



Truth and Consequences

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Is telling the truth always the right thing to do? This is the question facing a young man as he struggles with his unique ability. He knows things that others do not. Is it a blessing or a curse? What would he be willing to do to save a life? What should he do to save a life? And...which lives should he save? This is a story about right and wrong, love and hate, life... and death. It will have you turning the pages with anticipation.

Vincent Marx



Story

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Vincent Marx

Truth and Consequences

Story

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First Things First



I don't always tell the truth. That's usually so no one gets hurt. I don't want to hurt anyone. I've made some mistakes before. Mistakes are mistakes, though. What you intend to do is what's important. I want what's best for other people. Sometimes, they don't know what's best for themselves. I'll tell you a little secret now. I have a gift. I know you probably won't believe me, but sometimes I get visions of the future. I DO know what's best for other people. Sometimes, I don't know what's best for me, though. As I sit here and tell this story, I feel sad sometimes. Why did it have to end like this? Well, first things first.

As I said, I have a gift. I learned of this gift when I was just a small child. Let's see.... It was about 10 years ago. I was about 7 years old. I watched as a woman was about to cross a street. I pointed at the lady and told my mom, "That lady should not cross the street." My mom just looked at me funny and took my hand. We walked on. Then, I heard tires screeching. I heard a scream. I turned around and looked. So did my mom. The poor lady was hit by a car.

We watched for a while. The ambulance came, and a man put a white sheet over her body. Someone else went over to her and checked her pulse. He shook his head. He pulled the white sheet up over her head. My mom put her hands over my eyes. She grabbed my hand, and we went home.

It's hard to believe. I know. But that's what happened, and that's the truth. At least it's the truth as I remember it. Sometimes, though, it's hard to remember things perfectly.

Other things happened, too. Maybe not so dramatic. For example, when I was about ten years old, my friend was about to cross a busy street near my house. I told him not to. He listened to me. Nothing happened.

Well, I told you this time it wasn't so dramatic. But I meant it wasn't dramatic for my friend. It WAS dramatic for me though, because, I had a bad feeling. I didn't want my friend to die. I said, "Don't cross the street!" He didn't. I said, "Let's go that way instead!" We did. I looked back and saw a big truck racing down the street very fast. I remembered the white sheet on the lady. I felt sad for her again. But I saved my friend's life. He was safe. When I told him so, he just laughed. We went on with the day as if nothing happened. Thanks to me, nothing did.

Those kinds of things happened a lot. I figure I must

have saved about 300 lives. That's what makes me kind of angry. I mean, one person dies, and... well, I'm getting ahead of myself again. I really need to explain things first, or you won't understand.



Why Lie?



I said this before. I don't always tell the truth. People might judge me for this. They might call me a liar. Well, that's their problem. I told the truth many times before, but people didn't believe me, and they got hurt. I told you about the lady already. I told my mom the truth. My mom didn't listen to me. The lady got ran over by a car and died.

Now, let's suppose I said, "Mom! That man just took that lady's wallet." Think about it. Put yourself in the past: *I lie. My mom stops the lady. She tells her about her wallet. The speeding car goes by. The lady is saved!* That's better, right? But I told the truth. My mom didn't believe me. The lady died. You see? So, sometimes I lie. Blame me if you want.

Let me give you a few more examples. One time, I was with my older sister. She was in 3rd grade. I'm two years younger than her, so I was in the 1st grade at the time. We were walking to school. Suddenly, I knew something. She started to take the shortcut as usual. I said, "No, don't take the shortcut. You're going to get hurt!" Well, you know how big sisters are. She took the shortcut anyway. I

followed her. She tripped over a log and fell. She put her hands up to try and land safely, but there was a metal can on the ground. Her hand landed right on the sharp edge of the can. She started bleeding bad. She was crying. She wrapped her hand in her dress. She got up and we both ran back home. She had to go to the hospital and get stitches.

I said, "I told you so."

