The revenge of a lonely spirit

As I lay in the dark on my bed staring at the ceiling, thinking back to every interaction in the days leading to the incident, while I was thinking I started to realize that there were signs. I'm realizing that I purposefully ignored them,ignored her, my best friend in favor of my stupid phone. If only I paid more attention to her, she would still be here. We would be hanging out, having our special weekly movie nights, we would be staying up late on the phone talking about nothing and everything at the same time, most importantly we would be graduating together. When I think back on it, I don't remember when I first started distancing myself from Nicole, maybe just maybe if I had taken the time to ask what was bothering her, she could have gotten the help she needed.

¨ **you were always glued to your phone screen jecka**¨

It was her voice. It was the voice of a girl that shouldn't be able to speak, a girl whose body was cold and stiff, who had been buried a week ago. A girl whose future was stolen all because nobody noticed that she was struggling, not her parents, her friends, her teachers, not one single person noticed.

I remember the last time we hung out vividly, we were on my bed Nicole was on her laptop while I was on my phone. Suddenly she had stopped typing, ¨ jecka, i have a question.¨ "hm" i had responded to caught up in what was happening in the group chat. ¨ Do you ever feel like you're just a burden to everyone¨ she asked. Then a meme was sent in the group chat, I had snorted while my hands flew across the screen. ¨ No, why?" I had responded, not looking up

from my phone. She never answered, but I didn't push. Now I wish that I had put down the phone .

" **The meme was really funny though**" said a voice from a dark corner of my room.

Suddenly the screen of my phone lights up illuminating my room slightly but just enough that it illuminated Nicole's face in the same blue glow that I had grown oh so familiar with. Suddenly my body went rigid, my muscles pulling taunt. I stopped breathing, the only thing I could hear was my heart beating violently against my chest as though it was trying to escape. Slowly I turned my head to the right.

There she was, Nicole. She isn't translucent, as she sat there looking so real, so solid with a smile on her face. My brain was trying to come up with any possible way she was here. I went to her funeral. I had seen her coffin go into the ground.

She walked over and sat on my bed, the mattress dipping down with the sudden weight put on top of it. She was wearing that same outfit as when I had found her. When I found her in her room on the floor after she downed an entire bottle of pills that day.

"Nicole" I said in a tone of terror that was barely a whisper, though it sounded loud in the silent room.

I scrambled out of bed backing up until I had hit the wall. "No. No, you're dead. I know that you're dead. I had found your lifeless body". Could it have been a dream? no that couldn't be a dream, I know that it wasn't a dream so how is she here in my room.

" **I am dead**"" she said. " **but you said you wished that you paid more attention to me, so i came back.**"

I quickly lunged towards the lamp at my desk, frantically twisting the knob, but it wouldn't work. The room stayed bathed in the suffocating darkness.

¨ **That wont work**¨ Nicole had said

My breath caught. I swung my head around to stare at her. She was lying on my bed now, head propped up on top of her elbow. She was already staring back at me.

Up close she didn't look like the girl that I remembered. Her skin was a dull pale color, her eyes a cloudy milky white, her face was sunken in, and her lips were a pale grey.

I then tried to scream to my parents but my voice wouldn't work. I was panicking. I started to quickly make my way to my door but when I made it there, it was stuck. I started aggressively fumbling with the door handle but it wouldn't budge. Then my phone started vibrating aggressively, as I looked over at it I saw a text message pop up. It was from **Nicole**.

Look at me

Then another buzz

Look at me

¨Nicole please stop¨ I said

The message notifications began going off even more frantically that the screen had become a blinding white glare. There were dozens of messages from a dead person. **Why wont you look at me? Why didn't you look up? Look at me.**

¨"**you loved looking at that screen so badly**¨

Her voice came from right next to my ear, I swiftly jumped away frantically searching for her. She was nowhere to be seen.Then she appeared in front of my face, so close that if she was still breathing i would be able to feel her breath against my face. Her lifeless eyes were staring right into mine, They were wide and unblinking. They were missing that warmth that I had become accustomed to for years.

¨ **you had missed it**¨ she whispered, her voice dry and monotone.The air feels cold and heavy, it felt like it was impossible to breathe.

I tried backing up but then I realized that I was trapped between her and a desk. The wood is hard against my back. As my hands gripped the edge to regain my balance.¨ missed what¨ i had managed to finally choke out after a moment, a tear running down my cheek.

¨**the moment that i decided that i would finally end it all**¨ Nicole said.¨ I was right next to you when I decided on it, when i decided which bottle to empty. My mind raced, sifting through my memories to find the exact moment. Was it on Monday when she was zoning out constantly and just staring off into space? Or Thursday when she wasn't laughing at the usual jokes that would have her giggling nonstop? I was right there, completely blind to the spiraling of her mind.

Nicole didn't blink. Her eyes, once so magnetic, now just look so empty. There was no breath coming from her,no rise and fall of her chest. She didn't seem bothered by the stillness of the room.

¨no¨ i breathed. Shaking my head frantically from side to side. ¨ No, Nicole, that isn't fair, you were smiling and laughing. You were happy"

Her face didn't change, even as she said ¨ **i was faking it, we've known each other for so long and you couldn't even tell**¨

She reached out, her fingers locking onto my jaw with such strength that I could pry them off. Her grip was strong and freezing cold as it forced open my mouth. With her other hand she reached into her pocket. There was the sound of rattling, as she pulled her hand out of her pocket there it was. the source of that rattling sound. A pill bottle.

She tipped my head back and tipped the pills into my mouth, forcing them down my throat. The last thing i her before i blacked out was her saying

¨ i promise jecka, i wont let you miss the moment we catch up¨

The morning after that night, Jecka´s parents had found her on her floor with an empty bottle of pills in her hand, just like how Nicole was found. They determined that jecka´s death was a suicide, because now the only one who knows what happened that night was dead…