

Victory, 6-8

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"I'm done." Victor held his father's gun to his head.

"Vic, don't do this," she said.

"I'm all worn out. I'm a mess. I have to," Victor yelled. Bridget took something out of her pocket. It was a note. She put it down on the ground and left.

It all started the spring of 2011. Victor was the perfect child any mother could wish for... Good grades, handsome face, pleasant friends, and never been to detention... Although that was all on the outside. On the inside Victor was a sad and angry guy. He wasn't like the other 17 year old boys', and that's what he dreaded most.

"Bridget, what the heck? Give me my keys back," Victor playfully yelled.

"You're going to have to earn it," Bridget said in a flirty voice. Victor smiled and showed off his shiny white teeth.

"Come on, I need to pick Abby up,"

"Fine, but I'll get you next time, buddy," Bridget said. She threw him the keys to his silver Honda Civic. He jogged out to the high school parking lot and pressed the unlock button on his key.

Victor's phone rang.

"Yup?" Victor answered his phone as he was getting into his car.

"Victor, where are you? You were supposed to pick me up an hour ago!" It was Victor's little sister, Abby.

"Oh, sorry. I got caught up at school. I'll be there in 10,"

"Fine, mom will be hearing about this later though,"

"Abby, come on. I was with Bridget," Victor said into his phone.

"Still in the friend-zone?" Victor had liked Bridget since the first grade and of course that got him in the "friend-zone." Bridget of course has had other boyfriends and she never knew about Victor liking her, because he was too shy to admit his feeling towards her...

"Shut up," he said.

"Hehe. Love you," she said.

"Yeah, whatever. I'll be there soon," he hung up the phone before she could say goodbye. Victor turned the radio. It played the new Shins song, "Gone For Good."

Victor got to the bus pickup lane of Abby's middle school. Abby ran out in a typical middle school girl's outfit: Hollister shirt, black leggings, and Uggs.

"Man, could you get anymore mainstream?"

"What do you mean?" she said as she tucked her head under the roof of Victor's car.

"Um," he looked her up and down and laughed.

"Shut up, this is the style nowadays," he laughed again.

"At least I'm not wearing a flannel..." Victor shot her the death glare and started driving. They pulled up to a well off house and pressed a button on a black keypad.

"Yes?" a voice of a deep man came out of the black keypad.

"Its Victor and Abby." Victor said into the microphone of the keypad.

"Oh, the gate's open." A black gate opened leading to huge driveway. They of course, drove in. Once they got into the beautiful house Abby threw her backpack down on the floor and ran upstairs.

"MOM, WE'RE HOME," Victor yelled. No answer. I guess they were home alone. He ran to his room, where he found a fluffy cat.

"Hey Fluff," he said to the black and white cat. They ignored him. He then pulled out his laptop and logged onto Facebook.com: Bridget Meddler is now in a relationship with Kyle Mitchells.

"Great. Now if only you knew that I'm madly in love with you," he again whispered to himself.

Victor takes out his phone and dials Bridget's number. She doesn't pick up.

"Victor! Abby! I'm home. Come downstairs for dinner." Victor's mom yelled.

After a short dinner Victor checks his phone. Two missed calls from Bridget...

He listens to the voicemail she left him.

"Hey Victor, you really need to check your Facebook, once you have, call me." He runs to his room and opens his laptop.

"Kyle Mitchells has tagged you in a photo?" He says to himself. He clicks the photo link. It 's a picture of Victor kissing a boy. The comments are horrendous. Victor punches in Bridget's number. It rings for a while and then she finally picks up.

"Hey, did you see it?" She said, assuming he did.

"Why would Kyle do that? It's fake. That never happened," Victor yelled.

"Look, we can't be friends anymore. I care too much about my reputation,"

"Wait, are you serious? Bridget, you're better than this," he said.

"Yeah, well Kyle has given me a point of view now. So I think I'm going to listen to him now," Victor was confused. Has Kyle brainwashed her?

"Bridget, what's wrong with you? I just got publicly humiliated and you're saying you don't want to be friends anymore because of what your boyfriend told you?"

