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Creative Writing

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### The Last Bad Day

She was packing up her only important things: the picture of her and her dad, the earrings from her uncle, the blanket Britt and her dog cuddled under in the deep winters who was now gone, and her dad's wedding band that she always wore on with the necklace he'd gotten her when he was gone for work. This was her first time away from this so called "home" since her father died in 2009; she was finally getting a glimpse of freedom, something she hasn't seen in a long time.

"Goodbye Mother. I'm leaving, " Brittany, grabbing her bags, instantly regretting saying anything for the fear of what might come next.

"Y-Y-You can't gooooo... The hoouseee, dirty... Clean ittt!"

"My plane leaves in a little under five hours, I need to go," She snapped at her mother, getting irritated.

"Ermm, get me some wineeee, then I g-guess you can go," her mother playing with the frilly pillow on the sofa.

As she turned to go get her mother a glass of wine and to put dinner in the fridge, she kept thinking. *Four months with no siblings, no drunk mothers, no Ted.* As that as running through her mind her step-father, trotted in. *Well, speaking of the devil,* she laughed.

"Where do you think you're going!?" Ted boomed.

"Virginia... I'll be back in four months, remember? I told you like two months ago," rolling her eyes.

“Don’t get a f\*\*\*ing attitude with me,” he barked and grabbed her by her arm and yanked so hard it almost fell out of its socket holding her in place.

This is why I want to move out, she thought. God, I *hate* it here, but they are barely letting me leave now, how in the h\*\*l will I move out, I’m the maid around here all I do is pick up toys, clean the white carpet, wash the 37 windows, make dinner, fetch wine, god they're all *useless*. I don't know how they're going to go these four months without me.

“ Let go of me. *Now.*” yanking her arm out of his hands, sending a “if-looks-could-kill, you'd be *dead*” look.

She jumped in her car as soon as everything was packed, she left her prison, finally, she got outside of those brick walls for something other than school. Leaving her car at the McNamara terminal parking lot outside of her returning gate. The trip to Virginia took about eight hours, she flew most of the way, once she landed in Richmond, a rental car was waiting for her; she drove another four hours into a pint sized town called Cape Charles. Her great aunt passed away the winter before, leaving the house to her cousin -- Kailee-- had a modern day mansion just off the coast. As she arrived Britt and Kailee unpacked all of her things, planning the summer out day by day.

“So, how have you been? Still living with your mom and Ted?” Kailee helping fold cloths, trying to keep the conversation light.

Britt rolling her eyes and exhaling deeply.

“Yeah, sadly,” rolling her eyes “They just won’t let me leave. I barely got out of there today,” laughing to herself. “ They *need* me” Rethinking everything that happened today, her brothers wouldn’t talk to her, maybe they will actually miss her. Maybe they just didn't care. She started to feel guilty for leaving them with Ted and her mother for so long.

Their first few weeks together they went to the beach almost everyday, the first time they went was the time Brittany saw the ocean in her 17 --almost 18-- years. She barely got out words at her first glimpse of the ocean walking down the bumpy boardwalk watching couples ride bikes together.

“Oh my god...” She stuttered.

“What? You’ve never seen an ocean before?” Kailee asked

“No, I haven't.. It's so pretty...” Britt replied gazing off into the waves of teal. This is the moment when she finally understood how much she hated home, the smell of wine, Ted's voice, the color of the carpet, the noise the vacuum made. Exhaling, she then stopped thinking about that house, she let the salty air overwhelm her nose and sound of the waves crashing onto the shore plug her ears, she was finally happy.

As the summer went on Britt made friends there and got a job, working at a small shop downtown with Kailee. Once the girls had saved up money, they decided to go out to Virginia Beach, rent a hotel for the next month -- she only had a month and a week left of vacation before she had to go home. They spent most of their time on the boardwalk, making memories.

