

The Last Time: Suzanne Blatchford

An offensive bright light pierced through the clutching jaws of a blinding headache forcing Amy to stir into consciousness. Reeling in pain she attempted to roll over, but the searing knife in her head was unbearable. No movement yet. She could feel dried drool on the side of her mouth as she willed her brain into action, and bravely opened one eye. The familiar surroundings of the spare room were of some comfort, at least she had made it home. The ugly retro yellow and brown floral curtains invoked a wave of nausea, and she quickly shut her eye again.

Here we go again, the hideous shame of trying to remember the night before. She drags her hand over her body. She was still fully dressed. Her eyes suddenly opened wide as she confirmed she was alone. More relief, but short lived. Not again. Not again. Not again. How did she end up here again?

The self-loathing swelled in her body. She wanted to shout and cry but it was still too risky to move. She was trapped in the world's most brutal of all hangovers. What the hell did she drink? What didn't she drink? Cocktails. Frigging Cocktails! FFS. She knows she can't drink them. Who bought her cocktails? She hated them. Regret, regret, regret.

She was suddenly thirsty, so thirsty, a thirst like no other, like she had been lost in the desert for a year, she desperately needed water, or she may die. But she could not move, not yet.

She can't face it. Not again. She can't face Noah. Oh god Noah. This will be the last straw. She had promised him. She flopped her arm around the bed in search of her mobile phone, finds it, and peeks at the screen to find it black and dead. Typical. She was done. This would be her last time. She had said that before. She had promised herself. She can't be trusted. She had promised Noah. She didn't have a problem, it's just a night out, that is what people do. She was the life of the party. People loved her. Didn't they?

Groaning and rolling onto her back her arm flings across the bed landing on something that feels like paper. Grabbing it, she squints again and reads a handwritten note. From Noah.

"Anna, I can't do this anymore. You need help. It's over."