

## The Fly

### Part 1

There was a fly buzzing around my room and he stared at me. There wouldn't be a fly in my room if he hadn't climbed up my trellis and opened it. It's buzzing fills the silence that is slowly eating up the room. He's staring at me but I'm avoiding his gaze and staring at my cat instead. She's trying to eat the fly but she is too fat and only her upper half is moving.

"We have to talk about it." He says as he moves into the my room and has closed the window. Now the fly will never get out.

"This will all go away on its own." I say in response. I'm still staring at her, hoping that one of her lazy attempts will kill it.

"Someone will find out and then it will never go away. This will follow you wherever you go. We need to talk and figure out what to do. I can't live like this." He says as he moves toward the bed and I'm still standing. I turn away from the bed and try to find interest with the things on my desk. My math test sits on the desk and there is a spot of blood in the corner that could be mistaken for the red ink that was used to correct it. I shove the test into my backpack and try to still my shaking hands. The fly is now buzzing around my head and I want to scream. I hear his footsteps come up behind me. I turn around to look him in the face. His is serious and staring into mine. I can feel the tears start to form and I am sobbing.

"It was a mistake," I manage to get out. His arms encircle my sobbing frame and I let them. It feels safe and judgement free but I know that once it ends I won't feel like that for a while. We stand like that for a while until I can finally control myself. He leads my back to the bed and we both sit on the edge. He rubs my back while one of my hands finds my cat.

"What happened before I came in?" He asks. I stop petting my cat and start to fiddle with a loose string on my sweatshirt sleeve.

"Why?"

"So I can help. So I can defend you if someone finds out. I only came at the end. If she wakes up, I can talk to her with you. I want to be on your side. I want to go down fighting with you." He has turned to look at me now and his hands have taken mine. I pull them back and continue to fidget with the string. I sit there in silence, pretending to find more interest in the strong than in him staring at me.

"Fine, don't tell me." He gets up and heads back to the window. The string finally breaks free of the sweatshirt and I look up.

"Wait." He turns back around and looks at me expectantly.

"She... slipped. She had my arm and I pulled free of her and she slipped."

### Earlier that day

"Only one more block and then I'm free," I think to myself as I slip my math notebook into my bag. I'm the only one left in the classroom because I had to stay late to go over the test with the teacher. The C written in red ink still stares back up at me from the desk. I just want it to turn into an A or even a B but I know it won't. I grab the test from the table and proceed towards the trashcan near the door to get rid of it forever, when she walks in. Katrina walks straight by me and purposely knocks her shoulder into mine.

“What the fuck was that for?” I say whipping around. She turns around slowly in her sky high heels and crosses her arms in front of her chest. A smirk is plastered on her face.

“You know why.” She walks over slowly and teeters a little. I smile a little as she tries to recover from her little mistake. One perfectly manicured hand is now perched on one of the desks for balance. The other is on her hip and I know she’s waiting for an answer.

“Because I drunkenly kissed Michael? The key word in that sentence is drunkenly. I had no idea who it was.” I respond. I am slowly getting more irritated and mad as each second passes. There was a house party last weekend and I don’t remember much of it. I only know that I had kissed him because he had texted me the next morning reminding me of it. I had been avoiding Katrina all week because of it and I had done so successfully up until now.

“You know I like him so why did you do it?”

“You really think that I care about that? After the whole leaving our little friendship for popularity, I stopped giving a fuck about you. You don’t give a fuck about me so I’m just reciprocating it.” I’m starting to back away now, I know if I stay any longer, I won’t be able to control myself. My test falls from hand as I turn so I turn back to grab it but she’s standing right behind me. With her heels, she meets my eyes and I stare right at them.

“You’re a little too close.” I say.

“I didn’t think you’d mind, especially because we’re still friends.” My eyes narrow and I try to appear taller than I am right now.

“I’m not friends with cold-hearted bitches.” I see something real flicker in her eyes and I know that the old Katrina is still there. I turn around and start to walk towards the door. She grabs my arm and I wrench it from her. The force of my action puts her off-balance and she slips from her heels. I hear her scream and turn just in time to see her head hit the desk and then the floor. She lays motionless, a small pool of blood starts to form around her head. Her breathing is shallow and I’m standing there frozen. Her skin has become more pale and I want to go and help her but I don’t at the same time. I hear footsteps and I see him. Michael is standing there trying to process what just happened.

“How long have you been standing there?” I say quietly.

“I was just outside the door when I heard the scream. So I ran in to see if anything was wrong. Did you do this?” He points to her on the floor and comes closer to see if she’s alright. I back away slowly towards the door, hoping he doesn’t notice. He turns to look at me.

“I didn’t do it on purpose.” I say. I grab my test from the floor beside her and run from the class. Once I reach the hallway, I run for the main doors. I know I should be in history right now but my feet don’t stop moving until I’m in the fresh air.

Once I reach the front stairs, I stop and remember the test in my hand. I go to throw it out and then I see the small spray of blood in the corner. I fold in half and stuff it in my sweatshirt pocket. I then proceed to throw up in the bushes. My hands are on my thighs and I’m breathing heavily. I’m shaking and I feel like I might cry. I walk myself to my car in the parking lot next door and fall into the backseat and the crying starts.

I’m sobbing into the seats and I can’t stop. I’m wiping snot on my sweatshirt sleeve and my sides are starting to hurt. I can’t think straight and I’m only forced to stop once I can’t breathe. I try and stop because I know I won’t be able to drive myself home if I continue on like this. I breathe in...I breathe out. I breathe in...I breathe out. By now I feel better but only a little

bit. I climb from the backseat and into the front seat. I breathe slowly a few more times and stick the key into the ignition. The car turns on and I slowly make my way from the parking lot and into the road. I drive slowly because that's all I can manage. As I wait for the light to turn green at an intersection, two police cars and an ambulance whizz by, sirens blaring. I feel the tears come to my eyes and quickly go through the intersection and pull over. Once the car is stopped, I sob all over again.

He's hugging me now because I'm crying again. At this point, I didn't think it was even possible for a human to cry this much but here I am disproving that theory. He pulls away and faces me. His hand goes to my shoulders and look up at him.

"You have to tell someone. She's in a coma, she may never wake up." He says.

"I know, but I can't. My parents know our relationship. They'll think I did it on purpose, but it was a mistake."

"But it wasn't, I know it wasn't. That's why I wanted to hear your side of the story, now I can help you."

"How can you help me?"

"You can go and visit her."

"Visit her? I may have killed her and you want me to go and visit her?"

"It might help you to see her. Even if she isn't awake, you can go and talk to her and make your peace. You can say what you need to say, get it off your chest." He gets off the bed and starts towards the window. I watch him open it and stick one leg out and he turns to look back at me. I avoid his gaze and turn towards my bed. My cat is sleeping now, the now dead body of the fly is lying next to her paw.

"Just think about it at least." He slides out the window and it closes behind him. I stare at longingly. I just want to jump out of it and run into the night, leaving it all behind me. For a split second I consider it but then I decide against it. I instead so as my cat is doing and try and go to sleep. I hope that I wake up tomorrow and that it'll turn out that it was only a bad dream.

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