

Last Words

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Finally, the bell rang. Little Jake was excited. Mommy was picking him up today. That's not to say that he didn't like it when his daddy picked him up it's just, well, put it this way, daddy was strong, Jack was not. Jake felt that he had to be that perfect little boy. Always looking for daddy's approval. Like when he and daddy went to church. After, he would ask daddy how was his behavior. Daddy would then say if he had behaved good or not. The answer was not always good.

Truth was Jack was not that perfect little boy. Yes, he loved it when daddy would say that he was being good, but then there was times, when he wouldn't say that. Jack disappointed, almost guilty that he didn't live up to his daddy's standards. That's why he liked his mommy better. She liked him the way he was; brown hair, brown eyed little boy. So that's why he was so happy today. Mommy was picking him up. He walked out of the front doors of the his school and looked through the many parents waiting for their little ones and found the single, most beautiful person in the whole wide world; his mommy. Jake ran up to her with little jumps in his steps.

"Hi, mommy."

"Hi, honey. How was school?"

"Good."

Mommy took off Jake's backpack off his shoulders

"Do you have any homework?"

"No. Open my backpack, there's a picture I drew for you."

Mommy did as Jake had told her. Inside the backpack was a folder and a piece of paper. She took the piece of paper out of the backpack and looked at it. On it was a picture of four stick people holding hands. Above them were the names: me, daddy, mommy, and Paul.

"Oh honey, its beautiful."

Jake smiled, he had hoped that she would like it.

"Come now, honey." Mommy said, reaching out for Jake's hand. "We have to go look for Paul."

"So, tell me who you like?"

"Why?"

"I just want to know."

"You promise not to tell anyone?"

"Yeah."

"Pinky promise?"

Paul stretched out his pinky so that Jennifer could do the same and pinky promise him. A silly thing to do, and Paul know that. The other person can go right ahead and tell

anyone who they liked and nothing would happen to them just because they pinky promised. Something a first or second grader would do, but it made Paul feel like his secret was protected. Like something would happen to the other person if they told. And so Paul made Jennifer do it.

"Okay I pinky promise So now can you tell me?"

"Yeah okay. I like," he lowered his voice, "Summer."

"You like her again?"

"Yeah."

"Why do you like her again?"

"I don't know, like, ok she's really nice and really pretty and funny and I don't know. She's just... amazing."

"Oh, I got to tell you something now that you like her."

"Okay."

He really didn't know what she would say.

"She likes you."

Paul was shocked. Were the words that Jennifer just say were 'she likes you' or did he miss something?

"Summer?"

"Yeah, she likes you, but you can't tell anyone."

"Don't worry I won't. Are you sure?"

"Yeah, Amber told me that Summer said that she liked you."

Paul just stood there, deep in thought. On one hand this was wonderful news. The girl that he liked for the past week now, and used to in the past, likes him back. It's the best news that Paul could ever wish for. But on the other hand, the last thing Paul thought Jennifer would say were she likes you. The last, the absolute last words.

"Are you going to ask her out?" Asked Jennifer

"I don't know I really like her, but like I don't know, I'm really happy but I'm kind of nervous."

"Oh."

"Yeah, do you---"

"Paul!"

Paul turned around to see who was calling his name. It was Jake, or how mom called him Little Jake.

"Oh my god, he's so cute." Jennifer half screamed when she saw him.

"He's annoying." Paul rolled his eyes at the idea that someone would call his annoying, helpless little brother cute.

"Don't say that, that's mean."

"He's my brother and he's annoying. Sorry, I got to go."

"Okay."

Paul started walking to his mom's car that was parked on the other side of the street.

"Jennifer!" Paul called. "Let's talk about the, you know, thing over the computer alright?"

"Okay!"

Paul satisfied, turned around and started walking to his mom's car again. Wow, Summer liked him. Wow! He still couldn't believe those words. She actually liked him. Paul smiled. Those three words changed everything. He felt better, and even happier. Today felt good. Today felt really good. Paul couldn't really explain what he felt. He felt like he could go and do anything that he wanted to. Like he could run to the north pole and back or do cartwheels right here and now. What brought upon his feeling? Paul knew the answer to his question. The three magical words that never before brought such force upon him. She liked him. Paul smiled some more. Today was a good day.

"How was school Paul?"

