

Forever Ain't Enough

Ximena Alvarez

Chapter 1

Camile

I was sixteen years old when I attempted to take my life away and failed. Dreaming of his voice was what made me realize how lucky I was. I spent months questioning what brought me to the point of no return — what the final string, that made me think it could never get better, was. I wish I had a concrete answer, but I guess it was just supposed to be that way.

At the start, coping with it was upsetting — to say the least. I did not remember much after it, I just knew that right then, I genuinely thought there was no other way out. I felt as if I was trapped, and committing suicide was the only way to escape. My heart was beating so loudly I could barely hear my thoughts, and no matter how hard I tried, breathing did not help.

I felt as if my lungs were glued together, and no air could go inside.

I felt as if I had been buried alive.

I went up and down the hall multiple times, but no matter how hard I tried, I could not beat my thoughts. I wanted to disappear, and I wanted to do it right then.

I was crying, I could not feel my face anymore, my eyes were swollen — almost shut — and it did not matter how hard I tried, I could not see the light at the end of the tunnel. I went into my room and shut the door. Did I have to say goodbye? I had thought about this before, but never to the point of no return.

I grabbed my phone with shaky hands and started typing.

“Zac, I'm sorry, you do not deserve this. I'm sorry.”

I sent it. He read it.

But it wasn't enough. It wasn't him I wanted to say goodbye to.

Zac did not deserve to go through that. He just happened to come into our lives during the messiest time, and still, somehow, decided to stay. Before Zac, it was only me and Jay-Jay. And right there that's who I needed.

I was no longer pacing down the hallway but sitting on the floor with my back against my closet, holding a framed picture from us on our last school dance close to my chest.

"Why did you have to leave me, Jay-Jay?"

I could not get it out of my head, almost three months had gone by, and I still could not believe he was gone.

"You promised, you promised you'd never leave."

My heart was getting louder by the second, and I could not stop my mind. I was so mad. I was so out of my head. I threw the frame to the floor. It shattered.

I saw the broken glass lying on the floor, all I wanted was to end the pain.

My phone's buzzing was too loud.

The thoughts in my head were too loud.

I felt numb. I took one of the glass pieces in my hand and squeezed it. It burned, but it was going to make me feel better, right? I had done it before, it just had to go deeper — for longer.

It hurt, so much, I could almost mute my thoughts.

His mom gave me their number the day she told me he was gone. Calling your dead best friend has to be the stupidest thing to do before you die. But I needed him. If there was someone I wanted to say goodbye to, it was him.

It rang two times.

I was either completely insane or finally close to him.

"Hello?" He answered.

I woke up in a hospital bed, still sixteen, still wanting to end it all. But hearing his voice one last time made me believe it was worth it.

Chapter 2

Johny

Six weeks had gone by since I first came home from the hospital, and things still did not feel right. People say that when you are close to death you see your whole life flash before your eyes. I saw nothing but a pair of hazel eyes. Then it all went black. I saw her continuously. She kept me sane until I woke up, three weeks later, in a hospital room. Doctors said I was probably fabricating her as a coping mechanism, people see all kinds of things when in a coma, but I swore she was too real for me to be making her up.

She had light brown hair, the kind that curls slightly at the ends. Beautiful eyes that made me feel safe every time I saw her, a perfect smile, and oh, those gorgeous freckles that painted her face the way the stars paint the sky. I was unconscious, so the timing was a complete blur, but I suppose I started seeing her a little after the accident. She was on my mind all the time, smiling, sitting there as we watched a sunset. I know nobody believed me, but she was the reason I woke up.

From all the times I saw her, only one was different. I saw her standing at the end of a road, her back facing me, and I felt an immense urge to run towards her. I did. I ran, as fast as I could, but no matter how hard I tried, I could not get closer. I stopped for a second, put my hands on my knees, and when I was ready to give up, she turned around and looked at me.

“Johnny.”

Those words left her mouth and hit me like a bucket of cold water. I opened my eyes and felt as if I had just woken up from a six-hour nap. My broken bones were healing, and no injuries apart from some bruises remained.

I could not talk or move my body at first. Everything was too confusing. I felt like a stranger on my own body, I could not recognize my heartbeat. I laid there, blood running through my veins, thoughts running through my brain, one completely disconnected from the other. I had no control over who I was, I could not ask my own body to blink.

A woman, who I later learned was my mother, was next to me when I woke up. She started screaming and crying, as my eyes slowly shut against my will. I woke up again three hours later, just as confused, in a room filled with people I could not recognize. I do not remember much after that, I looked everywhere desperately, trying to find the girl I had been dreaming about, but she was not nowhere to be found.

The next weeks consisted of much sleeping and slowly learning to be a functioning human again. When I first managed to get some words out, I wanted answers.

“We knew this was a risk, but as long as you’re alive your memory is not important.”

I stared at my mom, wishing she had more to say.

“I-I do not,”

“Shh, I know.” She said, covering my mouth with her finger.

“You had a bad accident, and part of your memory is gone. But don’t worry. I promise I’ll explain everything, honey.”