

# “Child”



Arts:

Subcategory: Creative  
Writing

*Written by Riley Margosis*

## **Description:**

“Child” is a story from the perspective of a Mother after her only child was an active school shooter before taking his own life. A year ago, a friend and I began planning out a story about a school shooter from his perspective and after my friend wrote it, entitled “Home”, I wrote two spin-offs. The first from the perspective of the girl the shooter had once loved, “Him”, and the second, from the perspective of the shooter’s mother after he committed these actions. Because nothing is more heartbreaking than thinking about how a mother would react to the revelation that her child killed others, than himself.

# Child

*Riley Margosis*

The blaring police sirens don't lessen the blow. My child, my baby, the person most precious to me is gone. My son, blood splattered across his shirt, not his own. Looking down the barrel of a gun. When he pulled the trigger it's like some part of me knew. The bond of a mother and son is eternal. When life faded from his eyes, so too did the lights fade from my world.

His father takes to the bottle. Replacing his emotions with the slosh of another drink. His drinking turns to anger and when he lashes out I wondered if it was our fault my son took a gun to the school. Our fault he killed the girl he loved. Our fault he turned the gun on himself.

On the cold nights I played memories of him like a film in my head. But each childlike grin morphs into the photo I saw of what remained. The police needed me to identify his body. My baby boy. My child. Brains splattered across the ground. My knees buckled then and I haven't been able to recover since. Every step I took felt like dragging a mountain. A mountain of guilt. Our fault.

I couldn't bring myself to face the girl's family. In moments like these I wish I too had turned callous and cold, the drink drowning any emotions that could bubble to the surface. Our fault.

But I have to. Her parents were angry and spat insults at me. I didn't blame them. My child. My baby boy. A murderer. Our fault.

As each day dragged onward, I felt my remorse wavering. His father was an empty shell. He's nothing more than the sting of sharp amber liquid. Oh how I longed to hold my child in my arms once more. Our fault.

My own grief turned poison. Guilt filled my lungs, making it harder to breathe. I'm not sure I deserved the right to. My fault.

He was the light in my world. My child. A gun in his hands. I should have seen the signs. My fault.

Blood stained hands. Broken mind. Fractured heart. He didn't think of his mother when he pulled the trigger. My fault.

But now I can't blame him. How could I? The world is dark and cold and unforgiving. I should have protected him. My fault.

They say a mother's love is the most powerful force in the universe but they have not seen a mother's drive to be with her child. His father is already halfway there. My fault.

I can apologise. I'll embrace him and apologise. My fault.  
He could have turned to me, but he didn't. My fault.

He took a gun to school.  
He pulled the trigger again and again.  
My fault. My child. My fault.

How selfish would I be to stay when he could not bring himself to do so?  
My fault.

My baby boy. Gun in his hand. Gun in my hand. He turns the gun on himself. I turn the gun on myself. He places the metal to his head. I place the metal to my head. He takes a breath. I take a breath. His finger finds the trigger. My finger finds the trigger. His last thoughts are bliss. My last thoughts are guilt. My fault.