

What does a good story start with? A good story needs some introduction, something to describe the characters that participate within the story, something to make it interesting to read. Yet i am here, writing my story, without paying any interest to who will read it and who wont.

To work off the list, let's start with my introduction. I am Silver, strange name, isn't it? I like silver, if you don't look close enough, you could easily think it's grey, but if you look close enough and move it into the light, you can see the silver shining. I was never pushed into the light, i was always the grey no one cared about. But i never cared about being the grey, at least i had my brother, someone who would always show everyone what i was there for. To make him look even better. Everything i did, he could do it better. He was better in school, he was athletic, even in games, the part of the world where i spent nearly my entire life, he beat me with ease. So, who would i be, asking to shine?

So, did my story catch your attention by now? Well, if it hasn't, i don't really care, why would i care? I won't care about anything anymore soon enough. I've planned it for a while now, it's not that hard. You can slit open your veins. If you do it right, it will definitely work. But that'd be too risky, if i would screw it up, someone could actually save me in the end. So i thought about other option. Pills were the next thing that came up. But Pills are even less effective than cutting your veins. Easy medical treatment if i'm found too fast and there goes the dream of being dead. So, i kept thinking about it. The easiest and safest way would be a bullet, straight to your head. It's not even as hard as everyone thinks to get the gun. So i planned it, a lot of times, made sure everything was perfect, then the moment arrived. My Parents would leave over the weekend and my brother would be away during the day. It already seemed too easy. I was set up, the letter below my door, the door itself locked, the gun loaded and ready on my bed.

When i walked back from my door, i started feeling it. A hard headache hit me, but i didn't care, because why should i? I sat down, took the gun and inspected it. A simple 9mm Handgun. Cheap, but deadly. I felt everything coming down on myself, all my sorrow i had, all my fears, everything came to me, as if i dropped my coat of life. Thoughts ran through my head, as i slowly lifted the weapon. "They won't be sad, they never cared about you" i heard my thoughts "There's no one you are important to." Little tears started coming out of my eyes, flowing down my cheeks. "It's okay to be selfish and die" The gun now was at the right spot, all i had to do was pull the trigger.

Then i saw my brother in front of me, i knew he wasn't real, but even in my imagination, he just looked at me and turned around, leaving me alone. Then my parents appeared, looking at me disappointed. They turned around as well. I was just about to pull the trigger as another person appeared. Out of all the people who could've been there, my teachers, my classmates, out of anyone... I saw myself. Looking at me, not saying a word, not moving an inch. I couldn't pull the trigger of the gun, i didn't know why. "Pathetic" i heard my own voice saying "Egoistic" It was him, or me, or whatever you want to call my imagination. "Dumb." Then it got quiet again. I heard the wind going through the tree outside of my window, everything else seemed to be frozen in time. My other self looked at me for a couple of second, before turning around as well. "Why would we care now?" i heard everyone saying before they disappeared into nothing. I sat there, not knowing what to do, with the gun on my head, loaded, ready to be shot.

I sat there surely for at least 10 minutes, not moving at all, not thinking, not doing anything, before i stood up, hiding the gun below my bed and unlocking my door. A few minutes later i am

drinking my coffee, sitting in front of my computer and writing a story. “Should i kill myself or have a cup of coffee?” In the end, there won’t be any difference.