

## Chapter 1: life starter

I was once a thriving young man willing to do whatever it takes to be somebody. Although, I wouldn't consider myself as a charming young lad with high intelligence. My name is Michael Forbes. I want to tell you the story on how I met the love of my life, and how it all ends.

It all began when I was first brought into this world. I was premature. 23 weeks to be exact. my mother described my size of being a newborn puppy. My parents waited for me in the hospital as the walls echoed with the sounds of rolling hospital beds, nurses and doctors passing by, screaming women giving birth to their precious children who would grow up to be possible celebrities or heroes, or perhaps criminals and murderers. Yet, I wasn't anything like that. The doctor came up to my parents and explained I was fine, but they damaged my vocal cords, so I had no choice but to live with that condition for the rest of my entire life. As a young child, I grew up in New York. A City that Never sleeps. I consider it to be an infuriating area that makes me want to question "why here?" It may not be a loving place to live despite all the credit it's been specified to the town's people. I would see it as a downfall to the united states of America. Too noisy, and too crowded for my taste. As years went by, High school and middle school were nothing but complete nonsense. I hate to explain what I think about it, but I believe school is a place for fools who are books worms and brag upon the youth of society believing they'll thrive in life depending on the economics of studies they do. about me, I for one never spoke to anyone, and never even raised my hand for answering questions no matter the subject. Why you may ask? Let say my voice sounds like a raspy 20 -year

old smoker's dying vocal cords who couldn't fight the addiction and ended up in the hospital due to the amount of cigarettes being plunged into his lungs causing him to wheeze in pain and no longer express the meaning of life. My teachers always told my mother that I should speak up a little more, but I still refuse to do so. consider it being a non vocalization test. I hate being tested for circumstances I shouldn't be a part of. they always wait for me to talk like I'm the last person in the class. hell, the whole school to top that off. What a waste of time for me. I'm also not the most popular kid. I was made fun of from time to time. a living breathing laughing stock. bullying wasn't a big thing in my school years. the only stupid things that mattered were assemblies, bake sales, clubs, protesting about certain rights and car washes. trust me. I had to participate into those shit fests. I swear to god I always fantasized about burning the damn building so school would no longer exist in my book. yeah. I have a weird obsession about burning the things I hate. as for having friends, I met this guy who was the only one who appreciated me for who I am as a person. his name is Dillan. Dillan looks like of those jocks who don't give a damn about anything but themselves. he is a very care free dude who does care for everyone around him. ever since we met the first time, we spoke about our interests and turns out he's into the same stuff as I am. what's funny is that in terms of interests, he's into one of my favorite video game franchises that I grew with since I was a kid. Sonic The hedgehog. we never stopped talking about that blue boy for hours. Sonic was my inspiration because the blue blur never gave up what he loves in life making me want to be like him. being free, having lots of friends, no responsibilities, no reason to be pushed around for many dumb reasons at all. just running around and saving the world from the bad guys. Dillan and I became inseperable. more like brothers actually. he was like shadow, and I was like sonic watching each other's backs and making sure we're doing okay. Dillan was my bestest friend yes. but there is something

that he was too afraid to explain. he was always a drug addict. he also drank lots of booze. I never saw that side of him until he showed me one day when I came over to his place. I also became friends with some of his friends and they're obsessed with that stuff too. one time Dillan offered me a cigarrete. I tried it, didn't like it. it hurt my throat and made it hard to breathe. he laughed and said "you'll get used to it". yeah sure. like that's ever going to happen. beside friendships, I was never that good with the ladies at all. my parents always told me to be a gentleman, and they even wanted me to try to date my own race. as a black man, I wasn't really into dating women the same race as I am. they just didn't seem fitting for me. I was mostly into the opposite race. plus dating someone locally isn't that easy. when I was a kid, I once found my dad's adult movies and watched them on my own. I wasn't sure what the hell they were. I always thought it was just two people wrestling and whoever made the loudest sounds wins. I know its strange