

ADOLESCENCE REMINISCENCE

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Content Warning: References of suicide

“What if you jumped?”

“What do you mean?”

“I mean, what if you threw yourself over the edge?”

“I dunno, the drop is farther than most we’ve jumped from before, and that’s before you get to the rocks and rapids down there.

“But imagine it, it’d be so easy; just one little push of your arms, and we go from sitting to free- falling however far down below.”

“Assuming you don’t get dashed to pieces on the rocks or tossed around on the rapids.”

“Assuming, yeah. But imagine! It’d certainly be the most interesting thing we’ve done in a while. I’m not exactly doing much with my life right now. That’s why we’re sitting on a bridge in the middle of nowhere on a Wednesday night.”

“There’s definitely other things you could do to get that high that’re a lot safer.”

“Like what?”

“Martial arts? Freeclimbing? Motorbiking is probably even safer than jumping off bridges.”

“Maybe? I dunno man, those all seem like they all cost a lot of money to get into. And shit adds up quick. And it’s a cheap thrill anyway.”

“What? Sharing the stolen swill of your brother? Then embarking on whatever shenanigans get into your head?”

“I mean not all the time; sometimes we simply sit around and watch the world around us.”

“Like today.”

“Like today. And it’s nice after all, just you and I surrounded by nature; trees around us, sky above, water below, and whatever poetic nonsense I can bullshit.”

“It is nice, I’ll give you that. With everything around and no people, it’s peaceful even.”

“Yeah, that’s why I like it, nice place to not worry.”

“How come you wanna hang out so often?”

“What’d you mean? You’re my friend, aren’t you?”

“Course I am, but don’t be stupid. You’ve asked to make plans nearly every day this whole month. And I don’t mind but I’m still curious why you’re so persistent.”

“Well... we’re not gonna be like this forever. That’s it really.”

“What’d you mean?”

“I mean that at some point we’ll have to grow up. And with growing up, comes growing apart, it’s just a fact of life.”

“There’s no way for you to know that for certain. Like it’s not hard to keep in touch these days.”

“I kinda do know, I’ve seen what happens when people grow up. They move away, priorities change, new people become more interesting. Eventually, the things from before become just distant memories. Like with my brother, after he moved out. And one day, it’ll happen to each of us too. But I don’t want this to end, so I’m making sure to take every chance I get with you and to enjoy the moment.”

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“What if I jumped right now? What if I died? How would you feel?”

“Fuck I don’t know. Sad, I guess?”

“Just sad? Man, and I thought we were good friends.”

“Ok ok geez. I’d probably cry a lot and pull at my hair until it tears out in tatters. Lock myself in my room and not eat for days. Go to your funeral and feel like life would never be the same. Grieving things y’know?”

“Cool man cool. That’s real sweet of you.”

“You should get a hobby. Rather, you need a hobby.”

“What purpose would that serve?”

“An outlet. It’d be good for you, I’m sure.”

“What are you, my therapist? Like I’m broke, what am I gonna even do as a hobby? Everything costs money, and it’s not like I’m making any right now. I mean at least you have a path set ahead of you. With your car and your internship at the company your mom works at. Me? I’m fucked. You’ve seen how nothing has worked out for me, despite my trying. It ain’t fuckin’ fair. Like I wish I could afford to be an alcoholic, but I’m even too poor for that. How’s that for depressing? Look at everything going on in the world, or lack thereof for people our age. What are

we supposed to do? It's all fucked. You've heard all this from me before. I can't even complain again without sounding like an absolute bitch. We aren't supposed to complain; we're supposed to be tough.

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Achoo!

"Bless you"

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"Sorry for the outburst, I didn't mean to direct that towards you."

"I know, I get it. It's ok."

"We should head back soon. It's starting to get dark and your trendy jean jacket can only keep out the cold for so long."

Nice view while it lasted though."

"Yeah."

"Don't forget your cans. I'm not ruining this beautiful spot."

"Wouldn't dream of it."

I left, alone, walking past the memorial fresh with flowers and back to my car.