

Have you ever known someone, maybe even loved them, but they moved away? I had that happen to me last summer. My boyfriend Evan moved away. All the way to Seattle.

I live in Jacksonville, Florida. When Evan left last year, I was devastated. I know, a fourteen-year-old girl shouldn't be so sad because the guy she loved left, but I feel like nothing. Literally. Ever since he left, my life has been dull. Like nothing ever happened again.

Whenever I think about Evan, my heart melts, and I cry. All my friends decided I wasn't worth their time. Now, the only friend I have is my pet dog, Kitty.

I still go to school, but it's really hard. No one ever talks to me. They pretend like I don't exist. Even my teachers ignore me.

I get bullied. I don't report it because I know they won't care. I get called terrible names. I keep trying. Life is hard when someone you love is gone...

School is a war-zone. I mean it. There are the popular kids who think everyone else is nothing. There are the nerds, who try to be nice to everyone, but get pushed aside. There are the creative people, who emotionalize everything. I don't fit in anywhere. If there was a group for the rejected people, I'd go there. But there isn't. I don't belong anywhere.

Over the weekend, I lay on my bed and cry. All day. My parents leave me alone because they know if they try to comfort me, I go into a rage. My sisters know to stay away because they know if they try to make me happy, I scream in their faces, saying terrible things.

If I could leave this world, I would. When I told my mom that, she yelled at me. She gave me a long lecture about how I should value life. I learn to ignore her. When I told my dad, he just stared at me. Then he said that I

should become an astronaut. My dad's stupid. He doesn't get my life. The person he loved with all his heart didn't leave him. He has mom. Mom has him. I don't have Evan.

My cousin from Maine thinks that Florida is always warm and never cold. She's wrong. Jacksonville gets really cold. But she thinks 40 degrees is warm. That's because Maine's temperature gets as low as -25 degrees. I wish I lived in Maine. Then I would be closer to Evan.

You probably think I'm really stupid. That I only think about Evan. You're right. I only think about Evan because I have nothing else to think about. No friends, no family (that cares about me), no nothing. Only Evan.

I wish Evan would come back. Come back to comfort me. If we could all go back in time, I would have everything I would ever need. Friends, family, love, and Evan.

It's March right now. Evan left 9 months ago. I still can't stand it. My life is falling apart as I speak. My parents just now signed me up for therapy, with a psychologist. Now I get to talk to a stupid person and tell them all my feelings. Die psychologist, die!

Why can't my parents realize that all I need is Evan. If they could move the family to Seattle, then I could start my new life, starting with friends. I want, need, and could use friends. If only I was appealing. Then I would have friends.

Why is love so hard. The person you love leaves you, or moves away, or dies. Then you're left with only memories. And you have to learn how to cherish them. Even the sad ones. Evan and I only shared happy memories. Not sad ones. Now all I think about is sad stuff.

I just went to my first therapy session, with a psychologist. Mrs. Heidlberg was her name. Mrs. Heidlberg seemed like a nice person, but her job ruins everything.

All I did the whole time was answer her questions. 'So, how are you feeling right now?' or 'When did you start feeling that way?' or other meaningless things.

I don't want therapy. I don't want family. I'm asking for the most complicated thing on earth: Love. And I found it. But it left me. Hanging; waiting for it.

Why does life have to be so hard. I find what I need, and it leaves me. I'm never going to see Evan again. He's going to meet a hot, skinny, cheerleader girl. He's going to ask her out, she's going to say yes, and I'm going to be left with nothing but memories. The saddest of them all.

Then my mom came to my room to talk to me about the session. She wants me to tell her what I thought about it.

"Hey," she said, "How are you feeling?"

"Um..." I started, "Does dead cover it? 'Cause that's how I feel." My mom hates it when I say I feel dead. She says it makes her feel dead.

"Oh!" mom exclaimed, "Never, ever, ever say that! When you say you feel dead, I fee--"

"MOM!!!" I screamed, "I know! You feel dead too!! You don't have to say that every time I say it. I say it because I feel it. You say it because you think you have to. But you don't! Just leave me alone. Forever!" And with that, mom left. And in my head, I smiled, because know that I can really piss people off sometimes.

Today is Monday. The day of absolute torture. Why can't school die. Just like everything else I hate; popular kids, mice, lollipops, hamburgers, siblings... Oh, and SEATTLE!!! Seattle took Evan away from me. Actually, Mrs. Lakely's new job did, but the job was in Seattle, so I blame Seattle for existing.

I went to English class, no prob. Then I went to math. That's my least favorite. I remember Evan teaching me how

to do all these amazing things with numbers. How numbers and love are alike. I can't bear it. Mr. Shi always calls me out to do the math equations. He knows about Evan. He knows I can't do math. He knows, well, lets just say he knows everything about my life.

School is so hard. I eat lunch in the bathroom stall. I'm like Katie, in 'Mean Girls.' No friends, well, Katie got friends later on, but I never will. I'll never be popular like her. I'll always be me. Stupid, dumb, ugly me.

My mom used to tell me that school was heaven. Now I know she was just saying that to comfort me. But she is a mathematician, so school probably was heaven. I hate school, though. Nobody sees school through my eyes, so they don't get it.

Today's the first day of March. My birthday is in March. My mom always makes a big deal out of birthdays, and it gets annoying. She plans these big parties, and invites tons of random people. I hate it. I wish she would listen to me and let me do what I want on my birthday; go to Seattle. But that's never going to happen.

