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## Remembering My Lost Friend

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We have been best friends since our school days. My friend and I have almost the similar likings and like to share things about everything. We have been exchanging every secret that we have till now. But now, I suppose that I was totally wrong, when one day she seemed suddenly a stranger to me. It was during the last five years that we have been living in separate places and had been in contact with each other only through cell phones. We both have been busy in our own life. I, with my parents have moved to different city and was busy adjusting with the new surroundings and with my new job.

On 12<sup>th</sup> of August, I called her to wish her birthday, but her cell phone was switched off. Again, I tried to call her later that day, she didn't answer me. That was quite strange to me, though, it didn't happen before. I thought her cell phone may need some charging or she might have left it at home and had gone somewhere outside. Later that evening, I got an SMS from her saying "Sorry, I was out of reach; will call u later." This gave me some relief. From that day onwards, I think of her and would question myself what on earth had happened to her and when would she call me.

Life never stops for anyone. I became busy with my new job. After about four months, I received an abrupt call from my friend one early morning. It was Monday, a very busy schedule for me. I was just becoming ready to go out for my work, when she called. I was in a hurry, but still I picked up the phone to answer her. Her voice was shaking and with some fear, spoke on the cell phone, "Hey! I am pregnant! Do something and get me out of this hell. Please help me." I was stunned and I saw my hands trembling. I could only say, "What! .....How?" She spoke on the phone that she has a boyfriend and had been spending endless nights with him since the last few months. She had been taking birth control pills but somehow she got pregnant. Then she told me that it was a long story and could only tell me that she was going to come to my place and stay for some days. She didn't yet tell her parents about this and told me not to tell anyone. She inquired whether I know a good gynecologist in my city. I said yes and consoled her in my every possible way. I also said that I was in a hurry to get to my own work. I promised her that I will help her and would contact her in the evening. After hanging the phone, I was completely in a jolt. Everything in this world seemed strange to me then. Somehow I managed to come to my own senses and went out of my house on my way to work.

That whole day, I could not concentrate well on my work, but somehow I carried on. During lunch time that day, I was only thinking about my friend, who used to share everything with me. But, what happened to her now. She seems a complete stranger to me now. I was so stupid to have shared my feelings and thoughts to her till now and what about her? She has been hiding something from me till date and I was totally unaware of this. As I would recollect my friend's nature, she was shy and reserved from our school days. We gradually became bosom friends after knowing each other at the time we both been graduated from the same college. Since that time, we have shared almost everything with each other; even we talk about our future husband and dreams, and about our careers and future planning.

That evening, I contacted my own gynecologist and fixed an appointment with her. Then I called my friend and told her that she should be in my apartment by next week and told her about the appointment with my doctor. Next week, when she arrived, I couldn't recognize her at first. She used to be little plump before and I used to

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tease her and call her "hippo". She would never mind at all and would just laugh. But, now, she has reduced herself a lot. She has now become very thin. I was taken aback. In about five years, she has changed a lot. I said to her at the first sight, "Wow! What a change!" To this, she smiled a little and hugged me lightly. I too greeted her. She told me that I have not changed a bit. I smiled back. Then she began to cry. I patted her and told her not to worry. Everything will be alright.

At dinner time, we helped each other with the food, and talked about the olden days. By the time we got into our own bed, she seemed little relaxed. Next day was very hectic. I had taken leave from my office the previous day. My mother made us a heavy breakfast for us that day. So, we went to my doctor's clinic at about ten o'clock as scheduled. The doctor was very nice with both of us, and consoled my friend that she should not take any headache about the problem. Everything would be well taken care of. The doctor had prescribed some medicines and told my friend to take them regularly and to maintain a healthy diet. She also gave us the date of the abortion to be taken place. She assured both of us nothing to worry about.

My friend stayed at my house for at least a week after the operation. During that time, I tried to ask her about her boyfriend. She just ignored my asking and would change the topic every time I put up the discussion. I began to think that she is no longer that friend of mine who used to be earlier. I slowly began to think that my friend has changed and promised myself never to share my feelings and thoughts with her anymore. It was sad that I was beginning to lose a very close friend from now on.

Life goes on and on and many people may have come in every person's life. In my life, too, a person came who have changed my life completely. He is my husband now. He has taken the place of my lost and bosom friend. I am now happy to say that I share almost everything with my hubby and vice versa. It's true that every person likes to share his/her own feelings with the closest person. I still regret that I have lost my closest friend with whom I used to feel comfort and secured. But, never mind. My hubby takes care of me and loves me a lot. I have now settled and have my own loving family. Currently, I have lost contact with my friend, but have no regrets in my life any more.