

Valentin B.

The Ghost of You

Her name was Emma, or that's what she told me. My first love, and my first heartbreak. Trust me this is not some romantic story of a heartbreak. There's more to the story. It was back in 8th grade. Everyone was going crazy over a rumor about a girl dying in the bathroom. It was a rumor that I obviously did not believe. I never believed in ghosts or aliens or anything paranormal. I was more of a realistic person. I was a kid who needed to find a scientific explanation to things. That was until She came along. She was sitting by herself on the swings alone. I sat next to her wondering why she was all alone. She greeted me with the most beautiful smile. One I will never forget. We became friends easily. She loved David Bowie just like I did. We'll have random arguments about how she believed in aliens and I didn't. They'll get so bad that we were both screaming but then end up laughing. Strange thing though everyone thought I was crazy. People started pointing at me and calling me strange. As days flew by but I didn't care. I loved that girl with big brown eyes and curly hair. I fell in love a little more every time she smiled at me. On a hot Monday after school I tried to hold her hand but when I did she was sooooo cold.

She looked at me and smiled sadly. During class the next morning, the counselor wanted to see me. All eyes were on me but I didn't care. The counselor looked at me with a concerned expression. As soon as I got in I saw my parents were there too both looking at me with the same expression.

"Fernando, can you please sit down?" she asked me kindly. I was extremely confused. "What's going on?" I asked with anxiety all over my voice.

"We are concerned about you, Sweetheart" my mother said, her voice breaking. The counselor sighed loudly. "There's rumors that...how can I put this? There's rumors that you have been talking to yourself." All of a sudden I was angry and confused all at the same time.

"That is wrong and you know it! Oh my God! I made a friend and she also might be the love of my life and people are saying that about me?!" I yelled angrily. My mom tried hugging me but I pushed her away. "I even told you about her, Mom! I told you her name is Emma!"

My mom looked at me with tears in her eyes. "Fernando, Baby, that girl Emma killed herself 2 months ago..."

My world crumbled when I saw MY Emma in a file that said she was dead. I felt something warm pressed against my lips. And then she was gone.