"I just don't want to be friends with someone who can't control themselves," she said.

"What are you talking about?" Bridget hung up the phone. Victor chucked his phone at his wall and slammed his laptop shut. He heard Abby run down the hall. She threw the door open.

"Is everything okay? I heard a loud bang," she looked over to his wall, and there lay his broken phone.

"Is your bipolar disorder acting up again? You need to take your medication."

"Go away." Victor said quietly.

"Victor, I can help." She said, as she got closer to Victor.

"Abby, you're 13, what makes you think you could help me? Have you ever been humiliated? No, because you're the popular girl at your middle school."

"I can help." Abby was about to sit down on his bed, when Victor snapped.

"Get out! Get out of my room and get out of my life! You know nothing about me. Just leave me alone!"

"Okay, fine! I was just trying to help!" Abby stormed out of his room and slammed the door.

Victor went to bed early that night. Maybe everything would get better in the morning.

The morning came along with a shuttering buzz from Victor's alarm clock. Victor woke up and threw on some clothes, nothing special. He got into his car and drove off like nothing had ever happened. When he got to school the tension turned to him. Victor was the new focal point. He saw Kyle and walked over to him.

"Why did you do that?" Victor yelled in Kyle's face.

"Do what? Tell Bridget to stop being friends with you?" Kyle said in a calm voice. Kyle chuckled.

"No, post that picture of me," Victor looked angry and everybody could see it.

"What are you talking about?" Kyle asked.

"Don't play dumb, Kyle. It said you posted the photo,"

"Why would you even care? You're a loser, Victor. You don't have friends and we all know your dad left you guys because he couldn't stand to have a messed up son. Face it, you're a freak," Victor's face turned red. He threw the first punch. Kyle threw one right back. The teacher stopped them and told them to go to the principal's office immediately...

"I promise you, it was all Victor's fault," Kyle said to the principal.

"Victor, is this true?" the principal asked.

"You're kidding right? Sure, I punched him first, but he deserved it," he said.

"This is unacceptable. There will be no fighting on school grounds. You are both suspended for one week," she said.

"Fine," Victor said. Kyle sat in silence.

"You wanna tell me what happened?" Victor's mom said. Victor was sitting in the passengers' seat of his mom's car.

"Not really," Victor said with a sour face.

"Victor, what happened?" his mom said in a stern voice.

"Mom, I really don't want to talk about it. Just leave me alone." They pulled into the driveway, Victor bolted out of the car and into the house. His mom followed.

"Victor, stop. Tell me what happened." She ordered as she ran after him.

"Kyle" Victor stopped.

"What about Kyle? What did he do?" She asked.

"He posted a picture of me, and now Bridget won't talk to me," He started to cry.

"What was the picture?"

"Just please, leave me alone," Whatever happened, he wasn't going to tell her that it was of him kissing a guy. She would judge him.

"Okay," she said.

"Meet me at my house. Now." he texted Bridget. He didn't get a reply, but he waited. He knew she was going to come. Victor sat on the floor of his room. He started to cry, hands tucked around his knees, face hidden by his legs, sitting on the wood floor.

"Victor what are you doing?" Victor heard a voice in front of him. It sounded a bit like Bridget's. He untucked his hands

and looked up. He came eye to eye with the girl he has been in love with for 10 years.

"I'm done," Victor held his father's gun to his head.

"Vic, don't do this," Bridget said quietly.

"I'm all worn out. I'm a mess. I have to," Victor said. Bridget took something out of her pocket. It was a note. She put it down on his bed and stood there. Before he could see that she put the note down, he pulled the trigger. All of his pain was left on his bedroom floor, on April 7, 2011.

The police found the note that day. It read:

Dear Victor,

I'm so sorry this had to end this way. I never meant to hurt you, Kyle made me say all those things, and he made me feel the way I felt. I'm sorry. I love you; I always have, ever since the first grade. When we met on the play structure, when I fell and you helped me up. I'll never forget the tan corduroys and blue sweater you wore that day. I'll never forget that day. Please forgive me. You are my victory.

Love Always,

Bridget