

The Message

I clench my fist feeling my nails dig deep into my palms. I can't take the pain anymore and I let go. My feet are dragging along the clean white floor of the hospital not knowing, not caring who the person half lifting me was. The world had ended for me. How could I have let it happen! A hot tear trickles from my eye onto my cheek then onto the floor just like my best friend, driving into the distance. Less than three hours ago I was sitting with Kristen in my room comforting her.

Kristen's head was resting on my shoulder. She was sniffing loudly and every once in a while I could feel a hot tear drop onto my skirt. Kristen had been upset for a couple of days now. She had been lying in bed, refusing anyone to talk to her about her troubles. Finally after two days in bed she had confided in me. "When will it stop?" she asked, finally, lifting her tear streaked face. "I don't know" I answered monotonously whipping away one of her fresh tears. I felt like a lousy best friend. Kristen had been sent nasty texts and then an embarrassing photo of her had been posted on social media. Once again she laid her head on my shoulder. We sat there in silence watching the dust particles floating around in the sunlight. The phone buzzed. I jumped slightly and grabbed it. It was Kristen's phone. I looked down at the smooth black screen that had lit up and let out gasp. Kristen sat up and looked at me startled. "It's nothing, don't worry" I said lying, hastily walking to the door.

Kristen stood up abruptly. Her face was very worried. She followed me out of the door as I broke into a fast walk. Suddenly she lunged, grabbing her phone out of my grasp. She turned around and sprinted to the nearest bathroom and slammed the door. I hammered frantically on the door. "Please don't read it" I cried. No answer. I slid down the door and sat down. I heard the unmistakable sound of Kristen bursting into tears again.

After what seemed an hour Kristen finally unlocked the door. Her face and her eyes were red, puffy. She walked straight passed me into the front garden averting my eye contact. She got into the large four-wheel drive and swung out of the driveway yelling behind her I will be back in an hour. I felt like a lousy best friend, I should have followed her to make sure nothing happened. I waked back into the house. I sat on the edge of the bathtub. Negative thoughts flashed through my mind like a PowerPoint. My phone buzzed and I jumped nervously. My fingers were trembling as I reached for it. What would the message say?