

## The Death of Me

I wake up to quiet for the first time in a while. Maybe my parents resolved their issue. I climb out of bed and walk over to my mirror, grabbing the brush o my dresser.

I flip my head upside down and brush the knots out. I grab my hair and wrap it into a messy bun.

I stand up straight and go to the bathroom to brush my teeth and wash my face.

I exit the bathroom and out of my room to go down stairs. I see my mother with a drink in her hand.

"Mom, are you drinking?" I ask, my mom never drinks.

"Yes honey I am," My mom downs her drink.

"But why? Where's dad?"

"Your father has le for the week to figure things out," She snaps.

"So you guys haven't sorted things out," I mumble.

"No, I don't think we can sort this situation out," My mom hesitated to say.

"What do you mean?" I fall into a bar stool, across from my exhausted looking mom.

"I mean that, your father and I are tired of fighting, we're done," My mother pours another drink.

"Done what?" I ask, nervously.

"Leave me alone Veronica! I just want to drink in peace," My mother snaps.

"Alright," I mutter.

I go back upstairs and I begin to feel the tears start. My parents are going to split. There's nothing I can do about it ether, I feel so useless.

My father is gone doing God knows, my mother is going to drown her pain in alcohol.

That's a good idea..

I grab a pair of scissors and grab my leggings and cut them up. I grab my old combat boots from my closet and grab a blue pair of shorts and throw the leggings on, putting the shorts on over top. I grab a black shirt and throw it on.

I grab my combat boots and slip them on, leaving them untied. I stomp into my mothers room and grab some of her black make up and I smear it under and around my eyes.

I look at myself in the mirror, I untie my hair and back comb it.

There, that's better.

I open up my window and climb down the tree and walk up the block.

"Ben Bruce! I'm ready to have fun now!" I scream, "Come on Bruce! The one time I want you around and you aren't here stalking me!"

"You told me you didn't want me around you," I hear his voice behind me.

"Alright Ben, what is all of this funyou've been talking about? Huh? I want to have fun now!" I yell.

"You don't have to yell Veronica, I'm right in front of you, and what's with the get-up," Ben asks.

"I'm sorry, I'm just.. Open to try new things.. Even if it means breaking the rules," I tell him, so ly.

"Okay, come with me," Ben takes my hand and we walk, "and I do like your look,"

"Oh thanks," I kind of smile at him.

He takes me to a old looking shed which you can hear loud music playing, he does a knock and the music gets turned down, the door opens.

"Bruce who is this?" A guy asks, staring at me as he licks his lips.

"Veronica, you don't recognize her?" Ben laughs.

"No, I like your outfit, my name is Ashton," Ashton holds his hand out.

"Veronica, or I'm sorry you already know that, and I know you're Ashton, duh because you just told me," I nervously just ramble on, holding onto his hand and shaking it, "I'm sorry I'm new to this," I let go of his hand.

"No worries," He kisses my hand.

I kind of blush.

"Alright Mr. Flirt, you're gonna scare her o," Ben says, pushing him away.

"Am not," Ashton winks at me.

"Anyway, what's she here for," A girl asks.

"She's here to have some fun," Ben grins at me.

"Alright!" She grins wide.

I see Ben go into the back of the shed and I hear glass bottles being shoved around. Then Ben emerged from the back, holding a bottle of a clear liquid.

"Vodka for your first drink," Ben cheers.

"Uh, okay," I nervously mumble.

I just give him a weary grin.

He opens the bottle and pours some in a mini glass cup.

"One shot for you, one shot for me," He fills another one, and hands me one of them.

"A-alright," I stutter by accident, this is my first time breaking the rules.

"You ready? On three, one.. two.. three, cheers!" Ben downs his drink.

I hesitate but I tip my head up and swallow the liquid. A cough erupts from my burning throat. Ben's friends laugh at me.

"F f," I tried pushing out a curse word, it was the first word that came to mind.

"F fuck?" Ben raises an eyebrow and smiles.

"Yeah that," I giggle.

"Another one?" Ashton jumps in and pushes me down into a seat.

"Um I'm not sure if that's a good idea," I say.

"Come on, you'll enjoy the next one," He grins, taking the bottle from Ben and pours another one.

"Uh okay, just one more," I take it from him and take a deep breath, I tip my head up and wait for the burning to begin in my throat.

"F u," I begin to say the word but can't get it out, I've never swore in my life.

"Fuck!" Ashton shouts smiling at me.

"Veronica, can I see your outside for a second?" Ben asks.

"Uh, yeah sure," I awkwardly stand up and walk out ahead of Ben.

"Stay away from Ashton," Ben whispers.

"Why?"

"Because he likes to flirt, and get into peoples pants," Ben warns.

"I'm not ready to lose my virginity Ben, I can handle myself," I put my hand on his shoulder, smiling.

"Alright," Ben grins at me.

We walk back in and I decide to take more and more shots until I finish the bottle. By this time I'm drunk and I have no control over myself.

### Ben's POV

We're all drinking and blasting music. It seems that Veronica is having a great time, I don't know why but I feel this connection with Veronica.

My parents fought a lot when I was a kid, and drinking is what helped me.

I only figured that out because my father le his drink on the counter as he was fighting with my mom and I took a sip.

A er that I went back to the alcohol and found comfort in it. I can function without it, I'm not an alcoholic, and things have gotten a lot better, so that's good.

I don't know why but it kind of makes me feel weird when Ashton flirts with Veronica, I just don't want him to take advantage of the fact that this is her first time getting drunk.

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