



The Aftermath

By Brianna Walden

As high school students in Harvard, Massachusetts, Kacey and Rebecca could not have been closer friends. They seemed to know everything about each other: current life, past experiences, and future goals. The joy of their friendship stemmed from just being with each other.



They both shared a passion for drawing...

And boys...



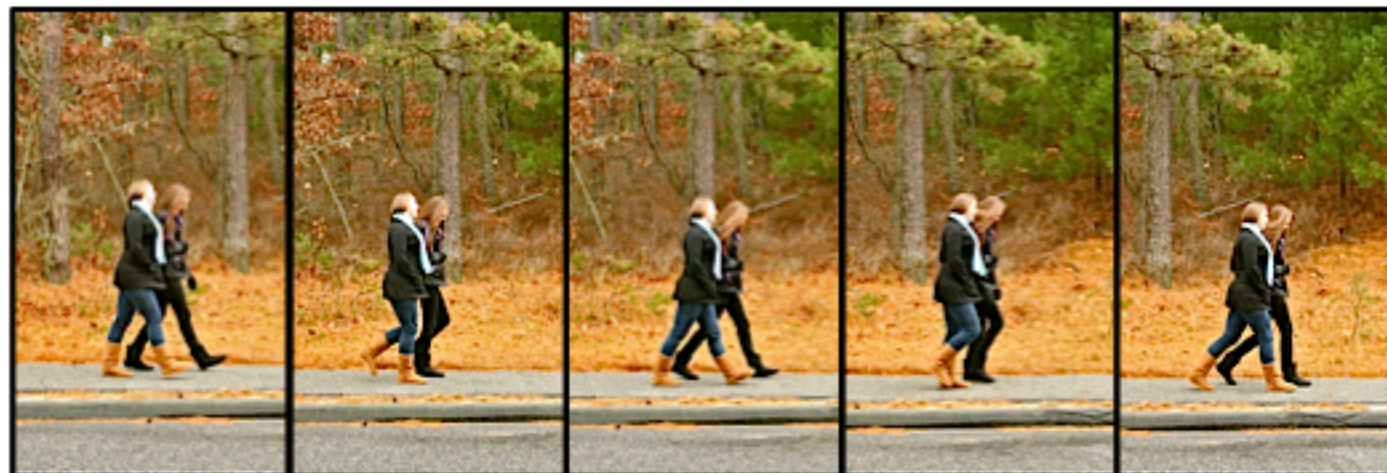
And eating good food was a must.



The thrill of bike riding was always a common ground...



As was shopping...



Whether they reminisced...

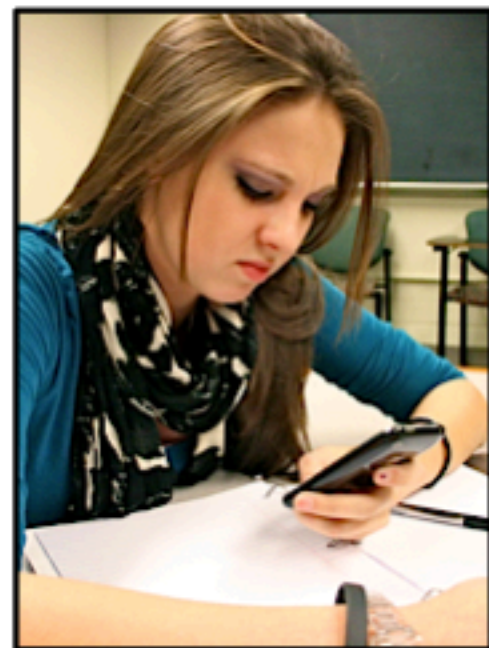
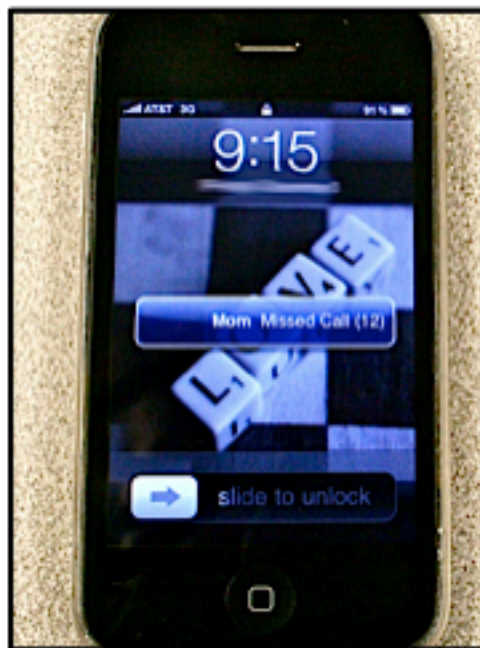


