

# *Forever and Ever*

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"We'll be friends forever and ever, no matter what. I know it!" Several years ago she had said that to me, although I had no idea exactly how long. I could still hear her voice, and what a sweet, childish voice it was. She had golden blonde hair, and crystal blue eyes.

Although we were both so very young, not much older than the age of five, we were as close as a married couple. Of course, being that we were of such a young age, we were not in love, though I feel if we were still together we would be. That girl was my life, and now I would give anything to see her again.

The day she had told me we would always be friends was the last day I ever saw her. I don't remember why, or even how, but I know it was. I don't even remember saying goodbye. Although it's been over ten years since I've seen her, I know that where ever she is, we are still friends.

She always had a soft, gentle nature to her, and she was someone everyone wanted around. I can't imagine her being any different now, no matter what she's been through. Whenever I was down or sad, she would come over and cheer me up with some sort of ridiculous lecture on why it was unhealthy to be sad. Remembering them now, they made no sense, but I could not expect more from a young child.

Although I have been through so much, and I've met so many people, none of them could ever take the place of the girl who meant the world to me.

"Of course, I promise you forever and ever," he had said to me. After ten years, I lost track of how long ago I promised him that. That day was the very last day I remember seeing him.

We were both about the age of five, though I can't remember exactly. He had been the best friend of my life, and now I'd rather die than live without him. We were closer than twins, and although we were too young at the time, we could have become lovers.

I know, deep down in his heart, our friendship beats as it does in my own heart, though I don't think we will ever meet again. They always say you can never go back, but who says we ever left? Just because we've been separated for about ten years, it doesn't mean our friendship has changed or ended. I believe we could be just as close as we were, given the chance.

I've heard it's possible for people to change over time, but he didn't seem like the type who could. He was a bit rough on the outside, but what guy isn't? Although he was a typical boy, interested in gross things and games of cops and robbers, he was more sensitive than most girls I know now. He had light brown hair, and emerald green eyes. He was a guy any girl would die to love, and I would die to see him again.

Many years passed since I last thought of the girl to whom I promised friendship forever. It's been nearly fifteen years since I've seen her. After ten years of wondering where she was, or who she had become, I gave up on wondering.

I had given up on all hopes of ever seeing her again, and decided to move on with my life. At the same time, both my parents died in an awful car crash with another car, driven by a drunk teen. The teen made it out with only some minor injuries.

After the funeral, I went to the store and bought black hair dye, mascara, and eye liner. From that day on I kept my hair black, and my eyes outlined heavily in black. I lived that way from age fifteen to twenty, and every day of those 5 years people would ask me why I hadn't cut myself yet, or why I was still alive.

Although it seemed like every person wanted me dead, I knew one person didn't, though she never entered my mind. Even my brother, who I had lived with since the day my parents died, never bothered to comfort me, or even care how I felt. Instead, he would constantly ask me if I needed a razor blade or knife to cut myself with.

I had no idea why I never resorted to cutting, though now I realize it was because of a sweet, innocent voice telling me, "We'll be friends forever, no matter what. I know it."

Although for ten years I had spent every moment waiting for some kind of miracle to happen and my dream of seeing him again coming true, after I turned 15, everything changed. That day, my parents completely ignored the fact it was my birthday, and instead signed the papers required for a divorce.

After spending an entire day tearing up every birthday card they had ever given me, I ran up to my room and grabbed a needle and began to make cuts in my wrists. I had also carved the word "hate" in my left arm.

Since that day, I wore nothing but black clothes, a black glove on my left arm that reached up to my elbow, but exposed my fingers and thumb, and enough of those black bracelets to cover the cuts on my right wrist. My make-up went from subtle colors that matched my outfits to dark reds and black. Everyone stared in amazement, and after a week or two, began to harass me.

Every night I would make a new cut in my wrist, alternating wrists each time. Daily people would ask me if I wanted to die yet, and when I answered yes, they would offer to help. When I answered no, they would tell me that my life is pathetic and I should give up now while I'm still young.

I had lived with my mother, and only saw my father every other weekend, and I knew neither of them cared about me. Instead, my father used me to pry into my mother's life, and my mother used me to meddle in my father's. I had a younger sister from my mom and her boyfriend, and on my birthday, instead of being able to celebrate it, I had to dedicate it to the little princess. She received gifts on my birthday as well as her own. My father was no better on my birthday, for he never called or sent a card or gift.

Every time I thought of committing the suicide everyone thought I should, a little voice inside my head told me, "Of course, I promise you forever and ever."

On my twentieth birthday, I enrolled in the army. A couple of days later, they sent me to some foreign country to fight in some war over the differences of people. There were twenty-nine other people in my troop, fifteen of them being women.

After putting up with my family for too long, I enrolled in the army after I turned twenty. I was sent to a country far away to fight for my country over something stupid. There were fifteen men and fourteen other women in my troop.

A few days later, after being in combat and killing many enemies, my troop cautiously set up camp. I thought, the entire night, about the girl who I promised forever and ever to. Tears came to my eyes as I realized all hope of ever seeing her again was shattered.

I had been in combat for a few days, and one night, after setting up camp for the night, I just thought about the boy who promised me forever and ever. Then it hit me that my life is as good as over without that boy I haven't seen in over fifteen years.

The next day, a woman in my troop was shot in the leg, and again in the arm. She was bleeding profusely, and it was clear she wouldn't go on.

I was shot the very next day in the arm and leg. I knew, from how badly I was bleeding, that my life was over. Instead of crying, I knew it was fate.

She wasn't crying; instead she was whispering to herself:

"We'll be friends forever and ever, no matter what. I know it."

All I could hear in my mind was her sweet, childish voice repeating that simple line. Then, as she shut her eyes and passed on, right before my very presence, my knees buckled and I collapsed. I took my gun, aimed at my head, and shut my eyes.

"Of course, I promise you forever and ever," I said, then pulled the trigger.