

# Creative Writing

## One-Shot-Sammlung

Von Juju

### Kapitel 2: Good Girl

I have always been a good girl. I used to belong to that kind of children the adults said about: "Your daughter is such a lovely girl. I wish my son was a bit like her. You have raised her so well."

In school, I only got very good marks, I was a diligent student, I was athletic and I could play three musical instruments. But I had no friends. The other kids called me a nerd. I only suck up to the teachers, they said. They are just envy, my parents said.

Now, I am studying medicine. I am the best of my age group. Nobody is able to hold a candle to me. The professors promise me a gorgeous future as a doctor. But I still do not have any friends. Most of the other students of my age group forgo me. Sometimes, the relationship to them is big enough to do small talk, then they talk with me about the weather or a lecture, but that is all. I always recognize that they actually do not feel like talking to me because they mostly say they have no time and have to go to the library or have to catch a bus. I know that this is not the truth.

Only one single person was interested in me. I met him in my first semester on the university. He studied psychology and wanted to make friends with me. He did not care for the fact that I was always the best anywhere. He was not envy, he simply liked me. He invited me to a coffee and we told each other many things. I felt in love quite fast and so did he. We became a couple and the others looked at us disapprovingly but we did not care. Finally, I found someone who liked me the way I was. We met for lunch in the canteen everyday and in the evening, we went to the cinema or theater, attended concerts or stayed at home and cooked together. I was the happiest person in the world. Until, one day, he told me we could not be a couple anymore because he did not love me. I was devastated. I could not understand what he told me. He said he would be sorry and he would like to stay friends with me. He never wanted to lose me, he said. I did not believe him. If this had been the truth, we would still be a couple. After all, he was just like all the others that forwent and avoided me as if I had a bad disease. As if I was a bad disease.

I sit on the ground next to his dead body. The potassium cyanide has taken effect nearly immediately. He said he felt strange and few seconds later he fell over and was dead. Now he is lying there, his eyes half opened. Spittle drops from his mouth.

A single tear rolls over my cheek although I know he has deserved it. In contrast to all the others, he made me believe he loved me just to hurt me afterwards. I did not expect anything positive from all the others but from him. He had disappointed me profoundly. That is why I had to kill him. Evil people should not live in this world, my

parents always said. Eventually, I was a good girl.