"Good, I guess." Paul answered. Why does she keep on asking me that everyday, Paul thought. Paul then opened the back seat door and threw his backpack. Then closed it. He then opened the front door, and was about to sit down when he saw Jake sitting there. Who was he thinking he was, sitting there?

"Get out of my seat."

"Can I please sit here today?" Jake pleaded.

"No, now get out of my seat."

"Paul let Jake sit here."

Little Jake always has to get his way. That's it, Paul had to say something.

"No! Why does he have to sit in my seat? He has his own seat!"

"Paul please."

"No mom you always take his side! He's your little baby!"

"Let him sit here or I'm talking your video games away." She said firmly.

"I—!" Paul had nothing to say. His anger was at an all-time high and he couldn't do anything. He wanted his video games.

"Fine! You big baby."

Paul had a lot of anger still. So he went and punched Jake in the arm.

"Owe!" Screamed Jake.

"Paul!"

He didn't care anymore. He wasn't going to let Jake win his so easily. He then got in the back seat. Mom looked at him in the mirror. She was mad, and he was too.

"You can forget about your video games for a week." She said still looking at him.

Paul didn't say anything, it was such a great day, that is until Jake showed up. The rest of the ride home was in silence.

Brooke took a right and was about to turn onto her block when she saw the blue and red lights. Oh no she thought, the flashing lights must be for Anna. The very old next door neighbor that hasn't been feeling very good a couple of weeks now. But the lights weren't for Anna. The lights were in front of her house. Two police cars were parked around her house. Two officers were coming out of her house and another two were talking to Andrew.

"Mommy, why are those police officer at our house?" Asked Little Jake, who was sitting up in his seat to get a better view.

"I don't know honey, I don't know."

Brooke really didn't know, but she hoped that whatever it was it wasn't bad. Paul who was in the back seat stopped looking out his window and was now looking at the scene too. Brooke drove up to her house and turned onto her driveway. She then parked the car and quickly got out of it.

"Andrew what happened?"

"Nothing, nothing everything is ok now."

"Jake and Paul got out of the car and went over to their parents."

"What happened daddy?"

"Nothing, why don't you and Paul go inside."

"Ok daddy."

Paul was still made and so he didn't ask dad anything. He'll find out later. All he wanted was to go in his room, put heavy metal on and close the door. So when dad said to go inside he preceded to do just that.

When the boys left. Jennifer asked again, "Andrew, why are there cops here, what happened?"

"Really nothing. Its just I came home from work and when I was unlocking the house, the door just swung open. At first I though Paul was home from school, or something, but there were no shoes in the hallway. So I called for someone and I didn't hear anything. But then I heard something fall and break and I got scared that someone was in our house and so I called the cops."

"And what did the cops say?"

"They said it could of been a burglar."

"A burglar in our home? And you let the boys go inside?" You could now hear horror in her voice.

"Paul! Jac—" She screamed for her boys. Frighten.

"Brooke!" He reached out and got a hold of her hand. "Its okay, its safe. The cops were in the house and couldn't find anyone."

"What about the noise that you heard?"

"The cops said everything looked okay, nothing was broken or missing. And I've been in the house already and everything looked fine."

He added the last part so Brooke felt a little safer. Yes, everything was fine, but no, he hasn't been inside yet. Andrew would never admit his, but he was a little scare. The thought of someone rummaging through his stuff, his house for that matter, gave him the chills.

"Well, I guess if police didn't find anything wrong, then everything's okay."

Paul took off one shoe and then the other. Jake was going to his room, which was in the front of the house; almost by his parent's room. Paul's room was right at the end of his hallway. Which isn't really a hallway, just a place to put your shoes.

"You're such a cry baby."

Paul told Jake who was going to his room. Paul went into his room and closed the door behind him. He throw his backpack down and turned his music on. Others would question Paul's type of relaxasion music and didn't blame them. Others would put heavy metal on to get crazy but Paul put them when he was wither mad or wanted to get away from life. With his head phones on and music on max Paul was happy. He though he heard someone say his name and Jake's name but he wasn't sure. But he didn't care. He wasn't about to turn his music off. He didn't know it there and then, but if he went out side to see why his mom had called him, everything might of been different.

"You're such a cry baby."