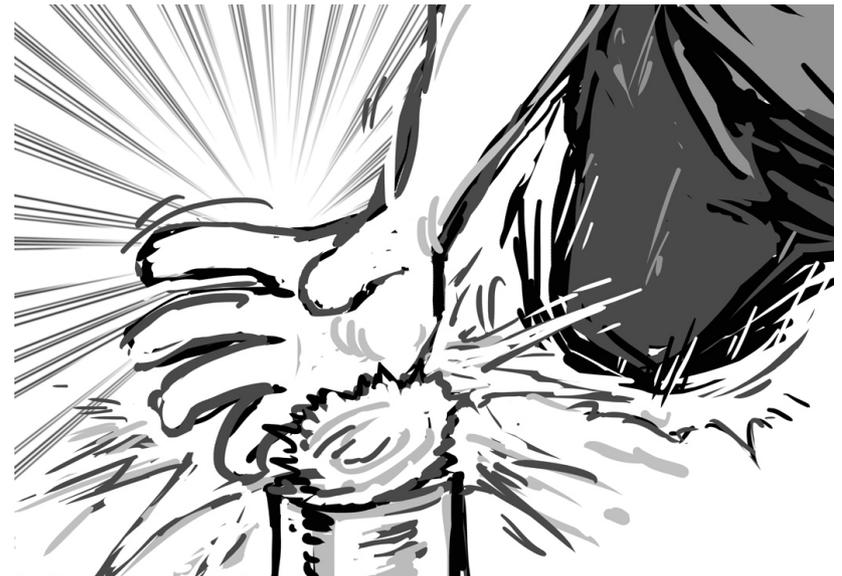
Her hand is okay now. But sometimes she looks at me funny.

Anyway, I always have to make difficult choices. That will probably never change. If I don't lie, people don't believe me. If I do lie, people believe me. And, if I lie, I can usually prevent someone from getting hurt. Does that make sense? Probably not. Well, then, let me give you another example.

One time, when I was 15 years old, I saw a complete stranger. She was about 25 years old. She was sitting on a park bench. She looked upset. She was about to get up and leave. I knew something important. If she got up and left, she would soon break up with a good man. Later in her life, she would marry a bad man. This bad man would hurt her often. She should wait a little longer. I stopped her. "Hey lady!" I said. "Can you help me?"

"Sorry, I have to go," she said. Her eyes were red. She was about to cry. She stood up and started walking away.

"Wait!" I said. I had to think fast. *What could I say to make her stay? Hey, lady, I know things. I can see the future.* No, I couldn't say that. She would start walking even faster. She might even start to run! Finally, I said, "Don't move!" in a very strong, mean voice. "I have a gun!"



Doing Good by Being Bad



The lady stopped. It worked. It wasn't very nice, but it worked. I put my hand inside my coat, so it really looked like I had a gun. I said, "Sit back down, and don't move! I'm going to leave now, but you stay."

She was totally crying now. I felt bad. She sat back down on the bench. I left, but I didn't go far. I went and hid behind a tree. She was so afraid. She was sitting on the bench shaking and crying. I felt really bad. Fifteen minutes later, a man came. He was saying "sorry" over and over again. He hugged her. She hugged him. I left and went back home. I didn't know how to feel. I really scared her. But her life is better now, I thought. That seemed like a very important turning point in her life. Instead of breaking up with a good man and marrying a bad man, she married the good man and never met the bad one. I think. But, truthfully, I don't know for sure what happened in her life after that.

One thing is for sure, I want what's best for other people. I want to do good. I like to see people happy. I don't like to see people sad.

I learned to sense things with greater and greater accuracy. I could look at someone and know things instantly. Sometimes I would go to a crowded intersection and just pick out an interesting person. I liked to pick out people with problems. Well, everyone has problems, but I liked interesting ones. It's amazing how many dramatic things happen every day. But I could prevent some of the bad things.

For example, I saw one woman, and instantly, I knew I had to help. If she went to a party that night, something very bad would happen. I don't know how, but I sensed that she would die. If I stopped her from going to the party, she wouldn't die. If I did nothing, that would be irresponsible. So, I followed her. First, she went to the department store and bought a present. Then she went to the grocery store and bought a bunch of vegetables. Then she walked to her home. It was not far. I waited outside. I guess she was making a salad to take to the party. Then, an image came to my mind. It was her car. If I did something to her car she wouldn't be able to go. The party was way out in the countryside. It would be a fairly simple thing to do. Some days, it was quite easy to be a hero.

I quickly did what I had to do. While I was doing it,

I told myself, “I’m saving her life. I’m saving her life...” over and over again.

