

Abby Viola

Narrative Essay

To be Remembered Forever

On Fridays I would find myself with my awkward group of friends, which consisted of, my best friend Caroline, the witty, and sarcastic one; Martin the straight edge book worm; Caitlin, the overly loudmouthed dramatic in the group, and several others. That specific Friday, a new movie came out called, *The Bounty Hunter*. Like usual, in a group message on Myspace, we decided on a meeting time and place before heading over to Movies 14 in Wilkes-Barre. There were eight of us that went to the movies that night; normally in our group of friends we had twelve. However, we thought nothing of it and still managed to have a good time.

Like usual, we would always hang out in the arcade afterwards waiting for our parents to call us and say they were outside to pick us up. I waited for a phone call from my dad saying he was here, but this time he did not say he was outside like I was expecting. I answered the phone to my dad saying this, “Honey I don’t know how to tell you this but I just talked to Robbie’s mom, Dotty, and there was a terrible accident and your friend did not make it...” In that instant, my heart went cold. I could not think, I could not breathe. It was as if I was alone in an empty white room with my thoughts going a million miles per hour through my head. Yet at the same time I had no clue what to even think. The stone cold look on my now pale face captured the attention of my friends that had still not been picked up. It was nearly impossible to speak a word of what happened.

When my father finally arrived to pick me up, my body and mind were still in shock only displaying so with complete silence. When we got home, there it was, on the 11 o’clock news: “A 14 year old boy named, Robert Shane Davis, from the Wilkes-Barre Area was dragged under

the back wheels of an 18 wheeler today while riding his bike down the 1100 block of North Washington Street in Wilkes-Barre near Hollenbeck Golf Course.” It was true. But how could it be? Robbie was just in class Thursday getting yelled at by Ms. Bailet for not bringing his English book to class. Now he’s gone; forever.

Monday morning, it was extremely cold outside. As you step foot into school that morning, there was complete silence throughout a room that could normally make a person go deaf. The cafeteria, where everyone packed in for breakfast, had the ability to hear a dropped pin echo for wall to wall. It was impossible to hear anyone breathe. However, my own thoughts were louder than I could handle. It was still almost impossible to catch my own breath for a second. Every fourteen year old in that school new what happened, but it was not something any person at that age should even have to understand.

For the next several days leading up to Robbie’s wake, there were grief counselors in the library to sit there and talk to all of us that were close to him. There were no classes going on for about two days. No one would have been able to concentrate anyway because of how swollen all of our tiny little hearts and eyes were. All that could be thought was how he was never going to pick up another football, never going to know what it feel like to fall in love, never going to graduate high school, and all of us were going to move on without someone who was so important to us. It was the most unbearable situation to ever find yourself in, as a fourteen year old child who thinks they are invincible to the world. Trying to console us our health teacher Mr. McGrady attempted to put together words that would make sense of the situation, “I know this is hard for all of you to understand but this is life and life will happen. It’s just something you have to get through.” A few students including myself just did not want to hear that, so as we were told to do so earlier, we felt uncomfortable, and went to the library to talk to a counselor.

Not a day goes by where I don't think about what had happened to one of my close friends. It constantly bothers me that if Robbie went to school that day, he would have graduated with us in June. His memorial is a constant reminder of what can happen based on what decisions you make each day. Every morning, on my drive to class I see his memorial on the ground across from the golf course and it makes me wonder how precious life is and how it can change in the blink of an eye.