

The Beginning

by *Emily Soto*

I longed for adventure in my dull life. Seeing people go and enjoy their lives made me feel jealous. It doesn't help that I'm currently lying in bed going through my friend's countless stories on Snapchat. I gave out a sigh that I wasn't aware that I was holding. Today was an ordinary day just like yesterday and the day before that. And even the day before that. I turn my phone off, put it in my pocket and sat up. My bedroom looked the same as it did four years ago whenever we first moved here. Great. Just great. Summer was here. At least I don't have to go back to school, though. Graduation. The start of adulthood. Also, the beginning of despair, loneliness, and the start of your school loans if you choose to go to school. To which I said no to. Why would I want to go back to school? It's like telling an inmate that he can go, but must go straight back to a different prison. I want to just leave. Leave and feel alive.

I got up and went to my empty kitchen. Nobody is here now. Both my parents are at work, and I don't have siblings. I've been thinking for a while now. What if I just left? I had no friends, and my parents were constantly gone. Nobody would notice. I could just leave a note. But I know I can't just do that. What if someone grabs me while walking on the streets and just killed me? I took the apple that was in the basket on top of the table that we have and took a big bite. What about food? I'm not a scavenger by any means. And to be honest, I would not want to kill Bambi. My phone went off. I put the apple that I was snacking on down and dug my phone out of my pocket. Just another Twitter notification. I tossed my phone onto my table.

Where would I go? I know. To the beach. Simple, I know, but I've never been. I can imagine it now. Me, myself, and I would be by myself on the shore. Looking out I would see the ocean. It's made of glass. Like as if it was a window to another world. Beautiful. The fresh water would be so pure that you can see what was underneath. Coral, fish, and sand would be seen. The ocean, of course, must be salty. That's something that people would say to describe the sea. I chuckle to myself. I've heard of people accidentally getting water in their mouths and would describe the feeling as if you poured salt down your throat. I would want to experience that.

I went back to my room and laid down on my bed and closed my eyes. Wouldn't that be nice? To go to a beach and just stand there. Stand there and be free. Free from problems. Free from the world. What else would the beach have? Of course. Sand. Soft to the touch sand. The kind that people would like to have between their toes. Every time I would walk, I would be able to hear a faint crunch. It would look tan. The tan that the manila paper your teacher would give you to draw on for some reason. I can just dream about me sitting on the warm sand and looking out to the glass like water. Beautiful.

The sky would be painted with different types of colors as the day goes by. In the morning, it would start off with a light black. The embark on the day. Then it would be painted by a lilac purple. With no signs of clouds. A prominent gold would be next. Gold so precious that someone would think it was painted by angels. A touch of heaven. Then the grand finale. The Sun. The Sun would gradually make its way to the sky to brighten up my world. The blue would become endless. Clear without thoughts. Slowly the Sun will say goodbye and

progressively come down. Now the color scheme is reversed, and I knew this marked my dream's end.

I relentlessly woke up. I turned over and saw that my alarm read 1:27 A.M. I'm leaving. I'm going to my dream, and never coming back. I got up and grabbed my backpack. No more sitting around and looking at others from a screen having the time of their lives. I opened my closet and grabbed a few clothes that seemed appropriate for my adventure. No more of waiting around. I shut my backpack closed and grabbed a piece of paper and a pencil and started writing. Writing to whoever cared to know what happened to me. I went to the kitchen and put the note on the table. I went to my cupboard and grabbed a few snacks. If I were to fail on my adventure, I could just come back. I went to my parent's room next and opened the door. Hopefully, they would understand. Who knows when I will see them again. I saw them peacefully asleep. Goodbye. I closed the door and walk to the front door. I'm scared. But, who isn't time to time? Carefully I opened the door and walked out. The nearest beach won't be for another 903.6 miles, but I'm determined to get to my dream. I closed the door and started the long walk to my destination.