

“Are you ready?” a man with black suit says to me.

I woke up so fast to see myself in the mirror staring at me. I asked myself what was the dream I had. In my dream, I did not see his face. The outline of his face was blurred as if veiled by a thin fog. Who is he? All I can remember was that he was waiting for me to do something. It didn't seem terrible but weird. Then, my phone rang when I was thinking of the dream. It was my best friend, Joey. Yeah, I remembered that today was the day to go to an amusement park with Joey. We both had looked forward to it for long.

“Stop thinking of that weird dream!” I told myself on our way to the amusement park. But I cannot. So, I told Joey about that strange dream.

“Just forget about it. We are approaching the park. I am sure you will have a lot of fun.” Joey said. Finally we arrived there. When getting off from bus, I heard the bus driver whispered to a man in a black suit, “40 people.” The man in black nodded his head lightly. That suit appeared so familiar.... Suddenly Joey pulled my hand heading forward to the entrance. Joey was very excited. Not only Joey but everyone was mysteriously excited. I raised my head unintentionally and saw the words “Suicide Theme Park” on a huge arch-door. All at once I could not remember what the word “suicide” meant at all. While I was thinking, that man in black suit who talked to the bus driver opened his mouth and said “Attention please!” At that moment everyone was as still as the grave. Now I could see his face clearly. His pale face got paler and paler under the sun light. The outline of his face was like a clay-made human face which had been dropped on the ground. His face was so flat that I dare not stare at him.

“Greetings! I am your tour guide. My name is Mod. I wish you will have a very good time here. Enjoy it!” The door opened then. Everyone rushed in. I was pushed in unconsciously by someone. When I regained consciousness, there was no one around. And where is Joey? I could not find him. So I walked in and tried to find Joey. Inside the park there was nothing but a church. My intuition told me that it was a graveyard. However, I did not see any gravestones. Everything was uncommonly real like a dream. After searching for a while, I found nobody in the park! “Where is everybody else?” Then, someone slapped my back. I thought it was Joey, so I turned to him. However, that wasn't Joey. A flat face appeared. He is Mod, our guide.

“Hello, young boy. Why are you still here?” he asked with a smile. His strange facial expression stunned me.

"Um...I am...searching for my friend. Do you...do you know him? I think...maybe...he is looking for me, too. Oh, by the way, his name is Jo..."

"I am sorry but all guests should be in the Suicide Museum –right now!" he interrupted me impatiently. Then he pointed at that church over there.

"Maybe I can find him there. Thank you." I felt so strange that I did not want to talk to him anymore. I ran to the museum quickly. Basically, instead of a museum, I thought it was just an ordinary church without the cross or the statue. In the museum, there just were some photos and stories about suicide. I still had not find Joey. I sat on the ground and lost my spirits.

"Young boy." I heard a familiar sound. It was Mod again. "Don't you know...there will be a special performance in the theater?" he asked anxiously. His face looked a little alive as if he absorbed some energy.

"No, sir. I don't know." I answered absently.

"Your friend may be there. What is his name? Joey? Or..."

"Yeah, Joey may be there! Thank you, Mod." I stood up.

"You are welcome. Enjoy it." His strange accent made me uncomfortable, so I left the museum quickly and headed to the theater.

A theater? Where is it? Wow! A theater popped up like in the dream! Although it looked like a gravestone, I knew it was a theater. I entered without consideration. It could afford 500 seats at least, like an ordinary theater. But there were only 38 seats. However, I had no time to think of the seats. I needed to find Joey. Meanwhile, the lights were off. As the curtain rose, a dead body was seen on the stage. Apparently it was a young boy. I was astonished because I remembered the dead boy. He sat beside us in the bus. However, all people in the theater looked at him as silently as statues.

"Is he dead?" I asked myself. "Or is he performing?" Enthusiastic applause interrupted my thought. Another boy walked on the stage. A familiar figure! That was Joey! When I tried to call Joey's attention, someone shut my mouth.

"Sit tight and be quiet. Aren't you looking for him? You should be happy to see him...on the stage." It was Mob whispering near my ear. His cold breathe made me tremble. "Don't be afraid. Look at him carefully. Enjoy it!"

On the stage, Joey opened a suitcase. He was thinking what to take. First he took a knife, watched it, and shook his head. Then, he took another thing—a piece of rope. He raised his head, watched the beam, and shook his head again. The beam is too high to reach it. He kept on finding. Finally he found a bottle with a smile of satisfaction. A bottle of poison! He opened it and prepared to drink it.

I could not let him kill himself! I got rid of Mob, ran to the stage, and shouted "Stop! Joey!" But my voice was unable to reach Joey and others. The audience was as excited as appreciating real plays. Finally, Joey drank it with a smile. 10 seconds later, his shoulder drooped. He kneed down. He was dead. He killed himself. All audience cheered to the echo simultaneously.

"What a perfect performance! It's a real suicide!" Mob cried. Now I saw his face very clearly. Then he turned to me, "Are you ready?"