**Teenage Horror Story**

**by Sarah Branson, Deep author ’14**

My friends are infected. I don’t have much time left. The zits on the face of humanity are covering this place. I can see it in their eyes…suffocating me. Choking me. *Killing me*. It’s horrible. They are closing in on me everywhere. I turn and a parasitic moss causes people to fall into a pit they know has no bottom, yet they fall anyway. My friends, they push me toward the pit. I say no, I pull them back, but that festering infection is too strong. Pulling them down like lead. I’m losing the battle to help them. It makes me sick. It makes me physically ill every time I see the drooling, eye-popping mess I knew formerly. Now they’re trying to infect me too. But I will resist. I will fight it.

Who needs love anyway?