After I was done, I waited until she came out of her house.

She freaked out.

All of her tires were flat. I didn’t just let the air out. I sliced her tires with my knife. She looked at her car and started to cry. She made a phone call and told her friend what happened. Then she called the police. I left the scene.

I felt a little bad about her tires, but I saved her life. I didn’t have much money, so I couldn’t send her any. I could only hope she had insurance...



Getting Smoother



The more I did, the more I learned how to do things a little smoother. There were still some of those desperate times, as I will tell you later, but most of the time, things went pretty good.

I was really good at stopping people from crossing the street. I learned a few tricks. The easiest thing to do was to “accidentally” bump into them. Sometimes, a few seconds delay was all they needed. That few seconds could save their lives or completely change their lives forever. I sensed that one guy would be a quadriplegic. I bumped into him. His bag dropped. A bunch of groceries fell out. I helped him pick them up. I said I was sorry, and that was it. Now, as far as I know, he’s still as healthy as can be. See? I’m a good person.

One time I saved at least ten people just by doing one thing! I stood in front of a car. It was the simplest thing ever! Let me explain. I knew the car’s engine was about to stop. The car would stop right on the train track. The lady had three kids all in seat belts in the backseat. I saw the whole thing in my mind: *She tries to get the kids. One of*

the seat belts is stuck. She starts to panic. She hears the whistle of a train. She starts to cry. Her kids start to cry. She gets back into the driver's seat. She tries to start the car once. Nothing happens. She tries to start the car again. Nothing happens. She tries a third time and the car starts. But it's too late! The train smashes into the car. The lady dies. Her children die. The train goes off the track. Several people in the train also die. The vision was horrible.

The solution was so easy. I simply stood in front of her car. She honked her horn. I pretended I didn't hear it. She honked again. I grabbed my chest. She thought I was having a heart attack. I almost smiled. I fell to the ground. She got out of the car.

"Are you okay?" she screamed.

I stood up. "Oh, I'm so sorry. Yes, I'm okay. I'm feeling much better now. I'm seeing a doctor about my condition. It only happens now and then."

When I heard the whistle of the train, I knew everything was going to be okay.

She got back into the car. "Take care," she said.

"You, too," I said. "Oh, you might want to check your seat belts. I was watching the news the other day. Sometimes they get stuck in this model."

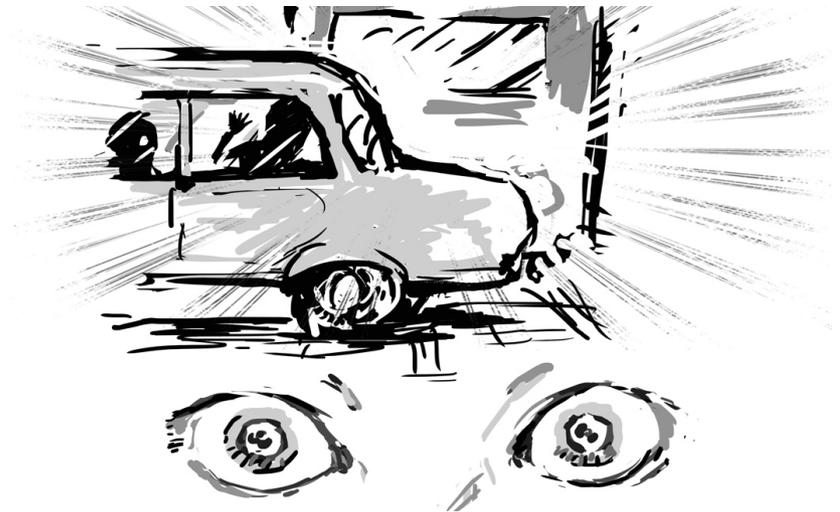
"Thanks. I'll do that."

The train went by.

She started her car. She started to cross the tracks. Her car's engine stopped. The car stopped right on the tracks. She reached into the back seat to get her kids. One of the seat belts was stuck. She went back to the driver's seat. She tried to start her car once. Nothing. She tried again. Nothing. She tried again, and her car started. The train had already passed. She had plenty of time. She looked out her window and waved to me. I smiled. "See what I mean about those seat belts?" I said.

