



# Demons

By Linda Boettcher 8E

A lot changed when she died, ...infact everything changed. I suppose to everyone else, I was the one who changed, but to me the entire world seemed different. I knew it was coming, but that didn't change the fact that it happened, and there was nothing I could do about it. Her death was imminent, I was just hoping for it to take its' time; maybe take a little holiday before getting back to work.

Jasmine and I had been best friends since second grade. I moved schools and into her class. We quickly became best friends. I still remember the day we met, the teacher introduced me and made me sit next to Jasmine. I'm forever glad she did. Jasmine was small, like me, but otherwise we were total opposites; she was the north to my south. We were complete opposites, but you need them both. Jasmine was always the beautiful one, she may have been small but she was a hurricane in a hairdo. Her flawless mocha skin and liquid brown eyes so captivating that it made it hard not to stare. Her glistening smile was contagious. She was the girl all the boys loved, but never dared to ask out. No one could compete with her, not that I, nor anyone else, ever tried. I often wondered why she was my best friend, there were so many other people more similar to her than I, but she never seemed to take any notice. Sometimes I would ask her, but she never really answered me, she would always just say, "Don't be so silly Candice! Who else would I be best friends with?" and that was that. Jasmine was the type of person that, when she ended a conversation, it was over. Jasmine made Beyonce seem small and ordinary. No one was like, or could ever be like, Jasmine De Lacour.

Jas and I grew up together. She was fierce and I was insecure. She never let a soul touch me. There were times when Jas and I weren't so close, and to others it seemed like we weren't friends anymore, but we were like magnets; we always found our way back to each other. I only ever saw Jasmine cry once. That was when she was diagnosed with cancer. I insisted on getting her results with her, she got ready by putting on makeup and doing her hair. She looked more beautiful than ever that day. On that day her dark chestnut hair looked glossier than polished wood, her smile was whiter than a hospital, but the twinkle in her eye was gone. The sparkling twinkle that looked like the sun hitting the ocean, was missing. When the doctor told her the tests had been positive, she simply said, "Well, I suppose that's all the more reason to live life to its' fullest." The doctor seemed taken aback by her reaction, but I knew it was an act. We went back to her place she ran up to her room and threw herself on her bed, tears already spilling out of her beautiful eyes. She cried for hours. When she stopped she looked at me with her dark eyes, mascara on her cheeks and crimson lipstick smudged. "That's the last time I'll cry; from now on only tears of joy," she declared. She stayed true to that, it was the last time she ever cried.

Jasmine died of Osteo Sarcoma. In the last week of her life, the tumor doubled. She knew she was going. I was there when she died, sitting on the edge of her bed reading the letter she wrote to me, and when I looked up, she was gone. She had died so peacefully, like water flowing down a stream. "I know I never



really told you why, but that's because I never knew, I didn't know if it was your kindness, your brains, your strength or your courage. I never knew what it was. It doesn't matter that I don't know why, because I have you, and I love you." That's what the letter said. It had a lot of other things in it too, like apologising for not being a good friend and for hurting me, but it wasn't her fault that I loved her. I cried as I read the letter and I thought back to when she had cried; that was the last time I ever cried. I didn't cry at the funeral or anytime after. She died, hand in mine, smiling. That's all I ever wanted for her, happiness.

After she died things went badly. I stopped getting straight A's at school and was getting steady D's. I had this hole in my stomach that wouldn't stop aching. I grew apart from my friends, they seemed so childish to me now. Everyone would say how sorry they were and pretend to be empathetic, but they didn't know anything; they didn't know her or how I felt. People said she would have wanted me to be happy but they didn't understand, I couldn't be happy. I tried, I really did. It was like I had demons inside of me, tearing me up from the inside out, clawing at my heart and tearing my humanity to pieces. I started to have panic attacks, I would think of her and suddenly I couldn't breathe. It all just got too much.

I hope after you read this you realise why I've done what I'm about to do. I know it's selfish and I know I'm inflicting this pain onto you but it's too much, I can't bear it. When you find me, I'll be happy. I'll be with Jasmine again. I'm sorry.

Xx Candice