

Two Words

Word Count: 739

Eden was a nervous wreck as she inched her sweaty hands towards her phone. Agonizing over whether or not to call, Eden's fingers flew messily over the dial pad and dialed Jodie's number: 2-2...*don't back out now*...2-4-7-8...*it'll be ok*, 8-9...*this is it*...1-5. Tapping her feet in anticipation, Eden waited throughout her jumpy dial tone. Milliseconds later, Jodie answered the call; before Eden had completely prepared herself. Jodie greeted the call with "Hello". Then, a static line for a few seconds, leaving time for Eden's mental note; that Jodie was probably more nervous than her. The brief break faded and when the line regained clarity, Eden gulped down her pride to push the words out.

To Eden's dismay, even over the phone, Jodie spoke to her as if they were slight acquaintances and not best friends.

'It's not her fault,' Eden told herself. After all, the continental drift between them had been caused by Eden's snobby indiscretion. But by the end of the conversation, Eden had gotten what she wanted. Lunch, tomorrow, Abby's Diner. She finally had her chance to glue their friendship back together.

'Don't worry,' she told herself, *'it's just two words.'* but two words that ain't that easy.

The next day, only fifteen minutes late for lunch with Jodie, Eden pulled up to Abby's Diner. Shaking and embarrassed, she entered the diner and picked out Jodie among the sea of people. Eden smiled apologetically when Jodie noticed her, but instead of acknowledging, Jodie averted her eyes and gulped her water. That was enough response. Sighing to herself, Eden

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became even more sure that this lunch would blossom into disaster. Anyhow, she proceeded to the window-view table where Jodie sat. As she took her seat, Eden tried to entertain conversation.

“What’s that?” she asked, pointing to the book in Jodie’s bag.

“Animal Farm. George Orwell. You wouldn’t like it. It’d be too dry for you,” Jodie spoke with monotony.

“Oh,” breathed Eden in a small voice.

She shouldn’t have been shocked by Jodie’s attitude; it had been Eden after all who cut her out. She shouldn’t be the shocked one; yet she was. Shocked that the lunch she’d presumed disastrous, actually became so. Shocked that she finally understood when people said you could cut tension in the air with a knife. The physical space between them would have measured to less than three feet, but in Eden’s mind they seemed thousands of miles apart. She could tell that Jodie didn’t enjoy being there. Her fingers were scraping towards her purse time and again, as if she was getting ready to pick it up; to leave. *Eden*, she told herself, *you need to do what you came here for. Right. Now.* Annoyingly, she couldn’t find the courage to even whisper out those two words; much less issue an explanation behind them. So she turned the non-existent conversation to light topics. She began ranting over new fashions and trends as she would have done before with Jodie. However, Jodie sat in silence; uninterested and unamused. Abruptly, Eden stopped the struggling conversation. In a terrible attempt to make the pause seem unmeant, she sipped from her ignored glass of water. Preoccupied, she set her glass down on the edge of the table, where it proceeded to fall and spill over Jodie. Eden had no chance now.

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Jodie stood up quickly, wiping herself off, pulled her purse over her shoulder and muttered a few words of stony parting. With a racing heart and determined mind, Eden wouldn't let her leave.

"Wait, Jodie," she pleaded.

"What?" Jodie responded upset.

"I-I'm sorry." there she got the two words out. "Those girls only liked me when I acted rude like them, so I did."

Jodie stood there taking Eden's words in.

"But the things you said; the rumours you spread."

"I shouldn't have. I was being stupid. Forgive me please, you're the realest friend I've ever had."

Considering all she'd heard, Jodie sat down again.

"I do miss being friends," she reflected, though very reserved. "Maybe we can try again."

"One last chance?" Eden asked surprised and gracious.

Jodie nodded. Despite their reconciliation, the two girls sat quietly and only picked over their lunches. As they got ready to leave and walked out the door, Jodie began gushing tears. She pulled Eden into a strong hug and it was then that they both realized how much they need each other.