

Mackenzie:

All my friends keep telling me that it'll get better, that he's not worth it. That there's other fish in the sea. They keep reminding me that what he did can't be forgotten. They've told me at least ten times in the past hour. I've been an absolute mess since yesterday, when one of the worst things I've ever experienced happened. All because I was stupid enough to fall in love with a boy I should have never trusted. At the thought of him, the tears started to fall down my face again. My best friend, Liz, pulled me into a tight hug. She's spent more time hugging me in the past day than anything else, and I really appreciate it. I tried to tell her that through my sobbing and sniffing.

"I...I love you." I choked out.

In response, she just smiled and hugged me tighter.

Connor:

"Connor, it's time for dinner!" my mom yelled up the stairs towards my room.

'Okay, mom.' I replied, but I continued to stare at my ceiling. I had been staring at it for the last five hours, and by now I knew every spot of dirt and every spot where the paint was chipped. I had been replaying the events of yesterday in my mind all day, and every time I went over it again, I felt worse. I had lost the best girlfriend that I had ever had. She was beautiful, funny, and I loved being around her. I loved watching her light brown hair blow around in the breeze when we would take our weekly walks, and I loved the sparkle in her gorgeous blue eyes when she laughed at a joke. Yet I threw that all away for some slut named Ashlee that I had met at a party. I didn't even know her very well, but she had been hot and I had been bored of Mackenzie. Mackenzie had been so worried about getting into one of her top schools that all she was doing was schoolwork and meeting people from the colleges. I barely saw her anymore, but now I was regretting now making time to see her. I could have visited colleges with her, or been there when she was doing homework. Instead I was out partying and getting drunk with Ashlee, and about a month ago, when I was drunk, I asked Ashlee if she wanted to be my girlfriend. I've been trying to fix it ever since, but I didn't want to hurt anyone's feelings. I should have just broken up with Ashlee the day after I asked her out. God, I was so stupid.

I rolled onto my side to stare at my wall and relive yesterday for what must have been the 100<sup>th</sup> time today. I was still thinking about when I heard a knock on the door.

"What?" I asked in a monotone.

The door creaked open and my mother stuck her head in.

"I just wanted to bring you some food." She said, kissed my head, and left.

Three hours later I was still staring at the wall and my untouched food was cold.

Mackenzie:

"See, now doesn't this feel so much better than sitting in your room, pitying yourself?" Liz asked as we walked on an old trail through the woods. I couldn't lie to her.

"Yeah, it does," I replied. Fresh air and sunlight apparently do wonders for a broken heart. It had been three days since the Event. I had just stopped crying this morning. I actually think that I ran out of tears, considering the fact that I cried for at least 28 hours.

Liz smiled at me and looked in front of her again. Right in front of us was a river. Liz gave me a look that said she was ready to have fun.

"Oh no...I don't think that's a good idea..." I said hesitantly.

"Come on Mak! It'll be so fun!" She replied. How could I say no to my closest friend; the one who had been there for me the past two days while my world fell apart?

"Okay..." I reluctantly replied. Liz squealed and splashed into the river. I followed less excitedly after her.

We were soaked from splashing each other, and this was the first time I had laughed in days. I was laughing so hard, my stomach hurt when I heard my name from the shore.

Connor:

"...Mak..." I choked out. My heart broke as I watched a panicked look form on her face as she turned to Liz.

"Don't you dare talk to her." Liz said as she gave me a death glare. She turned back to Mackenzie and said "Let's go."

She stepped out of the river and held her hand out to help a trembling Mackenzie out. I was too shocked to say anything as they walked by me; all I could do was turn to look at them. Mackenzie flinched when I turned to her.

Oh God. What have I done to her? The feeling in my heart made me want to sink to my knees and cry.

I must have stood in that same spot for five minutes. I had come here to clear my mind and to think about what I could do to win her back, and I had actually seen her. The look on her face...I must have really hurt her. How was I so stupid? And I don't blame Liz for hating me. I broke her best friend's heart. I would hate myself too...in fact I do hate myself.

When I finally moved, I realized one thing...getting her to trust me and getting her back was going to take a lot of work.

Mackenzie:

"Let's go." I heard Liz say, but it was like I was underwater or something. All I could hear was my heart beating in my ears. I could feel my hands start to shake. Staring at Liz's hand, I finally grabbed it and let her help me out. Throughout all of this, Connor was silent. He wasn't even going to apologize for being a jerk to me?! Ugh, why did I ever date him?

We were about 25 feet away from Connor when I lost it and started crying. Liz shot Connor another death glare and forced me to keep walking.

I don't remember walking to Liz's car, but somehow I was sitting in the passenger seat. Taking a deep breath, I started speaking.

