

the
half-
life
of
love

BRIANNA BOURNE

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flint

41 DAYS, 9 HOURS, 42 MINUTES

THIS IS WHERE I'm going to die.

From my spot in the back seat of our Jeep, wedged in between overstuffed suitcases, I stare sullenly at the ultramodern “cabin” in front of us.

It's all sharp angles and gleaming wood. And glass—so much glass. The low-slung October sun glints off huge floor-to-ceiling windows with a glare so hot it stings my eyes.

It's the only house in view, tucked neatly into the Pennsylvania forest. All around it, bright orange leaves flame on branches. The whole scene could be on the cover of some glossy architecture magazine.

Not exactly what I pictured when I thought about where I'd spend my last forty-one days.

Forty-one days. I can't believe that's all that's left for me.

I blink hard. Swallow down the tightness in my throat that's been permanently lodged there for exactly half my life. Well, almost exactly half.

Outside the car, birds chirp in the autumn sunshine. Inside, the three of us—my mom, my dad, and me—are silent. Nobody even makes a move for their door handle. This is a threshold, and no one wants to take the next step.

“Well, we made it,” Mom finally says with forced brightness. Her words ping off the tension like a needle thrown at plate armor. Weariness smudges her at the edges, and I know it’s from more than just the long drive.

The me-about-to-die thing isn’t all that’s making this awkward. I haven’t seen my parents in the same room since their divorce, and now Mom’s riding shotgun in the Jeep like old times, sharing a bag of M&M’S with Dad. Acting like we’re a normal family again.

When Mom came up with this plan, she said it’d be like a vacation. Pretty dismal vacation, in my opinion, but I was a good son and kept that observation to myself. I know this trip is really so I don’t have to spend my last few weeks alone while they’re at work.

She asked where I wanted to go, listing a string of beach towns and bustling cities, but we’ve been down that road before. When we first found out about my expiration date, she dragged us to a million places, determined to give me as much *life* as she could in the time I had left. But weekends in New York City and boring drives to national parks didn’t make us feel any better—and it nearly bankrupted them. I’m already an emotional burden. I won’t let myself be a financial burden too.

So instead of letting Mom plan a postcard-worthy last hurrah, I told her I wanted to go to the one place I knew wouldn’t leave my parents in debt. The town where I grew up: Carbon Junction.

My dad grumbles something, then yanks the keys out of the ignition. “Can’t sit here all day,” he says. I can always count on his grumpy ass to bail us out of moments like this.

We get out of the car, stretching our stiff legs in the autumn chill.

I'm wearing my standard black T-shirt and black jeans, and goose bumps break out on my bare arms, spreading in a rush from my shoulders to my wrists.

Mom comes over and side-squeezes me, looking up with an encouraging smile. She's not super short or anything—I'm just abnormally tall.

Of course, she notices the goose bumps. "Oh, Flint, you must be—"

"I'm not cold," I interrupt. We've been over this. It's my standard response every time I refuse to wear a jacket.

The thing is, I'm lying. I am cold—I just like that it hurts. If I stay cold and hungry and miserable, when the end comes, it won't hurt. It'll be a relief.

We trudge up the driveway to the front porch, our shoes thumping hollowly on the deck. This cabin wasn't here when we lived in Carbon Junction. A lifetime ago, the three of us in our cozy house on the other side of town.

Dad checks the Airbnb instructions on his phone and pushes the code into the keypad on the door. The dead bolt retreats with a mechanical whir, and he plunges unceremoniously into the house. Mom and I hesitate for one heavy second, then we follow him in.

The cavernous space is painfully modern, with hard floors and even harder-looking furniture.

"I'm sorry it's not more . . . homey," Mom says as we look around. "I can get some pillows for the couch. A few area rugs. Make it a bit warmer in here."

Mom's an interior designer, the Leslie Larsen of the tiny,

struggling Philadelphia-based Leslie Larsen Interiors, and if I so much as nod in agreement, she'll spring into action and completely overhaul this place.

