

# The Story Gets Harder With Every Word

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### Prologue

The story gets harder to tell with every word I type. My therapist says writing everything down will help with the grief, but yet this is my third word document and I can't fit the words in right. They're a jumbled mess of grief and depression. My parents tell me not to think about her, but my therapist is telling me the exact opposite. This isn't supposed to be a story with a whole lot of twists and turns veering with every page read.

If you can find some light in my story then you're already doing better than me. Happiness seems futile now. I want to warn you before you read on, this story does not have a happy ending. Well, I suppose like any story it has to have a beginning, so let's go with that.

# The Meeting

I was five. The first day of kindergarten was supposed to be a day you remembered forever, and it was, but not for the reasons most kids remember it. Recess was where it all began.

“You’re such a nerd. How could anyone like you.” one of the ‘cool’ boys stated as they threw me into the dirt. My glasses fell off and another boy crushed them under his foot. The boy then punched my face and I felt tears stream down, and I don’t remember whether it was from the pain or the terrible sadness inside of me.

“Hey!” was the first word I ever heard her say.

“What do you want?” the boy beating me up asked with a smirk.

“I want you to stop beating him up.” she confidently stated, stomping her foot into the

ground.

“How are you going to stop us?” the other boy who crushed my glasses questioned. “I’m going to tell the teacher, unless you stop right now.” she replied with a slight grin

upon her olive colored face.

“Fine, but the only reason we’re not beating you up is because you’re a girl, and

Daddy says to never hit girls.” the main boy muttered and walked off with his friend. I was looking up to the girl in shock. She looked down at me with a smile and her blonde hair waved over her shoulders. Her emerald green eyes stared at me.

“Here, let me help you.” she smiled and picked up the pieces of my glasses and handed them to me.

“Who are you? Are you an angel?” I asked, and she giggled slightly. The light was shining through the trees behind her. She had to be an angel. How could one person be so beautiful and kind and *not* be an angel?

“No, my name is Laney.” she laughed and helped me up.

“I’m Kayden.” I replied. We spent the rest of the school year talking and playing at recess, and as we got older our friendship grew stronger. When I was younger I would call her my guardian angel, and the nickname ‘Angel’ just stuck.

## Elementary and Middle School

“Angel, I got you a present. For Valentine's Day!” I smiled and handed her a small paper valentine I had made the night before school.

“Thank you, Kayden.” she replied and took it from me. This was the time everything went dark for her. Her thoughts ruled her life, and she couldn’t escape them no matter what.

“I’m sure everything will be ok.” I would always tell her when she came over to play video games. I would hug her and try to comfort her, and there was always tears. We were only ten. By middle school her depression was worse, and she struggled so much. Whenever she could she would come to my house to escape and just play video games.

“I-I just don’t understand...” she mumbled and cried into my shoulder.

“It’s ok, just please don’t cry.” I begged.

“I want it to end.” she sobbed.

“Stop. Don’t say that. Always remember, you’re my guardian angel.” I mumbled and

found myself crying.

“You’re the best person in the world.” she told me, but even the best person in the

world couldn’t stop the inevitable.

## Why.

Why did I have to learn how to drive? Why did I have to have her in that car? Why. I got my license at age sixteen. The night before it happened we were out stargazing, but something was up with Laney. I wondered if it was just her thoughts taking over her again.

“What’s wrong?” I asked her.

“Nothing I suppose... but I was just thinking of our friendship. How far we’ve come.” she smiled. I smiled back and we continued looking up at the stars. Everything seemed perfect and bright. I was with my best friend, and she was my guardian angel. The next night she asked if we could go to the movies, and I said yes. I wish I had said no. That was the night everything was going to go wrong.

I was driving. My mom was texting me and I was trying to text back. Laney kept telling me to get off my phone, but I wasn’t listening. I heard her scream as a car came towards us, and I veered the steering wheel to the right, causing us to go off the edge of the road and down a hill. I threw my arm in front of Laney as if that would protect her.

I remember the impact and Laney’s screams, but nothing else. I woke up in the hospital, with the sound of a heart monitor that’s gone flat. I moved my head towards the sound, my head throbbing, and saw nurses and doctors crowding around Laney. My

eyes filled with tears and I sobbed. My parents came quickly to me and hugged me, but all I could think of was Laney. It was my fault.

I wanted to run and hug her and tell her everything would be ok again, but I couldn't do that, and I never would be able to do that. I loved her like a sister, and now she's gone.

## Epilogue

That's my story. That's the whole of it. I will show this to my therapist, and she will probably tell me I'm depressed, which I know I am. It's been six months since she died. I'll never be the same. She was the best person I knew, and will ever know. Let this be a warning. Don't do what I did. Do what Laney wanted me to do. Don't let your guardian angel be ripped away from you because of one mistake. That text can wait, please, be safe.