

Goodbye Friends

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A comparison between losing a team member on a mountain climbing expedition and losing someone whom you have yet to meet, especially if they are awesome.

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â There she stands in a field of lights, I close my eyes and I still miss youâ . These lyrics have been stuck in my head all night. Yesterday evening, after a day of anticipation akin to world cup Fifa matches in Latin countries, I went to a Swedish House Mafia concert, and experienced the world for the first time.

My friends were all around me, laughing. Even the ones that had been lost along the way were there. I may not remember their names, but they were there. We are riding in a car along the desert at hilariously fast speeds. Everything feels comfortable; we are all riding together. This has been the culmination of my life, up until this point. Every single character I have met on my journey is here and somehow in this one car. And we are riding.

â I still miss youâ . Everyone I personally know (mainly, myself) is here in this vehicle. Who is not here are the people I never got to meet. Maybe because I was too timid. Maybe because I was too shy. Maybe because I was too cowardly.

I am climbing up a mountain. I can breath the fresh air from the summit, and know that I will make it today. Today is the day. I dig into the mountaintop and step myself up one by one. Eventually, my team and I make it. We arenâ t simply a team at this point, we are brothers. And now we descent.

â I still miss youâ . Things went terribly wrong on the descent. Everything was going fine, we were joking about who needed the most oxygen in the entire trip, and then the world changed. I heard something snap, and somebody yell something that even to this day I do not know the words to. I heard a gasp by me, and looked around, to see our group one short.

I will never know what kind of person you truly were. But if first impressions, reciprocal or not, are any impression, you were pretty cool. Rage on.

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