

Sara

I found our box in the room.
Just like we left it.
But the solar lantern is still on.
I could swear we turned it off.
It's blinking and dim, but it's trying really hard to stay lit.
And it's shining on our box of forgotten memories.
Our friendship left behind.
This is all I have left of you.

That french mixtape is still in your cassette player.
I wish I hadn't made fun of you so much for listening to it.
I have it on right now and it's... actually pretty great.
I wish I had given it a chance back then.
You would have liked it if I had.

Our bottle of breaths is still sealed tight.
I wish I could give you yours back though.
It doesn't belong in this jar.
It's a bit ironic...as if you knew.
All that's left of you is invisible - the only superpower you ever wanted.

It seems as though your dream came true, Sara. You're invisible.

There's a book or something at the bottom of the box.
Under everything else.
I don't remember putting that in here.
Did you come back to add it?
...You must have been the one who left the light on.

How long ago did you do this?

The book is open. July 23.
This is... your diary...
Why did you leave this? Was it meant for me to see?

Sara...

JULY 23, 2004

Dear Diary, today was a really weird day.

It started when I snuck out after breakfast. I met Hailee at the McCormicks' abandoned farmhouse. She was waiting for me on the rickety front step.

When she saw me coming, she ran to me and gave me a big long hug, saying "don't ever go away again!"

She missed me because my family went to Oklahoma for a week to visit our relatives.

When she pulled away, I noticed she had a bruise under her eye. I asked what happened but she didn't say anything.

Instead, she grabbed my hand and pulled me into the farmhouse saying, "Welcome to Sara and Hailee's secret clubhouse!" She brought me through the front door where she had painted our names in big white letters in the hallway.

"See? It's ours now. I found some leftover paint and some brushes in the shed out back," she told me.

It was really awesome. Next, she took me upstairs where our names were painted on the doors, too.

"This one's my room. That one's yours, and this one over here is where we can both stay when it thunders. It looks like the walls are stronger in there."

At first I was scared. Scared that the McCormicks would come back or something and find our names all over the place. And how we'd get in so much trouble. But they hadn't been back for over a year now and Hailee told me not to worry. I trusted her.

We didn't do much. We sat in Hailee's room and talked about a book she's been reading called Bridge to Terabithia, where these two friends have a secret place to go to in the forest. Kinda like us, but at least our place has a roof.

We braided each others' hair and I told her about how my cousin Joe won the pie eating contest and showed me his trophy.

When it got too dark to see inside, we tried to turn on the lights, but surprise-surprise, there was no power. We opened up the curtains and watched the sky turn all the colours of the rainbow and I told her this was my favourite part of the day and that if I could, I'd make the sky look like this all the time.

It was getting kind of late and we didn't want our parents to worry about us, so we decided to go home. Hailee told me that Ms. Janey, who lived down the road, could probably drive us home.

I didn't want to leave. I wanted to stay there forever with her. But I said, "ok" and we left.

As we walked down the unpaved road, fireflies started dancing in the tall grass beside us. Hailee caught one in her hands and when we peeked in, it turned out she caught two! We both stared at them between Hailee's fingers and watched as their faint yellow glow pulsed back and forth.

With our heads so close together, looking at this beautiful light, she turned her head towards me and looked me in the eyes, letting the fireflies go.

Before I could say anything, she kissed me. On the lips. My stomach started to shake but it was the best feeling I've ever had.

When she stopped, I looked at her with wide eyes, trying to take in as much light as I could to remember the moment.

"Sorry..." she said, sounding embarrassed.

"It's ok," I replied, "I liked it."

She smiled. I did too. I took her hand and we walked the rest of the way to Ms. Janey's. I felt like I had a hundred suns in my stomach. I don't even remember how we got to Ms. Janey's house because I was replaying that moment in my head again and again.

We got into Ms. Janey's car, and she drove us home, and dropped Hailee off first. I got out of the car to give her a hug and thanked her for making the clubhouse for us.

She said goodnight and went inside her house and then Mr. Janey took me home too.

I can't stop thinking about what happened tonight. I want to tell the world, but I don't think anyone will understand.

Until next time, Diary, it's been my pleasure to write you.

- Sara

P.s. It's after 3 am and I'm totally going to be late for the school bus in the morning. Especially cause I'm in charge of feeding Jackson tomorrow!

Sara...I miss you so much.
They're tearing this place down soon.
They put up a sign.
So I came to take our stuff.
I left it here, trusting it would remain undisturbed.
But I guess nothing lasts forever...

Rest In Peace.