

It's all my fault.

John says he sits in a chair.

He sits quietly in the room thinking of everything he did wrong.

"My marriage fell because of me, I lost friends because of me, and I lost my job because of me.

This society does not like a broke-ass man. Who always complains and has nothing to show for it! I can't get shit right!"

John sits in a cold room as the open window blows cold air through the atmosphere.

"I can't do anything right," John says to himself.

He thinks about all the friends that he lost in silly arguments. All of these arguments were fueled by frustrations that were going on in his life. He felt like no one understood him. The weight of the frustration was taking a toll.

I'm about to get kicked out of my apartment and I am losing everything. I don't even know why I'm here. The world will be so much better without me. All I do is inflict pain and frustration on others with my problems.

Tears slowly go down John's cheek. Every time I try to get ahead something just slings me backward. And everybody is blaming me.

John feels cold in this world never to be understood. He felt alone and frustrated.

All of John's bills were behind. He was behind on credit cards, his rent was overdue, water, and electricity just got cut off. John felt like his back was against the wall. His spirit was destroyed and he felt like he cannot reach for an open hand.

John sits back in the chair and tilts his head back.

I will make this easier for everyone. John says quietly to himself.

there is a moment of silence which is followed by a gunshot.

Blood is splatted all over the floor and on the window.