She smiled and drove away.

I walked away feeling really good.



Quest for Love



There was this girl I really liked. I mean, I liked her a lot. I first saw her in the school cafeteria. I was a junior in high school. She was gorgeous. She had beautiful, shiny black hair. Her name was Yukiko. She was from Japan. She moved to America with her parents about a year before. She was very popular.

All through high school, I was never very good at getting dates. I guess I was too shy. Then, I thought I could use my ability to help me out. In hindsight, I guess I should have left love out of it. My gift was mainly to help people in trouble. I sensed that. But... well... I'm a young man. Love makes people do stupid things. I heard that before from others, too.

All I wanted was for her to see me as something special. So, whenever I got the chance, I followed her. I waited for a vision. It took about three weeks of following her around before I finally had that perfect opportunity.

As I was watching her I finally got a vision of her in danger. There was a construction project on her street leading to her house. I suddenly knew that walking that

way was very dangerous. Normally, I would have just somehow delayed her until the danger was over. But I wanted to actually save her.

I got in the perfect position. She walked near the site, and that's when it happened. The heavy boards on the roof came sliding down. I was ready. I started to run towards her like it happens in the movies. But, just then, one of the construction workers pushed her out of the way. I stopped. One of the boards hit me on the head. Luckily it was a small one, and I just got a little bump. Nobody was seriously hurt. I came out the worst. The construction worker took her away. I don't even think Yukiko noticed I was there.

My next plan was a little simpler. At the beginning of the next term, I made sure I got in the same social studies class as her. You would think this would be easy for someone who can tell the future, but it wasn't. I can't control what visions I get. I had to do this the hard way.

I had to listen carefully to other people's conversations. I had to ask around. I couldn't just ask directly, though. I didn't want her to know. It had to appear as pure chance.

I finally figured it out. I overheard one of her friends during lunch. Her friend also wanted to get in the same

class. Yukiko told her friend, and I heard her perfectly. I signed up. The term started the next week. Every day, I looked forward to seeing her smile. When she smiled, I felt a burning in my chest. It was like my heart was on fire. Well, what can I say? I was young, and when it came to girls, a little bit naive.



Fire



Social studies class was my reason for living. I thought about seeing Yukiko there every second of the morning. I learned to comb my hair like the more popular guys did. I even bought a cool shirt and a nice pair of jeans (with holes!). I started working out at home. It seemed to me that my muscles were getting bigger every day. I wasn't a bad looking kid. I had wavy brown hair, and I didn't have any skin problems.

I was just so shy! For a long time I didn't say anything to her. Then, one day, during social studies class, I got a very bad feeling.

Something was going to happen to her.

The next thing I say may be a bit confusing, but let me try. There was no doubt that something was going to happen. If I didn't do something, she was going to get hurt—maybe even die.

But I didn't sense that it was bad for her soul.

When this feeling comes to me, I usually don't do anything. I just let life and death happen. I mean, people die everyday. It's a cycle. People are born. People die.

That's just the way it is. I can't stop all deaths. Death seems bad to the people who are left behind, but it's not always bad. I knew when death was a bad thing, and when it was just part of the cycle of life. But Yukiko was so young! And so beautiful! I thought to myself, *maybe my feeling is wrong*. It could not be a good thing for Yukiko to die or even to get hurt. I did not want her to die. I would not let her die.

Was I bad for feeling that way? You can judge me if you want to. But I did what I felt I had to do.

Anyway, when I looked at her in class, all I could sense was fire. Fire was all around her. She was smiling, though. I don't know why. If she stayed there, she would die. I couldn't let that happen. As class ended, I grabbed my things quickly and rushed after her.

"Yukiko..." I said.

She stopped and turned around. "Yes? Ah..."

"I'm Chris."

"Oh, yes... Hi."

"Um, do you want to go out for a coffee... or... uh... green tea?"

"I'd love to, but..."

"Cake, too!"

"You're very nice, but I have to get home today."

"Just for a little while..." I said.

"How about next week. I really need to go home today. Sometimes I sense things."

I wasn't really listening to what she was saying. I said, "You're just up the street, aren't you?"

"Yes, it takes me about twenty minutes. Well, see you."

"Okay, next week then. Bye."

