

“Please,” I beg my mom. *The Wakening* was coming out in theaters today, and my friend said she would take me with her. “ It’ll only take a few hours. And plus, we *never* go to the movies.”

I don’t get invited to things very often. At school, I don’t have many friends. People think I’m weird, strange. I only have one friend: Veronica. What’s weird, though, is that we’re total opposites. She is the center of attention, and has tons of friends, while I like to stay in the shadows, and can be found sitting alone, in a corner, reading a book.

My mom sighs. “ Liz, you’re never going to stop begging me, are you?”

I shake my head.

“ Fine.”

I give her a tight hug. “ Thank you so much. Can I have \$6.00 for a ticket? Oh, and a little extra for popcorn? What should I wear?”

I chatter away, not caring if no one’s listening, or if I sound paranoid.

I go up to my room, looking through my closet at something to wear. Another thing that me and Veronica don’t have in common at all, our wardrobes.

She wears pink, glitter, dresses, skirts, and sequins. She puts on flowery clips, and gold headbands with bows on them.

I, on the other hand, wear blue, green, brown, plaid. I don’t have a single dress in my closet. It’s pretty much made out of sweats, hoodies, and gym shoes.

In the end, I decide to wear ripped jeans, a plaid button up, and a pair of my mom’s boots.

When I let my orange hair out of its usual braid, it surprises me that it’s longer than the last time I checked.

Maybe I can start wearing it like this. I say in my head, like always. Talking to myself in my head was a way of escaping reality. Being a socially awkward person, I’m not very good at talking to people.

When I go downstairs, my dad’s awake. Well, my step dad. My real dad died on a hiking trip through the mountains with some friends. But I guess that’s the kind of thing that happens in Alaska if you’re not careful in the mountains. But the worst thing is that I couldn’t say goodbye. And I won’t ever have the chance.

“Morning,” I say. “ I need \$10.00.”

“ For what exactly?”

“ She going to the theater with Veronica.” my mom.

“ Really?” my dad says. “ I rented a ship, and thought we could go fishing in the Pacific ocean. Sounds fun, right?”

I sigh. “ Sorry, i’m booked.”

I turn away, not being able to stand his disappointed face. My dad didn’t die long ago, and i’m still getting used to my step dad. He’s always trying to impress with awesome

things, and I don't have the heart to accept them. But this time, I feel worse than ever declining his offer. He knows I love fishing, A thing I would share with my real dad.

When we arrive at the theater parking lot, I start to walk out, but my mom stops me.

"Do you need me to take you-"

"Mom, i'm fine." I say.

"But-"

"I raise my eyebrows.

"Have fun, then." she says glumly.

I go, without saying goodbye.

I walk in, and scan the room for my friend. When I find her, she's surrounded by people that I would never be found in public with.

Alana, a girl in are class, that's super honest, but she doesn't consider what she says as rude, even if it's very insulting.

Penny, a girl that is nice but mean at the same time.

Willow, a super judgemental person, that doesn't know when the close her mouth.

And Hazel, a person that lets her curiosity over take her.

I walk over, cautiously.

"Hi, Elizabeth." says Alana, sweetly. "Those shoes look a little oversized."

I grit my teeth to keep from yelling. "Okay."

"You could of put some more effort in your outfit."

I feel my cheeks get warm.

"The movie's about to start," says Veronica. "You guys should go."

She watches them leave, then turns to me.

"I'm sorry." she says, thoughtfully.

"You didn't tell me *they* were coming, V. They hate me."

"They don't hate anyone. I should've told you."

"Your right."

"But we've been looking forward to this movie for weeks. We don't have to let them spoil it."

I roll my eyes. "Let's go in, then."

We go through the darkness, not talking. I trip a few times over the stairs, distracted by the blinking blue and red lights on the edge of the stairs.

As we reach the middle, Veronica stops.

"V, we always sit at the top."

"They want to sit in the middle." she says, pointing to indicate the four girls.

I stomp to the middle, sit a few seats away from them.

The movie starts, and the girls start whispering and giggling. I try to block it out, but it seems to get louder and louder. People sitting around give me dirty looks as if i'm supposed to make them quiet. Though I just shrug at them.

Halfway through the movie, as I am thinking that I'd rather go fishing in the Pacific, the movie stops. The big screen goes black. I hear a scream, and a big bang. Then another as they go, I count them, and the screams that follow. *one, two...three..four, five six...seven, eight.* Then I hear glass shattering, and someone yelling.

"Get down!" they scream. I feel someone pulling me down.

"What's going on." I say, louder than I should have. A hand goes over my mouth and then whispering.

"Someone's in the lobby with a weapon, shooting people." says an unrecognizable, male voice.

"Then what are we doing here?" I say.

"We can't go out there. Too dangerous."

Figures start to come in, screaming their heads off. They seem to be running from something. Or someone.

They all stand in the darkness, screaming. Then one by one, a bang, then a person falls.

I sink deeper in the ground, hoping I can just become a part of it. Hoping that I could go back in time, and decide to stay home, not even considering coming to the movie theater in the first place. I silently cry, not knowing what else to do, what else I *can* do. Then, the lights turn on.

People start to run. Pushing, and shoving to get out of the theater, to safety. I trip a few times, and once I fall. But I push myself to get up, to keep going.

I see Veronica next to me and try to get through the people between us. In the process, I trip down the stairs, and I go flying through the air landing on my back. I see a woman or man, I can't tell, with a black mask on their face, and a weapon in hand. For a second our eyes meet, mine watery and blue, his clear and hazel. Right before I feel something that I've never felt so horribly before.

Pain.

Bad pain.

I've gotten scrapes on my knees, and cuts on my fingers, but this pain is so bad, it can't be real. *This is a dream.* I say in my head. *I will wake up, with my mom's pancakes and my dad's smile.*

The pain starts in my neck, my ribcage, and my head. Though it slowly spreads through my whole body. I feel my neck, and when I pull my fingers back, there's blood.

"It's dark." I whisper. "Blood shouldn't be that dark."

I lay down not moving, ignoring those who are stepping on me.

I think about my dad, what he would say now.

Suck it up. It's just blood.

I laugh, but it's not a real laugh. A forced one.

I close my eyes, still laughing, as I start to see stars.

As I die, there's one last thing I think about.

When my mom dropped me off,
when I declined my dad's offer,
I didn't say goodbye.
And I never will.
" Goodbye," I breath to no one.
And then, black.