what this was, I silently reached my arm out and pressed the "off" button on his computer.

"What the hell man?! I was on a killing...." He went silent as he saw what I had discovered, he quickly picked up the box and put it on his bed, carefully putting the gun back and checking that everything was there.

"What the hell man?" I almost whispered

“None of your damn business! Stop nosing around!”

“Why do you keep a gun here?”

“Doesn’t matter; let’s just get back to the game all right?”

“Please tell me, i need to know”

He didn’t look at me; he just walked back to his desk, staring down at the keyboard with his arms crossed, several minutes passed by without any of us saying anything. Finally he reached for a cigarette, he placed it between his lips and was just staring empty into the air for a bit, he lit the cigarette and blew out a small cloud of smoke.

“i... I keep it in case I want to commit suicide okay”

“But... but you of all people, you don’t seem like the type to... I mean, no one would have guessed... why?”

He blew out another cloud of smoke and started staring at his keyboard again.

“lets just... drop the subject okay, it doesn’t matter... come on ill let you play...”

“NO! I don’t want to drop the subject, please tell mate!”

He sighed and walked over to the window which let in the warm summer breeze, he tossed me a cigarette and the lighter, and I figured it would just do me good in this situation, so I walked over to the window and starting blowing out small clouds of smoke while leaning to the wall.

“You said the other day that you envied me... envied me for not having any worries, and not really any goal with my life, you said I was a free spirit”

He paused and climbed out the window and sat down on the roof, I followed him and we both sat there in the sunshine looking at the sky.

Usually when people take so long to get to the point I would get frustrated, but it was okay this time.

“It’s not that I don’t appreciate your words, but it made me realize that I have absolutely no goal with my life... whatsoever, my life are a string of one-night stands, alcohol and video games, but no one know how many loves I have actually lost, no one knew that I had a reason behind the alcohol, and no one knew that the video games was my way to escape from the world, my life has no meaning what so ever, and I can’t think of any reason”

I got shocked, I had never heard him talk like this, and it scared me.

My deepest wish right now, was to just reach out with my hand and remove the pain, but I couldn’t.

“I don’t like when you talk like this...” I said carefully

“But it’s the truth! My life has no purpose... if a purpose exists then I’m very incapable of finding it” he leant his head on his knee and just stared out in the blue, awaiting my response.

“So the gun?”

“If it all one day became too much to bear, it just seemed like the easiest way out”

“And the envelope and the vodka?”

“For my last words and last drink, there was a pack of cigarettes there at one point too, but I ran out a few days ago and didn’t bother to go buy some”

“That’s...deep, what about those who cares about you? Just leave them behind?”

He leant back against the wall and lit another cigarette.

“No one cares about me mate, even our friendship is based on shallowness, I won’t be missed”

I felt the tears rush to my eyes, but I managed to hold them back.

I didn’t know what to say to him, I felt hurt and forgotten, but at the same time as I had to let him know this I also had to consider the situation he was in.

“Are you blind or what?”

“Huh?”

“I always cared man, we may not talk deep like this every day, but I did everything I could to show you that I was always there, always man! I was always there... you say your life has no purpose, but we two always hang together, so what do you think I do? I drink as much as you, I smoke as much as you... and when you leave the party with some random drunk chick I do the same, you say your life has no purpose, no meaning whatsoever... well what is my life then? If you leave then my life lose its meaning”

“What...but, you always seem to be happy, you do well in school, you work hard”

“it’s just for show mate, I tried to find my purpose trough an attempt on being perfect, it didn’t work... you give my life meaning man, we share a bond stronger than any friends, any brothers... we are tied together strong, not even god can cut that bond, but if you loosen your end, then we both fall... you give my life meaning man, I was always there for you, and I still am, remember that, I can’t lose you”

We both sat in silence for at least ten minutes, the wind made the leafs whisper a quiet song into the air which calmed both mind and body.

He looked over at me, a tear rolled down his cheek as he said; thank you, thank you.

Kenneth M. Johansen

