



Suffocation

The Most Memorable Day of My Life

It was a breezy 6 am winter morning in Stuttgart, Germany. The sun shining down on the concrete outside and the purposefully placed bushes swaying in their planter boxes.

We moved here because of my mom's job, working for the military as a contractor. That meant moving around when she got a new assignment, Leaving the friends I had previously made behind.

My brain screamed for me to get up from my indented spot in my mattress as my alarm blared, splayed out in starfish formation as I stared at the ceiling in defeat, my body unwilling to move because of the unwilling desire to get up at such an early hour.

After a minute I stopped my ceiling staring and sat up, moving to the edge of my bed, and looking around my room. My room was bare, only my four-poster bed and a litter box. I hadn't had the energy to decorate it even though the room was small, feeling like a cave just with drywall.

I hadn't gone to school in weeks, having supposedly stopped going because 'I was sick' but, in reality, not going because I couldn't go anymore; My brain not being able to handle not having friends at school.

Today I decided to give going to school a shot again.

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I sighed, Reaching for the shirt I had thrown off in the middle of the night while sleeping, throwing it on and messing up my bedridden green hair along the way. Stretching out my arms and legs before getting up and making my way out of my room, moving to the open room to the left where I stored my clothes, picking out a green long-sleeved shirt and a dark green floral skirt.

After changing I headed to the bathroom, hazily brushing my teeth and hair before putting on my glasses that were resting on the tiled ledge that was under the bathroom mirror.

Making my way upstairs I head to the living room and pass by the kitchen, not feeling like eating. I sit down on the couch, pulling out my phone and going through my notifications as I wait for my mom to finish getting ready for work.

While on my phone my brain starts to think, thinking about how I would have to go to school with no one to talk to and how I would be leaving the house, a pit in my stomach starting to form in my stomach. This feeling felt like I was drowning, feeling pressure on all sides of my body and my palms sweating. I didn't understand what was happening but I knew that I couldn't go to school even if my life depended on it.

Getting up I walk over to the doorway to my mom's room, watching as she gets ready for work. Building the courage to say what I was feeling, I waited a minute, The pit in my stomach growing larger.

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After finding enough courage I walk into the room before heading for the bathroom, standing in the doorway awkwardly before speaking.

“Mom, I need to tell you something..” I say nervously.

“Yes Abigail? I’m getting ready for work”

“I don’t think I can go to school today”

She pauses as she puts her hair into a ponytail, finishing it in silence before walking over to where I was standing until she was in front of me.

“Why not? You haven’t gone to school in weeks?”

As she speaks I feel the pit in my stomach growing larger and larger, feeling the pressure of having to go to school weighing on my shoulders.

“Because I just can’t..” I say, the feeling of tears welling up in my eyes.

The thought of school wasn’t always like this for me, wasn’t until we moved, leaving my old middle school and friends behind. We had moved in the middle of the school year so when we got here everyone had already made friends, leaving me out to fend for myself.

At first, I hadn’t minded, thinking that I would find friends easily enough. But that was Elementary school and nothing was that easy anymore.

If only I knew how hard it was going to be.

The more you know, the more you realize you know nothing.