Sydney Mueller

Paul, who?

The stiff, freshly opened and washed bedsheets surrounded me as I tried to snuggle down, deeper into the bed. The high, though mattress made it feel as though I lying on rocks. A drop of sweat rolled off my face and landed on my pillow, thankfully not the little black book that was always near me. UGH of course my room had to be in the only non-airconditioned freshman dorm. My roommate put out a low moan, conforming he was fast asleep.

The low thumping from a party upstairs sounded like a heartbeat. I was fully dressed, probably why I was extremely hot but I knew I wouldn’t be getting any sleep that night, so I decided to do something, I decided to go to the party. All this took was for me to put on a pair of my ratty sneakers, I decided to choose the ones without holes, because apparently first impressions were a big thing. Honestly I didn’t care, if people judged me on how I was dressed I doubt we would be friends.

In order to get to the party I just followed the sound of music and as soon as I got to the floor the smell of cheap alcohol took over, I was just about to turn around when the sound of high pitched laughter escaped the room. I decided that if someone was having that much fun I would be able to enjoy myself as well.

I regretted it, this was exactly why I kept to myself all these years. That wasn’t exactly true, before Gammy died I was extremely social, but when she passed it was like my whole world had changed. My friends weren’t there to support me, they were to busy going to the football games, the games where I was supposed to be starting quarterback. Those things didn’t matter, she was my “personal cheerleader” but she was gone. I can’t say I enjoy being alone, I just like knowing that Sara was the only friend who truly cared for me, she helped me through everything. I was suddenly shocked out of my daydreaming with I noticed a girl of asian descent with dark black hair staring at me, “Hey,” she said smiling when she noticed me staring back.

“Oh uhh h-hey,” I stuttered.

“What’s your name?” she asked stepping forward and extending her hand, in it a red solo plastic cup “I am Lucy.”

“Oh uhh that's cool, I am Paul,” I replied taking the cup and a sip, hopefully this could be my liquid courage.

I can honestly say I don’t remember the rest of the party, there were some flashes of bright lights, a lot of laughter and I seemed to remember Lucy introducing me to some people, I am assuming her friends followed by more laughter. The next meaning when I woke up, I noticed that I somehow had Lucy’s phone number and I ended up back in my room.

Things were going great, since it was now October the weather was getting cold. I still wrote my poetry, with Lucy sitting next to me and a blanket. I used to write alone but it was so much nicer to have the warmth of a body next to me. Lucy unlike Sara just sat there and read her book or did her homework, Sara would always try and talk to me. She kept asking me what I was writing, which is the one thing I cannot stand, at all. That was one thing I hated about her, I needed alone time, a concept Sara was not familiar with. Although I had been slacking off on my textbook homework, I still went to class and did the homework we had to hand in.

Lucy kept nagging me to do my homework, this was one of the many things she nagged about. I know that I used to be a student who wasn't able to sleep if I hadn't finished my homework but, people change. I couldn't help that I hadn't been doing it, the parties were every night and they tended to last until sunrise. I learned quite a lot from these parties, I learned how to be happy, how to enjoy myself, I learned who my true self is. Lucy didn’t like that I went to every party even though I reminded her that I had met her at a party.

“Exactly, are you trying to meet a new me? Am I not good enough?”

“NO! You are amazing, but these people are my friends and I want to hangout with them.” I would reply every time she asked me that, always getting agitated, how could she even think that?

Those fights kept happening more often, every time it happened I ended not going to class the next day, I am not sure if it was to spite her, or because it bothered me so much. Soon it was time for mid-terms. I wasn’t sure how I was supposed to pass, I didn’t pay any attention in class, that is if I showed up at all. I had always turned in my assignments since there were very few actually assignments in these classes.

I was lying on my bed one day writing in my little black book when my phone suddenly buzzed, it was Sara! the text message read, ‘I’m on bus, be there in abt 5 hrs!! Can’t wait.’ OMG I had forgotten about Sara coming! Lucy would get so annoyed, I hadn’t told her about my highschool years since those were four years I wished to forget, but I had vaguely mentioned Sara.

‘Hey babe, an old friend from high school is coming for a day or two, idk if I’ll be able to chill love you <3’

‘who?’

‘Just some girl’

‘who?!’

‘Sara’

‘UGH’

**Sara**

Dear journal, 10/15/15

I am on the bus now going to visit Paul. He hasn’t really talked to me, so I am assuming he is too embarrassed about not having any friends so he just tries to occupy himself with his classes. Oh boy, I really do hope he is able to make friends because he is an extremely sensitive and caring person. He always wrote poetry or stories in his little black book, although I could never read the stories he always bounced ideas off of me, which I am sure he enjoyed.  His little black book. That thing is probably full and falling apart at this point. His grandma gave it to him right before she passed, she knew how much he loved writing, and how great he was.

