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Best Friends

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Recommended Citation

Middleton (Class of 2015), Brent A., "Best Friends" (2014). *English Undergraduate Publications*. Paper 4.
http://digitalcommons.sacredheart.edu/eng_stu/4

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“Yo man, what do you think makes a true friend?”

“A true friend? ...Well, you know, someone that has your back no matter what, I guess. Why?”

“I don’t know; I was just thinking it over, and I realized that I don’t think I’ve ever had a real best friend.”

“Really? Well, a best friend is different, right? A best friend is like, the closest of the close, you know? A true friend can just be a normal close friend—if a close friend is even normal anyway, haha.”

“Hah, yeah, I guess that’s true. It’s just like, I’ve always—well, almost always—had friends that had my back...well, maybe not really...I’m not really sure about anything anymore Mac. I don’t know man.”

“Hmm. Well, I think you’d pretty much know if you had a best friend. But the thing is, not everyone has ‘em, and it seems like only the people who really need one don’t have one.”

“And what’s up with people saying they have like five and six and seven best friends? It’s called a *best* friend, you know? It’s like, *the best*.”

“Hah, yeah, that’s kinda stupid. I think it’s really just so people don’t have to choose and make the rest of their friends feel bad.”

“That’s what I’m thinking. But anyway, what were you saying?”

“Well—and I’m just thinking this, it isn’t anything real, like...anyway—I think the people that have best friends are kinda the spoiled ones. It takes—at least, I think so—*years* to build up a friendship to the point where you have a real best friend. By that time, you’ve already had this friend for so long that you’re already starting to take them for granted. I know with my boy Jack, we grew up together, so we’ve been around for a lot of each other’s stuff. Because we think we know each other so well (and we pretty much do) I just stop caring if some things get on his

nerves sometimes because I know we'll bounce right back from it. It gets pretty bad sometimes, and he does it too. In the end though, we've been friends since kindergarten, so I think it just works out that way."

"That's cool."

"Yeah. But the people who don't have one and really need one are kinda stuck, because it happens over time and kinda randomly. Like, you can't just go up to someone and automatically be best friends, you know? You might hit it off or whatever, but it wouldn't be on the same level as a real best friend. So those people who *need* a best friend now—whether they're depressed, lonely or anything else—are kind of just stuck like that."

"That's exactly what I'm talking about Mac...It's like the worst thing possible to be like that."

"Yeah...I don't even know."

"What you were saying before, though...about what you were saying about bouncing back, I think sometimes you can cross the line when you get too used to each other. I think that's what happened with my old best friend."

"What? Wait, so you *did* have a best friend?"

"Well, yeah, I guess...but my mind kinda blocks him out most of the time, so I usually forget he's even around anymore."

"Wait, what do you mean 'your mind blocks him out?' What happened?"

"Eh, it's basically what you were saying; we were best friends since legit third grade man. I almost never went over to his house, but we chilled so much we started sounding alike."

"Like, your actual voices sounded the same?"

"Nah, like our speech patterns and stuff. Like, we'd say a sentence the exact same way. And we made the same weird sound effects, and laughed at most of the same stuff."

“Wow. You guys were tight, huh?”

“Yeah man, exactly. And the same thing you were sayin’ started happening: I stopped caring so much about what I said and how I acted around him ‘cause I knew we’d always be tight. I’d just get really comfortable and say some stupid stuff, and I could see that he got annoyed sometimes and I’d always apologize, but not really seriously, because it was all kinda like a joke to me...”

“So what happened man?”

“Just one day there was this huge fight—not a real fight, but like an emotional fight—between me and another one of our friends. It was nasty, like real bad. And when I looked around to see where my bro was, I saw him on the other side, and he wouldn’t even look at me.”

“...That’s terrible, man. I don’t even really know what to say.”

“Yeah...I didn’t either. I haven’t talked to him since, and I don’t really ever plan on it.”

“...I mean, it’s not good to harbor any grudges or anything like that, but...”

“Yeah, I know...it’s just one of those times when you actually realize what it’s like to really hate someone man, and to be really depressed. Mad depressed.”

“Yeah...I mean...”

“That’s why I think it’s kinda a double-edged sword, man...people with best friends don’t usually know how well they got it, and then they mess it up, and it’s almost like it was never worth it in the first place...”