Ant-I-Suicide

It is not the first time to see him like this. Frustrated, disturbed and burning from inside, that was his status. Me, the extremely weak friend, and that's why I feel bad for him. The normal situation is me being killed on sight. This young lad has something in his soul that is so special! It is really not a hard task to send my soul to the unknown, it needs only a decision and nearly no effort at all. I know I am weak, I know that I am sometimes harmful -my fellows and I- but he took the risk. I can't forget the delicious sugar and the small seeds of corn he used to offer me and my fellows. None of the humans, as far as I know, did this with our species except an old, almost forgotten prophet. He is very upset to the extent that he rarely glances at me. I do not know his language, and he doesn't know mine. What he feels I understand without words, but I am too little to make him understand what I feel. A connection divinely created from one heart to the other.

His eyes are filled with tears of agony and he whips them away, although there is no one but me to see the rivers of emotions. Did he forget about me? I am his only friend in this house! He reaches with his finger for me to climb on it. I am climbing it calmly and I kept walking till I stood in the middle of his hand. He lifts his hand high up, till I was facing his wide beautiful dark eyes. Two dark moons with a core of a whole galaxy! The scene becomes foggy as his tears grow, just to extinguish any blaze of joy that ever existed. The higher the sound of the quarrel from inside the house the more his tears grow.

He lets me down on the edge of the balcony, then he folds his arms on his chest and leans with his elbows on the rail. Now I am going in circles next to his elbows not knowing what to do. Shouts, screams and sounds of broken things comes out of the house. Naturally, those sounds reach the neighbors and they come out to stand in their balconies watching with their odious eyes what is going on. Many of them of all types; fat, thin, tall, short, young, old and all hypocrites stinky from inside. When my folk find an intruder from another clan his destiny is merciless death. Those civilized humans do not know that dragging themselves into a balcony to watch a domestic quarrel is exactly like putting one’s hand in his neighbor’s pocket to know how much he owns. Such an act of invasion should not go unpunished.

This time he does not want to whip the tears off. I know that he knows that those ugly monsters are looking at him and his house and they don’t give a rap whether such an image is hurting his feelings or not. Heartless beings they are with hollow spirits watching and witnessing the unmissed event! I observe him still crying, his posture doesn’t change, however. He is leaving his tears going down but without letting his body shake, like a glorious mountain

producing lava to ease the pressure out of it. I glare at them and shout with the highest voice I could reach, "You stupid filthy ugly creatures! Nothing of what is happening is your business. You get your own damned quarrels and he doesn't interfere."

With the last word I pronounce I become breathless. As my chest goes up and down asking for breath I scrutinize again at those hideous neighbors to find them still standing. My storm of shouting did not affect them as my voice was too low to reach. My heart sinks inside me when I examine my friend to see how much he is broken from inside. I am helpless and weak myself, but still I can do something to help. I turn around leaving him alone and go inside my house through the dark tunnels. I wade into a night that is never conquered with sunlight. As fast as I can, I keep moving ahead till I reach the crystal shape. I am trying to carry it although it is quite heavy. So, using my sharp teeth, I engrave cuts in it to make it smaller. Some effort makes it suitable for me to carry it out of my cave quickly. I am passing through the door of my house which is opened in front of the rail.

Faster and faster, I'm rolling it forward till I reach his left elbow. Apparently when I was gone he didn't change his posture, because now he is whipping his eyes as he starts to look carefully at me and what I am carrying. He understands now why I brought this piece of sugar. I want to help him the same way he is used to helping me. The piece of sugar is so small for him to notice but he is noticing it and he now understands the sweet message. For the first time throughout this tough day he is smiling at me tenderly. As a gesture of accepting my gift, he puts his finger on the piece of sugar, and he presses it, till it sticks to it. He lifts his kind finger up to his mouth and he amusingly eats the piece of sugar.

I am over the moon right now; on cloud nine; my happiness is incomparable. I don't know how to express my happiness for him. That is why I am running as hard as I can to hug part of his finger and -thank God- he feels happy that I am doing it. My friend keeps smiling till I break in tears again. Suddenly, he stiffens up leaving me on the rail. His eyes stare bravely yet unconsciously at everyone including the walking people in the street. My heart is telling me that something wrong is going to happen. His mysterious expression hides something; maybe something crazy. It is something crazy indeed.

He is lifting his right leg over the rail and pulling himself up. Now his whole body is in danger as he stands on something that can't even suit the size of his feet. Some staggering is to be expected, amazingly he is standing like a marble statue. All the audience starts to scream and lament expecting what is happening next as if they care. Definitely he will fall, and he will definitely encounter the ground in a matter of seconds. I am freezing in my position imagining

the sound of the collision and the scene of the motionless body surrounded with a pool of blood that refuses to seize. In front of him death and behind him deathly salvation. Deep inside he is sure that this crowd does not care; they just want him to do it loudly and it would be better if it happened in a place very close for them to see, but not too close to splatter blood on them. I do care for dear him. I am sure I am not like anyone else. I have a soul.

On the sound of those screaming alarming devices, the fighting family reaches the balcony to see what is going on. They must be thinking that all those people are fighting just like them, because they see it a normal thing that happens in every house, and for a little time they have to play the role of the audience. Life in their opinion should include quarrels as a repeated action in order to deserve its title. The sweaty father appears; behind him the bruised mother and the young brother. The moment the junior sees his brother on the edge of suicide he faints leaving the parents confused which one of them to save. Both of them don't want to touch my friend afraid that they might be a reason of his fall, not knowing that without touching him they've created what is happening right now. Everyone is watching and not knowing what to do. They are all frozen with astonishment and suspense. Still they can't keep their jaws closed. Everyone is speaking, shouting, begging and swearing. Among this mob I have to do something!

I approach his left leg and start to climb over his small toe, then up to the middle of his left foot. Although I am too tiny to be noticed, he notices me. He looks at me and starts to cry again. I am clutching to his foot with all the power I have so he cannot take me off it. He cried very hard while I am expecting the strong wind resulted of his fall by any second. Gently, he is looking at me and whispering some breezes of words that I don't know what they mean; maybe he is whispering a 'Goodbye'. He is intelligent enough to figure out that I will not die from this fall; my body is too light to collapse from a fall.

He is not wishing me a good bye! He steps back to the ground of the balcony. I am leaving his foot quickly and hanging to the rail. He enters his apartment passing through his family who expected a hug or a touch after that nerve racking situation. They are shouting again at him and at each others. The neighbours are humming. I don't care what they are saying, and I don't care how much fear I've felt for him and how many tears I've cried, because only now I understand what he's just said to me. His whisper must have meant a 'Thank you'.