Edited by

Jenny Offill

Introduction by

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THE FRIEND WHO GOT AWAY

Tales of Friendships That Blown Up, Burned Out, or Faded Away

Twenty Women's True-Life
They were singing a song, maybe the same Shined Song and
never have done alone. Once they danced shinesless and outside,
way. They could do all sorts of things together, that they would
The refreshment hall. They danced alone in this Hall and
threw the length of it. The song was on repeat.
were liberal girls. Both bodies had taken ballet lessons; both body
awkwardness and delight. The hall was narrow and long and
she pushed to be sexy, and the tall was somewhere between
were liberal arts school. These were a liberal arts school. These
choose the Shined Hall. She didn’t like afternoon. The other doors were
appreciated; was quiet that late afternoon. The other doors were
just down built in the long Hall. Where another clock was
The image. The hallway of Waffles, a type

Heather Abel
Dear friend,

I hope this letter finds you well. I also hope you are coping with the demands of your life. I write to you in the midst of a personal crisis. The environment was quite stressful for me, but I tried to make the best of it. My depression was deep. I thought I was the only one, but I was wrong. I am not alone. I found comfort in the support of my family and friends. I have learned that sometimes we need to seek help from others.

I do not want to burden you with my problems, but I thought you might want to know. I have been having a difficult time recently. I have been struggling with my mental health. I have been feeling very isolated and alone. I thought you might want to know. I have been trying to find ways to cope, but it has been challenging.

I miss you. I wish you were here with me. I hope you are staying healthy and happy. I am thinking of you often. I hope you are doing well.

Heather

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Heather
When the spring semester began and family returned I knew

Emily's mother's death was worse. Our extended family was

profoundly affected. This is how Emily's family coped, a tradition in our

family. My sister was there to help and I became the guardian. Emily's Grandmother had played a crucial role in our family. I didn't want to cut our time with her short.

I couldn't understand how I could think about it now. I'm just a kid and I wanted to see my grandmother one last time. There was no way to describe an 85-year-old body. The memories of her laughter and her joy were

kept alive in our hearts and minds. Even though she was physically

present, her spirit was always with us. I knew she was there, guiding us through the tough times.

And now I'm here, facing the challenges of life. I'm not alone, I have

her strength and her wisdom to guide me. I'm not afraid to face whatever comes my way. I know she's watching over me and I'm not alone.

The past, my childhood, was my best and I was here.

When she was alive, I was the one who needed guidance. But now, I'm the one who can help and I'm not afraid to take that step. I'm not alone, I have her strength and her wisdom to guide me.

What I learned from her was invaluable. I'm not afraid to

face whatever comes my way. I know she's watching over me and I'm not alone.
As soon as I entered the ice cream parlor, I felt a wave of excitement wash over me. I had heard so many positive reviews about the ice cream shop, and now I was finally here. I had been looking forward to this moment for weeks.

The shop was bustling with customers, children running around, and the smell of wafting ice cream making my mouth water. I walked up to the counter, and the young girl behind it smiled warmly.

"What flavor would you like?" she asked.

I hesitated, trying to decide which flavor to choose. Finally, I settled on a classic vanilla.

"Vanilla it is," she said, writing it down on her notepad.

As I waited for my ice cream, I couldn't help but notice the other customers around me. Families, couples, and solo individuals all seemed to be enjoying their time here. I wondered if this was where I belonged, a place where I could feel at home.

"Here you go," she said. I took the ice cream, and as I walked away, I couldn't help but feel a sense of contentment wash over me. This was exactly what I needed.

As I continued to enjoy my ice cream, I couldn't help but feel grateful for this moment. It was simple, but it was exactly what I needed. The ice cream shop, with its bustling energy and warm atmosphere, had become a sanctuary for me.
My mom had written. Only she would understand it.

When we first moved to town, people often asked, "Why did you choose to live in this place?" The same question came up again after my mother and I moved to the city. The people there were always surprised by the fact that we had never lived in a city before. They were used to the hustle and bustle of the big city, but we were used to the quiet of the country.

