

Feeling alone

12 pm. I am sitting outside and looking up at the stars.

While sitting there my phone starts ringing.

My friend Gorgia is calling.

„Hey, what's going on?“ I ask her.

„Have you seen Louise's new

Instagram post? She looks so ugly! And Leonardo is drunk at a party. He never drinks. Something happened! I am sure. Maybe him and Melissa broke up.“

Yes, I saw the post and the story, but actually I do not care. Don't we have other topics to talk about? But I do not want to say that to her, so I answer:

"Oh no, I have not seen them yet. Do you mind if I go to bed now? I am very tired."

„Okay, no problem. We can talk about it tomorrow. I will go through Leonardo's Instagram a little bit while you sleep. Good Night.“

„Have fun with that. Good Night.“

I blow the air out of my nose. I am still sitting outside. Actually, I do not want to sleep, but I wasn't in the mood to talk about other people. Or categorize them based on things they do or how they act. Most of the people I do not really know, and I am tired of putting them in boxes. I want to talk about other stuff or think about it. I do not mind what other people do or look like. Why does that have to be such a big deal. Can't we do fun stuff together, weird things, like staying up late and just talking about everything under the sun or laughing about dumb jokes? Sometimes I am not sure if I have someone who would listen to me, to my problems or things I think about. Yes, I have friends, but sometimes I just feel lonely. Looking at my phone makes this feeling more ironic, because there are a few new messages from different people. Every single one about things I am not interested in.

That is the problem. But I am too scared to tell anybody. I do not want to be alone. Feeling lonely is enough.

Julia Knop

Short Story

Riley does not have a lot of friends, he never did. His only friend is David, and he is one of the popular kids in school who do not hang out with losers like Riley. Whenever Riley asks David whether he has time to do something together after school, David keeps telling Riley that they will hang out some other time when he is not with the popular kids. Riley understands why David prefers to hang out with the popular kids over him. Who would want to be known as the quiet kid's best friend when you can be one of the coolest people in school? What Riley does instead is go skating, usually at nighttime because it is nice and quiet, and it calms him down. During summertime it is even better because then it is still warm at nighttime. He usually just goes for a ride downtown, nothing special. He decides to head to the skatepark but because there are a lot of junkies and alcoholics at nighttime he backs off. These kinds of people scare him, he does not want his life to go down a drain. Suddenly he has an idea. The parking lot. It is always empty at night. Why not go there? When he arrives at the big parking lot, he sits down on one of those long yellow bollards. He enjoys the sound of the wind and of some cars in the distance. He takes out his tuna fish sandwich he made himself just before he left. "Meow." "What was that?" Riley wonders. He looks up and sees a tiny kitten standing in the shadows staring at Riley and his tuna fish sandwich. He tries to reach out his hand to pet it, but it runs away. "No, come here! Pspspsp" said Riley, disappointed that the little kitten did not trust him. Then he looks at his sandwich, thinking that maybe the little kitten just wanted a bite. He rips off a little part of the sandwich and throws it on the ground. The cat slowly approaches and starts eating the piece of tuna fish sandwich. It then comes closer to Riley, not minding him petting it. He thinks "Tuna" is a nice nickname for the cat, so he names it "Tuna". Ever since that night Riley and Tuna have been best friends and Riley has found someone else other than David to hang out with.

Jarno Malorzo