

The Get Together

By: Emma Poitras

It was all over. I didn't think this would happen to me. I thought I was going to be alright, "everyone does it," I thought. People make it out alive, so why did I have to be punished? What if they don't notice that I'm not there? What were my parents going to think? Family? Friends? What was I going to tell them? Should I confess and let them punish me even more for what I did, or do I lie? Pitch Black. Glass was everywhere, my head...pounding. I feel a warm sensation dripping down the side of my face, I touch my finger to it. Blood. And lots of it.

As I comb the bristles through my thick eyelashes once again, my phone vibrates on my desk startling me. My best friend Hannah is calling me, "Autumn where are you!" Hannah shouted, piercing my ear through the phone. "I'm getting ready! What's the big rush?" I say "Well you better hurry up and get over here we are all waiting for you!" Hannah demanded, "Okay, okay! I am leaving my house in about 5 minutes then I will be there." I say "Okay girl!" Hannah replied then hung up right away. "She's an odd one," I told myself. I brush my mascara through my lashes a couple more times, then put my bright white shoes on and headed out of my bedroom. I shout to my mom who is in the kitchen. "I'm headed out! Love you!" "Love you too sweetie, be careful see you later!" She shouted back.

This is the moment I have been waiting for, my best friend and I got invited to a little get together with some friends and my crush that I have liked since middle school. It was an hour away from my house and I was already in a rush, to begin with, because I had work. My keys in hand dangling from side to side as I walked to my car confidently. I start my car and get ready to leave. I hold my glowing phone in my hands as the music is blaring in the background. Glancing up and down at it, being very antsy. I try to keep a good balance from looking at the illuminated tar from the moon and my phone. I set my phone down and focused on the road. I was almost there, my phone buzzing on my lap. Lifting up my beaming phone, the text messages reading 'Daniel' aka my crush from middle school. My heart skips a beat. What could he be texting me about? I'm almost there. I try and pry my eyes away from the vibrant screen that lights up my face, but his words are so captivating. Everything went black. Hearing ambulance from a distance but I can't quite focus on it.