

They said she was important, but only called when they wanted help. Their first thought in a crisis, their last for fun. Sometimes she wondered if she was invisible, a phantom floating through life. If ghosts were real, she might have acknowledged the wayward image. Instead, she batted it away, mind flitting to the next thought. If she vanished into the night, how long before they realized she was gone? She double-tapped their party photos to appease them, but her own heart was crushed. Mouse hovering over unfriend momentarily before she freed herself from the invisible bond. Would they notice?



Author's Note:

The writing prompt, *she wondered if she was invisible*, inspired today's dabble. While it underwent multiple edits, the underlying theme remained the same. So often in life, we connect with hundreds of people we barely know, and the ones we care the most for slip between the cracks. In today's world of instant gratification, it can be difficult for those who choose not to partake in every aspect of social media.

Years ago, when we still lived on the island, my son was signed up for the winter hockey league. We missed a couple of weeks because of a rotten case of bronchitis that yours truly had. The doctor scolded me for waiting so long to come in and then told me I was one hundred percent not allowed to go sit in the damp cold to watch my son play hockey. Once healed, and returning to the hockey pitch, the grounds, to our shock, were empty. An announcement had gone out via social media about a change to the games and rotations. Cue to limited free time that was rarely spent on such websites, I hadn't seen the notice.

I've missed wedding invitations, baby announcements, and other life events during those days of busy where time was precious and using it for scrolling social media wasn't on the agenda. It hurt people's feelings and angered others. Leaving me confused and unsure of exactly what I'd done wrong.

Even now, when I'm on social media, I'm usually checking in with my writing buddies to see if everyone met their daily and weekly writing goals, celebrating their wins, and bemoaning their rejections. Checking in on my goal buddies to see who needs me to throw confetti and blast my party horn, or attending meetings that only take place on social media platforms.

It's easy to get lost in the wake, and wonder if you're invisible. This story is my quick nod to assure you that you're not invisible, and a gentle reminder that if you love someone and want to have a relationship with them, reach out via a letter, a text, a phone call, or an in person visit.

The Reluctant Author

