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Category: Personal Essay & Memoir

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## Speculation

March 19, 2019

9:00 AM

Me

I strain my neck, trying to catch glimpses of the family I chose to leave behind. My eyes open and I am faced with the sight of my mom staring stunned at the police officer before her. My daddy catches her as they go to the ground together. My sister comes running down the hall and catches sight of what would soon be known as the worst moment of her life. The police officer bids my family goodbye and wishes them the best. I try to run to my mom and hug her, I try to say, "Momma I'm here, it's me, I'm ok". But no words come out when I try to speak. I feel a hand on one shoulder then feel my body gravitating upwards, upwards to the clouds and clear sky, upwards to heaven.

9:00 AM

My sister

I walk towards the stairs when I notice blue lights flashing on my stark white walls, I pick up the pace and run down the stairs. I don't know if there are sirens wailing, or if that is a person. I turn down the hall and immediately feel waves of grief crashing down. I run to my mom's side as she sobs uncontrollably. Waves of tears streaming down her face mingling with mine forming a pool of sorrow between us. My mom, my dad, and I huddle all together and come to an unspoken realization: my sister, best friend, role model, and confidant is gone. She won't ever be coming back.

3:00 PM

My sister

The sky isn't as blue and all the butterflies have disappeared. It seems every creature is mourning the loss of my sister. I knew she was struggling, but I had no clue how bad it was. Why would she leave me behind with my parents? She knew how hard they were on me, why would she leave me?

6:15 PM

My mom

All I want is to wake up and this day will all be a dream. But, no matter how many times I try, I am faced with the bleak truth. I don't have any tears left to cry, I am a shell. I think it is nighttime but it is hard to tell with the shades drawn. My phone started ringing a couple of hours ago, I guess the news got out. I don't know for sure because I turned my phone off. I am not ready to share this with the world. My eyelids begin to fall, weighed down with the promise of relief from this pain. Relief by dreams of memories of my daughter, my first born, my first true love. "Mommy?" The light fades and my consciousness retreats back into safety.

March 20, 2019

8:10 AM

My daddy

I am the one who has to keep the world spinning. She was our sun, our center of orbit and no one realized it. How could she not feel loved? I reach for another dish and dry it so that no drip marks tarnish its imperfect surface. I drop the pan into the soapy water, bubbles, water droplets, and tears spray onto my face. Who is going to tell the school? Who will tell the students she loved so dearly? I stagger into my office and pick up the phone to dial my

daughter's mentor.

*8:11 AM*

My Teacher

I hear the telltale sign of our classroom phone ringing. I yell to the phone to go away and get a giggle out of my students. I pick up the phone and hear a father tell me his news, and the phone drops from my hands. My desk is so high that the phone is hanging by the cord, dangling inches above the ground. With my face in my hands, I hear the father's sobs begin to join my own. God I didn't even realize I was sobbing, I do not notice until I feel the warm tears rolling down my cheeks dripping onto my knees. All the voices and daily noises of my classroom are muffled, it sounds like I am being spoken to underwater. Everyone has that one moment in their life that they never forget, I think this may be mine. I don't think I can ever forget that phone call, or the stares from my students wondering why I am on the floor crying. I will never forget the floor shaking as the aides run to my side wondering what could make me so distressed, or her father's voice cracking as he explains his daughter's absence. Now I have to tell my students. How do I tell them that their role model, their friend, and advocate is dead? How do I tell them that we will never see her again? I get to my feet, walk out the door, and begin to call parents. I don't think I have the strength to tell my students that their student aide has lost to suicide.

*8:15 AM*

My Sister

I have to go back to school. Apparently it will help to see my friends, to have a sense of normalcy. But how is it going to help when I have to get up alone? How will it help that I don't have to go drag my sissy out of bed and beg her to turn off her alarm because it's been driving me crazy? How do I walk the halls and suffer from all the sympathetic stares? Or the teachers giving me knowing glances before telling me to take all the time I need? Or even worse, the fake bitches who have been nothing but mean until my sister fucking killed herself. She's dead. I can't believe she is dead. I fall to the bottom of my shower, sitting like she used to. With her head between her knees. Was she planning her death then? Would she sit in our shower plotting her every move to ensure success? I am not going to school today. My parents can't make me. I mean they can drop me off, but I am walking to Starbucks.

*1:10 PM*

My Buddy

My teachers have been acting weird around me. My teacher says she wants to talk to me. I turn towards my locker to get my clothes to change for PE. I don't have time to talk to her, I need to change for PE. It's almost PE time. Maybe my buddy will be back in PE today. She is so pretty. I love my buddy so much. My teacher says that it's not time to get changed yet and for me to come see her. I hurry to her desk so I can go change. She tells me that my buddy was really sick in her head and died. I don't understand. She wasn't sick. She never coughed or sneezed. My buddy never got sick. She was always here for me. My buddy told me that she had my back. Why did she have to get sick? I don't understand. I tell my teacher that she is lying. It can't be true. She always has my back.

March 18, 2019

*4:00 PM*

Me

I jerk up and feel my whole body quivering. I roll over and check the clock, it is still today. It's March 18, it is still today. My mom quietly walks in and tells me that I don't need to go to the hospital today. I shake my head before telling her that I will be OK. I will take my medicine and get better. I won't lose to my sickness. I hate losing.

\*\*\* What you just read, never came true. This is what I imagine life to be like for the loved ones around me in the event that I had lost my battle with depression. Since 2017, I have struggled with depression and anxiety after I endured a traumatic brain injury. Over time, I was able to get help and started intensive behavioral and cognitive talk therapy which was accompanied with anti-depressants and other medicines. However, recovery is not a steady ride, relapse is common, and often expected. In 2020, I was a victim of assault and the event triggered a downward spiral. However, because of my time in therapy, I was properly equipped with the tools to get back on track. I would like it to be noted that the final account shared by, "my buddy", was based on a student who has Down Syndrome. Based on his behavior and personality, I wrote what I imagine it to be like when he was to find out I had died.