

Trevor Durbin

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Two-Faced Friendship

“Stop it!” An 11 year old me yelled. Once again my “best friend”—if he could even be called that—was being his obnoxious self. We were playing some sort of game in the basement of my house and he was intentionally annoying me with some noise-making toy gun. Eventually as we were playing we were close to each other for whatever reason and he continued to irritate me, so I pushed him over. He perceived this as some sort of assertion of dominance. This made the brawny boy with black hair who was slightly older and bigger than me very angry. To him it was always about being the biggest and strongest in the room—and proving it too.

“If you do that one more time...” he trailed off following his vague threat. When we went back to doing whatever we were formerly doing, he was set out to make me mad or annoy me. He would make whatever obnoxious noises he could, play rough, or even plainly antagonize me to do something. However I was finished being annoyed by his behavior, I simply told him to go home and I went to my room. He then went home with little drama. That day was pretty much the end of our friendship that had slowly been unraveling for the better part of a year.

This friend and I had been inseparable friends from first grade until sixth grade. There had been a few years in which we were in the same class in school, but most years we never even saw each other in school. Still, outside of school, we were together for no less than five days of the week. Almost every day he came over to my house after school, and almost every weekend

he came over to my house and spent the entire weekend there. He came along with my family to do anything: going to fun places, going to family gatherings, even going to the grocery store. We were inseparable friends and it seemed that nothing could drive us apart.

When we started sixth grade, we were in all the same classes and we were excited. As the year went along, kids that didn't care about school and never even tried to be smart eventually made fun of kids that were smart. Fortunately and unfortunately, I was one of those smart kids. Being very unintelligent and not caring for school, my friend fit perfectly into the "bullies".

At school, my so called "friend" joined in on making fun of me and others, constantly calling people "gay" or a "nerd" in an attempt to be funny. This had upset and confused me because I never made fun of him or put him down, but he constantly was one of the ones picking on me. Oddly, it was like he had a light switch inside of him that flicked on everyday after school. He would still want to hang out after school every day like he normally did, and acted like the version of him I knew.

Eventually his two sides became an annoyance I did not want to tolerate. As we were playing in my basement that day, I decided that I was finished with him. That I no longer had to deal with this double personality of someone I could be friends with for the rest of school. It was a quick decision for that close of a friendship, but I didn't ever regret it. Whenever I see or think about him I still picture the same 11 year old boy—half my best friend and half a brainless bully.