

Shooter's Presective Everyday

I show up to school
And have to deal with the shoving
And the name calling
And the swirlies
I was never accepted because I was different
I was abused
Emotionally
Verbally
And
Physically
I was told that nobody would remember me
That I didn't matter
They told me life would be better if I wasn't in it
I started to believe what they said
The small sliver of light that was left is
Gone
A darkness started to creep into my life
I got into the guns
And
The liquor cabinet
Everyday get
I little bit worse
My grades went down
I didn't show up to school some days
I started to feel a little bit better
The less I showed up to school

The less I got hurt
But they still found a way to hurt me
It turned into cyber bullying
They found my Insta
My Snap
My number
My everything
My parents started to notice
That I had cut marks on my wrist
They kept trying to make me feel better
They got me
Video games
Candy
Money
But none of it works
My mom then remembered that I used to love country music
So she went online and found us 3 tickets to go to the
Route 91 Harvest country music festival
The tickets made me so happy that I decided to go to school
And
It only made things worse
When I first walked in the doors
All the kids started laughing
Cause I am now the face on the suicide is not the way
pamphlets
The ones kids look at when they go to the nurses office
I finally had enough
It was finally the night of the concert
I told myself tonight I was going to be happy because I love
country music

Then I got a text message
I never get texts
So I checked it
The text said and I quote,
“I don’t care if your face is on the anti suicide pamphlets
You should kill yourself anyways”
I have had enough of all this tormenting
I will make them feel my pain no matter what it takes
I made an executive decision with the voices
That I am going to kill them before they make me kill myself
So I snuck into dad’s gun shed and stole his 9 mill glock
My parents were so happy that I got out of the house
I thought of how disappointed they would be afterwards
So I put on a smile for them
When we got there I noticed that some of the upperclassmen
who bullied me up in the stands
I stayed far away from them
I kept checking my bag for the gun because I felt that it
would just disappear if I didn't check
I looked around the stadium
I noticed all of the face of the innocent people who didn't
deserve what was coming
But the voices in my head said that if I didn't they soon
would judge me as well
People used to say I didn't matter
That no one would remember me
To kill myself
Well now everyone will remember me
I matter now
And in the end I did kill myself

Cause

I killed 58 people

I injured 851 people

I shot up the Route 91 Harvest Country Music Festival