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In my short life, there were four people I could call my best friends. They were people who understood me, helped me, felt my emotional state and supported me. In all these stories, there were moments that separated us: a friend moving in or a fight. In the end, friends always left, or maybe it was my fault, I don't know. Now my best friend Emil is the closest to me, we have known him for 5 years, even though we were from different schools, but still became friends, but now, instead of studying, he immediately started working as a programmer, moved with his girlfriend, so he is always very busy, and we do not communicate much. Unfortunately, I have a lot of acquaintances and friends now, but I can't call them my best friends, and over time I start to worry about other moments in my life, so friends go by the wayside.