

All was quiet that night. I sat in bed alone and thought about how everyone likes New Years because they feel they have a second chance. I thought about the people that drifted in and out of my life; former friends that were so big a part of it that I haven't seen in years. I probably will never see most of them again. It's funny how sometimes you can notice pivotal moments like that sometimes, for example, when leaving a job. I had worked at Mellon Bank for three years of my young adult life- since I was a 16 year old sophomore at Carrick High School until my last summer at CCAC. At the old building, on the 27th floor, I had made friends with a Vietnamese kid named Toan, and a chubby white kid with curly hair and glasses named Joe. We all sat near each other and goofed off. We would run around downtown at night on our breaks, usually they would smoke a cigarette as we walked to whatever 711 to buy Slushies or snacks. We were the only teenagers that worked there, and we enjoyed being the funny trouble-makers. This was a time of maturing for me, as I had to work as much as 30 hours a week while going to school. Toan and Joe both quit the same day, because Joe got a Christmas bonus and Toan didn't, plus they got sick of jealous older people always giving them (and me) a hard time. It was a sad day for me, because I knew that I would never see them again. I used to talk to Joe online sometimes, but since then we've lost touch. Toan called me about a year ago to tell me that he was going to be a father, and had married the nice Vietnamese girl who had given him the child. We were supposed to get together, but, as is often the case with old friends, that never happened and probably never will. I lay there thinking that someday maybe I would see one of them in a car somewhere, at a store checking out. Recognize them in some public place when we are both rushing to be somewhere else. A smile and a handshake, possibly a few shared superficialities before we rushed off, relieved to be away from that awkward situation.

Midnight came and I heard the howls of partiers around the neighborhood. Fireworks went off and the sounds of various pots and pans being struck loudly resonated through the air. Two Thousand and Three began quietly, and I lay there wondering what was in store for me in the future. I guess I'll find out.