

## FICTION – THIRD PLACE

### “A Day”

Kelsey Guarna, Age 17,  
Millville, DE  
Delmarva Christian High School

As the boy walked through the purple doorway, the heat from the sun began to beat down on his curly brown locks of hair. When the door opened the wind rushed across his face. It was as if the weight and stress of the day was falling off his back with every step. He opened his car door and chucked his book bag into the passenger seat. He pulled the door shut and put the key in the ignition. The engine squeaked and rumbled as it started. This sound became an example of the how his life seemed to be playing out. Before he backed out of his parking spot he looked around at all the other high schoolers as they ran around without a care in the world. He often wished he could be like them, not a care in the world. But he had wasted enough time and knew he must go on with real life. Without a second thought he rolled down his window and turned up his music in an attempt to drown out the world and chill out. He knew the sunshine of the day would be brought to an abrupt stop by the darkness of what was going to happen the minute he stepped foot into his house.

His phone began to vibrate. He tried to ignore it and turned up the music. It kept vibrating though, so he picked it up. When he looked down and saw a picture of a gorgeous girl. He just couldn't bring himself to answer it. As he pulled into his driveway his heart sunk and everything seemed to go foggy. He put the car in park, slumped down in his seat, turned up the music even louder and closed his eyes. He let the bass fill up all of who he was. He finally got up enough courage to turn off his car and walk inside to the hell he knew he couldn't avoid forever. That morning as he was leaving it seemed that everything was falling apart and he rushed to close the door before the terror reached his swift heels. He had only taken a few steps and his phone began to vibrate again. This time it scared him and he jumped back a step. As he looked down he saw the same picture as before and a feeling of annoyance came over him. He knew he had to answer it. "Hello?" He abruptly answered the phone, holding back none of his feelings in his voice. "Um," Her voice cracked and she kind of stuttered. "What do you want? I told you I couldn't talk." The heat from his voice penetrated through the phone. "I just...Nevermind." \*Click\*. His day just couldn't get any worse. But then he climbed the four simple stairs to his house and opened the door...