

LOVE THY NEIGHBOR

Shar sits center stage alone. She's writing something on a table and singing pop goes the weasel in the darkness.

SHAR

I've always hated Sunday morning...mom yelling us awake, the forced bonding, the restrictive clothing, the rock hard kneeler, the blue haired walking germ factories, and the never ending sermons on well everything. And Yesterday was more of the same..yesterday was on love thy neighbor.

Three guys walk past a bleeding man on the side of the road and one finally stops to help him. So of course the one who stops makes everyone else look like douche bags. I mean what civilized human being walks past some one in need right? But, they must have had a good reason. There must be a reason right.

Then again, really would you pick up a bum from the side of the road that was dirty, bleeding and covered in who knows what. Luckily now we just pick up our cell phones and call the cops..no need to get your hands dirty, no need to feel guilty for not throwing ourselves in harms way. Or is it? Is it just an excuse to not really get involved to not really take part. Even when we see that something is wrong do we say something or do we just keep walking.

I mean I did I saw him earlier today. His head was down. Feet shuffling. Looking really sad. I could have gone over there...maybe cheered him up. But, I didn't. And why would I...I didn't know him... None of us knew anything about him really. He was just this guy who was around. He worked in maintenance I think. He'd come into the room maybe six or seven times a year to replace a light bulb or adjust the thermostat. He was just this guy. He was always very quiet, never said a word. Kept to himself.

The whole thing is just terrible right. Here were are selfish shallow kids, talking about our weekends, and doing our work, laughing all care free and he shuffles by day after day unnoticed and unseen.

So, yeah we were just sitting down in math class when alluve a sudden he comes into the room. He stood there for a second..quietly. I looked into his eyes..his crystal blue eyes. And for one second our eyes met across the room and we each smiled. I was so riveted by those eyes, as he just stood there and stared at us. Then with a blank face he just started singing. All the around the mulberry bush, the monkey chases the weasel, the weasel thought it was all in fun. Pop goes the weasel. We just kinda giggled and looked at each other. Then he started again.

This time he walked around the room in that steely cool manner, and kept singing Pop. Pop. Pop goes the weasel. Pop. One after another they limped over in their chairs around me. Pop. Pop. Pop. At first it seemed random. Pop. Pop goes the weasel. But, I think he knew what he wanted to do.

First, he killed two people in the principal's office. And then came in our room and shot certain kids at their desks. He was like picking and choosing. Pop. Pop.

He had a bunch of guns. Three at least. Maybe more. The guy was like a walking arsenal reloading as he went. I've never been so scared. The girl at the desk next to me, Shirley Grimes, looked me in the eyes with such fear and POP. Adam Mcsomething or other...Pop. All gunned down where they sat. He didn't shy away from it...He looked them clean in the face and just pop. Pop.

When he turned toward me, I thought...maybe I should have said hello, maybe I should have picked him up and helped him out. I saw that he was sad but, I just walked by him...but I didn't have anymore time to think about it before...Pop. Josh Holden. Pop Becky Dennis. Pop. They all fell but he walked right by me. And I don't know why. I don't know why. But, we all have our reasons right?