

**Good  
Friendships  
Are  
Precious**

**Rebecca Garas**

Now, she is in hospital with severe injuries." The words played over and over in my mind along with things Austin has told me. *'California tragedy, another accident, anniversary of his death, something happened over there, there's nothing left for me back there, this was the phone of Austin Young, I went to Crossroads, I was 16.'* It all looped in my head getting louder and louder. Every time Austin spoke it was in past tense, always like he was talking about someone else.

Nobody apart from me had ever seen him, my mum said she heard me but didn't see or hear him on the way back from the library each night. He was always up in the armchair at the library where nobody else went so that he wouldn't be seen by anyone except me. He seemed to appear out of nowhere and vanish into thin air all the time. Whenever

I looked out the window to watch him walk away there was nobody in sight. He never wanted me to ask Mrs O'Brien about a job for him. He was always cold to the touch. He never seemed to be completely sure about what he was saying, it never felt like he was being completely truthful. He always changed the subject when it came to talking about his past and he hardly told me any detail about why he was here. He didn't go to the local school and nobody else had ever talked about him. The way that, at times, it was like he was looking right through you.

I knew it was wrong and the letter was private but, my curiosity overtook me and I carefully pulled open the envelope he had handed to me to give to his mum. The note read: