

This is the Story of How I lost My Best Friend.

# **This is the Story of How I lost My Best Friend.**

By : **lauricula**

Sam starts to revisit the memory of how she lost her best friend, on the day of his funeral. Possibly more to come if I get inspiration to write more.

Published on  
**Booksie**

[booksie.com/lauricula](http://booksie.com/lauricula)

Copyright © lauricula, 2015

**Publish your writing on Booksie.com.**

This is the Story of How I lost My Best Friend.

## This is the Story of How I lost My Best Friend.

I sat on my window seat, staring out at the rain, watching it pelt the glass. I started to wonder what life would be like as a rain drop. You fall from the sky, and maybe you hit pavement, or a person, or a window or anything really. You could land anywhere if you were a raindrop and you had no control over it. Then again, you wouldn't really be aware that you have no control. The rain drops raced each other down my window, taking turns being the lead, rapidly approaching the end. Life must be simple as a raindrop. You fall, you land, the end.

I drew my blanket closer to my chin, and shivered. My room was warm, but my soul was cold. Ever since that day my soul has been like ice. I'm lost, confused, apathetic without you, but you won't be coming back, not this time.

Sam. My mom's voice called from the hallway. Time to go.

I sighed and threw my blanket back on my bed. I walked over to my mirror and stared at my ghostly reflection. My chocolate brown hair was dull and lifeless; my eyes were blank and glazed over. My skin was so pale I was close to being transparent and I'm pretty sure I lost at least ten pounds since that day. I tried fixing my hair but then I remembered there wasn't really a point and grabbed my jacket before turning off my light.

My mom met me in the hallway and placed a bony hand on my shoulder.

You okay sweetheart? she asked cautiously, staring at me with her small, green eyes.

I shrugged and walked down the stairs, leaving her at the top. I hadn't talked since that day, and I didn't know when I would. Mom spent three whole days trying to get me to talk, and I just lay on my bed, staring at my wall. Finally, she gave up and only spoke when necessary, except this time, she didn't expect a response. We both got into the car, and I leaned my head against the window, once again returning to my thoughts about the raindrops.

We arrived at the funeral home a sort half-hour later, and we were greeted by a mass of people milling around outside. I closed my eyes and told myself I could do this, I had been mentally preparing for this all week. But I knew I wasn't ready, I would never be ready for this. This wasn't supposed to happen. I slowly opened my car door, and got out, facing the crowd. My mom appeared by my side and linked her arm through mine.

Ready? she asked.

I shook my head. I would never be ready.

We walked forward, and I avoided eye contact with everyone; I didn't want conversation. I felt bad because I wasn't crying but I was all out of tears. There were groups of kids from school huddling and giving each other hugs. There was a group who was smoking cigarettes to try and calm their nerves. Then there were adults who were speaking in hushed voices and not looking at anyone else. I gripped my mom's arm tighter as we approached a woman in a black suit with her hair platinum blond hair tied up in a bun. When she made eye contact with me, she ran over and scooped me up into her arms.

## This is the Story of How I lost My Best Friend.

“Oh, Sam.” She choked through a fresh set of tears. I froze at first, not expecting this, then slowly wrapped my arms around her, squeezing. I shut my eyes, not wanting the tears to come.

She pulled away from me. “Have you been holding up okay?” she searched my face for answer, but my expression remained blank. She turned to my mom instead.

“She hasn’t talked this whole week. I gave up after a couple of days.” My mom said hopelessly.

The woman asked my mom a question and their voices lowered as they put their heads together. I couldn’t hear what they were saying, but I wasn’t that interested in the first place. I wandered over to the entrance and leaned against the wall. It was strange, none of these people were close to him, not as close as I was, yet they were all crying. Especially the people from our school; they just teased us all of the time. They shouldn’t be here. I could feel anger boiling inside of me. My face was starting to get hot and my body was starting to shake. I strode inside and searched frantically for a bathroom. I finally found one and ran inside, locking the door behind me. I didn’t have time to turn on the lights before I was throwing up my empty stomach into the toilet. The dry heaves continued for another five minutes, and I was pretty sure I would start throwing up blood soon. I sat back against the wall and tried to slow my breathing. I wiped the tears from my eyes and looked up at the ceiling.

I pulled up the sleeves of my shirt to expose my forearms. They were a mess; cuts, scars, burns covered them. Right at both my wrists though, was bandages. I closed my eyes trying to prevent the memory from coming in but it did anyway.

We were constantly teased, pushed around and bullied at school. After a two years we just couldn’t take it anymore. People would throw food at us in the cafeteria, and throw us against lockers in the halls. He always tried to stand up for me when that happened, he hated the fact that they treated a girl that way, but he always just got it worse. They called us names, and spit at us. It was unbearable by the end of sophomore year, so when summer started, we began to make a plan. We were going to kill ourselves together.

We discussed all sorts of methods, and settled on slitting our wrists. Yes it was messy and painful, but it was what we wanted. We had the plan all figured out too. We were going to do it the week before school so that we didn’t even have to face them again this year. He was going to sleep over on a Friday night, like he always did while mom was at work, and we would be discovered in the morning. Only mom had left work early because she had gotten a bad headache, and discovered me before I could die. I got rushed to the hospital and bandaged up. Normally, I would have been kept there for an evaluation, but when my mom explained the circumstances, they agreed and let me go home with her, so long as a nurse came and checked on me for the next three days. Mom could decide what to do with me after the funeral. I didn’t know nor care what she had in mind.

He was lucky. He was dead when my mom found us. He got to escape it all; the bullies, the ridicule, the teasing. He promised me I would never have to face anything alone once we met. But now he’s gone and he’s never coming back. I was supposed to be never coming with me.

This is the story of how I lost my best friend.

This is the Story of How I lost My Best Friend.

This is the Story of How I lost My Best Friend.

Created from Booksie.com

Generated: 2015-01-26 06:23:26