

Freedom - Ellen Fideli

Carly, (17) sits in her car parked outside of a house. She stares forwards, breathing heavily and twiddling her thumbs. Her pink nail polish sparkles every time the sunlight hits it. Her interlocked knuckles are white from gripping so hard. She wears a silver bracelet with a cross on it that keeps jiggling as she twitches. She's a fairly pale girl so the blue veins on her arms are accentuated in this lighting. She tugs at the collar of her shirt, even though it is not tight on her at all. Taking a deep breath, her eyes dart towards the front door. Nothing, no one is there. She fixes her gaze back straight ahead. Her eyes are now a little glassy, she closes them and a small ring of water squeezes out through her eyelids. She's extremely nervous, but not sad. This is shown by her taking a deep breath and suddenly being calm. She rests her head on the head rest and waits, her heart rate slows and she is now suddenly ok.

SLAM

Cole, (17) walks down his front steps and waves at Carly. His joyful bounce leads him to the front of the Jeep. Motioning for him to come in, Cole opens the door. He sits there in the passenger seat smiling at his "loving girlfriend" . His pure face of happiness shows that she is his world. His crystal blue eyes lock with hers and a smile reaches ear to ear.

They begin to drive away.

2 hours later the jeep is parked in an empty lot overlooking the ocean.

Cole's face has completely changed. He's as white as a ghost, arms crossed over his stomach while he stares off into the never ending horizon. He has tears filling up in his eyes, but doesn't want to show too much emotion. He grabs a napkin from the glove box and pretends to sneeze while secretly wiping away his tears. The tension is strong between the two, it's almost as cold in the car as it is in the ocean.

Carly, on the other hand, is not emotional like Cole, instead her head continues to rest on the head seat while she also stares into the ocean. Except her eyes aren't wet like the water and Cole's. Her face rests and doesn't move. She looks like she lifted a weight off her chest and is very calmed. Whenever Cole looks her way she suddenly grows puppy dog eyes so she also looks sad. But when he looks away she rolls her eyes and gazes front again.

By not showing any emotion Carly is able to portray a state of shock instead of showing how she really feels. Her heart is now pumping fast once again, but instead of with fear, this time with excitement. She feels her chest and blood rushes through her body. She looks left, away from Cole, and a smile appears then disappears almost as fast as it came. Taking a deep breath she once again moves her head and looks forwards. She did it, she is now able to live her own single life.