My hand trembled with a mixed feeling of excitement and nervousness as I reached for the golden invitation that lay motionless on the dead countertop. The silver lining caught sunlight in its lacing, beams spreading through the parchment paper.

'Dear Lilith,’ I read aloud. 'Would you like to come to my slumber party? We would love to have you there! Address : 30 Main Street Road, 6210.' That note from my best-friend was the first sleepover I had ever been invited to. My heart pounded loudly in my chest - any moment now it would leap out, I was sure of it. My sport bag; filled with my linen pajamas, toiletries, and secretly, my teddy bear, had been laying there, packed from several nights before. I had a million thoughts doubts in my head. What if I spilt something? What if I got home sick? What if everyone laughs at my soft toy? What if...?

On the day of the slumber party, I nervously tapped my fingers on my jeans in a repetitive pattern. My creaky bed light reflected me, flickering on and off, the light casting a shadow on my face.

'It's time, sweetcakes,' my mother said abruptly. My cheeks flushed a bright shade of red.

'Mum! Don't call me that!' I protested, quickly grabbing my duffel bag, and following my mother to her Tesla.

She chuckled, and muttered something under her breath that sounded a lot like; 'children these days', and we drove to my best-friend, Alessia,'s house. On the car ride there, I could vividly hear a ringing noise in my ear. The intrusive thoughts returned. What if I get nightmares? What if I can't sleep? What if...?

When we reached Alessia's house, I didn't even notice my sweaty palms and the knot in my stomach.

'Lily!' I heard a familiar voice squeal excitedly. 'You came!' I suddenly felt warm arms wrap around me. I didn't know what else to do, so I just awkwardly patted her back. When she pulled away, I could even see her beauty spot under her eye. This close proximity - I was not very used to with my friends. She pulled me inside her house before I could stop her. It was cozy in a way - but quite simple. There was a crackling fireplace. A coffee table. A warm smell of cookies. They were all the basic things in a household - but that was enough to remind me of my own house. The knot in my stomach tightened - ah, yes, the dreaded feeling of homesickness. This was going to be a long, long night.