

The Wraith

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Short story about myself.

1. The Wraith

A mere shadow on the sideline as she watched the life around her scurry by. The old friends she used to care about so much walked by, turning their faces away as if they never knew she existed. She didn't, anymore; at least not the person they used to know. She was so much different now and they couldn't cope with the gradual changes. She wasn't as much fun anymore and they were tired of all the lies. They were lies, weren't they? Best friends don't forget about each other so fast.

Perhaps she had grown up too fast. At seventeen, she didn't act like the foolhardy teenagers most people knew. She was too quiet and withdrawn from society. She didn't act like she cared anymore, but the truth was, deep down inside she longed more than anything for their concern again.

There were so many things she remembered. Memories that wouldn't be forgotten, but her friends were willing to. They'd make excuses to avoid her, false promises that they'd do something together. Lies that they still cared. But she knew better. People who cared wouldn't forget, but they did.

So, she'd try and be content on the sideline, that wraith that used to be cool and normal, and she'd watch her lost friends from a distance, checking on them occasionally, and wishing they'd realize that she was still there; a simple hello that wouldn't hurt.