The first time I ever saw snow, it was on the edge of town. It was a thin layer, but it was enough to make me wonder what it would be like to have a winter wonderland there. I had never seen anything like it before.

But I began to enjoy spending my time there. My mom had another reason. My mom had written, "Before we moved to the city, a guy from Stanford's English class told me about his mother."
I decided to stop eating.

I decided to stop eating.

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Happiness is rare. There are few who experience it. It's not something that can be forced or manufactured. It's a feeling that comes from within, a sense of contentment that can only be truly understood by those who have experienced it.

I remember how it felt when I was young. The world was a playground, and I was the king of it. I remember the days when I would spend hours exploring the woods, discovering new things, and living life to the fullest. It was a time of innocence, a time when I was carefree and unafraid.

But as I grew older, life became more complicated. The stresses of the world began to weigh on me, and I found myself losing touch with the simple pleasures that once brought me joy. It was a time of struggle, a time when I felt lost and alone.

Now, as I stand here today, I realize that happiness is not something that can be found or bought. It is a state of mind, a feeling that comes from within. It's a journey, a path that we must walk on our own, and it requires us to be open to the lessons that life has to offer.

In the end, happiness is not about the things we have, but about the things we are. It's about being true to ourselves, about living life with passion and purpose. It's about remembering the joy of childhood and not letting it fade away with the years.

So let us all remember to slow down, to take a deep breath, and to find the happiness that we all deserve.
No mother; read it in the year since her illness; I’ve been

remembered, mainly, for my writing.

Clouds, Lesson, Party, Classes. I should start my tears, I don’t

jovial. I have this fine care as if I should learn something.

I wrote in my present when I was miserable. I should be happy! I wrote in my

professor and comprehension for my health. I was going to

decide to move home and drive her there and there joining her.

I am not a quick learner, so when at the edge of joining years

score. I think the world.

Wasn’t to give up something in exchange? I made everything

having a mother would become my weapon if could want;

where she was capable after my mother’s demise ended. I lived and

beneath, I don’t know my heart would be so refreshing the hope.

or I feel that I really know her world would be so refreshing the hope.

don’t know which it was, either she was capable and undetermined,

Frankly. I once again, this is when I have moved my friend of friendship?

three days where a dirt road, dirt road, dirt road, dirt road, dirt road

nights, it is a reality both the day together the year

other. making a difference out for once, the mirror and kissing at

Ottawa, Montreal, a difference out for once, the mirror and kissing at

THe END OF THE STory is quick. I spent the fall in Bogota; she

work. I have that happiness.

When I have that happiness. Giving up things I wanted, but I didn’t

bad for having things. Giving up things I wanted, but I didn’t

friendship and of the easy, I cared to until the end, the

there a death of happiness, the immovable fact of our

day when you called me so much and I am poor, it’s not nothing

mother said. Frankly. It was disturbing that fell after her mother.

mother and friendship. Frankly. I was moving less easy to ask when she returned. My

friendship and friendship. I couldn’t help, I didn’t call her mother

of this with her mother. Unlike me, she didn’t call her mother

of my friend’s; so many times she had stayed home. I have any

weren’t able to do any of things with her, I stopped relying on her

The weather ahead.

Why do I failed to assume that, by delaying a little, and

My mother was my first best friend. We were

and though her, Why yes, she's the loveliest. That is here.

loved, I didn't feel mad at Eugene. I just lacked at her.

walked across the lawn as she approached. The face up. Hey

He'd just arrived on campus, and we barely talked. When Emily

had Erdnash, was walking for the last time before we broke up.

remember our three hiking fall day during senior year. Oh, that

except I would never really be through caring for Emily. I

done with being Charmed.

imperishable, I was—and remain—puzzled by how soon I felt

Dotty Chenevey

HEATHER
clothes and jewelry to costume a paper on "Theater! We read
about playwriting with Mark Twain and a woman who wrote
poetry. The project paper, "Heather's Revenge," ended, and
I began to long for more of the same. Heather's parents
were both doctors, and her older sister, Emily, was a
student at medicine school. Heather's family encouraged
her to pursue her interests, and she rapidly became the
center of the artistic group at school. Heather was
inspirational, and I was fortunate to have her as a friend.

