

The Golden Rule

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The Golden Rule

by [IowaGuy1979](#)

Summary

A meeting, and some introspection.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Ray Wells looked up from his desk. "All right, gentlemen. The scholarship program will end. Thank you for your donations." James Amber and Sean Prescott nodded at him, each other, then left. "Well," the principal muttered. "At least I don't have to bullshit about inclusiveness." He grabbed the bottle of scotch that Prescott had left on his desk, opened it, and took a long swallow.

Mrs. Joyce Price-

Sadly, due to budget constraints, we have had to discontinue our scholarship program. Therefore, we cannot accept your daughter's admission into Blackwell Academy. I am sure that she will academically flourish at Arcadia Bay High.

Best of wishes,

Raymond Wells, Principal

Joyce sighed. "Fuck.", she muttered. Blackwell would have given Chloe a leg up in life, would have opened doors for her. She heard footsteps on the stairs. "Speak of the devil." "What's going on?", Chloe said. Joyce merely held out the letter for the girl to read. Chloe shrugged. "That's funny", Joyce said. "I figured you'd be more emotional about this." "It's OK. Even with that scholarship, the tuition would break you. And I'd just get made fun of by the rich kids."

Joyce sighed, shaking her head. "It just makes me sad, that you won't get the same opportunities in life, had you gone to Blackwell." "Chloe will do just fine, wherever she goes.", William said, walking out of the kitchen. "How do you know that?" The man smiled. "Easy. She'll be just fine, because she's Chloe. Now, I might, possibly, need a little help in the kitchen." Both women shook their heads, and walked with him. He'd be dead, a week later.

Max sighed, as she looked over the applications for college. "If Blackwell hadn't have ended that scholarship program, I could have gone back home. I might have been able to see Chloe again." She closed her eyes, grimacing. "Not like it matters, though. She forgot about me years ago, I'll bet." Sighing once again, she filled out the application for UCLA.

"No one would even MISS your punk ass, would they?", Nathan Prescott screamed. He shoved Chloe against one of the inner walls of the shack, at American Rust.

Chloe's eyes widened. This sure as hell wasn't what she had expected. She gone to that damn bar to get money from him, fuck know his family had a lot of it. They had the dorms at that fancy ass school named for them, after all. An ache filled her, as she realized he was right. Joyce would be sad, but, that asshole Madsen would help her with her grief. Max had forgotten her. No one cared. He was right. Chloe narrowed her eyes. "If you're gonna do it, do it, shit for brains." Nathan's eyes widened in anger. A BANG echoed in her ears, as fire tore through her stomach. The boy said nothing, and just walked out of the shack. As her vision dimmed, she thought that this was a good place for her to die.

Just another piece of unwanted junk, like everything else out here.

End Notes

I called the title The Golden Rule, because they who have the gold, make the rules.

Good ol' depression's on me, again. So, a bit of writing therapy, I guess.

Sorry.

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