I went to another therapy session today. Mrs. Heidelberg must have noticed my mood, because she gave me a puppy face. It looked so stupid on her, I almost started laughing! And that doesn't happen every day...

Mrs. Heidelberg showed me a diagram about depression. It showed that only 15% of girls who have depression get it from their boyfriend/girlfriend leaving. The other 85% of girls who have depression got it from other things like bad grades, or family members dying. Not me.

Therapy is over. Literally. My mom thought I was doing so much better, she fired Mrs. Heidelberg. Yeah, she fired her. Mom just called her up and said, "Tracey, you've done a great job helping my daughter with therapy, but she's doing great now, so, um, I'm going to need to fire you.

Bye."

Yeah, my mom's not the best at getting rid of people. We once had this cleaning lady come to our house, and the poor woman came 15 minutes too early, and my mom yelled at her, then fired her. Poor woman...

My mom showed me her invite list. It consisted of all my ex-friends, all popular, and about 10 other popular girls. I tried telling her that I didn't want a party, but she just said, 'No! You need to hang out with your friends!!'

Yes, I never told my mom about my friends leaving me. My mom is just so sensitive, I thought she would cry, and call up their parents, and plan some weird hang-out session. She thinks she can fix everything, but she just makes it worse.

March 23rd. That's my birthday. I really don't want to have a birthday. I don't want a party. Everything is so annoying now. I have to worry about everything. And I really hate worrying.

I have a hard time thinking about schoolwork. I know that homework is done at home, worksheets should be finished at school, but high school is so hard. Why is it so hard? I don't know.

I forgot to do my math work today, so Mr. Shi is going to kill me. This will be the eighth time in three months. Whatever...

I'm sorry, but I have to say this. Evan just called, but I was asleep. He told my mom this weird story. I'm calling him right now.

"Brrrrinnnnng! Brrrrinnnnng!"

"Hello?" Evan said.

"Evan!!" I yelled, "I miss you so much!"

"Oh!" said Evan, clearly surprised, "I miss you, too. So..."

And the conversation went on and on.

The main excerpt of the conversation went like this:

"Well," Evan said, "I needed to tell you something important."

"Uh," I said, "What is it?"

"I don't know how to say this. Um..." he said.

"Evan!" I shouted, "Just tell me!"

"I don't know if I'm staying in Seattle. We might leave."

I was stunned! But that didn't mean he was moving back to Jacksonville. "What do you mean?" I asked.

"My mom got a giant promotion to senior advisor of her department. That requires her being in the main building. That's in Orlando."

"ORLANDO!!!" I screamed, "Evan, that's so close! Almost 2 hours away!! Make your mom get the promotion! Please!!"

"Yeah," Evan started, "I want her to, and she wants to, but I'm not sure how long it will take. It could take a while. I just wanted to tell you so you wouldn't be waiting, or whatever you might have done."

This is big. My life is actually coming together! If Evan comes back, I might even get everything else back! Friends, love, family, love, life, love, and love! This is so amazing! I think I'm freaking out!

I'm planning a 'Welcome Back' party for Evan. I'm going to invite all of Evan's friends, and my old friends, too! Maybe we could have a reunion! I'm finally happy!

I made invitations for Evan's party. I'm not having it at my house. It'll be at a park by his old house, and my name is not on the card. Anonymous...

Now I'm thinking about Evan again, but I know he's coming back, and I'm happy, so it's going great! My mom

noticed my mood, but I just gave her a smile, and she stared back. Love you too, mom!

School was good today. My teachers smiled back at me when I smiled at them. I waved to my old friends, and started conversations with other people. Life was almost back to normal.

Then lunch came. I guess I was so caught up about happiness that I forgot I had nowhere to sit. I walked around, but decided to sit in the hall. A girl called Leigh walked up to me. We started talking, and I call her a friend now.

Leigh came over after school, and she's now helping me plan the party! Now, Leigh and I are best friends. Both loners once, now a pair. Not a couple, but 'friend pairs'. This is the best life ever!!!

We have sleepovers all the time, and we hang out almost every day. Now that summer's coming soon, we can spend hours together, all summer long!

Having a best friend again has never felt so good! Friends are definitely one of life's necessities. Too bad I just realized that... Oh well! At least I have Leigh now.

It's April now. I haven't been writing a lot lately. Leigh and I are really close. Evan is coming back soon. Everything is going great!

I've tried calling Evan multiple times, but he hasn't picked up. I wonder what's going on... April is a great month! Almost summer, warm, rain, sunshine, perfect! I love April.

I love relaxing, being able to relax, and all that other relaxation stuff. I love getting massages. My aunt works at a massage place, so I get a discount on massages all the time. Score!

I like being able to relax, knowing that Evan's coming back. It's nice, because I don't have to worry, or wait. It's so... relaxing!

I hated worrying about time, and other worrisome worries. It just makes me so irritated. But being able to sleep soundly, and think straight, well, that doesn't come around every day!

It's almost June!! I love this! Summer, here I come!! I hope Evan comes during the summer. Then we can see each other even more often!

Wait, what's that sound?

"Knock, knock."

Someone's knocking on the door. I run down to see who it is.

"Lexi," he said. "I missed you so much!"

I don't have to tell you who 'he' is. Evan and his mom moved to Orlando a week ago. He surprised me at my house. We see each other at least every weekend. Life is back to normal, almost. I have Leigh, Evan, mom and dad.

I've realized something this past year: Living a million miles away from someone isn't that bad.. if they come back!