

Memories Live Forever

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A short fictional story about losing a friend as a child.



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It was October 13th, 1979; that was the day that my best friend Sheldon died a very gruesome death. We always liked to play down by the railroad tracks when we were younger. Sheldon was what you would consider a rude

know it all; even his parents couldn't handle him. He had been suspended from school more times than you can imagine by the time he was 9. Everyone hated Sheldon but he was my best friend and friends must stick together. I can only imagine what he would have become if he hadn't died that day. Probably some career criminal or wasted drug addict I guess. Really, it doesn't matter that he died that day because he was going to die an early death anyway.

I guess you want to know how he died and I'll tell you because it's no big secret; he was crushed by a train while we were walking home and dragged nearly a mile. I passed out right after it happened and didn't wake up until 11 o'clock in my mother's arms. She held on to me for dear life as though she was going to lose her last possession. She was so glad that I was still alive. Every morning she told me and my sister to watch out for the train while we were walking to school because her cousin died on the tracks when he was 7. I guess I was lucky that I awoke up in one piece and she didn't skin me alive. I had a problem not listening when I was young, but I was lucky to be alive. Sheldon on the other hand was not.

I feel like I am million miles away from those railroad tracks in Toronto where my friend died that day. But in reality I never left that place. My mind is still haunted by the needlessness of his death. I can still see his arms and legs cut off and laying by the side of the tracks dripping in blood.

"Heaven forgive me."

"God please take it all away", I sometimes say.

I know I will never be over it. I will never forget what happened that day. I will never stop waking up in a cold sweat and hearing his screams as the train crushed him to death. Sometimes I ask the lord why he didn't take me instead. Sometimes I pray that I had never even been born. The pain is still so great even now in my 34th year. People die, but memories live forever.

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