

Speak

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There is a knock at my door. My brother comes in. I smile at him, but I want to cry.

"Hey, Alex," He greets me.

"Hi, Stefan."

Thank the heavens. There's no one I need more right now.

"Are you okay?"

No.

"Yes."

"Do you need to talk?"

Yes.

"No, I'm fine."

"Would you like some company?"

I'd love some. Come in, sit down.

"I've actually got a lot of paper work to do."

"Do you want some help?"

I'd appreciate it.

"No, I've got it, thanks."

"Alright. I'll see you later, then?"

Don't go.

"Okay."

He turns for the door. A lump rises in my throat. I want to say something.

Wait.

"Wait."

He turns back, "Yes?"

Help me.

"Nothing. Don't worry about it."

"Okay."

He smiles and turns for the door again. He leaves. I'm alone. I don't want to be.

Why is everything coming out wrong?

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