

# Not Fair

By Kristin Blow

Molly stood upon the wet grass of the cemetery, staring blankly at the name on the gravestone in front of her. It'd been a month, and she still hadn't fully accepted that her best friend was really gone. She'd flown through the month like she was in a dream, or, better put, a nightmare. At this point, it felt like she was a mere blur in the heartless, rapidly-moving world that she was being forced to live in. She'd get questions about how she was from people that she barely knew, and she felt no need to answer them. Everyone around her thought that they knew her and that, just because she'd lost one of the most important people in her life, they thought they knew how she felt and predicted how she was going to deal with it. Well, Molly was her own person and no one knew how she was feeling. No one knew what she was going through. And the worst part? The only person in the world that could've made her feel better was the one person that she was mourning over in the first place.

She dropped her messenger bag onto the ground and sat cross-legged about a foot from the gravestone, wrapping her trench-coat around her tightly. The grass was wet from the early-morning dew, and her pants, as well as her bag, were getting wet, but she'd ceased to care about much of anything the day that her world had collapsed in an explosion of squealing metal, flashing lights, and the sickeningly dull white of Deerfield Hospital. She continued to stare at the words engraved into the black, marble object. It read:

*Katherine Grace Rhodes*

*1990-2007*

*R.I.P*

Molly took in a breath, reached out, and touched the lettering, memories that she'd tried to avoid thinking about flooding back to her in one rush as she did so.

She swallowed hard and collapsed against the bulky object, pressing her cheek to the cold stone as a tear slid down her face. Even though she'd pondered it many times over the past month, she still didn't understand how a person could be smiling and laughing along with her and then be ripped away from her moments later. It wasn't fair that she was never going to see her best friend again because of someone else's mistake. It wasn't fair that Katherine was forever punished because she decided to go out with a friend on the very night that a classmate and his friends decided to take a drive after they'd illegally consumed many pints of alcohol. Molly had had many questions on her mind since that fateful night, and none of them could be answered. Why hadn't those jocks thought of innocent drivers before they'd laid hands on that alcohol? Why hadn't the drunk driver been killed instead of Katherine, who'd done absolutely nothing to deserve such a fate? And most importantly, why had it been Katherine? Why hadn't Molly been killed, too? It didn't seem fair that Molly had been in the same car with Katherine, yet Molly was still able to graduate from high school, go to college, and carry out the plans for her life, and Katherine would always be seventeen.

On a more selfish note, why had she been forced to continue living on this earth when her best friend of more than ten years had been abruptly taken away from her? She'd think about Katherine every day for the rest of her life and it didn't seem that she'd ever be ok, and it wasn't fair that Katherine was forever at peace. Molly would miss her, and Katherine's mind no longer existed. It wasn't fair. Her best friend was gone, all because of another inconsiderate drunk driver.