



# It is okay to cry



Eliana

*It takes a lot of understanding and trust to gain a close friendship.*

*We haven't seen each other for a couple of years. I saw her walking alone on the street last night. She had a great change after she left school a few years ago, she had bleached her long hair, but she could not hide her miserable face.*

*We went for a walk in the park as she needed someone to talk with. While I was thinking of my future plan in the university, she was thinking of her past – her mother who died of taking drugs, her father who left her when she was three years old, her unsuccessful studies and her life without any friendship after she left school. She told me she wanted to have her own family, but she had never met a man whom she could trust. She told me she missed her books and school, but she was too shy to walk back into the classroom. She told me she needed a friend and this was the only thing I could help because I was there for her.*



*We had been classmates since we were in the first year of my junior education. We were both new students in our new school that was full of cold and unfriendly faces. Warmth could never be found there until I met her. Though she didn't really like to share, she let me read her small comic books when I asked her for them. Soon we became friends because we were both looking for a friend and a friendly smile. We shared our dreams and history. We found someone to giggle with late at night, someone to walk home together in the cold winter days and someone to sit together in the coffee shop, sharing joy and tears.*

*I remembered when my pet died, she held my hand and told me that she was there and that it was okay to cry – so I did. I also remembered when I hurt myself in the cycling lesson, she was there again and told me it was okay to cry – so I did. And now, she had fallen and there was no one to catch her. Though we hadn't seen each other and spoken for a long time, I could feel her strong yearning for love, friendship and support. So I held her hand and told her I was there and that it was okay to cry – so she did.*