"Bye," she said and waved with her fingers. She smiled, and my chest nearly caught on fire.

I wasn't sure what to do, but I had to do something. I could not let Yukiko go home. I made my decision right then.



Right or Wrong

I'm not saying what I did was right. It's just what I had to do. That's all. People blame other people for making wrong choices, but they don't understand. They don't know everything.

Anyway, I had to act quickly. I ran home. Luckily it was not far from the school. I went to my room and grabbed a ski mask and a rope. Then I ran as fast as I could. I had to go the long way. When I was sure that I was ahead of her, I went back to the main road. I hid in the bushes by the sidewalk. Luckily, she was in a hurry to get home that day, and she was walking alone. Anyway, I put the ski mask on. As she walked past me, I reached out and covered her mouth so she couldn't scream. I pulled her into the bushes. I didn't want to say anything. She might recognize my voice. I tied her hands and feet so she couldn't move. I could not let her go home. I felt really bad. I saw the tears in her eyes. I didn't want to hurt her. I wanted to save her. My heart ached, but what else could I do? Let her go home and die? A lot of people would make the same decision as I did. Don't you think so?

When I think of it now, there might have been a better way. But I didn't have time to make a plan. I just had to act fast. And that's what I did. Judge me if you want to. I came out from the bushes, took off my ski mask, and hung out by the sidewalk. I didn't want anyone to find her. If she made a sound, I would make a sound. The people walking by thought it was just me.

Then I heard the siren. I looked ahead and saw smoke coming from an apartment building. I couldn't leave my position, so I just had to wait. A firetruck raced by. A police car raced by. An ambulance raced by. Just to be safe, I waited for about an hour. The fire should be out by now, I thought. I snuck back into the bushes and put on my ski mask. I went to where she was tied up, and I untied her hands. I left her feet tied. That would give me time to run away. By the time she untied her feet, I would be long gone. Actually, I think I acted pretty smart.

The next morning I read the newspaper. I got a lump in my throat. I read about the fire in Yukiko's apartment building. Most people escaped, but not everyone. One person was badly burned. He was in critical condition in the hospital. One person died at the scene.

I didn't see Yukiko the next week. I guess she was

living in the shelter with the rest of the survivors. The apartment building was totally destroyed. It wasn't until two weeks later when I saw her again. She was sitting on a bench in a park near the school.

I said, "Hi," but she looked away. Did she know? How could she?

My heart felt sick. I didn't know what to do, so I just kept walking. I thought, *if she only knew the truth. I love her! I saved her life!* Then, I lied to myself over and over again: I did what was best for her! Lies, when said over and over again, seem like the truth.



Trapped in Lies



It was three weeks later when I saw Yukiko again. When I was walking home from class, she came up to me from behind.

I was so surprised when I saw her. She looked very angry.

"How did you know?" she asked. Her eyes were sharp, like knives.

"About what?"

"The fire! Before it happened!"

"I don't know how," I said. I just know things.

"How could you do that to me?" She was very angry. I couldn't blame her.

"How did you know it was me?" I asked.

"You covered my mouth, not my eyes!"

I don't know why, but I kept arguing. "But I had a mask on."

"You were wearing the same clothes! You grabbed me! You tied me up! Why?"

"I let you go," I said. I started to feel really bad now.

"Yes, but it was too late."

“But you’re alive!”

“My father is dead.” Her eyes filled with tears.

I felt cold. Sick. I couldn’t say anything. On the day of the fire, she sensed something. She needed to be home. I knew it, too. Some things are supposed to happen. She really needed to go home that day. She tried to tell me. She tried to tell me with the truth. But I didn’t believe her. In my mind, I saw her in the fire, so I stopped her from going home. I was wrong. Sometimes, a death is supposed to happen.

“I’m so sorry!” I finally said. I was shaking.

“The police said the fire was arson! You started the fire! You killed my father!”

“That’s not true! I saved your life!”

“You are crazy! You wanted to be a hero! You thought I would fall in love with you! But you killed my father!”

“It’s not like that at all....”

“I don’t ever want to see your face again.”

I stopped walking. She continued on. I couldn’t move. Finally, I sat down on the sidewalk and started to cry.

It turned out that Yukiko had called the police. The police were watching us the whole time. Two police officers came up to me.

