

Weeks

by Kevin Liu

She was wearing a black tank top and jeans, standing in the shade. Why was she there again? The camera hanging around her wrist answered her question. Right, *he* had called. *He* had asked if she could take picture for him and his friends. How could she refuse? She knew his friends and it was just common courtesy, right?

She looked at the bridge and watched the three friends walking towards the center. Even from the distance, she could tell how close they were — the relaxed body language, the enthusiastic hand motions as the trio talked with each other. It was moments like this that made her think of her own roommates. She was happy to have found some great friends, ones who always have your back, ones who listen to you complain about inane things and stupid boys, and ones with whom she knew she would always keep in touch.

She turned to watch the trio as they climbed on the edge of the bridge, standing about two stories above the river. She snapped a picture, just in case. She hadn't done this particular Harvard tradition herself, but as she watched the trio look down at the water, she could just imagine the slight spinning of her visual field. As if on cue, she felt a slight rush of blood to her brain.

Looking back towards the trio, she positioned the camera better, her finger ready. Just as she thought they were going to jump, one of the friends hopped back down onto the bridge. She laughed - they weren't quite ready. She waited patiently as the friend climbed back on the ledge. Then they switched places...and then, they were still talking...What was taking them so long? It had already been several minutes and some people walking along the river had stopped to watch. The trio needed a push.

“Just jump!” she yelled.

She kept her eyes on the camera screen. And then she saw it, the trio leaping into the air. Instinctively, she pressed the button. Then she clicked again another time, just in time as the trio entered

the water with a big splash. Looking up from the camera, she saw them laughing to themselves and watched a pink flip flop disappear down the river.

As they swam towards her, she switched the mode to review. She looked at the picture she took of them — three friends jumping in front of Weeks Bridge. With a smile on her face, she knew the trio would be friends for a very long time and was glad to have been able to capture this moment for them.

