

SHORT STORY

The Breakup

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Oh, hi, honey... No, no, I'm fine, I was just expecting to get your machine. Aren't you usually at, like, hockey practice around now? Oh, right, you quit hockey to help with your dad's business. I forgot. Heh.

No, I don't remember what you and Todd were talking about at lunch. Yeah, I'm sorry I wasn't paying much attention; my mind was thinking about something else. What? Oh, I don't know, I was probably thinking about a conversation I had with Natasha today.

Sweetheart, I... What? Yeah, I totally hate Mr. Chatham, too. It is unfair that he only gave your essay eight-five percent, but come on, I worked my ass off on my essay, and I only got a seventy on it. And your topic wasn't all that interesting, to be honest. I mean, "Romeo and Juliet: A Tragedy of Unawareness"? More like a tragedy of Leo; how many movies does that marvelous creature have to die in? Anyway, I think that my essay was much more thought out: "Homeless People Are People, Too." I put a lot of work into it; I even made references to an article I read in People.

Oh, I can hardly wait to go to New York this summer. The Empire State building, the Statue of Liberty, the Sears tower... What? Oh, that's sweet... Oh, yes, of course I'll miss you, too. I'm sorry, my mind must have drifted for a second. Yes, school is keeping me really busy.

Can we talk for a second? OK, I know we're already talking, but I mean seriously. Not just small talk. I mean it. Please?

OK, thanks. Um, well... It's that...

I don't think we should see each other anymore.

I said, "I don't think we should see each other anymore."

Because we're just different people. I know it sounds lame, but— Don't be upset, we are different. And I've tried to deal with it; I really have. But you seem to think that you can just live your life without any responsibility, disrupt my life, my schoolwork, and my relationships with other people and— No, I don't mean other guys, I meant my friends and family, you idiot... I didn't mean that. I didn't, you're just not letting me finish. Can I finish?

Thank you. It's just that you don't seem to think you need to put any work into this relationship. You think that I'll do everything and we'll be fine. It doesn't work that way; you have to put work into it, too. No, you're not putting work into it. Calling me doesn't count. OK, take our

three-week anniversary, for example. I got you a card from Hallmark and those cute boxers. What did you get me? You gave me a handmade card made out of construction paper, and you pasted a black and white photo of me on the front that you made during second period after I reminded you of the event in first... Oh, that was a drawing you did yourself? Well, it looked like a photo, and it still didn't cost you any money. Yes, a three-week anniversary does count as a special event. *Of course* other couples celebrate it. Natasha and Bradley celebrate an anniversary every week. They do, too. I mean, to be a real couple, you have to be committed.

Yes, committed like Natasha and Bradley. What do you mean, that's only half a couple? Natasha does too count as a person. She is not brain dead. She's not— See? This is what I'm talking about. You don't respect me, and you obviously don't respect my friends. I respect your friends. Yes, I do. What are you talking about? Of course I respect Todd. Yes, I do. Oh, please, I did not break his nose. It was only bruised. And he stepped on my foot when I was wearing my brand new clogs. That's totally mean; he deserved me punching him. Yes, he did. Yes, he did. Yes—

OK, let's just drop it, OK? We're through. Finished. Well, good, I'm glad you're glad. We make a terrible couple anyway. Good, I'm glad you agree... Oh, that was low. I can't believe you just insulted my hair. It does not look like Chelsea Clinton's hair. My hair is beautiful and unique, thank you very much.

Natasha was right; if I want to get anywhere in life, I can't surround myself with lowlives like you. You are a lowlife. How? Well... OK, how many pairs of Nikes do you own? Four? I mean, only four? That's what I thought. And I bet you don't even like Destiny's Child. See? I knew it. I need to find someone who appreciates me and understands my popularity.

Oh, you can so bite me. I'm not going to regret this at all. In fact, I bet that by next week I'll have another boyfriend. I think that Peter Goldman is going to ask me out. He is not gay. OK, if he was gay, then why was he totally flirting with me today in Fashion class?

You know what? I don't want to talk to you anymore. No, I don't. I think you're being very immature for this situation. Yes, as a matter of fact I do. You're being a total moron. In fact, I never want to speak to you for the rest of my life. Fine! Yeah, fine!

Fine!

Click!

Jerk.