

"a sentimental longing or wistful affection for the past, typically for a period or place with happy personal associations."

Nostalgia is a bitch. And as I sit in this car ride to Savannah I can only think of her. I'm growing up, losing things I've always known, it makes sense to feel nostalgia now. Did it hurt this much when I left things before, I don't believe it did. I get nostalgia over the weirdest things, the first most recent case was when I walked into Walmart and saw the school supplies list. Damn, it hurt. A reminder of one I'm growing up, I don't need any of that, the world still moves on without me and two I've still got nothing to do for the entire month of August. It hurts to walk through Walmart and see all those school supplies. I'm nostalgic for being in that mindset. The last bits of summer fading away and moving in to school. I always enjoyed school, but it was the end of that summer freedom which caused me to hate that time. A new school year meant new things, which I rarely got besides from my birthday and Christmas. This time used to mean something, but now it doesn't. I think that's even more fucked up than nostalgia. I said in the group chat that I needed to stop having nostalgia over dumb things and I meant it. I was taking a shower one Sunday evening. I was forced to church that morning and when I returned home I lollygagged until evening where I thought it appropriate to shower. When I got in, I felt her presence. Every Sunday before school I'd take this same shower. Knowing that the weekend was over and knowing that the end of freedom started back tomorrow. It produced a feeling in me. And that Sunday evening I felt it again, but soon realized that it wasn't the same. I had no school the next day, tomorrow would be a free day for me yet again. Another bout of nostalgia occurred when in the group chat I explained Sebastian having my soul for a skateboard. Reminded me of something that had long gone away. Long brainless chats with my friends, one on one. An endless, uninterrupted stream of insanity that some would call immaturity. I miss being my dumbest with my friends. I barely text anyone anymore and I greatly despise the thought of it sometimes. Starting up conversations has become so hard for me. Now that I've invited her I can think of tons of things I feel nostalgia for. Most present is the road to Melonie's mom's house, it's most present because I'm on that road now. I remember her birthday party where I ripped my pants, her sister's party, I still have the cupcake invitation, that time Mr and her got dead goat head Jane. I feel nostalgia for the school bus, I did before I even got out of school. Mr. Wayne was the man who drove me from school from 4th to 10th grade and the day I ceased to ride that bus in more made me feel. Then I saw that he was replaced, retired. The bus still takes the same route tho. It moves on without him, without me. Breakfast at my grandmother's was rare. Usually before CRCTs and Milestones. We needed breakfast to get our brains working. Oh, I remember a particular occasion in 9th grade where me and my brother had gone to her house and my brother neglected to tell me that he had an AP test that day and would not be going to school, so he dropped me off at that church next to the school and I had to walk to school. Luckily I was picked up by my senior friend, Jennifer. I miss Jennifer, I never told you guys about her, if you want to know and you've made it this far dm me so that I can have a brainless conversation with you about her and my adventures in art with the nerd nation, I'd like that. One day I'll feel nostalgia for all of you, if you left me. I'll wonder where'd the faggot who'd talk my head off about records or gaming computers went. Whatever happened to that closeted gay artist who always drew sonic and knew just what to say to get me to smile, where's my loveable idiot who my ears fear, where's the little girln't who made me learn how to love, where's

that monkey in the middle, where's the hotshot egotistical salutorian, where did all of my old friends go. I've said goodbye to too many before, but those were different, it was because someone had taken their place. I speak now from a point where I'm not losing you because someone had taken your place but because we're growing. Mel always talked about how sad she was. Speak of the devil, I'm in quitman now. Anyways, she always talked about how sad she was that I'd go to SCAD and I'd have a new best friend, I joked that Ev would replace her. I never understood that sadness until it happened. I used to understand the fact that I'd have to say goodbye to you for the last time, but as it gets nearer it makes me sad now. I used to have indifference, "this is the way life works" I'd say. Change is nessasary afterall, there's no fighting it. But I can react to it. I never did make that game about all of you. The future. Maybe one day I will, but I think it'll be pointless. It was all about my sadness over losing you all that I'd destroy the world to do so. What a crazy concept. As this essay drifts more and more away from it's original point I begin to care less. Nostalgia. I don't know how to finish with you. She'll always be there, residing in once happy memories. Lingering as she's known to do. Nobody prepares for their last goodbye, nobody. Nostalgia. I remember my other grandmother's house. The dead one. It's locked in my brain and to open those memories now would produce tears and I'm not prepared to deal with that right now, not in this car, not with my mother and father present. But I can't help but to think about it when she sits on my right hand side forcing me to remember. My first Halloween. My mother was "deeply religious" and never let us celebrate until very late in our lives, my siblings and I's that is. I remember our first time to the dismay of my grandmother, yes, the living one. I was a Florida gator fan. It was a last minute costume and it just consisted of my normal attire. I used to be a real hardcore Florida Gator fan and when you live in Georgia you get a lot of shit for that. Now I can only think of how little I've shared with you all, how many stories about your mar next door that you haven't heard or haven't been told. Again, I implore you to ask me about them and prepare for my endless stream of unintilegence. I'd like that. Maybe that would help me with this nostalgia, to tell my story, to rethink about those days and out them to rest. To tell the story of my comic fiasco involving a comic series I wrote as a kid, the M.I.A. She's a two sided bitch I realize now, one that's cold and pains you and her touch sends shivers. Then there's her warm, golden side, one that cherishes the opportunity that was given to you. That's the kind I seek in me sharing my stories. Or maybe I'm an attention seeking whore!