

**Note:** This Work has been made available by the authority of the copyright owner solely for the purpose of private study and research and may not be copied or reproduced except as permitted by the copyright laws of Canada without the written authority from the copyright owner.

Scribnock, Angelica. "Morning Comes Again." In *The Way Through: A Collection of Canadian Short Stories*, edited by Rachelle McCallum, p.? Maple Ridge, B.C.: Polar Expressions Publishing, 2018.

## Morning Comes Again

As I leaned out over the edge of my third-storey apartment room window, the cool night kissed my cheek. I had a soft grip on the window frame and swayed my dangling leg back and forth against the brick building. Nothing held me from falling to the cement sidewalk below. Neither did I fear falling. Either I had more daredevil in me than I realized, or I just wouldn't mind if I fell.

Down the street, a car came into view. Its headlights gleamed upon two dark figures walking on the sidewalk. Soon disappearing down the street, the car left darkness to immerse the couple once again as they walked under a burnt-out streetlight. Tonight's city life had no vibrant activity. Even the moon hid his face behind a sheet of clouds, and a handful of stars speckled the sky.

Like a heavenly being observing the world, I watched the couple fade away in the distance; they had no clue I existed. I tugged at my sweater's sleeve as the chilling wind whipped against me, and I studied the sheer drop to the sidewalk below.

*If I fell this instant, would the world notice? Or would it just carry on without a care in the world?* I slouched more heavily against the window frame as nerves shot up from my stiff back. *Maybe my story would make it into the newspaper. "Sixteen-year-old suicide jumper the second one this week," it would read. Someone will cross over the news, feel sad, remember the brokenness of the world, and then carry on. Life goes on.*

Around me, the world just moved on with no plans of slowing down. It spun from night to day, season to season, year to year, and so on. Lives kept on coming and dying.

I sat up and swung my second leg out the window. My fingers gripped the window frame. *I can fall and die this moment. No-one will know my struggles or thoughts.*

*"If only she had asked for help she might still be alive," they would say.*

I smirked, studying the vacant street.

*But how can I seek help with no-one to go to? I want to speak, but I have no-one willing to listen.*

I batted my feet against the brick; the thumping echoed throughout the street.

"I'm on my own, surrounded by people," I spoke, as though a thousand needles scraped my throat.

My heart sagged into the pit of my stomach. This feeling commonly crept over me while standing among my group of friends. It would hit me as I laughed with them or listened in on their conversations. I felt out of place and often wondered, *If I disappeared, would they miss me?*

Tears trickled down my cheek and splattered on my jeans. I stopped kicking the brick and glanced around as though someone had heard me.

*In one swift movement, I can just slip off. . . but then what? Let the world forget me—if it ever even knew me? Life goes on?*

I gripped the window frame tighter as the wind sent shivers throughout my body.

*If the world pushes me away, why do I want to conform to it? Why would I want it to win?*

*It will smile as my body impacts the ground. "We finally broke her!" it will boast. "Another life is gone, hit rock bottom—literally."*

*I can jump, but that's what the world wants. If no-one challenges it, who will stand up against it? I can jump, but I like the view, separate from the world.*

Over the horizon, the morning sun began to light the night sky. I had made it to morning once again.

Stepping back into my room, I waddled to my bedside table with a sore butt and a stiff back. I sat at the edge of my bed and picked up my phone. Underneath the digital clock reading 4:45 a.m., an alert for a new message appeared on my phone. "I'm going through a lot, and I want to talk about it," the message read.

I rubbed the tears from my eyes and reread the message. Smiling, I replied, "Me too. Let's meet up!"

**by Angelica Scribnock**

Russell, Ontario