

My Moment

My blood boiled as it coursed through my veins. My head spun in circles, even though I stood still. My stomach swirled around itself so much that I felt a knot form. My thoughts formed a hurricane in my mind, battering me with questions, concerns, worries, and fears. This was the moment. Not just any moment, but *the* moment, *my* moment. This was the moment when everything seemed to go downhill.

“Remember, breathe in, breathe out. In, out, in, out,” I thought to myself, “If you pass out, you’ll be even more embarrassed”.

Boiling blood rushed to my cheeks as sweat dripped down my cheeks. My palms were clammy, and my vision was blurry. I knew that the inevitable was on its way. I prayed that he would not see me cry, but I knew that I was powerless to stop it. My chest heaved as I struggled to breathe. My mind filled with thoughts about how much I regretted sending him that anonymous love note. I felt as if my lungs were about to collapse, and my throat was tight and dry. My skin itched, and I felt the need to tear it off of me. I suddenly felt hot tears streak down the side of my face. I thought my blood felt hot, but the tears were completely different. My entire face felt like it had been lit on fire. Instinctually, my shaky hands rose to my face in an attempt to put the imaginary fire out.

My mind raced with negative thoughts that tore me apart. What am I supposed to do? What if he doesn’t show up? What if he says no? What if he hates me? What if I ruin our friendship? Will I be able to live with myself if I destroy our friendship?

Through the corner of my eye, I saw a young man with slightly ruffled brunet hair and golden-brown eyes walking in my direction. It was *him*. My best friend and the love

of my life. I panicked and hid behind a nearby pillar. My chest continued to heave as blazing tears streaked down my face. I covered my mouth and tilted my head upwards in hopes of being quiet. Maybe, if I stay quiet he won't notice me. Suddenly, I heard my name being whispered. I slowly brought my gaze up to his face, and my eyes met his sparkly, honey-colored eyes.

His face showed no emotion as he asked, "Did you write this note?" His hands were slightly shaky, and his eyes were red and puffy. I couldn't tell how he felt about receiving that letter. Was he happy? Angry? Or did he just not care?

I hesitated as I felt the burning tears stop streaming down my face. My breathing was nearly back to normal. I took a deep breath before I answer with a simple, "Yes". I closed my eyes in fear of his reaction. Would he be happy, or would he yell? Would he walk away? Would he abandon our friendship?

He slowly wrapped his soft palm around my cheek, not seeming to care about the sweat and tears that covered my face. His thin, pink lips twisted up into a smile. His warm, honey-colored eyes seemed to glow with happiness. He wrapped his long arms around me, and I lay my head on his chest. I concentrated on his heartbeat, which helped me to calm down.

I'm not sure how long we stood like that. It might've been a few seconds, but it felt like years. Time seemed to stop as he held me in his arms. I felt... safe. I was happy. I heard him whisper my name, so I met his gaze. Then, he said something that I never expected to hear him say.

"I love you".

We Will Never Be The Same...

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He slowly shuffled backward with his eyes staring blankly at the floor. I looked up at him to meet his gaze, but he refused to look me in the eye. His face was bright red - he wasn't blushing, he was extremely angry. His nostrils flared, and his eyes twitched. His once warm gaze was now cold and brooding. My gaze dropped to his knuckles. His hands were clenched into fists so tightly that they turned white, like ivory.

I felt an intense wave of guilt wash over me as I realized that I did this to him - to *us*. This was the moment where I completely destroyed our friendship. I felt as if my fragile heart had shattered like glass. Oddly enough, I was not surprised by his reaction.

"Leave..." he muttered. I didn't move, I simply continued to stare into his eyes in hope of him saying that it was a joke. All I wanted was for him to accept me. When he

saw that I wasn't leaving, he yelled at the top of his lungs, "Leave! I don't want to see your face right now!"

I understood that he was not playing around. He truly hated my guts. I felt stinging tears return to my eyes, but they were different this time. They were not hot, or warm at all for that matter. My tears were as cold as ice, and I felt my mind begin to numb. I slowly backed away from him, clinging to the hope that he was joking. When he made no move to stop me, I ran away from him.

I didn't pay attention to where I ran to, I just kept running. Normally I would struggle to run a few meters, but this time, my legs felt fine. My breathing was normal, and I was full of energy. My icy tears had stopped streaming down my face, and my brain was numb. It was impossible to think, and I felt no emotion.

I finally realized that I was in the middle of the woods. Unaware of where exactly I was, I began to jog in one direction, hoping to find out where I had wound up. Eventually, I found the entrance to my neighborhood. I walked to my house, but I noticed something on my front door. It was a note that read, "I'm sorry for how I reacted". I smiled realizing this, even though I was a bit upset that it was as close to an apology that I would get from him. I read through the note a few times before entering my house and going to my room.

My brain filled with thoughts of regret. I wished that I had never written that note. I wished that I had never destroyed our friendship because I knew that we would never be the same as we were.