

Suicide

I'm alive, you too. Still. They are dangerous but they don't look it when they walk down the school corridors with a big smile and an innocent expression on their faces. We only see their perfect and beautiful exteriors, but how does it look inside them? Despite their apparent kindness with which they get the teachers on their side, their radiation tell us: Don't com to close! Don't touch us!

We first have to learn how to handle them, they need the right and careful handling, because they think that they are something special. One wrong move, one wrong behaviour, not the right treatment, the wrong way we look at them- and they blow up! They pollute the air and contaminate every one of us. We don't notice it, but the infection eats us up inside. Slowly. But inaritably. And then? Despair. Then? Death. No escape, forever a victim. It is not like the infection is killing us, it is the despair that we cannot deal with, the need to give up. The answer to the question if there is anything we can do to escape is: yes. But only for a short time. In the long run this way leads to certain dead. The only thing we can do is to leave them in peace or to infect ourselves with them. To be one of them, to act like them, to speak like they do, to look exactly the same, just to be completely like them: Dangerous! And no one can see it. To infect others and watch them suffer when we torture them to death, only because they are not like us. Then nothing is going to happen to us, then we are safe. When we have decided for the right side, they will leave us alone. The crunch: We are so different from them! They are playing cool but they are really the sick ones. An illness, which is multiplying without an end and no on can handle it. No medicine can treat them. A scientist will say that they are an unusual quality, particularity an exception. But we know i better: They are not peculiar.They are only RADIOACTIVE!

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