I am really annoyed that he stopped texting me, and calling me. We used to talk on the phone for hours at a time, usually staying up until 3 in the morning, always doing homework and talking about our dreams. Although now that I think back on it he never went into detail, all he said was that he wanted to go to college. I wasn’t to bothered by his lack of sharing back than, since I saw him basically everyday, but now I am bothered. I always text first, and when I do he usually doesn’t reply until a few days later. I am also pretty sure he blocked me on Facebook, unless he deleted his account. I am getting tired so night journal <3

Dear journal, 10/17/15

OMG WAS I WRONG. HE DOESN’T TALK TO ME BECAUSE HE HAS SO MANY OTHER FRIENDS. I have to say I am a little annoyed because he was my closest friend and he never even told them about me. That’s fine, he would probably have to explain why he only had one friend throughout high school, which is a very sensitive topic for him.

I have noticed there is one girl of medium height, beautiful dark hair, I am guessing asian descent who always looks at him when we pass. He always gives her a hug and a kiss on the forehead but doesn’t really talk about her to me. I am not sure what they are but I feel like more than friends. That’s fine with me. Not really you already know how much I like him, but I also know long distance college relationships don’t really workout.

Another thing that really surprised me is how much he parties! He never wanted to leave his house but BOYYYYY did that change. Instead of studying like we planned for five days straight, he took me to parties. He wanted to go to one every night but I needed to study. When we did study I could also tell he had no clue what we were learning since I had to explain everything to him. Thankfully we had the same classes, so I could help him.

I still want to date him. I don’t like long distance relationships, maybe I could switch schools! I feel like that would be a little bit crazy though. He parties a lot now. I don’t know. I should talk to that girl and see what they really are.

Dear Journal, Later the same day

I just talked to her. They are dating. That should be bothering me the most but apparently he didn’t even tell her how close we were. I was just “some girl!” How could that even be possible? We were best friends, we did EVERYTHING together. Everything. I was just some girl that bothers me so much. Maybe he was down playing me so she wouldn’t get jealous? Hopefully. But none of his other friends seemed to recognize my name when I introduced myself. Maybe he’s just paying them because he doesn’t want me to know he has no friends! I don’t think that could be it though because they have so many inside jokes. Do I talk to him about it? Or would he get mad that I went behind his back and talked to his girlfriend, whose name is Lucy. I love that name, and she is so nice. I wish she wasn’t.

I take back saying he never said anything about me, he told her I was extremely annoying and hated when I sat next to him when he wrote. That was my favorite thing to do with him. Was our whole friendship all “annoying” or fake? I need to go ask him.

“Hey Paul, I need to ask you something…”

“Yeah, what’s up Sara?”

“Ummm… Lucy told me that you hated writing with me, and I was annoying.”

Paul suddenly turned around, “Why did she tell you that?”

“SO YOU DID SAY THAT?” My yelling made him flinch

“No, not exactly, I told you that I didn’t like when you read or talked to me when I am writing.”

“I guess, but that’s the only thing you told her about me. W-we were best friends weren’t we?” I felt so betrayed, those years just the two of us.

“Hey Sara I am sorry but I need to go talk to Lucy.” He said while walking away

**Paul**

Of course Sara had to go and open her mouth right? Can’t she ever let me be happy? I mean I had friends, an amazing girlfriend, who can’t be that amazing if she went and told Sara I said that even though I didn’t call her annoying, all I said was I didn’t like when she tried to talk to me when I was writing. Jogging up to where Lucy was standing I screamed out her name. She returned an extremely weird smile and walked towards me.

“Hey honey,” she said smiling

“Why- How could you tell her I said that I hated her when I don’t!”

“Well she was bothering me, I don’t like how she looks at you, you’re my boyfriend not hers.”

“I KNOW THAT, she doesn’t even like me in that way. Now I lost a good friend because of you, actually I can’t even look at you right now.” I just got so annoyed I walked to my favorite spot. The huge tree that grew away from the mass of students, this is where I usually went with Lucy, ughhhh I can’t even think about her right now.

By the time I mustered up enough courage to go to Sara’s room she wasn’t there, neither were her things there was only a note, ‘Paul, I am clearly not wanted here, so I decided to go back to my school a day earlier. Hope you pass your exams. -Sara’ I can’t believe she didn’t believe me. Not that it matters that much anymore, now we go to different schools, she knew the old me, not the new me. I need her to get to know the new me, but first I need to ask Lucy not to do that ever again, not that I had any more friends from high school she could lie to.

“Hey Paul… I umm need to say I am so sorry about what I told Sara.” Said Lucy walking up to where I was sitting.

“Okay, so what?”

“I will call her and tell her that I made it up if you want, but I am so sorry.”

She looked so sad, I wanted to stay mad but all of my anger melted away when she said that, “Yes please do. When Sara talks to me again I will no longer be upset,” I said standing up and hugging her.