Or made new memories...

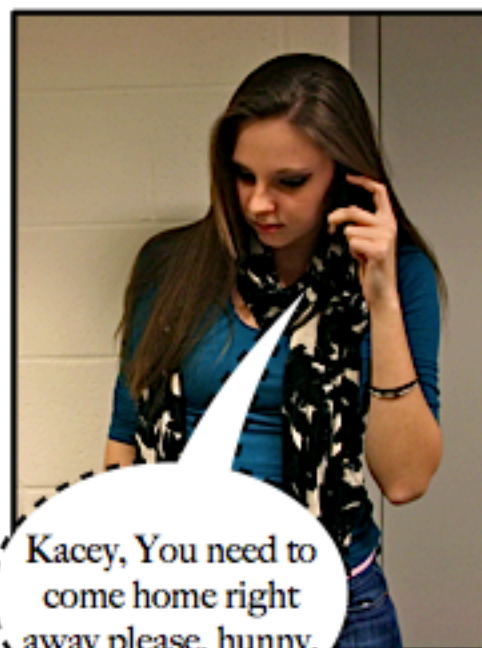


*A friendship like theirs was undeniable...
unconditional... complete...*

One Thursday, when Kacey was attending her weekly environmental club meeting at the library, she received many missed phone calls from her mother...



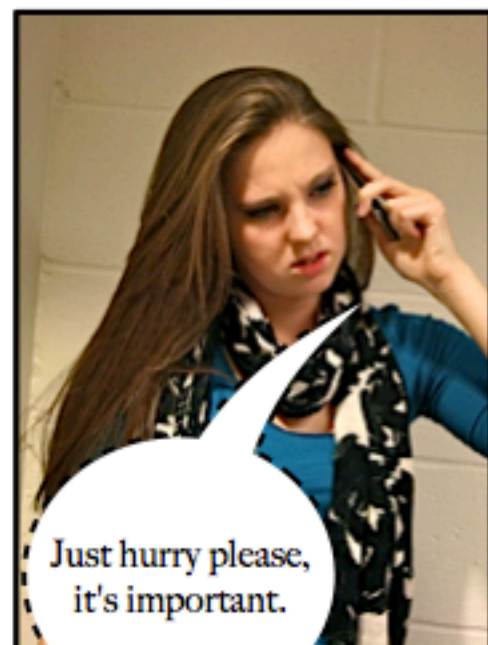
And when she called her mother back, she was in a panic...



Kacey, You need to come home right away please, hunny.



Why, Mom?
What's wrong?



Just hurry please,
it's important.



Mom, I'm at my meeting.



I know hunny, I just think you should come home.



Mom, just tell me what is going on...



I think it would be better if I told you while you were here. Please drive home now, sweetie.



Mom, please. You're really starting to worry me. What is going on? What happened?



At Rebecca's funeral three days later...



But neither did Kacey...



R.I.P. Rebecca Hunt 11/12/09

Kacey stayed home from school for weeks...



And when she finally returned...



She was very introverted...



As Kacey moved on with her life without her best friend, she couldn't help but feel like Rebecca was still there...



I still feel you, Becca.. but I just can't understand.



How could you do this to us? Put us through all of this pain? Did you even love us? We loved you...



Your sister looked up to you so much... You are so selfish for this...



How did I have no idea what you were going through.? How could you keep this from me?



*But I have to forgive you..
I need to let go of all my
anger... my confusion... my
frustration and regret...*

*So that I can be at
peace... just as you
are...*



The End

