

Envy.

I remember that day like it was yesterday. Waving something in someone's face can create a lot of reactions. Happiness, anger, sadness. It was fear with a touch of shock for me as I was staring at my old best friend shoving a worn handgun into my face. He was yelling at me in sheer anger. His face moved in an assortment of directions. It moved like a dance I once saw. It was jerky, yet smooth. Random, yet expected. Filled with blind rage and depressive sadness, yet was filled with calmness and peace.

I knew why he was here.

I knew why I was kneeling down in the middle of the worn field at 8:45 in the morning on my way to my six form class which was no further than five minutes away from what used to be a home for horses. I remembered annoying horses with this angry gunman, throwing rocks and making sudden noises which brought distress to these poor innocent creatures. We laughed our heads off as we each took turns in yelling something or throwing stones and taking our share in smoke from the wrapped herbs that brought the laughter we were making.

A sharp kick in the back broke my numbness from the shouting. I fell to the ground and received more shouting. A laughing behind my back. I knew this young adult. He was part of the cause of this break in the laughter. A snap in this very close friendship with traded secrets. I had a loose tongue and a small understanding in morals. This person gave me drink, gave me food and even let me borrow money off him. What was the only gift I could give in return? A couple of jokes about his weight problem behind his back. The final snap occurred when I felt it was funny to remind this extremely annoyed individual that his father was dead after trading a mixture of "your mamma" jokes.

Why did I use these two harsh jokes? Was it my lack of understanding? Was it my seemingly cruel sense of taste of humour? Or was it just me lashing out towards them for laughing at me behind my back. Laughing at something as lame as my wall paper which I still had since I was a small child, laughing towards me while I innocently walked downstairs to grab myself and my best friend at that moment in time a drink of concentrated orange juice and water. Or was it me attacking back at them two for being led like a fool?

Was it me being angry for being built up in a high feeling of being this person's best friend but actually just trailing behind in the back of his gang that worshipped the leader? The leader being my best friend. I had bought him drinks, I had bought him meals, I had gone out of my way to adapt to his condition. To the very condition I thought would leave my life as soon as my mother left the house for good. I remember on my trip out of the house to celebrate my birthday. It was then I was told that he had obtained this malfunction. I had decided to watch Lord Of The Rings, being forced to walk out early due to him being scared of catching a hyper or a hypo.

For over a year, I was dragged through his needs. Him, rarely going out of his way for me. I even decided to learn how to play a bass guitar just so him, me and the other friend could make a small band. I forked over £100s in cash for a bass guitar, an amp and lessons. Only to be unable to practice due me needing to tend to my own personal needs. After following and doing everything he wanted to do. Was it me punching back at him for this? Was two small cruel jokes the result of anger that built up slowly?

I faded back into reality for a second to catch a glimpse of a name. Jessica. What a name, I still remembered her. She was never my type, ever. During my relationship with a girl I used to have called Sarah and after as things broke apart. If it was my genuine fault or her fault, I never could work out. I remember looking at her and it reminded me of how strange it was for him to hang around the people he did. He was a typical grunge type character. Long black-ish hair, black hoodies and jeans. Sometimes combined with a chain. The people he was mostly with, including the girl, were known as chavs. Light coloured clothes with a mixture of stripes and numbers splashed across their clothes most of the time. I remember seeing this angry figure with Jessica. Holding his head on her shoulder or kissing. Often holding hands as I saw from a distance. As I watched them walk across this field, waiting for them to pass to avoid confrontation.

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I remembered seeing her walking home on her own innocently with her usual frown living upon her light blue hoodie and under her almost pink baseball hat. I would normally wait for her to walk by and then make my way home to avoid any name calling or anything. But this hatred had grown for too long. I hated how they hugged like all the bad things didn't exist. I hated how they held hands like nothing could separate them. I hated how

they kissed like the mixture of body fluids would make nothing that was happening in the real world mattered. I hated how he asked her to marry him, to connect together their two bodies to make one body that could not collapse. I hated this show of love. So I approached her from behind and held her with my right hand over her mouth. Her two arms went up to take it off like a mask. But I held it there as I revealed my sharp blade with my left hand that dove into her hoodie and split a hole in her body. It came back out for air and the red liquid of love began to show through this jacket as an expanding circle. She struggled more and more for help. I then took it to her throat and sliced it like a professional. Her eyes sunk into her head and she collapsed. I turned around to see that her boyfriend, who had come to see the love of his life in a healthy complete state. Instead, I put holes into her. Holes that made sure she wasn't getting back up to hold him, to love him, to kiss him.

My mind slipped to reality to see him still complaining over the death of his fiancée. He finally took the handgun to my forehead and said "a tooth for a tooth, an eye for an eye". A loud karma-filled bang escaped the air.