

My Best Friend

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7 weeks, 6 days, and 35 minutes have passed since I lost my best friend. 7 weeks, 6 days, and 34 minutes ago was the happiest I've been in about two months. The colour still showed on my face then. Now, I was pale and worn. My eyes were half crazed, with dark, purple bruises beneath them. I haven't eaten in days, but the physical ache in my stomach was nothing compared to the emotional one.

My heart has been ripped to shreds, in a colourless abyss. The pieces are impossible to find, and the whole while I feel like I'm falling. There's no destination, no ending point. The ground will never come; there will be no impact. It continues spiralling endlessly, while I choke on my breath, slowly losing oxygen. I'll be dead before it ends.

I have no thought process in my mind. All I can think is, "She's gone. Gone. Forever. I'll never get her back, my best friend." I try hard to distract myself, but the longest I've gone without thinking about her bone chillingly lifeless form is two and a half minutes. There have been times when my tears have flowed so quickly I drowned myself in them.

Nothing could hurt as badly as this does. I feel like a fish out of water, a person with no legs, a turtle with no shell. A part of me is constantly missing.

All I can ask myself is why. Why her? Why did they have to take her? She was everything to me. My friend, companion, my constant. Always there for me, never failing. Loyal like a dog, and gentle like the ocean's waves. Out of everyone I ever knew, I never pictured her dying. Never her. Never. I thought since she was so beautiful, so good, and so incredible she would live forever. Never would I have thought she would leave me. Never.

She was and is the most beautiful being in the world. Her endless hazel eyes, mesmerizing chocolate waves, and delicate curves had me trapped. I would and will do anything for her. She is beautiful, she is strong, and she is alive to me. She has to be. The make-believe her, I admit, is nothing compared to having her here, but it's the closest thing I've got. In my head, she is the old her. She is stunning, and young, and vibrant. Nothing like what she looked like as the cancer was eating away at her. Nothing.

I remember the day the doctor told her about her leukemia. She told me first. I was twelve, and she was fourteen. Remembering the tears in her eyes made my heart break all over again. I couldn't help but torture myself as I relived the once forgotten memories of nearly six years ago.

Flashback

Her eyes were bright and smiling at me. I waved hello and she gave me a goofy grin.

God, how I love her. My best friend is truly the most dazzling person, ever.

She was at another table across the cafeteria, sitting with her boyfriend.

He doesn't deserve her.

She waved me over, but I shook my head. He doesn't like me. She's totally oblivious, as

always. She frowns and nods confusedly, but gives me a look that says, 'You're going to explain this later...'

I nod and stare at my food nervously.

I don't look back at her, but I know she is watching me. I'm okay with that. As long as her boyfriend isn't feeling her up in the cafeteria, like usual, then I'll be okay. I glanced back up quickly. My food came up in a sudden spurt. Second time I caught them this week.

Present Time

I laughed bitterly. She never did see that he wasn't the only guy who would ever want her. As a matter of fact, every guy wanted her! She was just intimidating to an outside person, especially after the students at school found out about her leukemia.

Flashback

Her and the boyfriend weren't together anymore. No one would talk to her once they were aware that she wasn't normal. They all avoided her like a plague. This forced her into a deep state of depression. I wasn't enough for her, but I was all she had. Every day, she kept taking more and more of me. She gave very little in return. And then one day, she didn't give anything at all. But she kept taking and taking. And eventually, I just lashed out at her. I don't allow myself to remember that day. I screamed and screamed, and it was all a blur. The images as I picture them make my head spin and the bile in my throat collect. That's as far as I can go before I lose consciousness from the intensity. I remember that she forgave me the next day, and I held her as she cried and puked.

Present Time

My ears were buzzing and the room grew denser. Tears clouded my eyes as a lump built in my throat. I was dizzy and high. Her memory was too painful to bear. I don't want to remember, yet I'm too afraid to forget. God, I miss her. The tears streaked my face as I thought of how she would react to seeing me right now. Gun in hand. Aiming toward the roof of my mouth. With one last breath, I said goodbye to my best friend and fired the gun.

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