

My friend lloyd



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

My friend Lloyd The one person I have met in my life that has influenced me the most and in a positive way would be no other than my friend Lloyd. Many years from now, I will never forget how Lloyd changed my life. What he said and how he said it stick clearly in my memory. His words have become part of what I am, and what I will ever hope to be. Every time I close my eyes, I see in my mind the expression on his face and hear his voice ringing in my ears, and I begin to wonder how life would be if he was not my friend.

Lloyd's family and mine lived on the same street, and as we were the same age, we went to school together. I remember when our moms recognized each other on the first day of nursery school. How happy they were to discover they had children of the same age who would go to school together. They agreed to take turns bringing us to school in the morning and picking us up at mid-day. School was just a few minutes walk from where we lived, so Lloyd and I spent many mornings walking to school, exchanging stories, laughing together, and thinking of games we would play each day. We enjoyed those early morning walks, talking about friends and playmates, making fun of some and hating others.

There was one kid we hated, a real brat, the only child from a rich family who was brought each morning by a limousine. Her name was Nancy. She was beautiful, but she had bad manners. Maybe because she was used to getting her way at home, she thought she could do the same in school, in the playground, the canteen, in class, and in the library. She craved for attention everywhere she was, jumping lines, not returning books she borrowed, getting the best burger patty at lunchtime, the coldest can of soda, and a thousand and one other things besides. Everyone hated her for being a spoiled brat who thought of no one else but herself.

And then one afternoon, my dad sprained his back and had to lie down in bed. That night, he had to sleep with pillows on each side of his body.

Without asking my permission, my mom took my pillow and gave it to dad to use. I was furious! How would I sleep without my favorite pillow, the night before an important test in school How will I pass my test if I can't sleep well I wanted to complain, but who would listen to me Dad was sick, mom was caring for him, and my older brother wouldn't care. I ranted and raved the whole night, mad at everyone. I didn't feed our dog and maybe I even kicked the cat in anger. I slept for only a few hours and woke up with a stiff neck.

The following morning, on the way to school, I told Lloyd about what happened. At least, I thought to myself, there is someone who would listen to me and understand why I had this feeling of hate inside of me. I was fuming and trembling as we walked, even suggesting that I wouldn't want to go home that day, when Lloyd stopped me. He was laughing. I wanted to hit him in the face, but before I could take aim, he said those words: " Don't be stupid! You're acting like Nancy, a spoiled brat"

I was stunned. How could my friend say this to me

And then he continued, " Look, your dad needed your pillow, so let him have it! What's one night without your lousy pillow" He shrugged his shoulders and, shaking his head, continued: " Next time you act like a spoiled brat" The look of pity in his eyes because I was acting like the brat we both hated was followed by a wishful smile full of hope that I would get over my stiff neck and see the dumb mistake I had just committed. Yes, I thought, I was thinking only of myself. I was acting like a stupid brat.

Inhaling deeply, I said, " Thanks, and I'm sorry. I was stupid and selfish."

My life began to change that day because my friend Lloyd corrected me.