

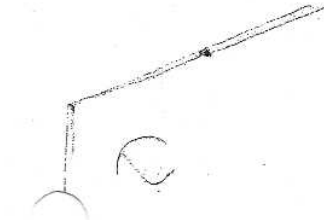
## It Happened one Day.

Once upon a time,  
A young boy died.  
We all felt for him,  
And cried for him.  
He would never know  
What we went through.  
And  
We would never know  
What he went through.  
He <sup>had</sup> become the son  
Of everyone.

(Flashback) Every day at the door  
I was asked,  
"Any good news?"  
For six whole days, (long)  
I said,  
"Hey, it'll be okay."  
But it wasn't.  
One day he was found.  
Dead.

on my  
paper  
route

Nothing mattered.  
Not anything.  
For he was gone.



After a while  
We began to see,  
That life MUST go on.  
And I cried.

Life did go on.  
And almost every day  
They talk about leads,  
Leads for a cruel man.  
A killer.  
And it still hurts.  
It always will.  

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It will always hurt.