

All Alone  
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You never really think about death until you're about three feet away from the thing itself. Yes, it takes more than just being kicked out of your apartment to die, but it feels like I'm dying.

I wasn't planning on being in this situation. I wasn't planning on having my roommate, Noel, find out about my past.

And I definitely wasn't planning on being kicked out from my own apartment because of it. But to be honest, it wasn't all my fault.

My family passed away when I was five years old. They died in a house fire, started by none other than the man who had been stalking my mother ever since they were in high school.

Long story short, I lived with three foster families until I left for college and I moved in with my best friend, Noel Arbor. She was nice and all, and I enjoyed living with her for the 3 weeks I stayed. Such a great friend she is, kicking me out of the house. All I basically have is a cookie, my backpack, a water bottle, and my phone.

Well, I ate the cookie before she kicked me out, and I drank the water after I ran to this random alley, thinking I was going to die of dehydration, so I only have my phone.

I basically have no friends, no house, no money, no food, and I'm in an alley which has rats. Don't rats carry rabies or something like that? Well, there's another source of death to add on my list of ways I will die.

I guess I could try calling someone. I pull my phone out of my backpack and press the home button repeatedly. All I see is the lifeless symbol on the screen telling me, "charge your phone."

How am I supposed to call for help now? Ask some stranger to use their phone?

That's actually not a bad idea.

I stand up from the cold alley that has given me terrible protection for the last 5 minutes. The harsh wind blows in my face, making me regret the fact that I left my jacket at home.

I walk out of the alley and look around. There is a gas station across the street. Without going to the crosswalk, I run across the street. Of course, I'm wearing combat boots, so I almost trip in the middle of the road.

"Hey! What are you doing, running across the street like that?" I whip my head around and notice a boy holding groceries. "You could die!"

I roll my eyes. Who does this guy think he is, Superman? It's about 11 at night and there are no cars. He reminds me of an overprotective grandma.

"Listen, I'm not jumping off a cliff or something like that! I'm just crossing the street," I yell back.

"It's a street! You could have gotten hit by a car!" the guy says. I turn back around and walk to the gas station, ignoring the boy's yelling.

I walk into the gas station and walk through the random mini aisles of worthless crap. Wait, why am I even here? It's not like I have any money, and it would be awkward just walking up to some stranger and asking them to borrow their phone.

The overprotective grandma could help me. He seems kinda nice. Of course, he's not here.

"Are you okay?" a woman asks, walking up to me. "You look like you've been kicked out of your house or something."

I look down at my very wet One Direction t-shirt and my ripped leggings and look back at the lady. She seems pretty concerned, and I need help.

"You could say that. Could I possibly borrow your—" Just then, I realize that I have no friends except for Noel, and Noel and I aren't speaking at the moment.

"My what, sweetie?" the woman asks.

"Uh, nothing. I'm fine," I quickly say. "Thanks for the help!" Then, I turn around and run back to the alley I stayed in.

Again, there are no cars on the street, so I don't have to worry about dying. When I finally reach the alley, lightning strikes across the sky and raindrops splatter onto me.

"WONDERFUL! THANK YOU, MOTHER NATURE! FIRST I LOSE EVERYTHING AND NOW—" I break into a fit of loud coughs. I need water. Oh, but wait, Emma. You drank all of your water when you thought you were going to die.

Eventually, I stop coughing and I start sneezing. I guess all this rain is making me sick.

I slide down against the brick wall and look at the street. I feel sick and dirty and all alone.

Sometimes, I wish life would go the way I want it to go instead of always turning against me. I feel like I'm a boxing ring with life, and life is beating me up.

Suddenly, I hear footsteps coming towards the alley. I feel a pang of hope in my heart.

Finally! I'm going to be saved!

An older man wearing all black walks up to me. Okay, he just creeps me out. I really hope he's of those people who seem mean but are actually nice.

"Emma Turner. How nice to see you again," he says, smiling a very wicked smile. My gut turns and I realize that I need to run.

Somehow, the man knows what I'm thinking and he stands in front of me, pushing me against the brick wall every time I try to run.

"You remember me, don't you?" he asks. "By the way, how are you? Last time we saw each other, things weren't...very well."

Tears sting the back of my eyes as I look up at the man who has haunted me forever. He's the reason I have nobody left and the reason why I feel like dying.

"You're my mother's stalker," I whisper.