

## Just a Phone Call

It was just another dark night in my college dorm room. All the lights off, drapes pulled to ensure complete darkness, and clutter surrounded me. It was the perfect place to hide from the world. As a matter of fact, the world outside didn't exist when I was here. There were no sounds other than my laptop senselessly playing Netflix series I'd seen time and time again on repeat. This allowed me to turn off my brain, silence my thoughts, and remain at my own idea of peace. My cell phone rang. It wasn't just a mere flutter of the text tone I'd been used to, and equally used to ignoring. My phone was actually ringing, and someone was calling me. This never happened. Immediately my entire body filled with angst. My heart began beating heavily, in fact, it may have even been attempting to escape from my chest. It was ten o'clock at night, no one calls to tell someone good news at this time of night. My arms, which grew heavy, somehow mustered up the strength to pick up the phone, just to see who was calling.

It was my brother. He never called me. My mind began to race. My mind which needed no additional reason to race, was out of control. Immediately, I anticipated the worst. I hesitantly answered the call and held the phone up to my ear. I greeted him like answering my phone was a common occurrence, when in reality, the thought of immediate correspondence with someone was quite frightening. All at once with his words, all the life drained from my body, yet filled me deeply. "Mom's been in an accident".