

Hadleigh of Kingstown

Man can change, but change might not always help man.

Bell Another day, another A for Hadleigh. “Hadleigh, do you mind staying for a moment?”

His teacher had her arms crossed, not in an appeasing way. Hadleigh walked over to her desk.

She sipped her coffee. “I’m going to be straightforward with you. You’re an A student. Being in a new environment is hard for some people, but for you, well, that doesn’t affect you. Keep doing what you’re doing.” Hadleigh nodded. “I won’t let you down.”

Hadleigh was leaving school when someone called to him. “Hey. Pal. Come over here for a moment.” Hadleigh walked into a deserted hallway. Without a moment to think, someone pulled him into a classroom. The man had to be over a foot taller than him. They were wearing a hood to cover their face. “I have a proposition for you.” The man took out a bag of substances. Hadleigh backed away. “No. You’ve got the wrong guy. I’m not looking to take any drug-.”

“Wait. These aren’t drugs..You can trust me..I’ll sell you them for \$100.”. Hadleigh checked his online wallet. “ I only have \$78... I'm sorry for wasting your time.” Hadleigh was about to walk out when the stranger accepted the money and gave him the bag. “You can pay the rest later.” Hadleigh walked out without knowing that he had illegal substances in his possession.

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Bell “Can I talk to you for a moment, Hadleigh?” His teacher had a serious look in her eyes. “What has happened to you? For the past couple of weeks you have been slacking off. You’ve been rude, your grade has lowered indefinitely, and I’m worried about your overall well being.” Hadleigh got up and left. “Hadleigh. Hadleigh, wait!” It was too late.” Hadleigh stumbled outside. He was greeted by his girlfriend. *Puck* She kissed him on the cheek. “Hey handsome. Why are your eyes so red?” Hadleigh groaned. “Can we talk about this later Penelope? I need some time to myself.”

“Are-Are you breaking up with me?” Hadleigh gave no response. Penelopi ran off, her eyes with tears. “Penelope-wait-NO!” Hadleigh reached into his pocket and threw his bag of drugs on the floor. A few seconds later he bent down and picked it up. When he looked up he saw the same man with the hood in the distance. The man smiled. When Hadleigh blinked, the man was gone.

Knob Turning Hadleigh was leaving for school “Come here for a second, boy.” It was his father. He was with a lady. She had a clipboard and a pen, just like a therapist would have.

“Hello Mr. Stinson. It’s nice to meet you.”

“What?” Hadleigh’s dad sat up. “Is it okay if I can talk to my son for a moment?” The lady nodded. She left the room.

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“After your mother passed, you and I went through a rough time. But you still managed to push through that and look toward the bright side of things. I’m afraid...I’m afraid that you have too much of me in you.”

Hadleigh shook his head. “You’re never there for me. You expect me to act like we have a relationship? I’m not like you. I’m better than you.”

“Fierce temper.. Just like me. Let’s face it. I’m a drunk. I used to take drugs like you are now. I took it out on you and your mother. But you’re in ninth grade. You’re better than this. You can stop. You can change.

Hadleigh stood up. “Change isn’t always a good thing.” He opened the front door and slammed it so hard the living room reverberated with the sound.

Bells Will be Ringing. Time and Again.

It was the final day of school until winter break. Hadleigh was in the school’s courtyard. He hasn’t taken any drugs in a few weeks. His eyes were less red. He could act properly. He was getting back to his old self. He spotted his ex-girlfriend in the courtyard.

Written by Nicholas

Hadleigh of Kingstown

"Penelope!" Hadleigh ran over to her. "Hadleigh. You look better."

"I'm back to myself, Penelope. I still have feelings for you."

Penelope sighed. "I'm sorry Hadleigh. I've lost feelings for you. I was crying for days."

She started to walk off when Hadleigh grabbed her shoulder. "I'm sorry...I love you, Penelope."

"We're in ninth grade, Hadleigh!

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I'm dating someone else."

Penelope walked away.

The sound of water. It really is something. Hadleigh turned off the sink. He heard footsteps coming from behind him.

"Why were you talking to my girl?"

Hadleigh turned around. It was Terry Flinch. He was in 11th grade. Hadleigh once had a run in with him back in middle school.

Written by Nicholas

Hadleigh of Kingstown

Hadleigh acted bewildered. “We were just having a conversation, like normal people.”

“No you weren’t.” Flinch got closer. “You still have a flame for her, don’t you?”

