

Adulthood Has Arrived

“You going to Tyler’s party after grad? He asked about it today and I told him I dunno, but I’d check in with you.”

“Wasn’t invited.”

“Oh.”

“Whatever. Not like I’d have fun anyway...I thought we were gonna come down here after graduation.”

“Why not do both? I’m sure James wouldn’t mind.”

“But, we always go to the lake when school lets out.”

“...And we will be. Just after we pop by Tyler’s.”

“Whatever...”

“You all right, man?”

“Yes.”

“Okay. It’s just—you’re acting weird.”

“Am not.”

“Are too...Oh don’t make that face at me, Theo. What’s up with you?”

“*Nothing.*”

“You’re so full of shit.”

“Piss off, Harry.”

“Seriously, what’s your problem? You’ve been pouting ever since the assembly last week.”

“Everything’s changing, okay! And—and there’s no controlling it! There isn’t gonna be stuff like *this* anymore, Harry. No more sitting at this lake and drinking until the sun comes up. No more

stupid jokes at lunch or late night drives in James' piece of shit car or hanging out on my rooftop. Harry, you move across the country in *ten fucking days*. And you're acting like it's no big deal! Soon we're gonna be doing our own things and get stuck in some bullshit cycle of no sleep, no friends, no fun for the next four years only to graduate into some boring nine-to-five where we work and we work until we get put into the fucking ground. Will we even be friends anymore come next spring?"

"Theo—"

"It's been me, you and James, everyday, since we were eleven. And in a few months we could all be strangers. That doesn't scare you? Or—or absolutely riddle you with anxiety? Because it fucking terrifies me! *God*, I hate it! I absolutely hate it and I don't want it to happen! Sorry if that makes me a fucking piss baby, but it does!...What are you *doing*?"

"Hugging you, asshole...Shit Theo, please don't cry."

"S-sorry."

"No—no. *I'm* sorry. How could you ever think *we'd* stop being friends?"

"Because it could happen."

"Stop talking like that. It won't. Not if I have anything to say about it."

"You might have no say. That's my point."

"You're not getting rid of me or James that easy. We'll figure it out, Theo. We always do."

"You promise?"

"Promise..."

"...Thank you."

"Anytime, man...Now, I say wipe those tears, crack open a beer and let's make some memories, shall we?"