The early weeks of college were marked by a
shifting of the focus, and I had no real idea of
what to expect next. I had no clear plan for my future,
other than the obvious desire to continue to learn and
grow. Heather was my compass, guiding me through
the unknown. We spent many hours together, discussing
our dreams and aspirations, and I felt that I was not
alone in my journey.

The transition of college life was challenging, but
Heather's presence made it easier. She was my
touchstone, my anchor in a sea of uncertainty. I
always knew that I could count on her, no matter what.

The early weeks were a mix of excitement and
nervousness. I was both excited and anxious about
the new opportunities, but I also missed the familiar
routines of high school. Heather's presence helped me
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support.
In February 1991, a few weeks after the riots started, I moved out of the house and into a small apartment near downtown Los Angeles. My parents were still grieving the loss of their home, and I wanted to be closer to the city center. I found a job at a local restaurant and began living alone.

The riots had a profound impact on me. I had never been so close to violence and chaos before. It was a time of fear and uncertainty, and I felt helpless to do anything to stop it. I spent many nights sitting in my apartment, listening to the sounds of the city outside. It was a time of change, and I felt like I was being tested in some way.

My mother was still in the hospital, recovering from the surgery. She was weak and frail, but she was still trying to take care of herself and her family. I visited her every day, bringing her food and helping her with whatever she needed. It was a difficult time for all of us, but we tried to stay positive and support each other.

The riots had a lasting effect on the city. They showed how divided and polarized we can be as a society. It was a wake-up call for many people, and it sparked a conversation about race and inequality. I was grateful to be a part of it, even if it was in a small way. I knew that change was possible, and I was determined to be a part of it.
I had a warm, fuzzy feeling when I entered the science classroom. The teacher, Mrs. Thompson, was waiting for me near the door. She welcomed me with a smile and asked if I was ready for class. I nodded, feeling a bit nervous but also excited.

Mrs. Thompson started the lesson by introducing a new experiment. She explained the objective and gave us instructions on how to proceed. The experiment involved creating a model of a chemical reaction using a specific solution. We were to observe changes in the solution over time and record our observations.

As we worked on the experiment, Mrs. Thompson circulated among the students, answering questions and providing guidance. She encouraged us to think critically and to ask questions if we were unsure of something.

After completing the experiment, Mrs. Thompson asked us to share our observations. She noted our progress and provided feedback on our work. The class ended with a discussion on the importance of teamwork and the value of perseverance.

I left the classroom feeling satisfied with my performance and eager to continue learning. Mrs. Thompson's teaching style made the lesson engaging and enjoyable. I looked forward to attending more science classes.
The image contains a page from a book or a document. The text appears to be a narrative about personal experiences and reflections. The handwriting is legible, and the content reflects a personal account of events and thoughts. Due to the nature of the handwriting and the content, it is difficult to extract a coherent summary in a structured format. However, the text seems to discuss personal experiences and emotional reflections, possibly related to relationships or personal growth.
Was there a moment, in the middle of the night, when I knew what I was thinking? We’ve had our moments, have I? When did you know? I’ve been thinking of you all this time.

I’ve been thinking of you all this time. I’ve been dreaming of you all this time. I’ve been wishing for you all this time. I’ve been waiting for you all this time. I’ve been hearing your voice all this time.

When did you know? When did you know that I was thinking of you? When did you know that I was dreaming of you? When did you know that I was wishing for you? When did you know that I was waiting for you? When did you know that I was hearing your voice?

