

## Shattered Trust

(Teen girl stands center stage, arms crossed, her voice shaking but strong.)

You were my *best friend*. My *best friend*. Do you even get what that means? It means I trusted you with *everything*. My secrets, my dreams, the stupid little things that don't matter to anyone else but somehow always mattered to you. At least...I *thought* they did.

But now? Now I don't even know who you are. I don't know when you stopped being my best friend and started being *the person who replaced me*.

You didn't even have the decency to tell me. I had to hear it from *them*. "Oh, she doesn't really hang out with you anymore, she's with *us* now." Like I was some old toy you got bored of and tossed aside. And then I see you, laughing with them, whispering like we never even existed. Like I never mattered.

Was any of it real? Did you mean it when you said we'd be best friends forever? Or was that just something easy to say in the moment, something that sounded nice before you found something—or someone—better?

I keep asking myself what I did wrong. If I wasn't fun enough, if I wasn't *cool* enough. But you know what? No. I'm done blaming myself. I didn't do anything wrong. *You* did. *You* were the one who walked away.

So fine. Be with them. Laugh with them. But just know, when it all falls apart—and it *will*—I won't be there to pick up the pieces. Because this time, I'm picking up my own.