

Left For The Dogs



Hello, my name is Ryder. I am fifteen a half years old. I was born on 12th July 1960, which means I am a cancer if you believe in that sort of thing. As I am writing this, I am sitting at my desk in my bedroom as the sounds of my vinyl player playing the sounds of David Bowie singing about a star man in the sky. My parents are downstairs - my mother cooking dinner and my father most likely sitting in the living room reading the newspaper. My sister is in the room opposite to me, probably listening to changes by David Bowie. My sister and I are very big bowie fans. both our vinyl players together sort of block out the sounds of the pans clinking together in the kitchen downstairs.

"RYDER! MAX IS HERE!" my mother shouted from downstairs.

"COMING MUM!" I called back, running down the stairs just to be met with the heavenly sight of Max's handsome face. Max is my boyfriend but obviously my family don't know that. if my parents even had the slightest hunch that I was gay I would immediately kicked out of the house and left for dead.

"Hey Ry, shall we go upstairs?" questioned Max, slightly amused at my not-so-subtle staring. Thank god my mother had gone back into the kitchen.

"Yes! yes of course!" I zoned back in to answer his query, I led him upstairs, just like I had so many times before- but something felt wrong.

I couldn't put my finger on it at the time, but this was when my life stopped being so secretive.

We reached my room and Max immediately flopped on my bed, I closed my door then joined him, pulling him close and hiding my head in his side and the world felt right - but do moments like that ever truly last?

I will never know what caused my mother to barge into my room at that exact moment, seeing myself and Max in a position that was definitely not platonic. Maybe it was to say that dinner was ready - no the chicken was still in the oven-maybe it was to ask if max was staying for dinner? Whatever it was, I will never know, as like I expected, I was kicked out, only being allowed the "privilege" to take a backpack filled with the bare necessities, meaning that I had to leave my vinyl player and vinyls behind. Somehow Bowies voice wasn't as comforting as it was less than 10 minutes ago.

Max's story is a vastly different one. My mother marched him over to his house and told his parents what she saw, the disgust clear in her face. His parents, thank god, were way more accepting then mine, and didn't even care that much.

You might be wondering what happened to me after I got left for the dogs. Max's parents said that if they could, they would take me in but they just didn't have enough space, so this journal entry, this story if you will, my dear Max, is my note.

Right now, I am standing on London bridge, about to jump. I feel as if I am atlas, and all I want to do is let go. I hope that my death will bring my parents less shame. Because having a dead son is less shameful than having a gay one, right?

My dear max, this letter is for you, I hope that you write about me, use my story, our story even, as an example, that preaching the bible is not a worthy trade for yours child's life.

I hope that you do not think that this is your fault, because it isn't, truth be told you are the reason that I stayed as long as I did. I am Icarus, you are the sun, but now I am falling.

*

I stare at the note in my hand. This can't be real it can't. I will never be ever be able to see him again, never be able to see his smile, never hear his laugh again. I'll never be able to get the sight of his limp body out of my head, dripping with water and so so blue. Yet there still was a little smile on his face. Yes he wanted this, but I cannot see the Brightside of this situation this time. I still think that he will come from behind me and hug me. even though the funeral was yesterday, where his parents pretended that they loved him. Despite the fact that they were the ones who drove him to do it in the first place. Because Ryder is dead, and I wish I was too.