Little Jake lowered his head and trotted to his room, with a tear coming down his cheek. Little Jake closed the door to his room. Jake's room. The only place where he was safe. He fell onto his bed and tears came much faster now. He cried and cried. All the tears he held back in the car, seemed to come out. Couple of minutes pasted and he felt better. He wiped his tears off and looked around at his room. He then saw the mess that he made. His blue pillow was all wet from him crying. He hoped they would dry up fast so Paul wouldn't see that he was crying and wouldn't make more fun of him. He hated Paul. He wished that Paul was never his brother. Never even born. He wished that all it was, was his mommy, daddy and him. Oh, how he wished.

I hate Paul. Angered Jake took one of his pillows and through it across the room shouting, "I hate him!" The pillow hit the wall and bounced under his bed. Great! Now the pillow is going to covered with dust. Jake stumped his foot in anger. Then got on his knees and closed his eyes. He knew that he didn't clean under his bed for maybe 2 or 3 weeks and it was going to be filthy.

He opened his eyes. Instead of a pillow, there were two dark eyes looking at him. Anger quickly disappeared and fear took its spot. Jake tried to scream but a hand covered his mouth. He tried fighting back, but it was helpless. Another hand came around Jake's neck

"Shhhh."

Jake not knowing what to do, tried to scream but the hand held his mouth shut. Jake listened to the order.

"Don't make a sound. I have a gun in my pocket. And you don't want me to use it or do you?"

Jake nodded, no.

"Good, now I'm going to get out of under here. Don't do anything stupid, remember I have that gun."

Jake nodded. Still with one hand on Jake's mouth and other holding his neck. The man tried to move. Pushing with his legs the man slowly got out of under the bed. The man was tall, as tall as mommy or even daddy. He wore black pants and a black sweatshirt. His face was rough, he had a small beard, messy hair going which other way. Heavy eyebrows and small scar under the right eye. His eyes were dark and big with even darker circles under them.

"Where's your dad and mom?"

"Outside," answered Jake. Jake was scared. Not all because of this man but that he might hurt somebody he loved. He wasn't sure if the man really had a gun. He might be just saying that to scared Jake and if he was just saying that, then it worked. Jake was shaking all over. But what if he really did have a gun in his pocket. What if he shot somebody with that gun? The thought of somebody in his family being shot at brought a tear to his eye. At first one, then two and then four and then he just started crying.

"Don't worry kid, I won't hurt you just don't do anything stupid."

He didn't know what to do. As he felt the man's hand slowly released its grip off his mouth he bolted for the door!

"Now, that was stupid!" Said the man as he was reaching for something in his pocket. In his rush and panic Jake couldn't even open the door. And then he froze. The man had a serious look, his eyes were locked on thing and one thing only; Jake. His eyes weren't the only thing locked on him, so was a pistol. He really did have a gun in his picket, he wasn't just saying that.

"Get away from the door." He said in a firm and commanding voice. The gun never moving an inch from Jake. Jake did as he was told. Jake was more scared now then ever before. He came over to him. He grabbed him by the hand. Hard. Pain ran up his spin and he winced. The gun never releasing its aim off him.

"I don't want to hurt you but I will if you do anything that again. This gun is loaded and—"

Just then the door swung open!

"I need two new batteries for my CD player and I—" said Paul.

The man surprised, turned the gun onto Paul and with two loud shots pulled the trigger. All of this seemed to happen in a couple seconds and all in front of Jake's eyes. Paul stumbled back for a few steps and then fell. Both Jake and the man were silent. Neither of them said a word. Tears started coming down Jack's cheeks. His knees dropped to the floor, sobbing.

"Whyyyy?" He said through rushing tears. His hands outstretched to Paul.

"Why?" He turned to the man. "Why?!" He screamed at him. The man just starred. His face as white as snow. He just stared.

Jake, on his hand and knees crawled over to Paul. Still sobbing he whispered, "get up Paul, I don't hate you. You're my big brother, and I love you." Jake then, collapsed on Paul's body screaming and whispering the same exact words over and over again. "Paul, I love you. Get up Paul. I love you."

three months later

Paul died there and then; on the floor of Jake's room. His death was hard on his parents. Who to this day can't get over the fact that their son was murdered thirty feet away from them and they didn't even know. But Paul death was especially hard on Jake. After Paul was shot and murdered in front of Jake's own eyes, he stopped talk. He stopped smiling his big smile and most of all he stopped doing what every child does best; being happy. It was as if a small gray cloud was above Jake's head; always thundering and raining on him.

If you were to ask Jake what was wrong, he would just answer a plain and simple nothing. But there was something. That something was this; the last thing Jack ever said about Paul when he was alive was that he hated him. He hated him. Those were his last words.