When we arrived at the school I hopped out of the car and said goodbye one last time. No response. I went into the school. I felt like I had just been hit with stick. As soon as I walked in, I received dirty looks and sad faces from every direction. I began to pick up my pace and started to look for my friends, Afton and Taylor. No matter how hard I tried, I couldn’t find them.

 The bell rang and I started to head towards my first period class. Before I could take a step I heard my voice come over the intercom.

 “Melany Jacobs please come down to the main office. Melany Jacobs, please come down to the main office. Thank you.”

 I walked as slowly as I could down to the office, wondering what I had done. It was only the first day of school, so I couldn’t be in too much trouble, I thought to myself. When I walked through the door, what stood before me proved me wrong.

 “Melany,” Principal Harmon said, “would you please join these two.”

 He gestured towards two policemen that were standing on the other side of the desk.

 “I don’t understand, what did I do?” I said.

 “We just need to bring you to the police station and ask you a couple of questions, alright,” one of the police men said.

 “Okay,” I said shyly.

 They brought me outside and put me into their police car, and we drove off towards the police station.

 First day of school, I thought. First my parents won’t talk to me, then my boyfriend won’t come and pick me up. Now, I was on my way to a police station for who knows what reason.

 When we arrived, I hopped out of the car and they walked me into an interrogation room. I took a seat at the end of the table and a detective sat across from me.

 “Hello Melany,” the detective said in a stern voice. “I am Detective Jones. I bet your wondering why your here.”

 “Yes, I am. And I was wondering if we could do this rather quickly because it’s my first day of high school.”

 “Yes, I am well aware, but what we have to say is very important.”

 I sat back in my chair ready to take in what Detective Jones was going to say.

 “Do you know who Jace Wilkins is?”
 “Yes, he’s my boyfriend.”

 “I’m afraid that I have some bad news. We found Jace in his house last night, dead. He was strangled in his bedroom last night.”

 I didn’t say anything. What I heard made my heart sink. My stomach started to churn, and I thought I was going to be sick. I put my head on the table, closed my eyes and imagined the pain he must have felt. That was why he didn’t pick me up this morning and I was so rude about it.

 “I know you must be going through a lot right now. If you have any information at all that could help us with this case, we need to hear it from you now.”

 “I don’t know. I was expecting him to pick me up this morning, but he never showed up.

 I leaned back in my chair and started to cry. Detective Jones came over and started to pat me on the back. A few moments later I felt hands come around my shoulders that started to lift me up. I kept my eyes closed as I was directed through the hallway. I was put back into the same car and driven home. When I opened my eyes I was laying on my couch. I quickly sat up and started to yell for my mom.

 “Mom!” I yelled, “Mom!”

 I heard footsteps coming towards the couch and my mom appeared.

 “What is it? What’s wrong?”

 Anger and hatred ran through me.

 “Why didn’t you tell me?!” I screamed, “You knew, I know you knew. That’s why you wouldn’t look or say anything to me.”

 “Alright honey, I knew. But there’s no reason to get upset…”

 “Yes there is!” I said abruptly. “The one person that I really care about and you don’t feel it’s important enough to even tell me!”

 I ran upstairs to my room without letting my mother say another word.

 The next day at school was dreadful. It was strange the way the world treated you when your boyfriend has just died. As I walked through the hallway with my head down, I ran into Afton and Taylor. Their arms quickly embraced me, and I finally felt love for the first time in what felt like years.

 “Melany we are so sorry,” Afton said.

 “It’s alright, I’ll have to get over it sooner or later.”

 “What did they ask you at the police station?” Taylor asked.

 “If I knew any information about what happened last night or what could have happened, but it had been a week since I had seen him.”

 The bell rang and we all headed off to our classes. After the misery of everybody apologizing to me and showing how sorry they felt for me, I started to walk home. All of a sudden my phone went off. It was an unknown number.

 “Hello?” I said.

 “Hi Melany, this is Detective Jones. I have your number because your mother gave it to me. I want to let you know that anytime we find a piece of information we will contact you and Jace’s parents. I would like you to know that we have a lead. Jace was at a party the night he died. Witnesses there say he got into an argument with another gentlemen and Jace decided to go home. The person’s name who was engaged in the argument with Jace is Jack Monroe.”

 I recognized the name. Yes, Jack Monroe. He was one of the popular kids who didn’t really care much about anything. He had a bad reputation and would sometimes do drugs, but kids still hung around him.

 “Yeah, I know him,” I said. “Why are you telling me this?”

 “Because I want you to know that we are doing the best we can to see who killed Jace, alright.”

 “Alright. Thank you for all of your help, detective.”

 The rest of the walk home felt peaceful now that I knew that Jace wasn’t going to die without someone being punished for it.

 As I prepared for school the next morning I got a call from Detective Jones again.

 “Hello again Melany. I’m afraid I have some bad news. Jack says that he had nothing to do with Jace’s murder. He said when Jace left, Jack stayed at the party, and other witnesses agreed with his story, so I’m afraid we still don’t have a suspect.”

 “Alright, well let me know if you find out any new information.”

 I hung up.