

The rain felt like glass shards breaking the skin on my face, arms, and legs. I was running as fast as I could to her house. She texted me two minutes ago. "Bye." Ever since I hadn't stopped calling, but she wouldn't pick up. We only lived two miles apart.

It's been eight minutes now. My clothes are soaked, I should be freezing but I'm numb. We had been friends since fifth grade and I'd had a crush on her since sixth. We did everything together. We are juniors in high school now, and the rain is stinging my skin.

It's been sixteen minutes, I'm almost there, but she hasn't picked up the phone. I'm really worried now. The pain of the rain is growing as it hits the same spots over and over again, mixing with my warm tears. I knew she hadn't been doing well. She stopped hanging out with me after school, at lunch, we sat together but didn't talk. We barely spoke anymore, all because she had homework. She'd always tried too hard but not like this. I tried to think of other things that could be going on like she texted the wrong number, or her phone died before she could finish the conversation she started with "bye." When we did talk in the hallways, the only time she wasn't working, she kept saying. "I'm so tired" and "I just want to sleep forever."

I'm at her house now, it's been twenty minutes, there are no cars in the driveway and all the lights are off except hers. I try the door and my fingers turn but the handle doesn't. I pull up the welcome mat and take the key. I fumble it and it falls through the cracks between the wood. Damn the rain like glass. I call her name. No answer. I move the trashcan to the side of the house and climb on top. I pull myself up to the roof and crawl to her window. Her homework is spread out on the desk and her bed is unmade. I try the window and it opens. I tumble through to the floor and I call her name again. I see the bathroom light is on. I move toward the door and I freeze. I'm sobbing now.

"How'd you get in? Are you ok?" I bawl into her shoulder and she holds me. I breathe in her life and it calms me down. She gives me dry clothes and we get into her bed. She pulls me close. Face to face, arms folded under our heads, legs tangled under the sheets, and hands resting so close they are almost touching. I tell her everything. About sixth grade, about "bye" and about the rain like glass.