Night Sissy, Love U

By Anais Diaz

What would happen if I didn’t have my phone for a month? Would I still even exist?

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This is all they think of us. We’re teenagers. So this must be all we worry about. Right? I could go without my phone for a month easily. Oh wait, I'm sorry I meant: “I couldn’t possibly go without worrying about all the likes I get or all of the followers I receive.” Because that's the only thing that matters to us. I’m sure we would probably die if our phone wasn’t within a three foot radius of us. Because that's who we are. Even though it isn’t who we are, that's what they make us to be.

But honestly, yeah, I think it would be hard. Not for the reasons they want me to say. It'd be hard on those nights I’m up till 1 am doing the homework because I just can't figure out how to do my math. Maybe if you Google a video it will explain it better? Even though I’m pretty sure my teacher missed this whole part of the lesson. Why isn’t this helping though? It isn’t. If I can't figure it out I'll be behind. If I’m behind then I'll get a bad grade on every other lesson and test.
after this. Everyone will know what they're doing. But I won't. How do I catch up?

Google, how do I catch up?

It would have definitely been hard when you're at school feeling like nothing's making sense, so you text your mom. Hoping for reassurance and someone to tell you it's ok. But it's not just school that's not making sense, it's the fact that everything is fine but I feel like my body is freaking out—breathing even seems hard. Why does everything so simple seem complicated right now? All I want to do is go home but I can't. I can't. Because, of course. Of course I have a test in my last period. I don't want to miss that, I'll get behind.

Mom, why do I feel like throwing up? I just want you to bring me home.

Or what about the mornings I wake up hating myself and don't know what to do? I don't want to get up. My body feels so heavy, and oh shoot. Oh shoot, I forgot about literature homework. Ugh. Of course. But then you look over and your phone is lit up with a message saying “Good morning beautiful” from your boyfriend. Because he knows you're upset and stayed up late freaking out about everything in this world. And he’s hoping it makes you feel loved and gives you a second to relax and smile. And maybe not think for once.

Yeah. That’d definitely be hard.
Or what about those nights where you’re overreacting about everything and the world is moving so fast yet so heavy as it encloses on you, but what's wrong? What's bothering you now? And then you start to think about your “omnipotent” mind and how all it does is destroy you and the idea of sitting in your own thoughts just disgusts you. So he FaceTimes you. But he doesn't expect you to talk because he knows you're stressed. But he knows you like to know he’s just there. And you do. It makes you feel safe and loved and maybe like the world isn’t moving as fast. And then it starts to get late but you don’t like the idea of being alone, so you ask him if he can stay on until you fall asleep, and he says of course with that reassuring smile. Yeah. I don't know what I would do without that.

That’d be hard.

I think it’d be even harder without those late night texts between you and your little brother. Those nights where you're up late because of school and then you can hear his voice through his bedroom door. Usually a little giggle because he's playing video games with his little friends. That laugh always reminds you that you're an older sister. A bad one. You’re always getting knotted up in the crazy world. But not even the world, but in your head. And you forgot you're an older sister. I'm a sister. So you text him goodnight and tell him to get rest, hoping he’s reminded that you actually do love him, even though sometimes it doesn’t seem like it. But you put your phone down, hoping he doesn’t answer because it's late and he needs rest. But then your
phone glows up and you sit there for a little while. You take a deep breath, then pick it up. And you feel your heart glow brighter than your phone ever will after you read the text:

“Night sissy, love u.”

Yeah. That'd be really hard.