"It's fine, Mom," I say, plopping down on the couch. "Don't get anything."

My divorced parents exchange a look, further cementing the fact that this is going to be weird.

I rub my knees. In the Jeep, my legs were crunched up, and my kneecaps were pressed against the front seats. But other than my sore knees, I feel . . . fine.

That's the worst part, I think. That I'm healthy. There's not a single thing wrong with me. No chronic disease eating away at me, no defective organs. My body should be able to keep on trucking for years, decades even. But it's October 23, and sometime on December 4, it's going to stop like a watch that's run out of batteries.

That date has become more important to me than my own birthday. I've written it on every form I've ever had to fill in. Pre- or post-half-life? they all ask. In school, I'd watch as my classmates circled *pre* with carefree swishes of their pens. I'd draw a tight box around *post*, nearly ripping the paper. Everyone around me would get to skip the next question, but I'd have to answer it.

Deathday: December 4.

Birthdays and deathdays. All lives are bracketed by them. Everyone half-lives; I'm just one of the unlucky people who had it happen when they were a little kid.

I shake off the memory of the day I twinged. Of the sudden,

splitting headache that I remember and the seizure afterward that I don't. That day was the demarcating line that was drawn down my life, separating it into before I knew when I was going to die and . . . after.

Dad scratches at his stubble. "Flint, why don't you go get our stuff out of the car?"

Mom's chin snaps up. "Don't make him do that, Mack."

"Why not? He's perfectly capable."

"It's fine, Mom," I cut in, before this devolves into one of the "differences in opinion" they used to have.

I don't mind getting suitcases out of the car. At least Dad still makes me do normal shit. That's why I chose to live with him after the divorce. Well, that and because Mom's efforts to stay positive and cheerful around me were wearing her down. She pretended she was fine, but she was getting thinner and more washed out right in front of my eyes. I couldn't watch that. Be the reason for it.

While I'm busy bringing our stuff in, Mom messes around in the kitchen trying to get the fancy coffee machine to work, and Dad sticks his head into the cabinet under the sink, probably improving the water pressure or something. Since my dad's name is Mack, we joke that he's a "Mack of all trades" because he's had so many weird jobs over the years. Before I was born, he was one of those guys who put out fires on offshore oil rigs, then he was a guide for a whitewater rafting company. Now he manages a team of industrial welders in Philadelphia, and he can fix just about anything.

I should be happy my parents are here with me, but I wish they'd leave me here and go back to the city. Back to their jobs and their

friends and their separate, Flint-free lives. I don't need them here. I can die just fine on my own, thanks.

Finally the Jeep's empty. It locks with a *beep-beep*, and I head toward the house—but something stops me when I get to the door.

I can see Mom and Dad through the glass. They aren't bustling around the kitchen anymore—they're frozen, perfectly still. Mom's at the coffee maker with one hand pressed over her face, the other propped on the counter, like she doesn't have the energy to stand up straight. Dad's on the other side of the kitchen, staring at her back with a helpless expression I've never seen on him before.

I make a big deal out of opening the door and shutting it behind me.

When I turn around, Mom's upright, smoothing her sweater, blinking hard. But there's the same hush over everything that you'd find at a funeral. A thickness in the air. A dead body in a box at one end and everyone tiptoeing around, saying careful things. Only in this case, the dead body isn't in a box yet—I'm still up and walking around.

This whole idea is stupid. We can't pretend we're the family we were eight years ago.

I go to the back window and stare out over the forest so they can't see my clenched jaw. I force myself to breathe, to focus on the leaves rustling on the trees.

Through the half-bare branches, I can make out the backs of a few houses on the other side of Maynard's Creek, which burbles in a dark ribbon at the bottom of our sloping backyard. I know the street on the other side—it's called Harker's Run. Weird how the name comes back after all these years.