“Stand up!” one of them said.

“Turn around that way and put your hands behind your back!” the other one said. I did as I was told. They put me in handcuffs, and they took me to jail.

I didn’t know what to do. Why was this happening? Jail? Me? I called my mom. She freaked out. She started crying on the phone.

I said, “Mom, I’m sorry. I didn’t mean for this to happen.”

“What did you do?” she said through sobs.

“It’s a little difficult to explain. I don’t think I can tell you over the phone. But I think they will let you visit me.”



My mom was quiet for a long time. I said, “Mom? Are you still there?”

“Yes, Chris, I’m here. I just don’t know what to think.”

I wondered if my mom would believe my story.

My mom loved me. In her eyes, I could do no wrong. But what I did was wrong. That’s true. But I didn’t start any fires. That’s crazy.

The Truth Will Set You Free



Frank was my psychiatrist. My trial was the next day. He wanted to make it so I would only have to stay in jail for five to ten years instead of the rest of my life.

“Chris, I think you were wrong about a lot of things.” Frank said. That’s how he started the conversation. Can you believe it? What does he know? He doesn’t know a thing. I had to be nice to him, though. He could help me get out of jail sooner.

“Chris, no one is going to believe these crazy stories.”

“That’s their problem,” I said.

“No, it’s YOUR problem. Chris, you have to cooperate.”

“What do you want me to do?” I asked.

“Tell the truth. People believe the truth.”

“What is the truth? What do they want to hear?”

Frank paused. Then he said, “The truth! The truth! They want to hear the truth! You really can’t predict the future! You did it just to try and get a girl to love you, but you didn’t mean to hurt anyone. You won’t ever do stupid things again!”

“No one believes me when I tell the truth,” I said.

“Chris, they told me that if you told the truth, you would not have to spend the rest of your life in prison for murder. You will only have to spend ten years maximum. You might even be able to get out in five!”

I just sat there quietly, staring at the wall. I was really tired of lying. I wanted to finally be able to tell the truth. The REAL truth.

Then, I had a vision.

I knew that Frank should go home right away. If he didn't, something terrible would happen to his family. I could lie. I could tell him what he wanted to hear. That would end the conversation. His day would be over. He would go home. Everything would be okay... for him. I would spend five to ten years in prison.

Or, I could keep telling the truth. This would make the conversation last longer. Even a difference of a few minutes (or even a few seconds) can completely change the future. Frank would leave for home too late. It would not be a pretty scene. On the other hand, the conversation was all being recorded. My warning would be on tape. Imagine listening to the recording:

“Frank, your family is in danger. You need to go home

now.”

“Quit playing these games, Chris. Do you want to go to prison for the rest of your life?”

“I'm telling you, Frank. It's the truth. Go home now. I don't know how I know, but I know. Go home now and your family will be safe.”

“Chris, tell me again what happened to you as a child.”

“Frank, please believe me.”

“Things happen early in life that can affect people later on.”

“I know, but Frank, you don't have much more time. I sense things. You have to leave now.”



“Chris, will I ever get through to you?”

“Frank, you have to leave now...”

“Chris! Please, stop this nonsense!”

“Well... it doesn't matter anymore. It's too late...”

That's about how the conversation would have gone.

It would all have been recorded. And then, the next day, it would be in the newspaper. The truth would finally be revealed. Everyone would know that my crazy stories were true. Frank's story would be tragic, yes. But I would be seen as someone who tried to stop it. And I would be seen as a hero for saving so many other lives in the past. I'd be let out of jail. I would be free. My life would be good.

I lied.

Epilogue



The next morning I sat up in my hard bed. The toilet was in the same room. Convenient? Maybe at night and early in the morning. Other times, it was just disgusting. I hated being in jail. I guess I had to get used to it. Five to ten years! I would have lots of time to think. Lots of time to think about truth and consequences.

I picked up a small, rubber pencil and a notebook. In jail, pencils are rubber, not wooden. I guess the guards feel safer. It's hard to stab someone with a rubber pencil. I started writing about my life. I wrote about the times I lied. I wrote about the times I told the truth. I also wrote about my mistakes. Oh, yes, I made many mistakes - not only the one about the fire at Yukiko's apartment. I made other mistakes, too. Life is about making mistakes and learning from them. I have learned so many things. My toughest lesson was that some mistakes are worse than others.

