

Alyssa Chester
4-18-19
Creative Writing

Michael in the Bathroom: Jeremy's Point of View

Michael has information about the Squip that Jeremy doesn't know so he went to hide in the bathroom to wait for Jeremy to walk in. Jeremy later walks in and Michael was confronting him about what he found out. Jeremy and Michael were arguing about the Squip and if it is dangerous or not.

Michael stands in front of the door. 'Why won't he just leave me alone? The Squip is fine just the way it is.' I think to myself.

"Move it." I tell Michael.

"Or you'll what?" Michael replies.

I get very angry with him and think to myself. 'Fine Michael, I didn't want to hurt you, but you need to move.'

"Get out of my way. Loser." I say to him.

Michael's face is shocked. I don't quite know what to say and I don't think he does either. I must stand my ground though, so instead of apologizing I keep my face the way it is, showing my superiority. Michael – obviously defeated – steps aside, so I walk out of the bathroom.

'He should just go home. This isn't the place for him, being surrounded by all these teenagers like this. Dang it, where is that Squip when I need him.' I think to myself. I find my way back to Cloe. She looks like she's having a good time. Hanging out with everyone. Everyone loves her too, so it makes sense that they all want to hang around her. When I get a little closer, she notices me.

"Jeremy! Over here!" I willingly walk over, and for the time being, try to forget Michael. Just hang out with Cloe and forget him and that stupid argument we had. Whatever he said isn't true, there's nothing on the internet about the Squips. Only the people who have them know about them, and that's a small number. Michael just doesn't know what he's talking about. He doesn't know anything. The only thing Michael knows is how to go unnoticed and play video games, nothing more.

"Jeremy? Jeremy?" A voice in my head says, then a figure appears in front of me. It's Squip. I reply with the thinking at it thing.

"Took you long enough to return." I think to Squip with a glare.

"Forgive me for my temporary leave. I could not be on at that time for specific reasons." Squip replies.

"And those reasons are?" I ask (through thinking).

"I should not tell you; they are unimportant anyways."

"Then it isn't a problem if you tell me."

"Jeremy focus. If you are going to get Christine, then you need Cloe to like you well enough that she will tell Christine how amazing you are. You want Christine as your girlfriend, still don't you?"

I glare at him for a moment, but then nod slightly. Enough for Squip to see, but not the others.

“Alright then.” Squip says. “Do as I say. Put your arm around Cloe and tell her she looks great.”

I reluctantly follow what Squip says. I follow every word. But something inside me wants to go back. I almost want to go apologize and see if Michael is okay. He probably didn't deserve being called a loser. I feel kind of bad. Even though it's best that I follow what Squip says I want to just say I'm going to get a drink, then see how he's doing. I feel a shock up my spine.

“Ouch!!!” I yell in my head. Of course, Squip notices.

“Jeremy, focus! If you don't focus you will never get Christine!” Squip tells me, I slightly nod again and continue doing what Squip says.

...

After some time, I feel a little worse that I just left Michael in there alone. Whenever I glance in the direction of the bathroom, I see people going there or coming from it. They are others that have been there before as well, I can't tell if he's still in there or if someone is feeling sick.

“Uhm. Excuse me Cloe.” I tell her and start to walk away.

“Where are you going?” She asks.

“Where are you going, Jeremy?” Squip repeats, raising an eyebrow at me.

“I'm just going to check on something, then get a drink. I'll be back soon, don't worry.” I reply.

“Jeremy if you are suggesting going to see Michael then I suggest you stop and only get the drink. He is irrelevant and unnecessary to our plan for you.”

“Shutdown.” I think to Squip, he does so and leaves. I am so happy for that feature. When I get to the door, I knock to make sure it's still Michael in there.

“I told you to go away.” I hear a sad voice say. Sure enough, it's Michael's voice. He sounds like he's been crying for hours. I knock again and tell him it's me. His footsteps tell me he's up, but they sound sad and scared. The door handle unlocks, but he doesn't open it, so I do. When I walk in, his back is facing me, slightly arched forward and his arms are folded in front of him. He's shaking, just slightly, but I can tell.

“Michael?” I ask quietly as I lock the door behind me. Michael doesn't move, doesn't speak. Only stands there silently. Trying to keep from making noise. *“Michael please answer me.”* I touch his shoulder, but he pulls away.

“Oh, I'm sorry, someone now wants to talk to me? That's a surprise because my best friend of 12 years didn't want to.” He turns slightly to look at me. It's obvious now that he was crying. Michael just had to bring out that card didn't he, remind me how long we've been friends. *“Oh, what's wrong?”* He starts again. *“Is the Squip not letting you speak now?”*

“M-Michael I turned it off again. It came back on, but I shut it off.” Do I really want to do this? Just tell him that I'm sorry. Before was an argument, but if someone sees me trying to apologize to him now then that could ruin everything I've done.

“You shut it off?” He asks, I still see tears in his eyes, but most of them are gone now.

“Yes. Michael... I'm sorry. I shouldn't have called you that, we've been friends for so long and in that moment, I didn't realize what was happening.”

Michael looks at me, then turns around again sternly. *“How do I know that you won't leave me again?”*

I can only stand there silently, thinking. How do I prove to him that the Squip won't get rid of our friendship again? I don't have any physical proof for him. Unless. Maybe I do.

"I'll get rid of it." I say.

Michael turns around looking a little surprised. "You'll get rid of it?" A certain light or happiness in his eyes.

"Yes. I'll get rid of it. You won't have to worry about it anymore."

Michael's light in his eyes gets brighter and he hugs me, I am a little surprised, but hug him back. "Thank you, Jeremy." He says. We stand there for a few minutes, then leave when the coast is clear. People may not accept me the same way they did before. But if I have Michael, I don't care.