

Putting It All Inside A Box

When I was a kid, I got into my fair share of situations where someone didn't want to befriend me, or vice versa. When I was teaching, I witnessed a lot of these situations too with the little girls, so much so that their skirts couldn't even be touching each other.

Being a grown-up, it is situations like these that I like to avoid — to tell someone, 'I don't want to be your friend anymore'. Friendships do fade with time, because we only have so many hours in the day which have to be divided by the increasing number of commitments that we take on as we grow older. But the lovely thing about true friendships is that even when less time is spent on them, they are still there and two good friends can always pick up from where it was last left off. But to make the conscious decision to cut someone off, seemed like such a childish sandbox game to me.

This is not to say that I did not take part in it, in recent years, because sometimes you're just so tired of the drama, but the beauty of it, is that through time, the friendship repairs itself and we apologise, learn from it and move on. For me, I ultimately let bygones be bygones because life's too short to hold on to petty grouses. After all, people do change, myself included. Sometimes, and only sometimes, we need a little bit of these things to reinforce and grow in any sort of relationship.

BUT, there are just people around who exist only to suck the very life out of your soul. And no matter how much repairing you attempt, it only ends up poking yet another hole in your heart.

As 2010 rang in, I received a really rude text from someone I thought was a dear friend. And this was when I decided that I've had enough of making excuses and trying to be the bigger person by letting things be and trying to make nice again. I always thought, *maybe if I just give that person another chance, put my ego aside and move on, things will get better*, but they just don't.

So I'm done, because I don't have the energy nor the heart to fix things anymore.

I'm done with people who get upset with me for years and choose not to say anything about it but tell the world and suddenly decide they have had enough when all this while I had no idea what was happening. I'm done with people who think it's OK to be rude (and not even in a playful, good friend way) and treat me like chopped liver. I'm done with people who drop bombshells on me and try to scurry away while I pick up the mess they left behind. I'm done with people who have ridiculous unspoken expectations of me and act self-righteous just because they feel I haven't done my part. I'm done with people who think they are right all the time and are disrespectful towards my opinions and input. I'm done with people who take advantage of the fact that I don't mind paying for their meal or driving them around on the occasion. I'm done with people who take advantage of my work. I'm done with people who feel that I owe them my life just because they did one good deed for me. I'm done with people who don't understand I need my space. I'm done with people who don't understand that I'm actually going through a really hard time inside, but I'm trying to deal with it so bear with the occasional outburst of emotions. I'm done with people who don't understand why I'm going through a hard time.

I'm done.

(But to those who love me, understand me, and listen to me — THANK YOU.)