**The Incomplete Memories**

A gem. He’s a gem and he doesn’t know it. I wonder how he never fails to keep up with his tough manner, rude and annoying at times. He’s a rebel like a heated argument. He’s outrageous. He’s a vile. Yet he’s someone with a heart as soft as a cotton candy. But it doesn’t melt so easily. When he speaks, he speaks in a sardonic tone. Always has something *great* to say when I say something emotional or cheesy. Gifted with never ending enthusiasm, he’s eager to live his life like riding on a roller coaster but is the laziest person I know of.  
  
In the past, when I had seen him playing his favorite sport I could see him full of life; could see his eyes sparkling with dreams and desires. Each second a new aim took birth in him. I always used to laugh when I heard them. For me, they seemed unrealistic and impossible. Yet he never let the word *impossible* slip into the pages of his dictionary. Sometimes he would prefer to just stay quiet when things did not work according to his plan. Lay flat and closed his eyes, let himself drift to another world- a world created by him, within him. A world so peaceful that it always soothed him, freed him of all his worries and pains. Outside, he was someone hard to break. Inside, there lived a very vulnerable soul. He was weak sometimes. But he never revealed this part of him to the world. Sometimes he felt alone and left out. Those times I wished to be like a sibling to him. But dreams faded away leaving us with little amount of hope and more self-doubts, low self-confidence and high failures. But he never got tired. Never did he allow himself to grow weak because of life’s games.

He planted new seeds of hopes in me when I felt hopeless. He could not prevent me from falling but would always help me get up when I fell. Sometimes he’d annoy me so much that I couldn’t help but cry. He’d say some of the dumbest things and I’d just roll my eyes and laugh. I complained to him saying he never understood me but the truth is I was the one who didn’t understand him.

Trying to get over a serious heartbreak, I had once said to him, ‘’I’ve had enough of shedding tears. I’ve decided to do a fresh start’’. He blankly replied, “You’re dramatizing again. Wait two days and I’ll again have to hear your same old, boring story”. I wanted to stab him with a hot knife at that very moment. But he was right. He was always right. He knew me more than I knew myself. He never told anyone his secrets, not even me. But one of his biggest secrets is that his first true love was *food*. He’d eat and eat and never get bored of eating. I still remember that day when we just came out of a restaurant eating pizzas and cakes like hippies. I was so full that I was having a hard time to even walk. But at that precise moment, he pointed to one of the roadside restaurants and with a devilish grin, said ‘’ let’s go and eat mo: mo: ’’. That moment I looked at him with a look of utter disbelief and wondered if the person standing in front of me was a real human or a giant. The only thought of this makes me smile and miss him even more. Sometimes when I miss him, I read those emotional and touching poems that we used to write ourselves and send to each other. He used to say, “Admit it, I write better than you do.”

He is a perfect companion who’ll make you laugh when you’re down. He’ll even listen to your non-funny jokes and pretend to laugh then he’ll say ‘’Well, that was a big flop, you know?’’. It was always annoying that only his jokes were a hit and mine always a flop. I felt useless sometimes when life used to beat me hard. When nothing worked according to me and when my plans and god’s plans did not match. I always felt depressed and thought that I was a pain for everyone. “I know I am a pain in the butt.” I had once told him feeling miserable while we were eating in our school’s canteen. With food stuffed in his mouth, he blurted out, “Don’t worry my butt isn’t paining.”

Sometimes life gets so serious that we forget to laugh. But I knew with him, I’d never have to lose my laughter. Then one day, everything started slipping out of my hand. Life favored us growing apart and I could do nothing. I wanted to shout out loud to him to hold on. I wanted to tell him what he always meant to me. But I couldn’t. I didn’t even know a barrier had built between us, a barrier of bricks, of broken trusts and promises, of untold secrets and lies. I tried to break those walls but instead added more bricks to it. Somewhere, I still think I was the one who couldn’t grip the string of our friendship tightly. With so much dirt accumulated in between us, I could never hear what he always tried to say to me and he would ignore what I wanted him to hear. Yet, he was still too precious. Even though today everything has changed between us, just a small conversation with him means so much to me. He has hundreds of friends and I guess I am the hundredth one. He shortens his sentences, hides the truth and mixes his emotions. I thought I knew him a lot but I was wrong. He is still a mystery, and always will be.

Though today he sits on the usual playground looking confused, he will still find a way out of his confusion. He is tough like the *iron man* and strong like the *spider-man*. He never waivers from his standards and always keeps his head high, never lets anyone or anything pull his head down. The buildings of his aims are taller than his height. He is an inspiration embedded in my memories like glitters embroidered in a shawl. He is a beautiful story that I like to read again and again from the pages of my heart.

Today, when I look back I see two kids strong and happy taking their first steps together, growing up as best friends, living their life playfully, promising to always be there for each other but unknown of what life had in store for them. I’ve heard a lot about soul mates. People say they can be your lovers, best friends or even some random person who walks through your life and makes it worth living. If they really exist, my soul mate was my best friend-him.