

Years 7 & 8

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### **Remember These Times**

You stand on the porch. It is cold out tonight but you'd risk it all just to see them again. To see your best friend and escape your eerie house. You're dizzy with nerves and excitement. Another chance. Another chance to look them in the eye again. Another chance to tell them that you'd do this every night if you could. Your hair blows with the wind. They're not here yet, but that's okay. You've been doing this as often as you could. Sneaking out with them. Sometimes you'd just hang in their car. Sometimes you'd take a chance and go to the park. It didn't have to be big, just a moment. And the thing about moments is that it's yours. A frozen moment in time that belongs to you. Sharing it with them just makes it that much sweeter. And finally, you see it. Their car pulls up. You let out a small yelp of excitement. They laugh and you sit in the passenger seat.

You both share a look. You're both mad and you know it. They put the car into drive, and they overdo the speed limit because you're both overrun with adrenaline. It's also 1:30am and surely no one walks the streets at this hour. You turn up the radio, the music is going static but that just adds to the crazy atmosphere. You wince when they turn sharp corners, and they tap their fingers on the steering wheel to the beat of the music.

After the drive, you both settle on a lookout. It faces the ocean and they're huddling next to you. You shiver and rest your elbows on the railing. The wind sounds like a wolf that has been wounded, howling in pain. Waves crash against the rocky cliff, and you notice that they're blinking back tears. You panic for a minute but realise that those are happy tears. Everything you do with them is so, effortless. Even though your entire friendship is a bunch of clichés and cheesy jokes, you couldn't care less. You love them like they're family and if that isn't enough then what is? You're both lost in a hazy fog, blinded by the foolishness of your actions. And even if this all comes crashing down. If they betray you and leave you with the broken pieces. If everything stops and ends. You'll think of these moments. Even if they're not a sibling to you anymore. If you've moved on. You'll look back on these reckless nights. The nights where you both laughed till your bellies hurt. The nights where you did karaoke at the park even though the audience were the stars in the sky. And this night, where you both stared out at the ocean, grateful that you had a friend that understood you.

You turn your head to face them. It's terribly dark but you can tell they're smiling. And you're smiling too. Because why wouldn't you? You like to think that everyone has their own version of perfect and this night meets all your standards. A perfect world where both of you wander the earth and tell jokes and pretend that you've got it all figured out. The tale of two teenagers enjoying life before the party is over. The wind is getting stronger, and you hold the sleeve of their jacket. You know that they'd always ground you if the both of you drifted apart. Your brain picks up on the slightest details tonight. The way the corner of their mouth creases when they smile or frown. The way you can't feel your hands. The way the sea spray hits both your faces and you both take it in stride. And you know you'll get up in the morning sometime in the future. You'll check your phone, maybe they texted you or maybe you're staring at your last conversation from five years ago. Either way, you'll

remember. Remember that there was a time that existed where you did all these crazily stupid things, and you didn't care.

In the future, you'll walk into your gloomy office where no one smiles, and everyone wears the same uniform. You'll sit at the same desk and ask the same colleague if they want coffee. You'll walk past the window and stare at the skyscrapers that are built from blue stained glass. That blue reminds you. It will remind you of this night. The night you and your best friend stared out at the ocean from the lookout. Or you'll leave the office and walk to your car. The smell of gasoline reminds you. It will remind you of those ridiculous car rides. You can hear the static music playing through the speakers.

So tonight, you make a silent pledge. To yourself. To your best friend. That you'll remember these times. Because you know when they give you the ride home. You know that you'll walk into your dull house. The place where your boring family lives. That's why you yearn for your friend. They're the painter and you're the blank canvas. That's why you don't care that you're reckless. You promise the stars, the sky, and the moon. You will remember these times.