

I'm Doing Okay, Really

by J. L. Owens

I'm doing okay, really I am. Last night I went to a friend's house to study for a test I had today. Oh, I have known her for a long time, since junior high. She is always busy so I don't get to see her a lot, just at school, in class. What does she think about what? Oh, she knows. She knows about the pills and the hospital and all that. She gave me a big hug when I came back to school and told me to never scare her like that again. A lot of people did. I'm in the marching band at school, you see, and well they all said the same thing. They are nice to me and all but they aren't good friends. Just acquaintances, I guess. In the hallways they say hello but when it comes time to spending quality time with me, they are always busy. I don't know, maybe they are really busy. But I don't get why I see them with their other friends walking around the malls on Saturday when I had already asked them to do the same. Afraid? Afraid of what? I mean I am normal enough, just because I get depressed a lot doesn't mean they should be afraid of me. I don't get it. I don't think I ever will. My mom always asks me why I am not out doing something with my friends. I don't have the heart to tell her I don't have none. She says I should be out cruising with people my age. I should be out having fun instead of sitting at home and watching TV. Yeah, of course I want friends. I mean close friends. It's kind of hard having only one person to talk to, well, you of course. But I guess you don't count because my parents pay you to listen to me. I sound so depressing talking about how I am lonely and don't feel good, I bet you must get tired of it? Well, you help who you can. I have always heard that someone has to want to get better before they can fully recover from depression. Don't people see that if they gave me a chance to be their friend that I wouldn't be like this? I wouldn't end up in a hospital having my stomach pumped after swallowing 250 aspirin. No, I'm not proud of it, why do you say that? The worst wasn't that anyways. It was the taste of charcoal they jammed down my throat. I don't care if it saved my life; it tasted like . . . well . . . charcoal. It was gross. Yes, perhaps it will make me think twice before I do it again. The EMT was a jerk. I know that because I told him I was going to throw up and he didn't care. He ignored me. So I just puked right on him, charcoal and all. I thought it was funny but he didn't. It is hard to believe that after not breathing for five minutes that you can be puking your brains out. I don't remember much of the ambulance ride but I remember that. He was a jerk. The hospital? Well, I had to stay, they told me I had to stay

until my aspirin levels went down. Three days. It was boring. I didn't have any cable TV and they wouldn't let me have a phone. Something about being a minor. Yeah, my parents came and saw me. My dad stayed overnight one night. He took a few days off work to be with me. I don't understand why he did though if all he was going to do was nag me about how I shouldn't have done what I did and how much this is all going to cost. My mom said that too. Can you believe the first thing I heard when my mother came into the emergency room was that the ambulance ride was going to be a bitch to pay. I guess I should have thought. How was I to know anyone would find me? Usually no one misses me. My hamsters would but I kind of figured they wouldn't miss me too much. My parents could have taken care of them or given them away. I have this cute tan colored male. He is fat. I thought I was staying focused. I have cats too. All right, all right. The hospital was boring. I kept thinking about why I did it and it all seemed so stupid lying there by myself. I know people would have missed me. I don't like thinking about what ifs. They usually don't come true.