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Somebody Loves You

My hair blows in the wind as I walk down the damp sidewalk. Droplets of water fall from the trees, landing on my nose and in my hair. I grip my jacket sleeves pulling them down farther past my finger tips. I pass the street corner and my middle school comes into view. I let out a long sigh, and made my way to the main doorway.

Standing in the small loft were my three best friends, awaiting my arrival. Maddy, or Mads, as she would prefer to be called, Zander, and Zoey. Mads was tall and skinny. Not skinny as in unhealthy, but skinny as in she was extremely fit. She had some muscle, which to outsiders would make her pretty intimidating, but to our group she was the biggest softie you'd ever meet. Next up, Zander. He had an athletic build like Mads, but not quite as tall as she was. He had the brightest eyes in the whole school, and almost all the girls had a crush on him. Finally, Zoey. She's Zander's twin sister. She looks relatively the same as him, but her eyes are more dull, and her hair is wavy, not curly.

Mads greets me with the same smile she always does. "How's it going Charli?!" She says to me, almost shouting. Yup, Charli. That's me. Not Charlie, like every other name. Just Charli. Without the E. Which kind of says something about me. I'm Charlie, but without the enthusiasm.

I smile back at her and give a small nod. I brush past them and start heading up to my locker. They all follow behind me, Zoey almost stepping on the backs of my shoes. "So, we were thinking about going to the skatepark after school. You in?" Zander chimes in. Oh great. The skate park. Where we all first met. Don't get me wrong, I love these guys more than anything. But actually having the courage to even get out of bed in the morning is hard enough. I let out a sigh, and started to open my locker. "Sorry guys.. I'm not really in the mood." I say. Even though I can't see them I can tell that their expressions

changed, almost instantly. “C’mon Charli.. This is almost the fifth time you’ve cancelled on us.” Mads said sadly. I sigh. “I know.. I’m just.. Tired..” She hovered over my shoulder. “Well, maybe next week then? We’ll give you time to rest and then ride the slopes!” She shouted. I look down at my feet, and shut my locker. “Yeah.. Maybe..”

After school, I make my way back home. I don’t live too close to the school, but not far enough to where it is essential that I take the bus. Sometimes it is nice to just take a relaxing walk. Once I reach my house, I open the door and head into the kitchen. There is a bright pink sticky note stuck to the fridge. *“Sorry Hun. Dad and I are going to be at work late again. We’re really busy. There are some leftover pancakes you can heat up. Love you. -Mom”*

I toss the sticky note in the garbage. They’re never home anymore. If I went missing, they wouldn’t even be home long enough to notice. I toss my backpack on the recliner and make my way up to my room. My room was a light grey color, and it had white shag carpet. It was nothing too fancy, but that never mattered to me all that much.

I took my jacket off and hung it up in my closet. I hadn’t noticed until I looked down, but a few of my scars were beginning to bleed. I licked my finger and cleaned off the blood. It wasn’t much, so the small bit of saliva was enough to clean it off. As soon as I took a seat on my bed, I had gotten a text from my mom. *“Hey Honey. How was school?”* That’s usually what she’d say. If I scrolled back for a while, it would be the same thing every time. I respond how I normally do. *“Okay I guess.”* Almost immediately I got a response. *“Good. Your dad and I were talking about taking a family vacation when we get back. With all the money we’ve been getting from working overtime, we’ll have no problem paying for it. Doesn’t that sound exciting?”*

If I’m being entirely honest, it didn’t sound exciting. Nothing really ever sounds exciting to me anymore. However, I decided to play along and make them happy. *“Okay. sounds great.”* I responded. Her response wasn’t instant this time, so I just put my phone away. I think they’ve started to realize that

leaving for weeks at a time has become a normal thing for them. At first, it was annoying, and it upset me. But that was three years ago. Now, I think nothing of it. It just doesn't matter. Then again, nothing really seems to matter anymore.

Later that night I was heating up some leftovers for me to eat. Normally, I don't like to eat, but last time I refused to eat while Mom and Dad were on a trip, I got into super big trouble. I didn't want them worrying about me so I figured I'd eat, just to help them out a little bit.

Once I finish eating, I head back upstairs to my room. It was dark outside, but I wasn't really planning on going to bed. I wasn't in the mood for having to go through the whole process of waking up again. If you ask me, it all seems pointless. I just hope that one day I can fall asleep and not wake up. It sounds morbid at first but if you think about it, that would be very peaceful.

I stare at my phone, but i can't seem to concentrate on what I'm looking at. My arms are grabbing my attention. The blood red scars on my forearms and wrists, keep blocking my view from the screen. *"Do it again. Don't you remember how good it felt?"* My conscious tells me. I try to shake it off. *"They won't notice. Nobody ever notices. If you disappeared nobody would notice. They'd just keep going about their day without any mention of Charli Davis. Wouldn't that be nice?"*

I can hear the voice blaring in my head, it keeps getting louder and louder. I can't get it to stop. I try to cover my ears, but I can still hear it yelling at me. *"Stop trying!" "Just give up!" "Just end it!"* I feel a few tears run off my cheeks. Without thinking, I grab the pocket knife on my nightstand. The second it slices my skin I can hear the voices slowly start to disappear. I keep slicing and slicing, praying for the voices to go away entirely. When suddenly, it all seemed to fade to black.

I woke up in a white room. My vision was fuzzy, and I couldn't see anything past the bright light above my head. Once my vision cleared, I could see five familiar figures hovering over me.

"Charli! You're awake!" one of the voices shouted. I looked up at this person recognizing it as Mads. "Mads..?" I whisper. I look around the room. The five people above me were Mads, Zoey, Zander,

and my parents. “What are all of you doing here..?” I ask. “The neighbors came to check up on you.. And they found you in your room. They saw you like this..” Mom said.

I look down at my arms and see my bandage wrapped arms. “Oh.. I..” I don’t know what to say to this. My parents, and my best friends just saw me like this. Almost dead. None of them had even known about this. What am I supposed to say? My thoughts are interrupted by my dad’s warm embrace. I couldn’t help but slightly flinch at the sudden action. “We’re just glad you’re okay..” he said. I felt my eyes well up with tears. I opened my mouth to speak, but all that came out was sobs.

After my long trip to the hospital, I had to start going back to school. In those few months I was absent, I started seeing a therapist. Everyone at school seemed happy to have me back. Well... Not everyone but the people who mattered enjoyed having me back. After class when I grabbed my bags, ready to leave, Mads, Zoey, and Zander came up to me. “Hey Charli.” Mads greeted, again, with her beautiful smile. I give her a smile back this time. “Hey guys.” I say. “Are you feeling up to coming to the movies with us..?” Zander asked. Based on the look in his eyes, he had a feeling he knew what I would say. But instead, I give them a bright smile and nod. “I’d love to.” I say

Their eyes widen. “R-really!?! We thought you wouldn’t be up to it!” Zoey exclaimed. I chuckled. “Well, people change. I’m feeling better, and I want to spend my life with my three favorite people.” I said. Their faces lit up, and Mads grabbed my arm. “Great! Let’s go!” She shouted pulling me out of the school.

We spent a good two hours at the skatepark. Once we finished up, we decided to head to the small ice cream shop nearby. As we sit down with our sundaes, Zander looks at me. “What made you change? I mean.. You just transformed from super sad and closed off to outgoing. What happened?” He asked. I looked down at my arms, a soft smile on my face. “Well.. I just realized that I have people who love and care about me.. and the thought of that makes me feel happy.”