

How To Save A Life

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Just a story.

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Chapter 1 - Trains

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1 - Trains

Timothy let the phone ring twelve times before answering it to hear his vexed mother.

"Why didn't you answer it earlier? You're the most idiotic person I know. I don't know why you couldn't be smarter, like your brother. Just like your father, you are," his mother fussed.

"Mum. Just...Why'd you cal?" Timothy asked impatiently, tapping his foot on the floor of the train. The tracks were old and worn, so the ride was not at all smooth. "I get terrible reception on this train."

"I just called to see if you've gotten there yet. I guess not. G'bye." The phone clicked and began beeping. She hung up on him.

Timothy sat with the phone beside his face for a couple of minutes before slowly lowering it to return it to his pocket. Timothy looked around the train at all the people riding with him. There was a man in a business suit, a woman with a baby and two children attached, a couple attached at the hip, some teenage girls and a boy, and a hobo in the corner. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw one of the girls watching him.

He turned his head to smile and wave at her, but as soon as she saw his head move, she quickly turned the other way.

"Oh," Timothy said. He looked at his hands in his lap. The train stopped, and the doors opened. A few people walked in: A woman who looked like she had once been a man, a small plump man, and another boy who looked to be about sixteen or seventeen. The boy sat beside the girl who was looking at him earlier.

"Hello there," he said to her, putting an arm around her shoulder and pecking her cheek. "How are you?"

The girl didn't move and continued watching her hands on her knees.

"I asked you a question. Aren't you going to answer?" he yelled. She winced and said no very quietly.

"Fine then." The boy slapped her.

Timothy couldn't stand it. He rose to his feet and walked over to the pair of them. They were as unfamiliar to each other as they were to him. "I don't know what's going on here, but I'm sure she doesn't like it. Please stop." He held his hand out for the girl, and she took it with care and rose.

"Oh yeah? Are you going to make me?" the boy asked rhetorically.

"No. It was but a request," he answered anyway. He let go of the girl's hand and began to walk back to his seat, but the boy grabbed the back of his jacket, forcing him to a stop.

"Are you her boyfriend or something?"

Timothy was going to answer as he turned around, but as soon as he was facing the boy, a fist came flying into his face. Timothy was dazed for a few seconds, but before he fully recovered, two more fists hit him in the stomach, forcing him to the ground. After one more hit in the face, with an elbow or knee, the train came to a halt once more. The blows ceased.

"Gotta go, *buddy*," the boy said, with a kick to Timothy's side before his exit. The only remaining people on the train were him, the girl, the hobo, the Man-Woman, and the business man.

He slowly rose with a groan. The girl was behind him at one, helping him up. She slowly walked him over to where he was sitting.

"Are you okay?" she asked him quietly. She began to dig through her bag for a tissue. His lip was busted and bleeding, and the area around his eye was beginning to darken.

"I'll live. Are *you* okay?" Timothy asked politely. He looked at her reddening cheek.

"I'll be fine. Ahhh," the girl said, holding up the tissue she found. After a nod, she began softly dabbing

Timothy's lower lip. "Tell me if this hurts. I'm so sorry. This is all my fault."

"Nah, it's fine. I've been through worse. Let's have an introduction now. My name's Timothy. Nice to meet you." Timothy gave a small bow.

"The name's Skyler. So, where are you headed?"

"I was going to my father's house." Timothy laughed.

"Was? What's the supposed to mean?" Skyler asked.

"It means that was my stop, and now I'm probably just going to go buy a new sketchbook and some pencils at the store off the next stop." Timothy looked at her. "Why?"

"Ah. No reason. I was curious. Sorry." Skyler dug a twenty dollar bill out of her bag and held it out for Timothy to take. "Here's something for the trouble I caused you."

Timothy laughed. "It's okay! I did it because I *wanted* to. You don't have to give me this," he said, pushed her hand back to her chest. "You keep it." Timothy smiled.

Skyler looked at the bill in her hand. "Okay." Skyler slipped it into Timothy's pack as he looked away.

Buy a nice sketchbook, she thought. "I guess we're both in trouble. My school was off that last stop." Skyler laughed.

Oh. She's cute when she smiles...Don't think that! You sound like an old pedophile. She's probably sixteen, at the least, Timothy thought. "That's no good." He looked at her looking at her feet sadly.

"Nah. It's okay. I'll just follow you around. Nobody'll miss me." Skyler looked at him, turning the statement into a question.

Timothy laughed. "You're sure? I could walk you to your school." He looked truly concerned.

"Nah. Nobody really notices me anyways. I'm an Invisible." She smiled at him, masking her sadness.

-I'll finish typing this when we get back from Disney World-