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He swept Hadleigh’s legs. Hadleigh tried to get up but Flinch just pushed him back down.

“If a man can’t stand, he can’t fight.” Flinch repeatedly kicked Hadleigh in the rib. Hadleigh started choking. “If a man can’t breathe, he can’t fight.” He kicked Hadleigh some more. Flinch stood up. He grabbed Hadleigh’s neck. Flinch pulled out a pocket knife. “If a man can’t see, he can’t fight.” Flinch sliced Hadleigh’s face with the knife. He let go of Hadleigh’s neck. “It was good seeing you again, Stinson. Flinch put his pocket knife away and walked out of the bathroom. Hadleigh had blood gushing out of him. The cut was deep. It had just missed his eye. He used all of his force to get up. He opened his backpack. He took the bag of drugs out. Hadleigh looked into the mirror. He opened the backpack and took as much of a handful as he could. He swallowed all of them with one gulp.

“Still reverting back to your old ways.” It was the man with the hood. “A perfect student turned into a failure.”

Hadleigh grabbed multiple towels to stop the bleeding. “I don’t need you anymore.”

Hadleigh of Kingstown

“My name is Octo.”

“I don’t care. Leave me be.”

Octo smiled. “As you wish.”

Timer Looks like our session is over. I can see improvement in you. I really can.”

Hadleigh walked out of the therapist's office. He fell on the ground and started coughing up blood.

“Lending price is \$75.” Hadleigh sent the cash. He grabbed the revolver and walked out.

It was 11:00 o'clock at night. Hadleigh took a taxi over to a building. He walked through the lobby and waited for the elevator.. Hadleigh pressed the button 198. He was going to the highest floor. After a minute or so, he finally made it. He walked out and sat down on a heat generator, admiring Kingstown. A second elevator opened up behind him.

Written by Nicholas

Hadleigh of Kingstown

“It’s beautiful, isn’t it?”

“Yeah.”

Octo walked over to Hadleigh. “You’re afraid of the choice that you have to make tonight.”

“I think I’m dying, Octo. And I still don’t believe in nothin’.”

Octo smiled. “You have one bullet in that gun of yours.”

“I know what I have to do. I guess I...I’m afraid.”

“It’s okay to be afraid. You’ve had one hell of a ride.”

Hadleigh was on the verge of crying. He nodded.

Octo sat down next to Hadleigh and patted his back.

“You’ll be okay.”

Written by Nicholas

Hadleigh of Kingstown

Hadleigh walked over to the ledge.

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BOOM!

Depressing music “It is today that we mourn the death of Hadleigh J. Stinson, who was a friend to all.” Everyone stood up. Octo was in the crowd. Relatives were spread about. Penelope was there. Hadleigh’s father was nowhere in sight.

Octo walked over to Hadleigh’s coffin. He put his hand on it. “I’m trapped in this business. I’m sorry. You were a good kid.” Octo shed a tear from his eye. Octo took his hand off of the coffin and left the funeral home.

Hadleigh J. Stinson was not remembered for what he turned into, but for who he really was.

The waves roared in the distance. The moon was shining over the horizon.

A man was pacing on the sand. He was holding a bottle.

Written by Nicholas

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“He was becoming a man. What have I done..What have I done. He was better than me. I could’ve done more. Oh, Martha, our boy’s gonna be okay. Come home, Martha. Come see our boy.”

The man took a sip from the bottle. He then threw it on the sand, and broke the glass with his bare feet. Blood was gushing everywhere.

“Octo.”

Octo appeared in the distance.

“What’s happened to you, Frank? You’re not looking one-hundred percent.”

Octo was right. Frank’s eyes were pitch red, and he was looking ill.

“A middle-aged man already on the last chapter of his life.”

“You...It was you.”

Octo shrugged.

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“Your son did it to himself. Rushing to a decision was his choice.

Frank was in denial.

Frank threw a punch at Octo, but his drunken self only managed to reach the air.

“Trying to injure your own upbringing? You’re pathetic. Your son was better off without you. You didn’t call that therapist. You didn’t care about the boy.”

Frank was breathing heavily.

“Keep out of my head or I’ll kill you.”

“You’ve got it boss.”

Octo walked away. He didn’t look back.

Frank collapsed on the sand. There was blood everywhere. Frank cried into the night sky, like a wounded animal waiting to be taken by its prey.