

All or nothing short story at 16

It's all about heartbreaks and martinis.

A rugby player with the strong muscly arms who promises you he loves you more than you love him. It's about pouring vodka into martinis, feeling free and a sense of ease when he wraps his defiant tough arms around you picking you up.

It's the extra martini you take to feel more alive.

It's the gorgeous blooming flowers he would leave at the front door. The love notes that he would pour his soul into. Promising you and him are a forever thing. It's when the dark night illuminates the night sky with the light rain trickling so softly down the grand decedent window while he plays the same soft tune on the guitar until you fall into a deep mesmerising sleep. While he strokes your hair and gently tucks it behind your delicate and fragile ears. The thought of him leaving you forever haunts you.

It's about offering to have one more drink while almost being passed out on the cold agonising bathroom floor. It's the one extra martini you take that makes you feel like you are good enough for him. Time passes, drink after drink. You still feel shallow and empty, whilst vodka is being poured into your numb body just to forget the way he looked at you, talked to you or touched you. It's the alcohol that keeps you on a high when he shattered your heart into a thousand pieces. It's when he calls you just to lead you on.

It's all about apologies or the ones he never gave you.

It's all about sobbing so violently hard into your pillow unable to breathe whilst trying not to wake your parents up. It's the boy that broke that pinkie promise. It's the boy who promised you he would marry you. It's stumbling down the stairs of a party and seeing his hands caressed down a beautiful women's back grabbing her hand and pulling her into another room.

You scream, you cry. One more martini, maybe that will make you feel more alive. It's the feeling of being completely numb, it's the piercing feeling that won't go away or leave you. It's the tall blonde girl you always saw as your competition.

The one he loved more.

It's crying into your best friends arms. It's pouring more vodka into the glass. It's all about feeling empty. It's sharing an ashtray and stubbing it out the whole afternoon. One sad deprived memory at a time.

It's all about sitting in the cold hard-hitting rain wondering what you did wrong.

It's all about crying into her arms about him.

It's all about begging him for a second chance.

It's all about drinking until you can't feel anything.

It's all about calling him on the pay phone for one last...

"I love you too."