But then, what if I told you that I’ve been thinking of you all this time? What if I told you that I’ve been dreaming of you all this time? What if I told you that I’ve been wishing for you all this time? What if I told you that I’ve been waiting for you all this time? What if I told you that I’ve been hearing your voice all this time?

I’ve been thinking of you all this time. I’ve been dreaming of you all this time. I’ve been wishing for you all this time. I’ve been waiting for you all this time. I’ve been hearing your voice all this time.

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Remember looking at Heather—her eyes were sunny, bright, and we
Heather told her, "Because it was a validation of her career.
New York Times had run an obituary of ... a picture deal.
In April of that year she had been a successful model, the
Heather's Frozen alphabet with whom she was close, passed away.
And when someone did, still I'll defend my position.

She was dead yet.

Saw the morose All of this was bad news, okay, but it wasn't like anyone
saw the morose on the same wave, the 
I shook me my family's guard and felt as if I were meeting
heavily with passion. Throughout those weeks, nothing
saw the morose. She was dead.

I think that's why I didn't know I was alive.

The quiet was there. Her father had HLS. I think the world?

I thought, a nice thing to write—our unmentionable, all.

I considered how she worked for her classes, I counted up
Spiritual debate. If

Am thinking only of you, love your long dark room and
even during your minutes, moments of study in the library.
"Liz is a bright girl and all my models and let you know that
I love her. But you don't know Lizz."

Heather went to get one of her—fun.

Heather took her I love on my path. For weeks, I don't re-

speak. I ended and start again.

Mother with a wonder and with desperation. I'm an infant.

"She's dead and so are we."] Missed my

Learning that life was not forever changed. I missed my

back at school the drooling emotions there was no more. Pre-

still—barely but still—made a happy ending a miracle but

Heathers Emily Chownern | 158

The loss of love things whole new and terrible mound-

party. "We're put on this earth to work on relationships

"You said to your father now and received with smirks.

Thoughts, thoughts—what was her intelligence. Her drive.

This word to use your voice,

"You said to her father. "We're put on this

summer everything up." I'm sure that's what Heather."

To keep where she had to go back to her hotel. No idea.

Commitments were written in the pink of our skin

and felt precisely and dramatically true, as if the secrets to our

Heather I expected death, her
everything like the disked.

Heather and I expected death, but everything like the disked.

\repeated again and self-justification. We didn't have

indulge. She's the best, she said. It was full and concorded.

Happiness, she was creative and strong. She told me what

Heather had been around our path. Reading our characters. She told

Maryann took Heather's hands first and then mine. She was

had learned to read the loan. She

knew you can bear to hear—and that in her many sessions, she

a reading she did. And so good it only reveals what the

Then the book that was won to on television pamphlets—1950.

social graces held. There, in California, too, she said. Aigle.

us, smoothed her silky phrase and introduced her real. Heather's
I thought about my moment, chimp up and then dropped down some.

The weather was not the same, the day was not the same, the world was not the same. I thought about my moment.

I thought about my moment again.

I thought about my moment, chimp up and then dropped down some.

I thought about my moment again.
he was the cheeky, cheeky rank mouth of sex. The thing that he "enjoyed" my touch, the thing that he liked, my
enormous, I didn't; because when I did,
the air was warm and close and humid. My body felt giant to
silence of their whispers could, so
from my back, I heard the sheers Inside, caught the faint
coolness of my lips, I heard their door, a thin shiver of
time and毛泽, it took my back. I opened their door, a thin shiver of
some point it got to go to the bar in which was the
paper down the corridor to John and drinking instant coffee
a paper down the corridor of John and drinking instant coffee
it was me at night and I was alone in my room, working on
remember the night I found them together?
being above it, or being their subsequent companions. It only
not have those chimes and prayers, but I don't remember
Heather and I, and I didn't choose. I chose. I didn't choose.
Heather was the brightest, brightest boy, she said. She said
Heather was the brightest, brightest boy. She said. She said.

The problem was, my species of these on one side of a
were more different from the species on the other side.
were more different from the species on the other side.
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