

The alarm chimed to life, filling the whole room with the sound of dubstep. This is the only music that can wake the sleeping boy up, for the violent drops and startling bass pull him out of the sleeping trance that he so wants to stay in eternally.

Andres dragged himself out of bed slowly, dreading the sun shining through his cracked window. The light caught the bits of dust wavering across the room and he sat on his bed for a few hazy moments, paying attention to the individual particles. His dreary thoughts clouded his mind, as they always did. Only one thing encircled his mind and that one thing stayed there for every second of every day, poisoning his every thought until he spent all his time in a pure depression.

He pulled himself up and walked over to his dresser, pulling it open and grabbing a pack of Marlboros underneath his shirts, along with a faded blue v-neck. He thrust the drawer closed and went over to the window. He pulled it open with such force that he was surprised the glass didn't break into a million tiny pieces. He then sat on the chair, leaning the back of it carelessly against the desk while he fumbled around in the desk for a lighter. He flipped the pack open and pulled out a long, sleek cigarette. He breathed in deeply as the musk of the tobacco filled his nostrils and then he tossed the rest of the pack onto his desk. He flicked the lighter to life, the flame flickering timidly from the wind coming in through the window. He set the cigarette gently in between his lips and lit the end of it, inhaling the smoke.

Andres wasn't particularly unattractive, actually, he was quite attractive. He had shaggy, short brown hair and deep compelling amber eyes that you could easily get lost in. Sadly, his eyes were shrouded by purple circles from fatigue and his cheeks were settling in from lack of nutrition. He hadn't eaten or slept in a number of days, but who could blame him.

He took another drag of the cigarette and stared out the window with a look of longing. His eyes shined with a spread of water but he wiped them away with his arm just as quickly as they came. He dug into his pocket and pulled out his phone. He typed in the lock code and swiped over to his recent calls. His fingers hovered over a name, but then he clicked out and dialed the voicemail instead. He placed the phone up to his ear as he sucked in another hit of the smoke. The automated woman spoke and he typed the password, sending him to his first voicemail.

A young woman spoke with a teary eyed voice, soft and heartbroken. He flinched at the sound of her speaking and then set the phone on the table, tapping a button which cascaded her voice across the room through the speaker.

"Andres.." she said gently, 'I don't understand what I've done. You haven't called me in days..."

He hit a button which sent the phone to the next voicemail. The same woman spoke, but her tone was more angered.

The Time To Move On
Grades 9 - 10
Pg. 3

"So this is it? You're just going to ignore me? I know you have your phone, Alana saw you at work last night! Just tell me what's going on! If you don't want to be with me..."

A strangled noise escaped his throat as he stopped the voicemail, the cigarette was shaking intensely in his hand. He then clicked to the next, and last, message.

“I don’t know what I did.. but I guess you won’t tell me. I think this is it then. I-I think..’ The call crackled as a muffled cry played over the speaker from the girl, ‘I think we should end it Andres. You obviously don’t want me anymore. I’m just.. I’m sorry for whatever it is I did.. I love you. So dearly... Goodbye..”

The call cut off as the animated women proceeded to say there were no more messages. He flicked the cigarette out the window, the sun lighting up the embers as it flew outside. Andres stared indirectly at the phone for a few vague moments before picking it up and throwing it violently at the wall. He fumed with what seemed as anger, but really was just pure heartbreak. He cried out loudly at the walls, the sound vibrating off of them, almost shaking the room itself. He threw his hands across his desk, causing items to crumple onto the floor in a heap. A glass hit the ground and shattered into pieces. Andres heaved as he slid slowly onto the floor, landing on top of a crinkled newspaper. Tears fell from his cheeks at an alarming rate, while he seemed to choke on every breath he took. He laid his head on his knees as he breathed in and exhaled slowly.

The Time To Move On
Grades 9 - 10
Pg. 4

His eyes dragged across the ground until he saw the newspaper. He curled his fingers around the ruffled edges, tugging it out from underneath him. He laid the paper out in front of his feet so he could see it clearly without his tears draining onto it like a waterfall. He bit his lip as his eyes trailed across the headline.

“YOUNG GIRL’S SUICIDE STILL A SHOCK”

“Nineteen year old, Shaylene Bird was found dead in her bathtub this past Friday, an empty bottle of hydrocodone found next to the body--”

The newspaper crinkled as he balled it into his fist. A cry of pain began to erupt from his lips, but he bit down on his lip harder to block it. His other hand laced through his silky hair, which had fallen into his wet, dreary eyes.

“I didn’t have the right words for it...” He whispered to himself.

He slowly pulled himself off the floor, stepping over to a bookshelf. He pulled out a small shoe box and carried it, carefully, over to his bed. He flipped the top open as he slid it onto the satiny bed. The box had a number of items; movie tickets, pictures, and many letters, worn from continuous rereading. They all shared one thing on them, the names *Shaylene and Andres* were written loosely across all of the pieces, except for one item. A little blue velvet box was laid in the corner, soft and new. His eyes welled up with a new set of tears as he reached in, wrapping the velvet container in his fingers, coddling it gently, as if it were a small child. His breath sucked in as he opened the tiny treasure. Inside, a simple, silver diamond ring sat in the velvet walls. The ring was the absolute definition of beautiful. Perfect to match the girl it was meant for.

The Time To Move On

Grades 9 - 10

Pg. 5

“I wish I could’ve told you sooner..’ His voice broke slightly as he spoke, ‘I wanted to wait for the perfect moment..”

Andres shoved the shoebox on the nightstand, still holding tightly onto the ring. He switched the volume of the music to a boisterous level, guiding away his deadly thoughts. He then laid back into his bed, setting his hand with the ring on the pillow next to his. His eyes fell shut hazily, only one thing encircling his mind, as it did for every second of every day.

“Shay.. I’m so sorry I didn’t save you...”