

You were 6.

You were 6 when I first met you. We instantly became best friends because your favorite magic tree house book was my favorite as well. We bonded over identical copies that we borrowed from the library. Why would a library have two copies of the same book? Aren't books supposed to be magical? Aren't they supposed to be unique? We giggled and thought it was fate that we met during recess. you gave me your hand and demanded we play princesses together. I followed you like a duck following its mom. A naive creature, but a happy one quacking and skipping like in the movies. That was me. I was one happy duckling, playing games with you and making jokes on things we didn't quite understand. We positioned our hands awkwardly when it was cold out, and blew out smoke like we saw the adults do in the old movies. We giggled and chased each other saying we were going to kill each other, until the teachers said that it was very mean to say that. We giggled, we were always giggling now that I think of it. My memory is very clear when it gets to you. I remember you had your hair up in a pony tail for a while until your mom cut it and changed it to small pigtails. It's the only time I remember you having a tantrum, it was very vivid. You screamed and pulled your hair, demanding that you get your hair back.

"Your hair can't grow back" Your mom whispered angrily. She didn't want to seem rude in front of my mom and I, but she was also pissed. "Magic isn't real." That really sat you off. You screamed louder. I thought your mom was mean. I thought she was evil. I wished that she died. I wished that the hair would grow back. I wished that for you. I thought if things died they would go away. But I didn't understand any of it. I was very, very, stupid.

But all kids are.

I remember the day I woke up in the snowglobe. I was so happy. The snowglobe sits on the shelf in your room. I've been to your house many times before it happened. I did not see it before. The snow globe's interior is very cute. It's like a little terrarium that does not move. There is grass on the ground, like the ones on the soccer field of the playground, plastic and obviously fake, but at the time I didn't know that. All that mattered was that it felt like grass.

This felt like grass too, it was like my snowglobe was an amalgamation of all my memories, it seemed perfect at the time, there were toys all around, stuffies of dogs and cats that I did not recognize but I would later name, a big barn looking structure that was the same texture of my plastic toyhouse. The one I would play outside with you. It mimicked it, but now that I look at it, I realize it's not the same. I didn't know that at the time though, to me, it was perfect.

What made it even more perfect was you. I got to play with you. You would tap on the glass and I would tap back. We would giggle and play around and my only thought at the time was that I wish I could make you join in the snowglobe. After all, a perfect reality is one where it's just the two of us.

I wondered if this was like the heaven that they would talk about in Sunday school. Was I dead? Maybe grandma was in a fun snowglobe too. I wanted her to join me in the snowglobe, just as I wanted you to as well. I wanted all my loved ones to join me here, no dumb moms, no annoying boys from school, just us. It would have been perfect, because for some reason, I already accepted that I was probably dead.

I don't believe I'm dead now.

You played with me daily, giggling as you breathed on the glass, telling me all the gossip about school. The boys you liked, the girls you hung out with. You said you had 18 boyfriends and I believed you. You said you were friends with famous actors, they all knew you by name, they came to your birthday party, I didn't see them at your party that year. I did not forget about them.

You were 7

I got a little bored, I wanted my mom's home cooking, even if I never got hungry. I wanted to tell my dad and mom about the crazy things that we talked about. But they never came to get me.

Now that I think about it, I assume they mourned me. I bet they thought I went missing. But I didn't understand the concept of missing posters, of losing someone, because you were there, and you would be there forever. That's all that mattered to me.

You.

It was all for you.

I remember before the snowglobe, I would cry when I had to leave your house for playdates, bawling my eyes out when I had to go to my dance recitals, Crying that the tutu I wore was too itchy when I earlier insisted that I wanted to wear it.

I wonder if my parents missed the annoying parts of me.

I doubt it, I bet they, and my older sister, liked the fact the house was quieter.

But I have had a lot of time to think about it, I do wonder if they did or didn't. It's not like I could see their faces again.

You brought another friend over once, you didn't talk to me.

She was blond and had green eyes and dumb freckles.

As a little girl, I wanted to kill her. I wanted her gone. I needed you, because I couldn't just be alone.

I don't remember her name, honestly I didn't really care. But it's not like you are hearing this anyway.

I wanted her gone and cried and sobbed when you wouldn't play with me.

You went to go ice skating with her.

I was left screaming.

The interior of my snowglobe didn't change.

