

Songs of suicide

[Art & Culture](#), [Music](#)



As usual, nearly all the children loved lunch time. The younger children played small games, and the older boys would enjoy a friendly game of football, showing off to the girls, and the girls would chat and laugh about the rumours they had heard over the weekend, looking at the boys and decided who they thought were best looking or who they thought were really nice. As usual, the teachers would shout across the field, at the group of kids standing in the corner, lighting up a regular cigarette and as usual, there were the group of good people, or bofs as they were often called by the rest of the school, as they hid their heads in a book, and giggled at the site of a boy.

But Everyone had their friendship groups, some clever, some stupid, some friendly, some not, but everyone had their friendship groups, except Justin. Justin was often referred to as a loner, or a weirdo or something that you wouldnt really like to be named. He sat in the corner of the cloakroom every lunch, every break, and in lessons, he wouldnt answer if any one talked to him, he would just look at then plainly, as if he couldnt see them, as if they were a ghost. He was always very pale, and always kept to himself, listening to his music, and writing in a small blue book who no one had ever read or seen except himself.

He was a clever child, but the only lesson he seemed to participate in were music lessons. He wrote his way through books and books of songs, poems and lyrics, and could play any instrument which was presented to him. But he never seemed to be prepared to show his talent to anyone.

'Oi, Justin, give us ya book, or ya diary, or whatever it is,' yelled Mark across the field, and everyone watched and laughed at Justin, calling names and making fun out of him, not being aware of his feelings. Justin just turned away and carried on scribbling notes into his book, and then stopping, chewed his pen for a while, scribbled some words out, then wrote down another sentence, then smiled to himself, drew a line and turned the page.

The bell rang and people started trailing into the classrooms, mumbling words as the boys ran past and sat at the front of the class, with their books out ready and sat up straight, ready for the teacher to walk in. The girls then trailed in followed by the footballers, chatting away with each other, and every so often, a laugh, or a scream.

Following them, Justin walked in, clenching his small blue book, and looking at each person, with a stare in his eyes, like he was analysing the way they act, or walk, or talk. He sat at the back in the corner, away from the rest of the class. About five minutes later, the smokers trailed in, chatting with a bit of strong language added in, and the scent of cigarettes filled the classroom. As the teacher marched in, the people at the front jumped up, followed by the rest of the class including Justin, who mumbled 'Good Morning sir' over their breaths.

As the work started, random objects were thrown in the direction of Justin, usually hitting his desk, chair or even himself, but he didn't move. He just let it happen and dealt with it. Notes were passed to him with rude, aggressive words on them, threatening sometimes, but never did he stir, he just scribbled

some notes down that the teacher was making, then carried on writing in his little blue book.

The end of school bell finally rang, and the classes were dismissed. Everyone left and trailed off home, including Justin, who walked 4 miles to get home, in the summer or winter, no matter what the weather was like. As he arrived home, he let himself in, often the door was left open, if his father had forgotten to close it behind him. He dragged his school bag up the small cluttered stairs, collecting the dust on the way. His mother had died at an early age and his father had become violent with drink since she had passed away. He had always blamed Justin, even though he was only 3 years old when she died.

He always said if he wasn't born, she would still be alive. He got into his room, where the walls were painted plain black, but could often not be seen by the amount of band pictures and posters which had been pasted over his walls. This was Justin's personal space, and no one ever came in his room.

His music could be played loudly and he could keep to himself in there as his dad couldn't easily get up the stairs so he slept on the cigarette burnt, old, tatty sofa downstairs. Justin stayed up there all night, until he woke up in the mornings, and went downstairs to find some food he could scrape out of the cupboards, or some spare money so he could buy some food from the corner shop on his way to school before his dad came downstairs. If his dad caught him, he would be punished, which was that morning.

At 6 : 00, Justin crept downstairs, and past his father sleeping on the sofa, and into the so called kitchen. He opened the cupboard and found some change, three pounds to be exact which he picked up and swam round, pleased with his find, but as he turned around, his father was stood in the doorway.

'What you doing there with my money Justin ?!' asked his father

'Just going to buy something to eat dad' Justin mumbled shakily under his breath.

'And you were going to take my food money were you ?'

'No dad, i... i just ... i was going to pay it back' said Justin, starting to panic now.

'Yeah Justin, you were really going to pay it back. I know you Justin, always taking my money, never paying it back, probably hoping i will starve so you dont have to live here anymore. You dont care about me do you Justin ?'

'I do dad. I just need some food'

'Not out of my money you dont, you selfish child !' shouted his father as he lifted his fist to Justin and knocked him over. Justin grabbed his school bag, and ran out of the house straight to school. It was early and the teachers were just arriving.

His eye had swelled up and had gone black. He got out his blue book, and wrote down a diary entry and some more lyrics to finish up his song. The he

saw Mark coming down the road. He ran to the unused toilets and locked himself in. This was the place he felt safe, other than his bedroom. No one ever came into the toilets, not even the cleaners, because they hadn't been used for about 6 months, since there had been more toilets built inside the main building. He could sit in the toilets for hours, just thinking to himself, and writing in his blue book, and not having to bother about any one else.

'Where's Justin ?' asked the teacher when the bell had rung.

No one really knew because he didn't have any friends. Some nonsense was mumbled under people's breaths about him, but no one really had any clue where he was.

'I saw him before school , outside, by the gate. His eye was swollen, Miss, i duno what he had been doin.' Shouted Mark from the back of the class.

Louise walked into the old toilet block with her friends behind her. This was where they were planning on having a cigarette and as they hadn't been used for 3 years, not many people entered.

'Pass a cigarette, Chris.' Shouted Ryan from the other side of the toilet block.

'I wonder if any of these toilets still work.' Mentioned Louise to Greg.

'Dunno, lets go have a look at them, bet there disgusting,' answered Greg.

So Gred pushed each door open quickly an peeked inside, looking at the mess they were in, the graffiti on the walls and the broken doors and toilet seats.

'This ones locked,' said Greg.

'Nah, it cant be, have a look over, see if theres something in the way.'

As Greg looked over, he saw a boy, sat on the floor, writing in a book. He looked behind him to see if it was any of his friends, but they were all stood there, looking at him, waiting for him to open the door. He glanced back. The boy was gone and the door swung open.

'Who the hell was that ?' shouted Greg, feeling a bit shaken up and his friends looking at him puzzled. 'There was... there... i... i just saw a ghost.'

And there on the floor, was a small blue book, in neat condition, with a name on the outside. Justin Holdsworth.