

# A person whom i admire

Life



**ASSIGN  
BUSTER**

There are so many heroes in this world, from cartoon heroes to, maybe, your life saver. But I am going to talk about my friend. She died when we were 6; she was my best friend and only person I knew at that age. Her death made me miserable and sometimes thought of following her to be with her. But I had my family support and became to realize that there was nothing for me to do. No one told me how and why she died and I still don't know. She was always bright and that's why it is more upsetting.

Before I met her I didn't know anyone and anything. I just went to the nursery school and sat there doing nothing and came back home. I didn't have any friends and I always looked angry. I was shy and not talkative; everyone thought I was a loser and some kind of freak. I had to move to another nursery because we were moving house. When I first went to the new nursery everyone was nice to me. I guess that was because they didn't know me. On the way home I found out that she was leaving near to my house.

We gradually became to know each other and eventually we were best friends. She was very forward and that's why we connected. We were completely the opposite. Being with her always made me happy, she made me laugh and we had fun together. It was not long after that when she died. I remember the day when the accident happened. It was in the afternoon, I was just having my lunch when the phone rang. It was Saturday so I didn't have to go to the kindergarten. As I was finishing my lunch my mum came in and sat next to me.

Because I was young I didn't know. She told me that my best friend just died. I refused to believe her, because it didn't seem real. I saw her yesterday the day before and I was going to see her that evening. It was so hard to get over it; I was so shocked I couldn't even cry. I didn't go to anywhere and sat on the sofa watching TV all day. Now I look back I don't even remember what I was doing and what I was watching. I was lost and couldn't find the way back. We were asked to go to her funeral but I didn't go.

I became ill and unhealthy. It was a year after that I came to my senses. I was actually going to a proper school and I didn't want to become my old self, no friends, known as a loser and especially I didn't want to be by myself. So I pretended, I pretended to be her. Everyone liked her and I wanted to be liked and have friends. I started a new life. She wasn't in my new life but she was in me. It would have been better if she didn't die but if she didn't I wouldn't have changed.

It is so unfair and unfortunate that she died because she was loved by so many people and she will be remembered by all those who knew her. Her death woke me up to reality and made me into a human being and a person who I am now. I decided to write about my best friend because she was the person who was able to change me into a completely different person. I am thankful that I met her and she was in my life. I am over her death and I miss her occasionally. I prefer not to talk about her often because it takes me back to my old memories which I would rather forget.