

Its funny how one small incident can change your life completely.

Jude, that's my name yet somehow, I had never once been called it. All my life I heard how I am a freak, or how I'm crazy, delusional, creepy, insane I never really thought much of it, I mean why would I? None of it was true, right?

Now I'm really not joking when I said all my life, from the day I was able to understand the simplest of English to the day I met *her* I would hear it none stop, until the day I met *her*. I'm sure you all want to know who she is, it would be impolite to ignore your request so lets start from the beginning, right from the very start.

She came into my life when I thought I needed her most and left when I realized I didn't Welcome to the story of my best friend. *Her. Delilah.*

[Next Page]

**Tuesday 1<sup>st</sup> January 2008**

Friend, a person with whom one has a bond of mutual affection.

Sometimes I wonder if there was ever a reason for my existence. Every day I wake up hoping for what any 11-year-old you would think already has, a best friend or even simply a friend.

**Tuesday 4<sup>th</sup> January 2011**

Family, a group of one or more parents and their children living together as a unit.

Funny word that is. Family. I wouldn't know what it is, as a 14 year old most people would find it very bizarre for someone this 'young' to not have.

I met a girl the other day. She seemed nice. It was merely a coincidence I bumped into her, I was simply walking to the store down the road and similar

to how romantic love stories go where the guy and the girl bump into each other and the girl and guy so graciously get back to their feet and instantly fall in love with each other at first sight, however this was nothing of the sort because this was not a love story. I didn't want love. I despised it with all my heart. The product of my parents had me scarred. I only wanted a friend

**Tuesday 3<sup>rd</sup> January 2012**

*One whole year later.*

I learnt her name yesterday. It's Delilah pretty name for a pretty girl.

I could only dream to look like her; the way her silky hair elegantly sways side to side as she walks with her head held high; or the way her hourglass figure stands out amongst the crowd even in the tacky school uniform she somehow manages to look stunning standing out from everyone. Yet here I am stuck in this square shaped body constantly unhappy I mean I do stand out from the crowd just not the way I want. If only I was like her.

**Tuesday 1<sup>st</sup> January 2013**

We go to the same school now. Maybe we can become friends.

I sat on the bench beside her the other day. I envied the way her laugh was so pure and innocent it made me wish, that I was like her.

**Tuesday 7<sup>th</sup> January 2014**

Bucket lists, a list of things that one has not done before but wants to do before dying

My bucket list was pretty simple, compared to most that is. All I ever wanted was to make a friend or at least have the dream body and look like every other icon.

I feel I have accomplished half of my bucket list. I made a friend. I felt like crying for joy that day. She was the most amazing friend anyone could ask for, she even gave me a nickname Jane. I struggled to find the connection with my

real name at first but Delilah said it's the norm and to just 'go with the flow' whatever that means. So I did, I mean it's not everyday someone like me makes a friend. She even insisted that she bought me clothes, she claimed I looked like a someone off the streets with my usual clothes and if I was to 'hang' with her j would have to look the part as well. So, here I am in this shopping center.

As I look round I see pieces of fabrics at the prices of diamond ring, honestly makes me wonder how they are even in the store. Over to my left there are tops which barely cover the stomach and over to my right there are dresses which are so short one movement would uncover all.

After hours of walking and trying on hundreds and hundreds of clothes on which and I quote from Delilah of course, with my body physique would look horrendous in she gave up. As relieved as I was, I was also upset because it was the first time someone had, had the decency to look out for me.

That night I went home, well to the house that I live in. I wouldn't call it a home, home is where the heart is they say and my heart is not in this house. This building of which I live in is a constant reminder of the place I once had a family. I don't anymore. They left me. They left their only child for their own selfish reasons.

**Tuesday 2<sup>nd</sup> January 2018**

I realized my mistake now. I grew up. As the years went by I understand that the snarky side comments she made were not 'the norm' they were in fact unnecessary and her sole purpose was to put others down. She was not a friend