

The Goodbye

by Viktoria Schneiderei

It was September 20th when it was time to say goodbye. Lizzy Miller heard her parents talking full of excitement and anticipation while they finished packing their last things. It was their first vacation without her. But she was totally fine with that since she was old enough to live by herself for a couple of days. She knew that her hard-working parents just needed a few days off where they didn't have to worry about anything.

Now the time had come for them to leave for the airport. They both gave her a hug and told her to take care of herself while they were away. She calmed them down and said: "Have a good flight! Text me as soon as you have arrived!" "We will", answered her mother.

The next minute they went through the front door and waved one last time before they got into the car. It was this moment when she realized that she was feeling nervous and a little anxious which was completely unnecessary and weird. Was she worried about her parents taking a flight to their destination? No, it couldn't be that there were hundreds of flights every day. She was sure, it wasn't that thought that bothered her so much. She was probably just not familiar with being all by herself suddenly.

After having shoved away her nervousness, Lizzy made herself some spaghetti for dinner. Afterwards she finished some schoolwork and cleaned up her room. It was already dark outside when Lizzy got herself comfortable with a blanket on the couch and switched the TV on. A News Channel was on. It took her a couple of seconds to realize what the reporter was talking about. She stared at the screen. Frightened.

"A plane crashed into the sea. We've been told that it was heading to Stone Island. There is no information yet about anyone surviving..." She was sure that was her parents' flight even though she refused to believe it. Terrified, she switched the TV off. Right now, she didn't want to hear or see any more bad news.

Still in shock, she tried to remain calm telling herself that her parents could still be alive. Maybe they had missed the flight? She knew that wasn't true, as if her parents would ever be late for anything no matter what happened. Now she was really starting to freak out.

Slowly, she began to regret just letting them go. She could have just told them to stay because she needed them here at home but instead, she had let them go. And now they were most likely dead. Suddenly, she heard a loud ringing in her ear. What was that?

"Lizzy, wake up! Your alarm is ringing!" Wait, that was her mother's voice." "Get up and come downstairs! We need to get ready for the airport." When she finally opened her eyes, she began to realize something. Had it all been just a dream?