

# Eugenia Sestini

## New Year's Resolutions

The champagne buzz hasn't worn off so I'm still laughing – I probably have a good forty minutes until it dissolves and my bloodstream is flooded with a jolt of sober thoughts and regret. The music is still ringing in my ears, that and the laughter, the fireworks, the teen-like whoops that now seem so hard to understand. A minute ago, or so it feels, we were welcoming the new year, and now, as I sit here, my forehead leaning against the stone-cold window at the back, my eyes fixed on the moving landscape outside, my mind elsewhere altogether, I feel that this could be any night of the year, nothing special about this particular one.

Yet something must be special about tonight, or it would not prompt us all to behave so irrationally, to make promises we cannot keep, to put pressure on ourselves to feel festive with a mere three percent left. June has taken it upon herself to watch over me so that I'm safe and jolly and full of resolve in the middle of winter. Now my phone has run out of battery, and this precious leftover charge is in case I need it, and I am not allowed to go online until I am at home and the phone is plugged into a charger. "Please, June," I pretend-implore, pouting like a toddler, then laugh; June shakes her head, and looks out the window too. I think she is smirking or maybe she really wants

to let out a very loud laugh, but keeps it in with the self-control of someone who has had three glasses of champagne less than me.

Or maybe she is trying to suppress a loud laugh because June, unlike me, doesn't know how to have fun. Live a little. It's a new year, for god's sake. Oh well. Well played, June. I'm sure her phone still has at least half of its battery life. I hate June right now. June has probably paid off all her student loans, which is why she can afford to offer champagne at a party instead of a headache-inducing knockoff version.

Another ten minutes until the driver drops me off at home – June has promised to walk me to my room, not just my front door, and will make sure I lock my door as she leaves. She has, however, not made any promises as to what she will do with regard to my phone. Will she help me find the charger? Will she stand by my side while I try to undo the damage already done? June is not a good friend, but she feels bad for me, and I will let her pay for the cab.

I can see the light at the end of the tunnel. Or maybe it's just one of the street lamps so that means we're close to home. And the booze is still dancing around my body so my mind is pretending to be metaphorical. Light at the end of a metaphorical tunnel. Or metaphorical light. I have walked

these streets countless times, but from the car they seem different. Maybe I won't be able to find that charger after all.

Maybe I'll just stumble my way into my apartment, my room, my bed. I will let June look around the place and feel sorry for me once again, for the tiny room I rent and carefully keep untidy, for my inability to walk in a straight line on the first day of January, for the immaturity that permeates my entire life, while hers is essentially perfect. Picture perfect. Maybe I'll wait until tomorrow to charge my phone. Then go online. Delete that picture of me with June's boyfriend.

Good night, June. Happy New Year.

**'Or maybe she is trying to suppress a loud laugh because June, unlike me, doesn't know how to have fun.'**

