

Only Nineteen

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"Thanks everyone!" I say as soon I blew the candles out.

Nineteen candles look up at me, they melt on my goldish white cake. I look up and out the window. I knew this was going to happen. They always do this to me. Usually they text or call, sometimes even leave something in the mail box or at the door. I look in the mirror. "What a nice birthday outfit you have!" I whisper sarcastically in my morning breath. Outside is rainy and cloudy, pleasantly warm though. I pick up a blanket and sit back on the black, old, crusty, leather couch. I cover my bare body up to my waist. The sudden urge to drink appears, like I always get in the middle of the night. I reach my hand down to the floor only to find my phone... I've been looking for it for what feels like weeks, didn't really want to find it though.

"Knowing the time wouldn't hurt" I sigh and pick it up. The time is 11:53am, but that's not the thing that caught my attention. Twenty calls from mum and seventeen from dad, since 10:08pm yesterday. What could be this important for my PARENTS to call me. I'm a nineteen year old that left home because I was "old enough". I quickly call mum... waiting for her to answer. Beep...Beep... Beep...No answer. I try dad, quickly enough he picks up.

"Hey hon, how are you?" He asks nervously.

"Good dad, what's up with all the calls?"

"Oh, I thought you might have figured it out by now..."

There was a long silence before anyone said anything.

"Your brother...I'm afraid something might have happened.. you know" he says, I hear the shaking in his voice.

"No, I don't know! Say it dad, just go!"

"Yesterday...he... he... had a little accident."

We both stop, I don't know what to say, neither does he.

"Yes? Keep on going!" I scream out with tears in my eyes.

"He was driving full speed and got distracted. He crashed into the local school..."

"What!" I say with my fist clenched. If only there was someone to blame, but there was not...

I hang up and put the phone down, my face falls into my hands. Full of sweat and tears I lay on my back, looking up at the ceiling. It feels like my eyes are going to explode with tears and pain. I breathe in and out letting each breath have as much air as it wants. I kick the blanket off me. Laying there silently, thinking of all the great times we had together, all the "I hate you" but never "I love you"... He was the only person who understood me, he never pushed me away, he always just sat back and listened. I never even thought about asking

about his day, or what he's feeling. What a greedy, selfish person I was, so busy with myself. Why, just why. He was the most kind, loving person, he didn't hurt anyone, he never will. Just walking down the street he would make everyone smile.

I call dad back, hoping he will still pick up.

"Yes?" he asks me.

"Where is he? Where are you? Where's mum?" I ask quietly, trying to contain my feelings.

"We're at the hospital, your mum is at work"

"Ok, I'll be there as fast as possible" I say and drop the phone.

I run to my bedroom, which is part of the living room, and take my hair tie out. Quickly brushing it out with my fingers, it's all tangled and greasy. I pinch the hair tie off my wrist onto my hair rushing and grab my bag and a jacket and some food. I feel my heart thump. Boom boom, boom boom. My hands start to shake, I might feel even worse when I'm with him. I can't leave him on his last moments though, no, not again. I always left him on his own as soon as I was done complaining. I never thanked him for being there. This time it has to end differently. I have to be there, holding his hand, not letting go until the last minute, like I should have always done...