You were 9

I was starting to get bored. But moreover, I was starting to get homesick. I wanted my mom, I wanted her to tell me it's all going to be ok. I still want her. I want her so badly. I imagined and dreamed so many times of me breaking out of the snowglobe and running back to my dad, they would be so happy to see me again. Their eyes lighting up like in the many books that I have read and reread in my little snowglobe.

I haven't mentioned the books have I? They are all my favorites from 3 years ago. Charlie and the Chocolate factory, Dr Seuss books, Harry potter, warrior cats; All books that my mom and dad would read to me before the snowglobe.

I think some of them are your favorites too.

I never read the book version of Liv and Maddie, or el Deafo, or the Baby sitters club until I got stuck here. The more I think of it, the more I realize that it's all a shadow of your room, of our life, of our childhood.

I just wish that whatever god there is, if there even is one, that I get more books. I want to visit the bookstore down the street again, I want the library, I want story times again. I wonder what they are publishing now.

I am bound to a level 3 reading level.

I am stuck in the fucking kid's section.

You brought more friends over.

They were all pretty ofcourse, you have an eye for pretty girls don't you? You liked bringing them over and talking about boys with them. You always liked a new boy every week, and you and the other girls would have sleepovers and play truth or dare. One time you brought over some boys from school and kissed one of them and everyone went "oooooh". I wish I could experience that with you from the outside. I started realizing that I didn't want to kiss a boy, but a girl.

I wanted to kiss that nice girl who had brown hair that went up to her shoulders and blue eyes, her skin was tan and her laugh was really cute.

I wanted her to see me. I wanted to kiss her.

But you don't even look at me that much anymore.

Sometimes you wave at me. But you don't play with me anymore.

I want you to play with me, but moreover, I want to escape.

You were 11

I tried breaking open the glass.

I needed to get out. It didn't work. No matter how hard I tried, not even a crack. Not even a little dent in the fucking globe.

I started crying.

You didn't see me. I started having thoughts again, ones that I started to understand a little bit. I remember when your dog died.

I remember how you cried for days and screamed into the pillow. I wonder if your parents would do that if they saw you dead. But if you were dead, maybe I would be able to get out of here. Maybe I will be able to see my parents again.

I wonder if my parents also cried when they thought I was dead. They probably did now that I think about it. If you died, I would most likely cry.

I miss those days that we played together. I miss you looking in my direction. But I miss my family even more.

Maybe if you died, I would be able to get out. It's funny, I have a sinking feeling that I look the same that I did when I was 6. But I haven't seen a mirror in quite some time.

You were 13

You turned 13, I saw your friends, new and old, crowd around you as you wore a little hat that said "13" on it

I need that.

I tried breaking the glass again.

It didn't work.

I think I'm giving up hope.

I want my family.

But I'm scared they already moved on.

Maybe they aren't crying for me anymore.
Maybe they are and I just don't know.
Maybe they forgot about me, like you.

You were 1_??

I don't know anymore. I don't really care anymore. But now you look so old.
You look like the adults that I would see. Now you play a weird looking guitar called a "bass"
Now you don't have a clock on the wall so I don't even know what time it ever is. Your room is completely rearranged, I stopped counting the nights, I look outside the window and see my old house, taunting me. I want you dead, I want you dead, I want you gone.
I need to escape.
I need to escape.
I need to escape.
You know what's funny? I started holding my breath until my vision got blurry. I thought that If I died again, I would escape.
It didn't work.
I tried hanging myself on a plastic tree with a jump rope.
I didn't know how to tie the knot.
It didn't work.
Nothing worked.
The snowglobe hasn't moved in quite some time.
I am sitting here now.
Surrounded by toys made for 6 year olds, books I don't care about anymore.
I am not 6 anymore.
But I don't think I am quite your age either.
I don't know what I am.
I am Kate.
And I hope someone hasn't moved on from me going missing.
Goodnight.

I am 19

I am looking at a snowglobe that sits on my bookshelf that I don't really know where it comes from. I'm moving out today so I'm packing my stuff.
I go and grab it.
It looks like a normal snowglobe. There's a little barn looking structure inside, but I do gotta say that the craftsmanship is really good.
I used to imagine my friend... I don't remember her name... Inside of it.
Kids can be weird.
I drop the snowglobe.

It shatters on the floor.
I shrug and walk away.