

Mom and Dad walked in and set their bags down. Mom set a brown bag of groceries on the counter as well. I helped them unpack and took a deep breath.

"Mom, Dad, can I go to Jason's party please?" I ask and looked at them. They both froze from what they were doing and looked at each other.

"Umm, your mother and I talked about it and, well, we think that maybe this party is one your gonna have to miss." My dad says.

"What?" I say.

"W-what your father is trying to say is we have decided that maybe its not best if you go." My mom says.

"B-b-but-" I start but I stop seeing the look on my Dad's face. I tried not to let my frustration show and calmly asked to be excused to do homework before closing my door and screaming into my pillow. It wasn't fair. It was one party, ONE. Why couldn't I go? And what about Emma? She couldn't go now. I really only wanted to go for her. She was my first best friend in years minus Jake. I really didn't want to let her down. *Then don't.* Heather says suddenly and I practiacly yeet myself off my bed.

*Heather?!!!???* I think and I feel her sitting in the back of my mind.

"Everything ok in there sweetie?" My mom yells from the kitchen. Crap they must've heard me fall.

"Yeah Mom! My bag fell!" I lie.

"Ok. Dinner will be ready in fifteen!" She yells back and I sigh in relief.

*Heather you have got to stop sneaking up on me like that.* I tell her and I sense her confusion.

*But I'm not there, how could I sneak up on you?* She asks. I groan.

*I mean you have got to stop yelling into my head without warning.* I tell her. She grows quiet and I realize I may have been a bit harsh.

*I'm sorry Heather, I-I'm just upset.* I apologize.

*It's ok, I am sorry. This whole thing is very strange.* She says softly. I sighed and grabbed my math book and started working some geomatry problem.

*What was that thing you had said about not letting Emma down?* I ask Heather.

*Oh, I was meaning maybe you shouldn't. I can tell she is a very good friend of yours and you only want to make her happy by going to this party. Maybe you can explain to your parents why you want to go?* She explains and I see her logic.

*Maybe, but I don't think they'll listen.* I tell her.

*Theres no harm in giving it a try.* She says.

*True... I guess I'll do it. For Emma.* I think and I could almost feel her nod.

*Good, well, I'll let you get back to your math. Bye Riley.* She says and I feel her leave.

She was right, but then why did I have a tiny feeling of guilt? What was that about? I sighed and shook my head. I don't know anymore. Mom called for dinner and I walked out and sat down at the table. Mom set a plate of her spaghetti in front of me. We blessed the meal then dug in. I didn't eat much since my mind was racing.

"Mom, Dad, I really want to go to this party. But not really for me, for my friend. See she likes Jason and she can only go if I go and I really want to go so she can. So can you please reconsider? Please?" I ask them finally and I hold my breath as they look at each other.

"Honey, we know you care about your new friend but our answer still final. I'm sorry." My mom says and my spirits plummet. I was sad for a second, but it was quickly replaced by rage. I tried to calm down but I had never really got angry before so I couldn't control it.

"YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! EVER SINCE RYAN DISAPPEARED YOU'VE BEEN DIFFERENT! YOU ACT LIKE I'M SOME HELPLESS CHILD! WELL I'M NOT!" I snap at them. Both sat there eyes wide as saucers and speechless. I was seething. I hadn't meant to bring up Ryan but it just came out. But it was the truth. My mom started crying and my dad pulled her into his shoulder. His face grew red and I knew I was done for.

"You have no right to say that to us. We are your parents and we decide what's best for you. We'll treat you by how you act and your acting like a child right now. Go to your room, your grounded for the rest of the night." He says, his voice getting louder. I stayed for a second.

"GO TO YOUR ROOM!" My dad yells and I took a step back. I huffed and left the small kitchen and slammed my door. I screamed slightly and kicked my backpack and I hit something hard in there and my foot screamed in pain. Hot tears ran down my face as I fell on my bed and sobbed. I grabbed my phone and put in my airpods and put on some blaring Olivia Rodrigo and let it wash over me. I was MAD. The music helped me calm down a little but I still felt like I wanted to punch something. I felt something trigger in me and all the anger left me in an instant. I felt all the adrenaline leave and I laid on my bed, suddenly tired. What happened? I think.

*I helped you calm down.* Heather says.

*You did that?! How?* I ask her.

*I don't know, you were really mad and I just replaced it with my feeling of calm. You were MAD. Now I want to go punch something.* She says and I can feel the rage I once felt in her.

*That's crazy.* I say.

*Yeah, I'm guessing your parents said no?* She says. I nod and let her watch the scene in my mind. She winces when my dad yelled at me. He never yells at me. It was a scary feeling.

*I'm sorry Riley. It's my fault. I shouldn't have told you to do that.* Heather says.

*It's ok Heather. You didn't know they would react like that.* I tell her. *Besides, I figured it would be no. The party's tomorrow. Too last minute.* I say.

*Well, I'm sorry Riley. If you need me just holler.* Heather says and leaves. I sigh and grab my phone and call Emma. She picks up on the third ring.

*Hí Ríley! How's it going? Any word on the party?* She asks.

"About that Emma, my parents said no. I'm really sorry." I tell her. She sighs.

*It's ok. Thanks for trying though.* She says, but I could tell she was disappointed.

"Thanks for understanding, I'll see you tomorrow ok?" I say.

*Yep! See ya.* She says and hangs up. I sighed and put my phone down. I felt really bad that I had let her down. But there was nothing I could do. Or was there? A plan formed in my head. Could it work? I reached out to Heather and she looked at my plan.

*It's a good plan but are you sure you want to do this?* She asks me.

*I'm positive. Trust me.* I tell her and get ready for bed. I lay on my bed and smiled as I went through the plan again. I hope this works. I think.