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My phone shook in my hands. 9. 1. 1.

I saw myself dialing over and over again. My mouth was too dry to swallow.

Minutes ago I saw the little orange pong ball roll past his feet. But he didn't react. The other brothers exchanged odd glances.

"Hey, Matt".

"Hey, Matthew."

It was like his world was on pause. He was just staring.

9.1.1

Three haunting little numbers. My mind spiraled, weighing options, pros and cons. I heard my own heart.

What's the worst that can happen? From calling? From not?

"Guys we have to call an ambulance."

He snapped back into consciousness.

"Matt you keep freezing up and not responding. Do you remember?" asked one of the brothers.

Matt said he didn't. I was just relieved he had spoken.

No need to call anyone. But what if it happens again? What if he doesn't snap back into consciousness the next time he dissociates?

Okay, if he freezes up again we call an ambulance.

"Do you want us to call your parents?" "Matt" "Matt you okay?"

He was gone again. Stiff, motionless, but his eyes were still moving. A deer frozen in headlights. I spoke softly.

"Do you want us to call your parents? Blink once for yes, twice for no."

Two blinks. I was getting through.

"Can anyone help you?"

His heavy eyelids fell twice.

My heart skipped.

Potential brothers began to notice. But my focus wasn't on them. I wish I was quieter. I wish I wasn't questioning him so loud. In hindsight, I wish a lot of things.

Soon he stopped blinking.

"We need to do something," I said. Usually, I was okay being the only girl hanging with the frat. I loved the culture, and these boys were my boys.

But now, being the only female made me feel like I *was* my gender. Too sensitive. Too emotional. I didn't want to fit my stereotype. Was I overreacting? Was he fine? Did no one else think he wasn't?

I couldn't think straight. Not about anything but his health. Not about amnesty. Not about the consequences that must have been delaying their decision. Or the hospital bills. Why didn't I hear them talking about driving him over?

Five minutes later my phone was still in my hands. "If we call and he's okay, at least we called" I pleaded. When he zoned out again, one of the brothers said "call".

Finally. Seconds were minutes. We sat. No one called. I wanted to do the right thing but I couldn't tell what the right thing was.

I was alone in my mind, isolated in my concerns. All my eyes could see was their lack of urgency. All my ears could hear was their hushed discussion dragging on.

I felt judged. Did no one else think he needed help? I wished someone would call. But I wasn't any better. I wasn't calling either. If something happened, I would have just been a stupid girl watching a bunch of stupid boys let their brother fade away from them.

They might hate me. This could all be a huge mistake.

I thought about who I wanted to be. What kind of person am I? I'm a leader. I'm a strong woman. My worries felt so trivial. I felt small.

And yet, I would be okay with regretting calling, but I wouldn't be able to forgive myself if I let my fear stop me from saving someone's life if need be.

What is right is not always popular and what is popular is not always right.

So I dialed.