

I glance over at Sarah, my girlfriend. She's been acting weird for a couple of days. She has this worried, almost sad, look on her face. Suddenly she looks up at me. I've known her for so long I can tell she was about to ask me something. It was weird though; she had this look in her eyes as if my answer was the most important thing in the world. As if it meant her life. It was scary.

"Blue?" She started. Blue was my nickname, everyone except the teachers called me by it. My real name was Morgan. I have long black hair, and usually wore all black. I get the nickname from my eyes though. I have big, round, electric blue eyes that stick out. Sarah opens her mouth to talk and hesitates. "Never mind." She finally. She turns away, retreating back to the world that was in her head.

I sigh. There is no use in pestering her about what she was about to ask. Sarah would just insist on keeping it to herself and assure me not to worry. She had a habit of keeping her problems to herself. Always telling everyone around her not to worry.

Then the bell rings, letting us know it was time to leave science class. It was the only class we had together so naturally I enjoyed it much more than the others. It was the only time we could sit and chat with each other. Not even our lunches were at the same time. We get up and go our separate ways.

Science is my first hour, Math my second. Then for 1st elective I have Gym. Then I get to eat lunch. Then Humanities is my 4th hour. Finally I have Band, I play the flute.

I like my classes well enough, but they were boring with out Sarah. I have lots of friends, don't get me wrong, but they only talk about boys and who said what to who, it get boring pretty quick. It sucks that I only get one class with Sarah.

Sarah.

She never truly leaves my mind, does she? She's always there one-way or another. I worry too much, we both do. She once asked if I still loved her. I remember I had responded with, of course I do! What a silly question. Sarah being Sarah had to explain herself. She said that I seem so emotionless all the time that it made her worry. I've always accidentally been a bit unexpressive. I told her it was just how I was. She responded saying that it was only around her. I had to think about how to deny that one, because I knew it was true. Then I realize why I'm like that. I'm slightly afraid to show her my emotions because I overreact all the time and I was worried that my overdramatic would cause her to leave me. When I told her that she had laughed at me, but she did understand how serious I was. She looked at me and said, "You'll never have to worry about me leaving you; I'll always be with you, whether you want me there or not, I will always love you." Then it was my turn to laugh. I called her cheesy and we laugh for a little until the teacher told us to be quiet and do or work, which we did.

Now Sarah's gone into one of her moods. She does this every once in a while. She gets all depressive and weird. I always worry about her when she's like that. She's been doing it quite a bit lately. Actually, she's been doing it a lot since we started dating...

I shook the thought out of my head. Better not think that way. If I do, Sarah might not be the only one in a depressive mood. Plus, Sarah would probably tell me not to worry, just like she always does. So, I just push that thought to the back of my head and go about my day like I always do, in a state as if I'm not my own person and I'm just going with the flow, but, Just like I stated, Sarah was always on my mind.

The next day Sarah was almost unrecognizable. Her usual big, round, happy, dark brown eyes have turn tired and melancholy. She was wearing attire than she usually did too. Her short dark brown hair, which was usually kept neat with a headband, was messily combed down. Her style of clothing consisted of a skirt, (short in spring and summer, long in winter and fall.) and t-shirts that had all sorts of girly designs on them. Today, however, Sarah wore a baggy, black sweatshirt with baggy blue jeans that were slightly torn up at the knees. She almost looked like a guy.

I glance at the sweatshirt. She's always hated wearing long sleeves. She's scratching at them. That must be why she hates them, because they're itchy. She could always just push them up so they don't make her scratch at her wrists. She might get a rash.

"Hey, Sarah, why don't you just pull up your sleeves? You might get a rash." I say to her. She looks like she jumps about ten feet in the air.

"I'm not going to get a rash, Blue. I'm fine." She snaps at me. I was startled. Sarah never snaps at me, even if she's really mad at something I did. I stare at her. Maybe something's wrong with her wrists and she doesn't want me to worry. I quickly make my decision.

I lean over and grab her arms. I tug up her sleeves and almost have a heart attack. Cuts, lots of them, all over her arms.

"Blue! What are you doing?" She pulls away from me. It was time to go. Most of the class was already gone. The teacher had stepped out and was doing something. I look at her, her eyes were watering and she looked really upset. She turns away from me, walking out of the class, leaving me standing there, completely speechless. When the teacher finally walks back is when I snap out of it.

