

# GUILT

## By Krystle Henninger

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What do you do when you see something you don't want to see? You look away, right? But what if it's something you can't forget? Well, you never forget. You just don't want to remember. *(pause)* I saw my brother die. I watched him get murdered. *(the next five sentences should be run together)* The worst part is that I didn't do anything to help him. I couldn't. He wouldn't let me. He made me leave him there to die. He made me walk back upstairs and he told me not to look back. *(pause)*

He died in his room, in our basement on a Tuesday morning. When we got to the hospital there was nothing they could do. He was already gone.

When we were little, my brother and I would walk to the park every day and he'd push me on the swings. *(sits and is mimicking being pushed on the swings)* Each time he'd push me, I'd say, "Higher! Higher!" wanting to go all the way to the sun. But not too close. I didn't want to burn myself. On some days, the girl next door, Michelle, would tag along. She and I were the same age and our parents were very close. We didn't get along at first, but then she became my best friend. My brother was jealous. I told him that he should play with us even though he was a year older. Eventually, they hit it off. Years later, they even dated for a while. But I'm getting ahead of myself. In the summers when we were kids, we'd go to the lake. It was a small lake. More like a pond. There were fish in it. We'd feed the fish and roll down the grassy hill. Sometimes we'd land *in* the pond. But my brother always looked after us. And I hate myself for not looking after him. I don't care what people tell me. I'll always feel guilty about it. About everything.

Do you know what it's like to lose someone so close that when they're gone, you want to kill yourself? But you don't, because of the pain it would cause everyone else. So you make yourself live with that feeling, that guilt, until it drives you crazy and you start to wonder if it's worth it. Is life worth living if all you knew was taken from you? That's not right. But what's right? What's wrong? What is this thing we call life? *(pause)*

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