

Short Fiction Story

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Tomorrow was the big day. The day of finals. The day I graduate and get out of this hell hole. The day I can leave and never come back. After graduation I plan on moving out to California to live with my dad. I will be 18, graduated, and can start a new life on the west coast.

Right now I am currently trying to study for my math test. My boyfriend keeps distracting me on snapchat. I am not supposed to have my phone. My mom took it away from me for skipping gym to smoke with my friends last month. I found it a week ago, where she hides my phone every time. In her drawer, next to her bong. She doesn't know that I know where it is though.

A ding goes off, see a notification from "BABE<3" and immediately leap for my phone. I swipe left and click his name. My internet is spotty, so it took a few moments to load. I open the message, it says "check my story". I swipe right twice and see the top name. I click on it, loading, loading. Nothing. I try again, loading loading loading. Nothing. I walk towards my door trying to reach the connection from my wifi. Still nothing. I decide to get up and reset the router. I quietly turn the knob of my door, and tiptoe out, trying not to awaken the devil in the room down the hall. Also known as my mother. The hallway reeks of weed and beer. My mom is probably passed out with her jerk boyfriend.

I walk into the computer room and head towards the old dell computer. I open the cabinets just below it. The router light is flashing. I press the button and hold, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5. After 10 seconds I let go. It resets. The light is now solid green. I check my phone, and the wifi is back on. I jump to my feet in excitement. I unlock my phone, swipe right and I click my boyfriend's story, loading, loading, loading.... there it is! I click it again to play it. It is a selfie of me, and the

caption is “ I am so lucky to have her” with the heart eye emojis. I blush so hard. He just made my night.

I walk to the door, open it, and out of nowhere, I am shoved to the ground. My phone slips out of my hand. I look up only to see my mother look furiously at me. I look over, and my screen is shattered. I look back up, and see my mom’s veiny face, furious. She opens her mouth, yells “what the fuck are you doing?” she takes a step towards me, “I never gave you your phone back, and you should not be up” I respond to her “it is unfair that you took my phone away from me for 2 months for skipping one class, and you cannot abuse me whenever you want, it is not ok”. I finally have had enough, I was going to stick up for myself. She screamed back “you needed to learn a lesson, you are an awful person, and deserve every bruise I have ever given you.” “Fuck you, I hate you, I am leaving to live with dad after graduation”, she wasn't supposed to know, but I let it slip out. My mom reaches for the vase and takes one swing at me. I fall to the ground, blood dripping from the tip of my nose like a waterfall. I cry, look back up at my mom and she says go back to bed. I walked back to my bed, and cry myself to sleep once again.

Today was the big day. The day of finals. The day I graduate and get out of this hell hole. The day I can leave and never come back. I get a ride from Lisa every day to school, so I walk out to her brother’s car. I open the door, step in, and don't say a word. She notices the bruise and cuts on my face. But she stays silent. Lisa knows what happened, but she also knows I don't like to talk about it.

It is 12:30 pm, the beginning of the last test of the day. I have one hour before I am done with high school. One hour to go before Lisa’s brother drives me to the airport, and I take off to

California, and never come back. I finish my test and hand it to the teacher. The bell rings at 3:05. I run to Lisa's car and we take off to the airport.

As we arrived I said my final goodbye. Lisa was very upset, but she knew this was the best thing for me. I walk into the airport and head through security, then sprint to my plane. I get to b12 as the plane is boarding, and I enter it. I sit in my seat and we begin to take off. I remember my dad told me to chew on gum as we take off, so my ears wouldn't pop. I grab gum out of my back and begin to chew on it. I feel the plane accelerate and begin to lift off the ground. I have never felt anything like this before. I am sitting near the window, next to me are a dad and his daughter. They seem happy. I wondered how high I was in the sky. I lifted up the cover of the window and I am immediately blinded by the sun. After a few seconds my vision was more clear. I look out the window. It is such an amazing sight of the city. I start crying to myself a little. Not because I was sad, but because I was happy. Happy I was leaving Chicago and my mother. I will finally be happy now.