"Morgan, did you need something?" She looks at me. I shake my head, still unable to speak. "You should get to class then, you don't want to be late." I nod again. I gather my things and walk out. I have to find Sarah. There is no way she would have gone to class. She would've been too upset. I start searching the whole school. I managed to avoid people who tell me to go to class or ask me what I was doing with out a pass. I was all the way on the other side of the school before it hit me. Sarah lived about 2 minutes away. She could walk home. No one worried about kids leaving the school, so the front doors weren't under watch. I slide down the wall I had been leaning on. I was starting to cry. Why did I do that? This was my fault. I had no idea what she could be

doing, or have done while I've been here looking, hopelessly for her. I think of the switchblade knife I gave her for her birthday last year. Then those words she told me come to my head.

You'll never have to worry about me leaving you; I'll always be with you, whether you want me there or not, I'll always love you.

Then why are you leaving me? Why would you lie to me? You're leaving me you're never coming back. I almost lose all hope, and then my mom's voice comes into my head, "Honey, you need to think positive for once. You have such a negative way of thinking, always bringing yourself down. Have hope."

My mom was always saying stuff like that to me. She always teased me about how I always think about the negative outcomes before the positive ones. Maybe I should use her advice here, what good could happen? I could stop Sarah. I could go to her house and talk to her.

I get up. I was pretty unsteady. I was shaky and my vision was blurry with tears. There's not enough time for me to sit there and wait, I had to get going. I make my way to the school exit and quietly leave. I make my way to her house as fast as I can go. I trip a couple of times and scrape my knees. I'm oblivious to the pain. I was only focused on one thing and one thing only: Sarah.

I get there in a couple of minutes. I test the doorknob to see if it's locked, it's is. I pull out the spare key she gave me when we first started dating. I swing the door open. I quickly make my way up the stairs and up to the second level. I make a quick stop at her bathroom to see if she's in there first, she's not. Then I make my way to her room.

I stop in front of the door. I was scared. I was absolutely terrified of what I might find behind the door. My eyes were threatening me with tears. I wipe them away. I ready myself and swing the door open. I inhale quickly.

Sarah was sitting on her bed, tears in her eyes. She had the switchblade knife up to her neck. When she saw me, her eyes widened.

“B-Blue?” She stuttered. Her hand was shaking. I ran up to her, bloody and beaten from falling, and snatched the knife from her. I throw it to the side and sit down next to her. I pull her into a hug. Sarah holds me tight, sobbing into my shoulder.

“Why would you even try that? You’ve been acting so strange lately. I just...” I try to think of something to say. “I just don’t understand.” She looks up at me, her face red from crying.

“I’m so sorry Blue. I-I was just so s-scared” She manages before collapsing into, sobs again.

“What were you scared of?” I say gently, trying to show her it was okay. That everything would be okay.

“People, t-they said- they said it was w-weird for one girl t-to like another, to l-love another.” She stops trying to cease the tears coming from her eyes. Sarah didn’t start talking until she had succeeded. “They said that if I-I didn’t break up with you or m-magically turn into a boy t-t-that they would- would-“ Sobs threaten to take her over again.

“It’s okay. Shhhh.” I say rubbing her back. “What did they say?”

“They said they would try to kill either me or you.” She covers her face with her hands. I can’t do anything but just sit there. I’m too stunned to say or do anything. Sarah eventually uncovers her face to look at me. She looks like she’s trying to analyze my expression. I try to do the one thing I’m bad at, putting emotions onto my face. I fail to do so causing her to look down at her hands. I start to say something but she interrupts me.

“Blue, what would you do if I died?” I automatically know that this is the question she was going to ask me yesterday, gosh; it was only yesterday that she had started this. It was only yesterday that she started falling from her happy self down to this. I pull her head up so I can look into her eyes.

“I would die. I would be lost. I wouldn’t know what to do with myself. Life would be too much of a torture without you. I-“ I break off as she kisses me.

“I’m sorry, I’m so sorry.” She murmurs when the kiss is done.

“It’s okay.” I say comforting her.

“Blue?” She says looking at me.

“Yes?”

“I’m never going to die.”

“Me neither.”