"I think I know why it hurts so much," I looked at Liz, "It's because this is exactly what happened to my parents."

Liz looked over at me with sympathy and leaned over to hug me as I started crying again. She knew all about my parents' divorce. She sat there with me while I cried my eyes out; she was with me while they yelled and screamed during their fights. She was a better sister than I could have ever had. Leaning back into her seat, she said "Let's get you home."

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Getting out of Liz's car I said "Thanks for being there for me today."

"No problem. Call me if you need me. I'll pick up the phone at any time of night." She replied. I just smiled and walked up my driveway, thinking about when

my parents divorced when I was about eight. I had only been friends with Liz for a couple of years at that time, but when I called her in tears at eleven o'clock at night because my parents had been fighting again, she snuck out of her house, and snuck into mine. She sat there with me the whole night while my parents screamed at each other and made sure that I was okay. I know she would do that today if I needed it. I opened the door to my house and walked over to the brown, dusty couch that we've had forever, and collapsed onto it. I must have been tired from all of the crying, because I fell asleep almost instantly.

"Ding dong!" I heard as I was rudely awakened. I looked at the clock, and it was midnight. Who the hell would be at our house at midnight?

Connor:

I glanced over at the bouquet of roses that I had bought from the all night grocery store, the \$100 necklace I had bought earlier in the day, and the big, fluffy teddy bear I had been planning to give to her for our anniversary, which would have been in a week. I looked back at the road in front of me and started tapping my hand on the steering wheel. I was beyond nervous to go to Mackenzie's house. So many things could go wrong. She could close the door on my as soon as she saw me. She could start yelling and screaming and wake up her mom and everyone else in the neighborhood. She could call 911 on me. She could get a restraining order against me!

My palms started to sweat and I wiped them on my jeans. Maybe I should just turn around. She'll probably just slam the door in my face anyway. The hopeful part of me started considering the good things that could happen. She could accept my apology.

That tiny little sliver of hope is what had me turning on my left turn signal instead of my right, to bring me to her house instead of mine.

Well that, and the fact that I had spent at least \$150 on the roses and necklace today.

I put my turn signal on to turn into her driveway. Rolling to a stop, I turned the car off and took a deep breath. I stepped out of the car and walked up to her front door. I pressed the glowing orange doorbell and heard the loud "Ding dong" reverberate off of the hollow walls. I saw a figure coming towards the door from the living room. As she opened the door, I watched her rub her beautiful blue eyes. Oh no, I had woken her up. She stopped rubbing her eyes and looked at her presents, then at me. As her eyes focused on me, I saw a panicked look enter them. She turned to shut the door on me, but I put my foot there to stop it.

"Please...just hear me out." I softly said, and she nodded hesitantly.

"You are all I've been thinking of the past three days. My every waking moment has been filled with thoughts of how I can get you to trust me again. Cheating on you was by far the stupidest thing I've ever done in my whole life, and you of all people know I've done some seriously stupid things. I haven't eaten since we broke up. Every single thing I look at reminds me of you. I am so sorry. Please, please forgive me." I finished.

When I looked at her again, I noticed a completely new look in her eyes. I only knew it because that's how I was looking at her earlier today. It was a look of longing. She took a deep breath and sighed.

Mackenzie:

He looked at me with the most innocent look I've ever seen on his face. He was genuinely sorry. I want to forgive him, but who says he won't cheat on me it again?

I thought about the time when my parents split because my mom cheated on my dad. My mom knew she had made a mistake. She was a mess for at least a week, if not more. She apologized to my dad multiple times, and every time, my dad would tell her that he didn't know that she was completely dedicated to trying to make the relationship work anymore. I remember just wishing that he would forgive her so that we could be one happy family again. She was obviously genuinely sorry, why couldn't he see it?

I remembered what I had told Liz earlier this morning. My situation was exactly like my parents' before their divorce. Connor was just like my mom-he cheated on me, then became sorry. I was just like my dad-I wasn't sure if I could trust Connor again. I didn't want to make the same mistake as my parents though...I didn't want to tell Connor no and then regret it.

I stepped forward and did something I've been wanting to do 24/7 for the past three days. I wrapped my arms around Connor. He slowly put his arms around me and gave me the best hug I've ever gotten. We must have hugged for at least three minutes. When we finally parted, I looked up at his face and he had the happiest look I've ever seen.

"Thank you." He said, and smiled.

He reached down to pick up the various things he brought and handed them to me.

“I bought you some things...” he said as he handed them to me. I turned around so he could put the gorgeous necklace he bought me on, and then leaned in to hug him again.

“I promise I won’t screw up this time.” He whispered in my ear.

And even if I wasn’t sure about his promise, I loved him and wouldn’t trade him for anything.