With only three weeks left in Virginia Beach, they went to the Lynnhaven Mall, where she's found her last homecoming dress. As she was trying it on, that's when she saw *him*. Tall, tan, and he was looking right at her with his piercingly bright blue eyes.

“I-I-I, oh, wow, that looks, your, you should get that dress, it looks *really* good on you...” the boy stuttered.

“Well, thank you,” reading his name tag as she replied, “Kylar?”

“Oh! Yeah! I’m Kylar, and you are?” Looking down to his tag and fixing his shirt.

“Brittany!” she smiled.

As she started to turn around to seek approval of the dress,

“Do you want to hang out or something?” he asked, his hands in his khaki colored jeans with a teal and white shirt.

“Absolutely, um” she wrote down her number and slipped it into his hand.

She turned around to see Kailee talking to his friend, after he walked away Kailee was shaking her head ecstatically, they then bought the dress and began searching for an outfit for their dates tonight. They ventured into every store -- 180 stores to be exact-- in the mall. They eventually ended up finding the perfect outfits: frayed shorts, grey crop top, pink belly button ring, and silver sandals. and rushed back to the hotel so they could get around making sure she had her necklace with the ring on it around her now tan neck.

Kailee’s date, Jeremy, showed up first; they went out to the mall where they first met and watched a movie. Thirty minutes later, Kylar showed up in his silver G6; they took off and went to the pier. The hum of the vehicle started to bring back memories of the way the vacuum sounded, she instantly reached for the volume dial to turn up the music so she couldn't hear it, trying to leave the sound behind.

The bumps of the boards made it difficult to stay on the bike, the salty, sticky, air made it harder to breathe. They went an old time diner with checker print walls neon lights that burned your eyes if you look too long for dinner. After the diner closed they went and sat on the beach in the heavy heat of the night. They did this almost every night for two weeks, indulging in small talk every time. *How are you? What did you do today?* She hated it. Finally he started to ask questions.

“So... When did you move here?”

She didn’t reply, she just kept looking down. Playing with the shells she found in the sand.

“Britt?”

“Oh, I, Um, “ she said fidgeting with her shorts, trying to find the words to explain, begging for time to find the right words, “I didn’t actually move here, I’m just staying for the summer...”

“So, you probably won’t come back” clenching his fists, a shade of red fell on his face and a tight clenching of his jaw, she watched as the anger contorted his face.

“I don’t really know, I’m scared to leave... My step-dad's kind of abusive and my mom hates me but needs me... Afterall, that's my family, how can I leave if the need me... I can leave after my 18th birthday, so in like two months. I want to leave, I just don’t think I can,” clenching into the necklace for dear life, praying the her dad would help her, a silent tear ran down her face.

After that they sat in an awkward silence. She finally leaned over to look into his blue eyes. “I’m sorry” lowering her head into her hands. “I really shouldn't have said anything.”

*Silence.*

“Ky, please...”

She just stared at him for what felt like hours, tears welling up. His face started to straighten out.

“You have to... I really like you... Please come back, I’ll help you get here, just please.”

She leaned over and placed her head on his shoulder, kissing her forehead and wrapping her in a hug, sitting in that position for hours.

“ I can try...” she whispered to the wind.

About three in the morning, he took her back to the hotel: the black sky lit up by the bright city. The hum of the car and the music coming from the stereo made her think. She kept looking at him, *it's been two weeks*, she kept telling herself. *Don't rush into it, you'll get hurt. You always get hurt. Stop.* She thought back to the feeling of her dad passing away, how it hurt so bad she was numb, how her body shut down for so long, she couldn't bear to feel like that again like she was only half alive. But the broken pieces inside of her started to mend. The ones that her dad's passing caused.

She didn't feel numb, or half alive. Although she hated the thought of love at first sight, she was falling for him. She only kissed one other boy, after she and the boy dated for three months, but she didn't feel like this with that boy, everything was different with Kylar, *her Kylar*.

She kissed him, and he kissed her back, in that moment she knew, *she had to try to come back*.