

Alone

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## Alone

James was your average college student. He deals with the same problems that the rest of us do, like money, food, and overprotective parents. His parents always expected him to be this perfect angelic son, with good behavior and even better grades. They didn't let him go places outside of school without a chaperone, so he grew up not having many friends. He would sit in the bathroom at lunch to avoid other people, and he had kind of gotten used to being alone. All of that changed when he met Sadie. Sadie was James' precious treasure that he would never let go of. She was a sweet, charismatic girl that was intensely beautiful. She was a little golden flower that James had picked out of a broken field. She grew up in a military family, which made it hard for her to make and keep friends because her family was re-stationed every two years. Her short blonde curls brushed the tops of her shoulders when she walked, and her crystal blue eyes glowed like little candles when she looked at James. She was a rather small girl, compared to James' towering physique and stick-like build. They matched each other's differences and went perfectly together. James immediately became obsessed with her, and decided that he was never going to let this beautiful flower out of his grasp. James would not be able to survive a single day without seeing her, and they became very close. They had both dedicated themselves to each other, so that they wouldn't be alone, rather alone, together.

One evening, James decided he was going to surprise Sadie and take her to a new restaurant that recently opened. He got lucky and was able to grab some last minute reservations. He dialed Sadie's number in his cell phone excitedly, but the excitement turned to worry when he heard a man's voice on the other line. He asked for Sadie, bewildered, thinking to himself that Sadie did care about him and would stay faithful, but the man said that she was still in the

shower. James mouth fell to the ground. He hesitated and asked who was speaking. James was astounded at the phrase so easily, and almost sarcastically uttered by the man. He dropped his phone onto the ground. His eyes went wide as he replayed the words in his brain. *Her new boyfriend.* He couldn't believe his ears. He couldn't believe it. Sadie would never do that. Or would she? He thought she loved him. I guess not. They had so many wonderful memories together and she decided to throw them all away. James was going to do the same.

He took all of the pictures he had of them and shredded them into nothing. All of the memories being torn away with it. He threw them out the window, and watched as they were pushed around by the wind, spreading all throughout the street, getting stuck in trees, and rolling down the sidewalks. They were like little mice, scampering their way through the night. How could she do this to him? She loved him more than anything, or at least that's what he'd thought. They had spent countless hours together and all of it was for nothing, He felt so defeated, so worthless, so alone. *Alone.* The word rang through his head like a church bell. *Alone.* What was he going to do now that his flower had been stolen? His brilliant golden treasure had been stolen by a musty pirate of a man. What did she see in him that she didn't see in James? He paced his bedroom, his thoughts rushing around like trains through his mind. One thought stopped in it's tracks. He quickly tried to push it to the back of his mind, but it refused to leave. James thought that he would rather be dead than see his beloved flower with someone besides him. He grabbed hold of the thought and put it to work. He frantically made his way to his closet and reached for his one and only belt. He was about to make contact with it when he stopped, he heard something from his phone. "Hello? James? Are you still there?" It was Sadie's voice on the phone. Sadie, James' cherished diamond. The diamond that had cut his heart right out of his chest. She had cut

a hole so deep that he was bleeding with hatred and disbelief. His wounds would never heal. He ripped the belt out of his closet. His thoughts were boiling with odious feelings that rattled throughout his body. He stood trembling on an unstable stool, attaching the belt to the ceiling fan. "James, I don't know if you can hear me right now but I want to apologize." Apologize? Is she serious? The cut is too deep for a simple apology to stitch it up. He looped the belt through itself, so that he could fit his head through. He hoisted himself through the loop with no hesitation, and kicked the stool out from under him. The sudden jolt on his neck stunned him. "James, that was my brother, he came to town for my mom's birthday this weekend." *Liar*. "I don't know what he said to you, but he said you didn't respond and he didn't mean to hurt you." James body swayed as he struggled to get air. He clawed at the loop around his neck, trying to escape from this suffocating prison. His deprived lungs were practically screaming for air. James struggled to move the stool closer to him, only moving it out of his reach. He grunted as he struggled to breathe. "James are you ok?" He tried to speak, but he couldn't. He clawed at the belt around his neck but all that did was make it worse, digging at his skin so hard that it started to bleed. "James you're scaring me are, you ok?" He saw spots dancing around in his eyes like little ballerinas, twisting and turning his vision into darkness. His lungs were burning, pushing at his closed throat trying to grab hold of any air they could find. The loop of the belt at the back of his neck was pinching his skin so fiercely, but he couldn't feel it. All he could think about was his lack of oxygen. His head felt like it was going to explode. His brain was beginning to slow down. The scratching slowed. He could feel his body surrendering. His arms slowly fell down to his sides. He felt light headed now, and surprisingly, relaxed. The light swinging of his body felt

like he was being rocked to sleep. An eternal sleep. His vision fades into darkness. His thoughts had taken over his actions. Love had gotten the best of him. Now he knew, he was alone.