

Figuring It Out

My phone buzzed as I was sitting on my bed with my legs crossed. It was about 5 feet away from me, but I already knew what the text message said. It was him. He was apologizing. He was *saying sorry* for breaking my heart. I looked out my foggy window and realized that the sun was setting. I've been sitting on my bed for the whole day. Crying. My head is pounding and all I want to do is sleep. But I don't want to sleep without him.

There was a quiet knock on my door. "What?" I answered with my head buried in my knees.

"It's me.." My mom said

I hesitated before answering. "Come in," I said, almost too quiet. I pulled the blanket over my shoulders and leaned against my headboard.

"You've been in here all day, are you okay?" My mom asked looking at my face. She could tell I have been crying. "I mean.." She started, but I cut her off quickly.

"No, I'm not. I don't want to talk about it either. I'm going to bed." I said looking down at my hands trailing off.

"Okay, well I'll wake you up in the morning for school. Sleep well, I love you." She mumbled while kissing my forehead. She slowly tip toed out of my room, trying not to make me even more mad. School. The word dragged slow in my head. I don't want to go to school, or see him. He'll act just fine, smile his beautiful smile, and go on with his life as if I wasn't a big part of it. It hurts to think like that and I start to cry again. All I can think about now is sleep. I want to sleep because I can't be awake in this world without him. I slowly drift off into blackness, with tears streaming down my face.

I suddenly wake up from my drowsy sleep by the sound of my mom yelling my name from the bottom of the stairs.

“ELIZA! You're going to be late for school! Get up!” Without even thinking I jump out of bed. I half jog into my bathroom and look in the mirror. My face is all red and puffy, and my thought process finally clicks. Everything hit me like a brick wall. I had been crying all night because he left me. I suddenly get a heavy, depressed feeling in my stomach. I decide that I need to pull myself together, and act at least okay. I can't act sad, because that's just what he wants. I have to act like I haven't been affected by any of this. I turn on my straightener and start doing my makeup. When I went back into my room to get dressed, my mom was standing in the middle of my room looking at me.

“Well, you look pretty today. Any reason?” She asked, looking up and down at my body.

“No, none at all.” I say with a smile going into my closet. I could feel her eyes on my back. I wish I could tell my mom that Mason broke up with me, but I just feel awkward doing it.

“Okay, well I'm going to work, so I'll see you when I get home tonight.” She walked out of my room closing the door behind her. I listened and heard her leave the house, and close the garage. My mom works 12 hours a day at a hospital to support us. My dad died in a car accident when I was only 3. I know it's hard for her, so I try to stay on my best behavior for her. I thought about skipping since my mom would have no clue, but I had to look happy for Mason. I had to show him what he lost.

Driving to school was boring, there was nothing good on the radio. I can feel myself becoming empty. I have nothing to look forward to. This is really starting to scare me. I'm a senior in my small town, and I've only had two boyfriends. My first one, I had my freshman year. He broke up with me randomly, and I was crushed. I became very depressed and never really came to school. I had the feeling I have now. But Mason was different. I thought we were going to get married, literally. We had always talked about it, and he made a lot of promises. But, he has been cheating on me for the last month. Someone told me about it, and when I asked him he admitted to it, and proceeded to end our relationship to be with the girl he had been with for the past month. I don't know how you could do that to someone, but Mason could. I don't know how he can sleep at night, thinking about how he crushed

my world.

Sameness is safety you can count on. Nothing was the same, so I no longer felt safe. My whole morning routine had to be changed. I would come to school, and Mason would be there waiting for me. I would hang around him and his friends, never really socializing with mine. This caused me to lose a lot of my friends, but I was so blinded by my love for Mason I didn't think it was that big of a deal. It sucks now of course I had no friends to be with. I started to walk to my locker when I realized I had his stuff in my bag. I stopped in my tracks and a burning feeling settled in my stomach. I told Mason I would bring him his stuff. I wanted to break down and cry. But I turned right around and headed to the place I knew he'd be.

The walk to the other end of the school felt miles long. I was thinking about everything and wanted to break down and cry. I finally saw him but he didn't see me. I stood there for a second and debated on giving his stuff back. Why should I? There's no point, it's not like he can give my happiness back. He was with the girl he cheated on me with, of course. She was pretty, if she tired. We used to be best friends my 8th grade year. I can't believe she would betray me like this, even though we haven't talked since then. I walked up to him and set the sweatshirts down.

“Oh I didn't know you were bringing it today..” Mason said trailing off and looking away as if he had somewhere to be.

“Well when I said I was going to I didn't mean next week.” I answered sounding annoyed while I got the other stuff out of my bag. I never realized how much of his stuff I had until I was giving it back. I finally set all of the jewelry he got me on the sweatshirts and pushed my bag over my shoulder. He looked at me with a plain face and mumbled “Thanks.” I didn't say anything back. I walked away slowly hoping inside he would grab my shoulder, turn me around, and take me in. Take me back.

The first few months were the hardest. I had to delete him off my Facebook, unfollow him from

Twitter, and delete his number. He had someone new and it broke my heart to read his status' about them together. It's like he completely forgot me and didn't care at all. I spent most of my time crying, and being completely shut out from the world. My mom began to worry but I reassured her everyday that I was fine, and that I didn't care. In reality, I cared about him more than my own life. It still hurts to see him everyday, but soon we will be graduated and I won't have to see him anymore. Heartbreak sucks, but it can teach you a lot. I learned that you should never rely your happiness on someone that could leave you any day. I grow stronger from Mason everyday, and that I can be proud of. So this is my life. I'm sad and happy at the same time, and I'm still trying to figure out how that can be.