

Pressure

by Micaela Soucy

Cigarette
Face
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Face

I look back and forth between the two

The cigarette
Slightly smoking in his hand, giving off a deadly
fume

His face
Smirking at me, seeming to say I'm a wimp

Cornered
A sense of dread
No one is around
Everyone will hear about this
Word travels fast these days
There is nothing I can do about it

I need to give my response
"No," I say. "This is not right."