I often think about Yukiko. I often think about her father, too. I really messed up her life. I guess I do deserve to be in jail. Her father's death really was my fault. But not the way she thinks. I didn't start the fire. I didn't know he

was in the apartment. I didn't know anyone would get hurt. But, good intentions or not, it was the worst mistake of my life.

Was it a mistake to lie to my psychiatrist? When I made my decision to lie to Frank, I wasn't thinking of Yukiko then. Otherwise, I might have chosen to tell the truth. Then, Yukiko would know the truth, too. But who knows where that might have led? Truth upon truth upon truth. It's funny, but my life would get more tangled up with truth, than with lies. If she knew the truth, she MIGHT forgive me about her father. But if she knew the truth, how could she forgive me about Frank's family? To me, that would seem more like murder than what happened to her father.

I asked the guard for a newspaper. Sometimes the guard would let me have a newspaper, sometimes not. He slid one under my door. I read the article on the front page. *It was about the arson fire. The article mentioned my case: It was nearly solved. They had a suspect. The suspect was a lovestruck teenager. The teenager wanted to be a hero. He wanted to save a girl from a fire. He lit the fire. He stopped the girl from going home. The teenager did not want to hurt anyone. He didn't want to kill the girl's father.*

It all made sense. It was quite a story. People believe what they want to believe.

Below that article there was a smaller one about an escaped mental patient. When my psychiatrist left for home, he saw his ex-patient outside the office. He called the police immediately. The police came and picked the patient up. This was good. Frank's family was safe. All was well.

THE END



GLOSSARY

accuracy	correctness
ambulance	van used to take people to the hospital quickly
arson	when a building or house fire is started on purpose (not an accident)
bleed	when blood comes out of the body
bump	come into contact with force (think of "bumper cars")
comb	straighten hair by moving a comb (plastic thing with skinny "teeth") through it
confusing	not easy to understand
consequence	something that happens because of something else
construction	when buildings or roads are being made
cooperate	do or say what someone says to do or say
desperate	having a need to do something very quickly
disgusting	bad; gross; dirty; icky
dramatic	exciting; interesting (worthy for an entertaining movie)
fairly simple	not too difficult
firetruck	a truck used to put out fires
first things first	start at the beginning of the story
freak out	go crazy
grab	take hold of with one's hand
handcuffs	something used to keep someone's hands together; police use

GLOSSARY

	these on people who did something wrong
heart attack	a very bad, sudden problem with the heart (it beats incorrectly or stops and damage is done)
hindsight	looking back into the past now
honk	make sound with a horn of a car
hug	to put one's arms around someone in a friendly way
instantly	at once; right away
insurance	agreement with a company where the company will pay for
intention	things lost or stolen
irresponsible	what someone means to do; what someone does on purpose not responsible; not the right thing to do
jail	a place to take people who did something wrong
log	the long trunk of a tree that has fallen or has been chopped down a bad feeling (can't move, swallow or breathe); lump = a piece of
lump in throat	something
mess up	make bad
murder	killing someone
naive	without much experience
pick out	choose
predict	see and know the future
psychiatrist	a doctor for the mind or mental illness
pulse	feeling of blood going through the wrist or neck
quadriplegic	someone who cannot use arms or legs
reveal	make known

GLOSSARY

screech	loud sound
shiny	bright or glossy looking
sidewalk	walkway beside the road for people to walk on, not cars
siren	something on a police car, fire truck, or ambulance that makes
slice	a loud noise
slid	cut
sliding down	past tense of slide (to move along a flat surface)
smash	when something moves down a flat surface crash
smooth	skillfully done with no problems
sob	to cry hard and breathe in quickly at the same time
stab	put something sharp into something or someone
stitch	(usually used in the plural form: stitches) a single loop of thread -- in this caes, used to close up a cut on a person's body
survivor	someone who did not die (in an attack or accident or act of nature)
suspect	someone who may have done something wrong and are being held by the police
tangled up	mixed up and messy
tragic	very bad
upset	sad or angry
vision	picture in the mind about the future
wallet	a small case for money, credit cards, etc.
wavy	not straight, but not too curly
working out	exercising