My Reflection

By Emily

Suicide is not uncommon in Japan. Whether the cause is from self-loathing or seppuku, it’s not rare. You’re expected to be what some people define as “perfect”.

It was today that I decided I would take my own life. Take my first jump, and my last. I was on top of a building, only to realize at the edge of the rooftop where I was about to jump off, stood a girl with a high messy bun. I was beside myself, but I had to stop her.

“Hey! It’s not worth it!” I screamed. The girl with a messy bun turned around in confusion. I don’t know why I spoke up, I didn’t really care, but impulse washed over me.

“Who are you?” The girl asked cautiously.

“Why are you doing this?” I said instead, ignoring her question. The girl told me her tale, the same reason over and over that you always hear in suicide notes.

“I thought that he could be my love, but then he ended it.”

_Are you kidding me?_ I thought to myself. This cliche reason was why she wanted to take her life? For god’s sake. _At this point, I’m just disappointed you came here before me._

After her story the girl wiped a tear from her cheek. “I’m happy you were here to listen…” The girl with a messy bun then vanished into thin air.
Alright, *today* is the day I'm going to do it, without any other girl interrupting. But just as I got to the rooftop, there already was a girl standing there. She wore a white puffy jacket and had dark restless circles under her eyes. Although I couldn't care less if this stranger jumped, I couldn't just stand by idle. I screamed, "Hey! It's not worth it!"

Just like the day before, I listened to the girl's story. You've probably heard this same reason in many suicide notes.

“This world hates me and ignores my grief, I don't fit in with any of them...”

*Are you kidding me?* I thought to myself again. This cliche reason was why she wanted to take her life? *For god's sake. At this point, I'm just disappointed you came here before me. At least you have a bed you can go home to.*

“I'm tired...” The girl sighed, before vanishing into thin air.

Every day after that was the same. I would go to the rooftop, expecting to end myself, but instead listening to the woes of others complaining about day to day problems. It made me sick to my stomach.

But at last, there was one girl who stood out from the rest. She stood on the rooftop, expecting to jump.

“Hey! It's not worth it!” I tried to say again. She turned around just like the rest. But this girl didn't care. This was new. I couldn't stop this girl from jumping. She shared her woes just like the other girls, ending with “I guess the world just isn't my place.” She looked away from me then vanished into thin air.
There's finally no one here today. Thank god. Just me, myself, and I. No one here to listen to my pain or my woes, just me and the edge. Taking off my white puffy jacket, watching my high bun fall out, I took a deep breath... And let it out.