

Fuck Fake Friends

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“Snake ‘SZN’ is back.”

At Milton, the term “snake” is thrown around so often that it lost its meaning before everybody could find it. For those of you wondering what a snake is- no, it is not something you can find in your garden. A snake is something that can slither up to you and bite you in the back, injecting its venomous poison into you.

In my book, a snake is someone who manipulates and controls others in order to get what he/she wants, but I prefer not to use the word anymore because of how meaningless it has become to many. For example, if someone doesn’t buy a friend mozzarella sticks in the snack bar, he/she is referred to as “such a snake!” But... how does not wanting to pay for someone else’s meal make one untrustworthy?

It is also very difficult to use the term “fake” at Milton as you are also called “fake” if you can’t go to the library to “study” after school. You are “fake” if you want to go back to your dorm and take a nap instead of hanging out with your friends. Admittedly, I, myself, am a perpetrator of this misuse.

I often sit down by myself and wonder- why are people so untrustworthy? Why is it that I always have to be on edge when I’m around [friend]? Why am I allowing this toxicity to remain in my life? Recently, I had a come to Jesus moment. I realized that I, too, am “fake.” I realized that I treat people one way, when in reality, I have an entirely different attitude towards them. I find myself not wanting to talk to these people, and wanting to say what’s on my mind when I’m around them. So, in a way, I’m “fake” to myself by behaving as if these relationships are not toxic. I’ve finally admitted to myself that I need to be real.

So spring cleaning came early this year.

I know what you might be thinking: who caught those hands? Who got snatched and dragged to the other end of the state? A more sophisticated answer would entail: I simply reevaluated my friendships and decided to sever ties with the calamitous people I once surrounded myself with. But, nothing is that pretty when it’s snakeSZN (snake season). Simply put, I had to drop fake friends to the ground and quit cold turkey.

Manipulative friends are addictive. Like rollercoasters that bring me up, down, and around in a loop, they are unpredictable. But, as most sensible people know, you can’t jump out of your cart mid-ride. There are only two ways out of the ride: to let it finish, or to crash it.

Often times, the ride is too long, and you can't see the stopping point ahead. There are bends at every corner with fire breathing at you and tunnels with foggy mist that leave you blinded even after you exit. At this point, a last resort is to steer the cart off the tracks and hope you don't die.

In my opinion, it is better to be honest with feelings towards someone rather than continue a relationship that is just waiting to explode. If I am upfront with someone I have a problem with, there are less opportunities for us to talk about each other, thus avoiding unnecessary drama that leads to more problems. Obviously, I am not perfect; I am still working on my confrontational skills, as I often find habit in exposing others and starting drama. As easy as it is to run up to my friend and tell them everything that is wrong with [friend], it is unethical and does not solve anything.

Learning to directly confront issues in my life has made me a more peaceful person. I found the balls to walk up to fake people and explain to them how problematic they could be, and how I could no longer have that in my life. Best put by a role model of mine, "bitch bye!" In other words, I have realized that I don't need tons of people in my life. I would much rather have a close group of friends that I can trust not to shove a knife in my back and twist it.

And to the person reading this article: if you're currently Facetiming a fake friend, hang up. Call your mom, ask her how her day was. Talk to her about why Chemistry is simply incoherent. I can guarantee you she won't call your grandmother and tell her how dumb you are.

Fake people, are indeed, showing fake love to you. Whether it be directly to your face or literally right behind your back. At the table behind you (shady!). This szn, we can all learn how cutting this toxicity out of our lives can ultimately help us better ourselves both individually and collectively.