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### The Other Half

Around 1am my phone rang. It was so late to be on the phone so I didn't even look. I felt my phone buzz as a text message then it went silent. I woke up to around 100 missed calls from my best friend's mother. I called her back right away. I could hear the pain in her voice when she answered. I knew what happened but I couldn't accept it until she said, "she is gone." I hung up and ran straight to their house. She lived about a block away which wasn't too far. The wind in my face felt like a relief from reality for like 2 minutes. I watched the ambulance carry her out, that scarred me. Seeing her made me so angry that she would do this to me. I ran in the house hugging her mom. I just wanted to go with her, but I was so angry at her. I had so many emotions but the one question running through my head the whole time was why would she leave me here on this cruel earth with no one.

I was 16 at the time. My world was crushed. My parents understood and didn't make me go to school for a while. I layed in bed crying for 2 months straight. Every time I thought about her I would pass out because every time I thought of her it made me sick. I just kept replaying them, carrying her dead body out. She seemed happy before all of this. She was my best friend, the girl that made me laugh when I was crying and laugh even harder when I was laughing. She was like a sister to me. I didn't have any siblings but I had really clingy parents that were always hovering. My mom was a Psychiatrist and always tried to get me to talk to her. I never budged because every time I opened my mouth to talk words didn't come out. I felt as though the world kept moving and I stayed in one place. I always felt my best friend around me watching over me.

I developed serious depression. My room started to stink and you couldn't see the floor anymore. My parents stopped coming into my room so often they just figured I needed time. I thought about giving up like her and going to see her again. But then I would remember how it made me feel about her leaving me and couldn't do that to my mom. I would talk to her mom about once a month until they moved. We really stopped talking at all but we would text each other every year on her birthday. I stopped eating and developed an eating disorder on top of my depression. I started getting even worse. I lost all my friends and would sleep 18 hours a day. The time I was awake I was in my bedroom remembering all of our memories, good and bad.

I still think that maybe if I would have answered my phone and I could have prevented it. Ever since that night I would get a feeling like I was floating outside my body looking down on myself and I hated what I saw.

One night at dinner my parents told me it was time to go back to school. Monday came around. I woke up early and put on sweatpants and a sweatshirt. I could feel everyone around me whispering and judging me. I walked into my third period class with my head down and not wanting to be there. When I

went to sit down I looked up and I swear for a split second I saw my best friend looking at me. I felt my eyes go black and my body fall. The next thing I could remember was seeing my mom crying worriedly. The doctors told my mom that i was suffering from depression and since i only wore baggy clothes no one noticed that i lost almost 38 pounds in a month. I was so underweight that I didn't have any fat nor muscle on my body. When my mom started to talk I heard the same panicked worried voice I had heard on my bestfriends mom that day. I realized at that moment that I wasn't only hurting myself but also everyone else around me. My best friend wouldn't want me to live like this. But everytime i think about that I also think that she was the one that did this to me in the first place. I needed someone to blame so I blamed her. For all my problems, it was her fault.

I started getting better. School was hard but I was pushing through. I was forced to meet with a therapist twice a week. She helped me alot. I faced my fear of thinking of my best friend still jhere and happy. I stopped blaming my best friend and came to terms with it. It wasn't easy and took many years. I still suffer from depression and I have started to eat normal again. Everytime i feel myself about to spiral I run with the wind in my face escaping reality.

Maybe one day I will forget her smile, the way her voice sounds. But for now I'll keep it close to me because it's the last piece of her I have left.