

Will love ever come back?

11-12

P. 1

I crawl back into bed with a box of tissues in one hand and a container filled with Ben and Jerry's in the other. I never thought I would become one of those girls. Those girls that would sob for a whole day, living off of ice cream for a good eight hours with "The Notebook" playing in the background. The reason? Because their boyfriends broke up with them and now their lives were coming to an end. That seemed like such a stupid reason to waste a good whole day of your life. Okay, your boyfriend broke up with you. So what?! It's not the end of the world. Move on and find another fish from the sea. But it wasn't long until my thoughts on this matter changed because I had met him. The one I claimed as my soul mate, Josh Tomson. I would spend eternity with him and even then, that wouldn't be long enough. Every second of the day was so precious. When I was with him I felt as if nothing would, or could ever come between us. It was love. Was... To me, it still is love. But to Josh... our love just drifted apart. He drifted apart.

So now I sit here just crying myself to sleep every night. When I'm not crying I stare at the phone, wondering if he'll ever call again. It's funny to think how I used to be the one that thought girls were crazy for spending a single day in their room, crying and sobbing away like a baby. But it's been a week for me and I now understand... Everywhere I look, everything seems to remind me of my Prince Charming. Even The Little Mermaid Poster that seemed to have nothing to do with Josh, yet had everything to do with him made me cry. That was the first musical I went to see and that's where I met Josh. I was shocked to think that a guy like him was ever interested in musicals. But, then, I remembered he's Josh. Josh Tomson, who is included in every "clique" there can be in our school. This meaning of course, he was a part of the art geeks.

The one thing that makes me immediately tear up is when I stare at the purple flowers that Josh had gotten for me on my 16th birthday. Purple was my favorite color and I was shocked that he had remembered. It wasn't something I had always emphasized or showed. Actually, out of all my friends, only two know what my favorite color is. The rest thinks I'm obsessed with pink. Every single item in my room seems to bring me to the past. The past that was so beautiful. Sometimes staring at the items brings me to the future too. The future I

Will love ever come back?

11-12

P. 2

thought we would have together, as one, you know? Now the only future I have is by myself. Without Josh. My phone sits on my desk. There's no motion and there's no sound. I keep turning to look at my phone to check if there are any missed calls or messages. But, of course, there are none. All of a sudden, there is a dim sound, and the ringing slowly increases in volume. I go to receive it and with little hope, I wish that it's Josh. "Hello", my hands shaking and my voice shivering with anticipation, I answer. There is silence for a second and then I hear a voice. But, the voice isn't the voice I fell asleep to every day. It's the opposite. High pitched, squeaky, whiney, and annoying, it was my so called best friend Sarah.

"Hey, what's up?" I wanted to hang up right that second but I knew that that was disrespectful to her and that it would only cause drama so I pretended as if I was dying to talk to her. "I just called to see how you were doing. You know... about you and Josh. How are you hanging in?" I think in my head. Isn't obvious I'm not well? I mean seriously! You call yourself my "best friend" yet you don't know that usually you're suppose to call as if nothing happened and try to help that heartbroken friend of yours forget anything had ever happened. Sheesh! What does a girl have to do to get some good, intelligent people around her? I tell her with the most respectful voice I can get out of myself and say, "I'm doing well. It's been hard but time heals everything right?" The answer I was anticipating for was one of those answers that would ruin my whole day and would make me reach for those Ben and Jerry's again. But, surprisingly, Sarah made a good point. I had nothing to lose. I was pretty, intelligent, and I was captain of the cheerleading squad. Every guy would die to date me. I was just that popular and worthy of being happy. Who is this guy to make me feel the way I am feeling? This wasn't right. After hanging up with Sarah I started to slowly realize what I was worth. I was worth more than Josh. I deserved better.

With all that contemplation you would think I was ready to start new right?! Wrong. I kept thinking about how maybe he could come back to me... If we were meant to be, that he would somehow find himself coming towards me again. Why was this happening to me?! This may be karma. It's punishing me for thinking less of those girls that went through days like the ones I'm going through. Hell. Now I understand that what I should have told those heartbroken

Will love ever come back?

11-12

P. 3

girls wasn't, "Get over him! It's been a week!", but it actually should have sounded more like, "Time will heal everything. It's okay." This was what I wanted to hear right this moment; that time will take the pain away. That with time Josh will become dust; he'll be so little that I won't even be able to recognize how much I needed him and loved him. I'll sit here in my room for a whole month and think of ways to get over Josh. I'll get over him... I will... there are other fishes out there for me, right?

And then, I hear it, our song blasting away as the vibrations shake my desk. I figure it's all in my head, the vibrations and our song, We Belong Together by Taylor Swift, playing in the background. My mind was playing tricks on me, like it did for the past few days. Instead of running over to my phone like I would have done yesterday, I calmly walk outside to the living room leaving my phone in the room, alone. I don't even look back, and I realize I have started to go into the phase of acceptance and change. But, of course that phase of "acceptance and change" didn't last for long. Sitting in front of the television, watching my favorite show "Awkward" I couldn't stop taking my mind off of how my phone was inside my room all alone. It had no one to answer it if Josh were to really call. Being tempted to the max, I ran up to my room, heading straight towards my desk, and having a little bit of hope that I might have a missed call from My Babe<3, I turned my phone on. I really thought it was him... I thought it would be a missed call from Josh. But like I said, it was all in my head. I sit my phone back down and I leave my room. I started to get furious. What do I have to lose that I am so obsessed with the Ken look-a-like hottie. I had nothing to fear.

I had finally cleared my head and decided that no matter what were to happen I would not talk to Josh again. I wouldn't take him back or give him another chance even if he begged on his knees. This was my mind set as I started leaving the room. I slowly start to put the phone down when I feel a vibration. I stare at the screen and to my surprise it was a text message from My Babe<3. It was asking for another chance and the screen portrayed a heart in almost every other sentence. I was so tempted to click the o and k button giving him a thumbs up, but I found myself in that hell hole of a mess and thought about what my goals were. I had just made a new goal and that was to become a better woman and date guys that would love me 100%

Will love ever come back?

11-12

P. 4

without any wanting to take any "breaks" like Josh had. So, instead of that o and k button, I went into my contact list and traded it for the erase button. Josh was out of my hands forever. Well, I guess you can't say it's forever but it was a start, and I would forget him. I would erase him from my life and I would crush him like he had crushed me.