

Meaning of life and closest friend



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

I remember back in the days when we were still college students, she seems to never believe in her fate and keeps attempting to avoid it. Her name is Moira, my closest friend - who knows how to narrate humors, who has never submitted to fate; who knows me well and taught me the meaning of friendship. Every individual has a place to fill in the world, and is important, in some respect, whether she or he chooses to be so or not. Moira finds her place as a prostitute, although she is not satisfied with it. She was the intelligent one; the independent one; the brave one that hazards and threats are illusions to her.

She was a phenomenon that even me admires. There is a kind of friend that stands by you when you need somebody to be there. She knows me so well that she even can read my mind. I need her, and she needs me, like screw and its cap cannot be separated. She was more logical than I am, upon everything. When I knew she'd decided to prefer women, I had an argument with her, she said I had trivialized the issue and if I thought it was outdated I was living with my head in the sand. It is not you that changes fate, but it is fate that changes you. I remember the day she was brought in by Elizabeth, she was in her casual clothes.

I know she wants to escape and she will do it, even that she didn't give me a cue. Moira escaped from Red Centre twice, succeeded once, but was caught at the border. Everyone thought she was rebellious, since she used to be brave. She owned courage, which most of us were missing; she is a strong individual, which she never relied on someone. Moira is the only one in the world who cares about me, worries about me, understand me. She is my

fantasy, giving me hope, giving color to my life, giving me the way. Our memories will never be forgotten, never.