

I sit on the top half of a bench, trying to place my emotions over the past months. The bench is a place for some to take a rest as they walk one of the few trails that go through the park. For others a place to enjoy the scenery of the park. But for me, it's just another place to sit. The grass is dead and covered by the warm colors of decaying leaves. The air filled with the scent of decaying leaves enters and comes out my nose in visible puffs, making my nose a bit more stuffy with each breath. My view of the trail and my surroundings is not quite far as half barren trees block my view, so it takes quite some time to see a teen in a denim jacket over a gray shirt and jeans round the corner. "Wassup," he says as he walks up to the bench and takes a seat. I mutter something meant to be a greeting and I assume he takes it as he settles down.

"Man that party was