

Give Me Something To Live For

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by [Slushieguts](#)

Summary

JD thinks about shooting himself.

JD stared at the gun for a long moment. He hadn't torn his gaze away from it for so long that his eyes hurt, and he had to remind himself to blink. The teenager picked up the gun; the metal was cold in his hands, sending a shiver down his spine. JD had considered doing this so many times that it was a more present memory than his mother. JD always considered it the easy way out—only people who were weak killed themselves. But JD was weak, and he was falling so far down that he didn't know what to do anymore.

JD opened his mouth; part of him was just curious. What would happen if he died? Would anyone care? Would his shitty father mourn him? Probably not. Big Bud Dean didn't care if his disappointment of a son shot himself. He put the cold steel between his teeth; his tongue traced the barrel. It tasted like iron. His finger flexed on the trigger; the safety being on was the only thing keeping his brain from being splattered on the wall.

JD had tried everything to get himself to feel better. He moved schools again; now he was in the middle of nowhere Ohio. Just another town, more faces he wouldn't remember, and then before he could blink, he'd be gone to the next one in six weeks or less. JD sometimes liked the moving—his life didn't remain stagnant—yet he couldn't deny it wasn't rough. He had no friends, no one to care about him or to care about.

JD had become mostly numb to his feelings. Yet sometimes the cool facade cracked, and the feelings pooled in like a crack in a dam. Suddenly he was underwater, choking; he couldn't breathe, and his head was below the surface. JD went on a bike ride—that didn't help. He blasted punk music until his ears bled—that didn't help either. Even the icy burn of a 7/11 slushie didn't cure his woes.

JD clicked the safety off; this could be it. He could finally do it. JD pressed the gun further into his mouth, far enough that he gagged on the barrel. It scraped against his teeth in an unpleasant way; he choked, spit dripped down his chin as his body desperately tried to dispel the thing obstructing his airways. JD coughed; he felt the urge to vomit as he shoved the gun even further back.

JD pulled the gun out of his mouth. Suddenly, he gasped as he could finally breathe. JD set the gun on his nightstand; he clicked the safety back on. JD didn't know what stopped him. Maybe it was the words of his father echoing in his head. His father had told him that his mother was weak because she committed suicide. Maybe JD was weak, but he didn't pull the trigger that night. He never knew why, yet one thing he did know—he didn't know how to feel anything anymore.

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