

# THE WRITER

## I miejsce

Temat: A friend in need is a friend indeed

My best friend Ian came over yesterday! We were playing video games and we had so much fun. After two hours of killing zombies we had enough. We sat on the couch and started to tell each other stories. I asked him if he remembered the way we met. It is such an amazing story. I thought I could tell you guys how it was.

It was eight years ago. I still remember the exact date of our meeting- 7<sup>th</sup> July 2011. I was about to leave my house because I had classes in fifteen minutes. I couldn't be late. We had such an important exam that day. Suddenly I got a text message from my mum. She reminded me to take 180 pounds from her wallet. That's because it was the last day to pay for the school trip to Prague. I've dreamt of visiting this city for ages! I took the money and left the house. It was raining hard. I could take a raincoat or umbrella. My fault. I ended up being soaked. I caught the first tram I saw and got to the main street of the city. I had some feeling that my pocket is empty and I got terrified. They stole my money on the tram. I almost cried and didn't know what to do. I went through the street anxiously because I couldn't go to school without my money. I told myself :This day can't be worse!" I didn't know what will happen next. I started to hear kind of therapeutic music if I can call it this way. I came closed and saw a sitting boy, playing the French horn. You could say that French horn can't make therapeutic sounds...well I'm weird. That boy had a piece of paper next to him. There was written: "I need money for my family to survive this month." I came to that boy and asked him about the situation he was in. It was the saddest thing I heard in my life, but that is for another story. I asked him if I could sing with him because I also lost my money. He agreed. It was a really nice thing to do, but it was also a lot of courage to sing in front of the people. It lasted three hours. I was so happy singing there. We collected about a thousand pounds. I was truly amazed. I looked at the boy giving me 180 pounds and I got ashamed. How could I even think about taking anything from that money. I gave him everything back. Everything is really expensive now so I could wait with visiting delightful Prague. You could believe me or not, but that boy was Ian. We weren't the richest people, but who cares. The next day, due to his playing the French horn, some people from the music company gave him a chance to make a career and his family has a lot of money now.

Maybe it's weird, maybe it's not but I would like to thank the person, who stole my money because I could meet my best friend. Remember – a friend in need is a friend indeed.