The first sleepover

The decorated, vibrant invitation was pinned to the refrigerator with a magnet shaped like an eaten apple. My fingers trickled down the rough texture, soothing my mind, breath, and heart. The sun’s reflection bounced of the golden words, sending a blinding glare into the room. I skimmed through the words, my stomach tightening into a knot and my hands drooling with sweat. My gym bag was loaded with items, waiting at the front porch like missiles at a country’s border. His batted teddy was stuffed into his pocket.

“JACK!” exclaimed mum from downstairs. My feet felt like jelly, as I dawdled down the stairs. As we piled my overnight items in the boot, thoughts clustered into the small space in my mind. The cold sensation of my metal zipper trickled down my spine. The ride through the traffic felt like a rollercoaster.

We finally reached the door. “Are you ready?” asked mum. I smiled and artificial smile, my eyebrows angling together. I gradually approached the oak-brown door. I dig my hand through the slight hole in my bag, grazing my shirts, shorts, toothbrushes, toothpaste, and my teddy.

I clenched my hands in a fist, raising it towards the door. Then I lowered it. The world span with possibilities. The ground was pulling me towards it, preventing me from moving. Or at least that’s what I thought. I finally built the courage, pushing the doorbell. Mum’s sigh in the distance echoed though my ears.

The creak of the floorboards and the thumping of foots slowly approached my, until the door pelted open. “Wassup dude!” shouted Mike, anticipating a clap.

A lump formed in my throat as I replied, “H-h-hey Mike.”

Mum sent me her final ‘goodbye’ as I entered Mike’s house. I gritted my teeth thoroughly, shoving my hands in my pocket, but all I could feel was the numbness from the sweat on my hand. We immediately began yapping to each other, boasting about our weekend, before we started unpacking Lego and continuously gaming.

Time flew, and in a blink of an eye, the blue sky was now dark.

I dived onto the comfortable mattress that was provided, prepare to sleep. I stretched my legs across the blanket, pulling up my blanket. I closed my eyes, prepared to sleep. I continuously heard the rustling of my window, and the dripping of the water from the tap. I rolled in my bed, counting the ticking of the clock.

57, 58, 59, DING-DONG!

I couldn’t sleep, yet I thought, maybe if I didn’t think of anything, maybe I could. And that was all I remembered.