

Dear Allie, Love Lucy 1

Dear Allie,

I saw your brother the other day. When he walked by the window, he couldn't look me in the eyes, not quite. Seeing him made me think of when I had a crush and convinced you to sneak into his room. We played with his new guitar, and I accidentally snapped a string. He was furious. But you took the blame and had to walk the neighbour's dog for a week to pay him back.

I attempted a half-hearted smile as I mechanically placed items on the checkout counter, but he adjusted his cap and walked away. I don't blame him, though. There were things that I could have done.

Love,

Lucy

Dear Allie,

Do you remember when our class went to Washington? To think you almost didn't want to go, but I convinced you that we would somehow run into the president.

As the teacher rattled off partner pairings, I rolled my eyes when we weren't paired together—*Jack and Allie!*—but your eyes lit up at the mention of his name alongside yours. While I was

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supposed to be analyzing paintings of dead people, I saw how you ate up that line he fed you. Giggling, you turned away, your cheeks a bright red.

Your relationship with him only blossomed. But you didn't know. You didn't know it would die until all that was left was tears and dead carnations.

Love,
Lucy

Dear Allie,

When we returned from Washington, it was official. *Jack and Allie*. But never *Allie and Jack*. He brought you coffee, held your hand, and you went from sitting with me to sitting with *them*.

When we finally talked, everything you said was about him, and everything I said was through forced smiles. I tried to be supportive. Really, I did. Even though I didn't like him, you seemed happy. But one day, he shot you a look as you moved in my direction, and I knew I had lost you.

Love,
Lucy

Dear Allie,

I still remember the first day we met. It was freshman year, and I was a transfer student at a strange high school. At lunch, I awkwardly sat at an empty table. But you sat down with your sandwich in hand and started to blab on as if I were an old friend.

Love,

Lucy

Dear Allie,

You seemed out of it. You hid behind baggy clothing, and dark circles stained your pale skin. When I tried to confront you, you pulled your hoodie over your head and walked away. I followed you into the bathroom, where you were sitting on the floor, sobbing with your head against your knees.

I sat beside you on the cool tile, occasionally handing you tissues from the dispenser above. After a while, you rested your head on my shoulder and wiped your tears away. You told me Jack ended it. For a brief moment, I felt like you were letting me in again.

Love,

Lucy

Dear Allie,

I paid you a visit on your birthday. When your mom opened the door, she encouraged me to check on you because you had spent the entire day holed up in your room.

After knocking, I stepped into your room, gift in hand, and heard sobbing coming from the bathroom. I gingerly opened the door only to slam it shut because you were hunched over the toilet bowl, gagging, with your finger down your throat.

You later said it wasn't a big deal, and all you wanted was to lose a few pounds. Jack liked skinny girls, you said. Jack would want you back. Your bloodshot eyes seemed so desperate for his approval.

Love,

Lucy

Dear Allie,

You hurled every threat against me if I were to tell anyone what I saw.

I'll make you the laughingstock of the school. I'll tell my brother you're obsessed with him. I'll humiliate you.

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I agreed to keep my mouth shut, and before I knew it, you were back together. I watched you yo-yo between feigned happiness and arguments so heated that you'd flinch the moment he raised his voice. But every time he apologized with a bouquet of roses, the yo-yo would again retreat, and you'd think he was the love of your life.

Our friendship crumbled. You said if I couldn't be happy for you, we couldn't be friends, and that I was just jealous. I didn't know how to talk to you anymore. No. That's an excuse. The truth is, I couldn't watch you destroy yourself, but pulling away was easier because I couldn't watch myself let you down.

Love,

Lucy

Dear Allie,

It was Valentine's Day, and I woke up to a call from your mom. She said you were in the hospital, and my heart sank.

The drive was frantic. I kept replaying the first time I walked in on you, gagging over the toilet, and my body trembled with anger. You made it so difficult for me to help

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you. I hated you. My knuckles turned white against the steering wheel, and I cried tears of resentment and sorrow.

They told me you were driving to Jack's when the truck barreled towards you. You stood no chance because your heart was too weak. But when I saw you stiffly lying there, hooked up to a thousand machines, my anger disappeared. I knelt by you until they had to drag me away.

Love,

Lucy

Dear Allie,

At your funeral yesterday, people you didn't even like were carrying carnations, going on and on about how much you meant to them.

Jack was there, standing at the back of the field. While I gave my eulogy, I stared right at him. His hands dug into his pockets, and his head hung low like a scolded puppy.

Love,

Lucy

Dear Allie,

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Now I'm *the girl who lost her best friend*. I can't talk to anyone because everyone's afraid of saying the wrong thing.

I just want to vent to you about all of my problems, but I can't because you're the problem.

Love,

Lucy

Dear Allie,

It's our graduation day. I know you were waiting to walk onto that stage and accept your diploma while relishing the applause. This morning, I put on my white cap and gown and walked to your resting place with fresh flowers in hand.

I stumbled back when I saw your brother, lost in thought. I hadn't seen him since the grocery store. But he must've heard me because his head snapped up. "I'm sorry, I'll come back later," I said, turning around.

"No, stay. It's fine." I stood with him for a while as my hair rustled in the spring breeze, and I placed the flowers on the grass. "You should come around sometime. Mom misses you." He smiled gently and walked away.

Love,

Lucy

Dear Allie,

In the early aftermath of your death, I wished I never knew you because it hurt. Because grief, I've learned, is a broken mirror that reflects only a shattered version of ourselves.

But I find solace in these diary entries because, in a way, you're still here, selfishly alive between the pages.

Because while the hurt is infinite, so are we.

Love,

Lucy