

Angie Markham

Mrs. Rutan

AP Lit and Comp

2 November 2015

I'm Done

"I'm done," I said and tossed the remote on the couch, "absolutely done."

A certain show--which we can call 'Emotional Rollercoaster' for non-spoiler purposes--had done me dirty. This show, which I poured so many hours into watching on Netflix, had betrayed me. Don't get me wrong, the show is great but that episode...*that episode*, it broke me. Let's start from the beginning.

It was a Friday that I finally caught up on 'Emotional Rollercoaster' and Sunday is when the newest episode would air. I was beyond excited to finally enjoy the rest of the series along with everyone else. After all my time, sitting on my bed, watching this show, crying when my favorites died, clicking "continue" when Netflix checked up on me, and looking away when scenes got too hard to handle. This was my life--sounds very sad, I know, but I like it. There was one character I could connect to. One that I saw myself in and one that I had an immediate connection to. We'll call him Kevin, once again to prevent spoilers.

Kevin was a normal guy, just trying to get by, reacting to everything the same way I imagined I would--he was the perfect character, he made all the choices I yelled at the screen to make.

It was perfect.

Fast forward a handful of seasons. Kevin had become a man in all those episodes. I loved the characters he loved and was always on his side. He grew but he never changed. He had made it through so many things, I began to think it was impossible for him to get hurt. Well, I was wrong.

My viewing of Emotional Rollercoaster on my laptop was paused for some months--Netflix didn't have the latest season. This only built my excitement, waiting for it to come back. I couldn't wait to greet Kevin. I finally binged all the episodes to catch up with everyone else.

Remember that Friday when I finished all the episodes? Well, then it was Sunday.

I woke up that morning--literally, this is no exaggeration-- and the only thing on my mind was Emotional Rollercoaster. While eating breakfast I was thinking about it. Lunch, still thinking about it. In the shower, *still* thinking about what the writers had in store for me that week. Dinner, I was ready. Right after I would turn on the TV and finally know what happened when everyone else did.

60 minutes later, I died.

Kevin was dying, or at least that's what it looked like. I was crying, I could feel snot and tears coming down my face, but I couldn't leave until I saw the last second of the episode that night. And you wouldn't believe what they did to me.

It. Was. A. Cliffhanger. A cliffhanger. They really did that to me, to Kevin, to all the fans who love Kevin. As far as I knew, Kevin was gone forever. Or maybe he would come back. Maybe that's what they wanted me to think.

Now, this might sound a little bit over dramatic, but I felt like I had lost a member of my family. I almost didn't go to school that Monday, but as a responsible student, I went but kept Kevin in my thoughts all day. I felt like a cloud of gloom was surrounding me--nobody else could understand the blurriness I was feeling in my heart. Especially when it was about someone who doesn't even exist--I had a hard time admitting that.

When I grieved to my friends all I got were,

"Well that sucks."

"Will you stop?"

"Get over it, the actor is alive."

Every single time I replied with "I'm sorry, but I can't. He was my child."

That whole week, some gray lingered around me until the next Sunday.

"This is it! Now we get to have some closure about Kevin!" I said to my family, who were not nearly as ready as I was, partly because they didn't care.

I sat down on the corner seat of the couch, turned off the lights and watched to find out what the hell happened last week. 90 minutes later, I was pissed. Kevin was not in that episode *at all*. Not even for a single second. Just like the week before, I tossed the remote to the other side of the couch and retreated to my room. I was done. Done with Emotional Rollercoaster playing with me like this. I just wanted to know if Kevin was ok or not. But no. I have to wait *another* damn week to find out what happened.

I know next week, I won't be able to stop my routine, but up until that Sunday, I am 100% done.