

Imaginary Friends

Losing friends is bad. But realizing that they don't even remember you is even worse, especially bad for an imaginary friend like me.

We all know that one phase has to end for another one to start, but accepting the fact that the other person doesn't need you anymore is really not easy. Hi there, I'm imagination, more like "lost" imagination but anyway, To be more specific, I was an imaginary friend and by laws of the "Great Big Universe", people have to grow and come out of their comfort zones, live life to its fullest and most importantly Make real, long-lasting bonds with other people, which you humans call "True friends". Now, for you humans to make true friends you guys have to socialize, and when you socialize, imaginary friends like me, start to fade away, because our original purpose, which was to keep you company till you find real friends, is beginning to get fulfilled. And now, you don't need us anymore. But realizing that the only friend you ever had or will ever have now doesn't care if you exist or not is really hard and accepting it is even harder. but we have to learn to move on, Remember when I said we had to fade away? Well, I think its time when I tell you my story. The story of how I faded :

I used to be an imaginary friend of a little, cute boy named David. David, as a little kid was really lonely. He was the only child and both of his parents were working. They did leave David with a babysitter but she was of practically no use. That's when David created me with his imagination. I was like a different part of David who kept him company. David and I were like the best buds. we were inseparable. When David started preschool life became even more fun. David wasn't really the kind of kid that wanted to talk to people, so it would always be me and David in the corner doing our own thing. Around middle school, David did make a few friends but I was always his first priority. At lunch, while everyone would be seated with their friend groups, It was always

David and me on the corner most table, content with each other's company. Life was going really well. But little did I know, this wasn't going to last long. As Highschool rolled around, David started becoming distant. Distant from me. He became more invested in his "real" friends. We both started getting into a lot of arguments He even said that I should be thankful he didn't forget me. our friendship had practically reversed, just a few years ago that David would leave his friends just to sit and spend time with me but now, that same David would leave me in the corner, while he sat and spent time with his newly found friend group. I knew David was growing and that he had far more important things to do than to talk to someone that didn't even exist. Even though I knew this was to come one day or another but I really wasn't ready to accept it. And unfortunately, I had to learn this the hard way.

It was night time, David along with his good friend were driving back home. David had offered to drop him on his way back home. We were on our way when David's friend wanted to pick a few items from the general store that was on the way. So David stopped the car and his friend got off. It was an awkward silence between us. I was about to say something and break the ice when suddenly...Bash!!..

A massive truck had hit the car. It was a typical hit and run case. But the damage caused wasn't typical. The car had flipped over, the windows had shattered. Panicked, I looked towards David. Eyes closed, Forehead bleeding, Body twisted in a way hard to describe. I tried waking him up... I couldn't, my hands would just go through his body, I was imaginary. I tried calling an ambulance, I couldn't, I was imaginary. I tried calling for help, No one could hear me, I was imaginary. I was helpless. I was imaginary . My head was shaking , my arms were trembling, I was trying to process what the heck just happened. In this state of devastation, I could hear a distant voice shouting David's name. I turned around to find that that the voice belonged to David's friend, who

was racing towards the car. And God bless that friend, He called the ambulance and the police and was able to take David to the hospital.

It was at this moment when I realized that this is why people need real friends and not imaginary ones. The reason being that in times of desperation, we imaginary friends can't help, no matter how much we want to. David now leads a happy life, he probably doesn't remember me, but that's ok. As for me, I've learned that for a new thing to start, the old must end first, a flower has to disappear for the fruit to appear. Life is like a book, You have to read every line, meet every character, Read every chapter, Some might make you cry until your eyes swell, others make you laugh until your stomach hurts, but to start a new chapter, you have to get over the first. And that is how you'll live life to its fullest, by experiencing everything it has to offer with an open mind.