

The Best Friend

By Sasha Gabriel

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I'm. Going. Insane.

I know it. I feel it.

Please don't shake your head and tell me I'm not! I'm telling you I KNOW I AM!

You don't just wake up and find yourself covered in blood... and think that everything's hunky dorey!

So much blood.

On my hands... my blouse... in my mouth.

I look around my bedroom. The walls are bleeding.

I rush to the bathroom and throw up. My legs are shaking... angry with me for forcing them to stand... and stumble to the sink. I look into the mirror, afraid of what I'll see and see what I'm most afraid of.

Me.

The scarf! I've got to tape the scarf to the window! He's got to see it and help me!

My legs stop whining and race me toward the dresser. I grab the yellow scarf and slam it against the window, our own private signal.

PLEASE!! My mind screams... Please see it, CJ!

I fall back to the bed but the scarf stays put... the blood on my hands acting as glue on the glass.

I try to calm myself... I know CJ will come. He always does. He always knows what to do. I wish he would hurry...

"I saw the scarf..." CJ enters in a rush. "What happened?" and stops when he sees me.

I hold up my hands to him, unable to say a word. *What can I say?* I think. I'm going insane.

But my best friend enters and looks down on me. His hands caress my face, then he wipes the blood from my mouth.

He sits in his favorite chair... my white wicker rocker... and holds his arms out to me.

"It's going to be all right," he whispers to me. "Come here."

I rush from the bed into his open arms. CJ cradles me like a mother cradles a child. Whenever something happens that upsets or frightens me, CJ is there. He's always there. I love him so much.

"I love you," he whispers into my hair. "You know that, right?"

I look into his eyes and nod. His eyes have always mesmerized me. One blue. One brown.

"What happened?"

I shake my head. Frail and helpless, I beg him to understand with my eyes. "I'm going insane."

"Who else knows?" his voice is hushed, as though this can be a secret.

"I don't know. I woke up like this. I don't know what happened."

“Is it like before?”

I move slightly away from him, thinking. *Was there a ‘before’? Please don’t let there be a ‘before’!* I push myself away from CJ even more, my mouth opening a little in surprise and nod.

CJ nods at me and pulls me against him, rocking a little faster. “I thought so.”

“What should I do?” knowing he’ll tell me. CJ always tells me what to do. He loves me.

“Before they come home, let’s find it and bury it. Then, we’ll clean you up... and your room.” His blue and brown look at me with understanding.

When it’s all done, CJ hugs me and leaves, saying as he closes the door, “I’m always here for you. You’ll be all right. Take a long hot bath and have a nice dinner with your family.”

I just finish dressing when the front door opens and I hear her voice, “Cindy Jean, come down and help me with dinner, sweetie.”

I look in my makeup mirror on the nightstand. “Am I insane?” I ask my reflection.

And CJ looks back at me with one blue and one brown and smiles.

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