

:: Dana's Guest ::
05.22.06 David Bradley
A Wonderful Life



Number One = 1

The first person on my list of friends isn't a person at all. It's more the beginning of a great journey than a circumstance. The first thing I wanted to talk about was my friend my tumor. I don't want to get into medical terms but more or less explain the story of my cancer for those of you that do not know it and maybe it will help to explain the writing of this section of this book.

First and foremost on June 7, 2004 I went to my doctor for a yearly checkup. I had just lost about fifty pounds over the past few months and was happy about that but my stomach didn't look much smaller. When my doctor was examining my stomach upon the receiving of this information he felt a hard mass on mainly the left side of my belly. That night they ran some test and discovered that there was a mass in my stomach that could be cancer. They admitted me to the hospital and within the next few days they opened my stomach and took a piece of the tumor and discovered it was malignant which just means dangerous.

Of course the first thing you think when someone tells you that you have cancer is you're going to die. I do not mean I didn't realize that I was eventually going to die sometime; it was just that I realized sometime was now an ever nearing date and could come at anytime and it became frightening. We all have some fear of death and the unknown but no one thinks they'll have to confront their fear before they turn sixty five or so. Death is a very scary thing when you have to confront it and I've realized that anyone that says they aren't afraid to die is lying.

Anyway back to the story, so after it was discovered that I had cancer we had to meet an oncologist, or cancer specialist, to discuss what type of cancer I had and the possible treatments. After meeting my oncologist I



discovered that I had what is known in the broader sense as carcinoid which just means a mass somewhere in your insides but it didn't specifically start in any particular organ. This type of cancer is very rare so much so that they do not have a cancer ribbon or charity for research on solutions to this type of cancer. There are probably only about a few hundred thousand cases of carcinoid in the country maybe less.

The first type of treatment I was put on was in pill form and was supposed to stop the growth of blood vessels into and around the tumor. This was supposed to shrink the tumor by cutting the blood supply off. One interesting side affect of this medication was that if I got anyone pregnant while on this medication the baby had a high risk

of birth defects specifically the baby would have flippers instead of arms. Actually this may not be a bad thing if you want your kids to become Olympic swimmers, just joking. While on the "flipper" pill my doctor also wanted to give me two different chemo therapy drugs intravenously or through the veins. Because of my youth my doctor gave me treatments that were very toxic. It is also a good thing that I never smoked or consumed alcohol (with the exception of TGI Friday's Jack Daniels BBQ sauce) because my system was able to handle strong chemo regiments and handle them fairly well. The two intravenous drugs were given to me five days in a row and then two weeks later one drug was given. The main issue with all types of chemo therapy is the side affects. The side affects of these drugs were extreme fatigue. I would be so tired that I wouldn't get out of the bed all day except to use the bathroom and I didn't feel like eating because my stomach was upset and I had extreme nausea so anything I tried to eat really wouldn't stay down anyway. Besides the fatigue and nausea my hair fell out, which didn't turn out to be so bad because it came back baby soft and straight and so sexy if I do say so myself. The ladies love to run their fingers through it and if any ladies ever want to just ask. Anyway back to the story. Because of the fatigue I would never get out of the bed and with the "flipper" pill cutting off the blood supply in September of 2004 I developed a painful blood clot in my right calf. To anyone that has ever pulled a muscle imagine that pain, multiply it by three and then you'll understand what a serious blood clot feels like. After being in the hospital with the blood clot I had to get a new medication blood thinner. I will probably be on blood thinner for the rest of my life because if the blood clot moves to my heart that is called a heart attack and can kill you or if the blood clot moves to the brain

that's called a stroke and we all know that can kill you as well. Another side affect of the blood clot is know my right leg swells if I walk around on it too much because the blood isn't flowing freely back to my heart so it can be pumped properly. One more side affect of the tumor is my heart rate is increased and I have what's known as a heart murmur which just means sometimes my heart beat is slightly irregular. Anyway after dealing with the blood clot I went to see the carcinoid specialist who works out of Mount Sinai hospital in New York City. This doctor is a specialist which is just another way of saying he doesn't accept insurance and he charges eight hundred dollars per consultation. He explained to me how rare my type of carcinoid actually is. Let's just put it like this out of the approximately three hundred million people in the United States of America I am one of only three people that have this exact type of carcinoid and I am the only male with it. I am also the youngest of the three people to have this disease. I must admit that with one in three hundred million odds of properly treating this disease if my cancer does go into remission (or starts dying) I will play the lotto because the lotto odds have to be better than that.

That December I had a smaller cancerous tumor taken out of the left side of my neck and it was the size of an orange or tangerine. The large tumor on the right side of my abdomen which is cutting off blood flow to my right leg is the size of a small watermelon and I also have some smaller tumors hanging around in my abdomen area that are close in size to lemons, oranges, and kiwis. So it is safe to say that I have my own fruit stand of tumors. My chemo treatment was changed after the blood clot treatment and I was taken off of the "flipper" pill so I can safely reproduce again. I have been put on three different chemo therapy pills. The side affects on these three pills range from nausea,

to pain in fingers and toes, to loss of appetite and fatigue. In December of 2005 it was discovered that the tumor has slightly grown and it began to press on a nerve in my right thigh. This was very painful because this nerve had several nerve endings that went different places in the thigh and it felt like there were three or four different types of pain in different parts of my thigh at the same time. Needless to say this afforded me a stay in the hospital for a few days. As far as all these treatments are concerned nothing has worked. The main side affect of any chemo therapy drug is that it kills good cells in the body as well as tries to kill the cancerous cells. This just forces your body to regenerate the good cells at a faster than normal rate. This is the reason that chemo therapy knocks years off of your life expectancy. In order to try to kill the cancer in your body it has to slowly kill you until you body can no longer take the strain on accelerated regeneration.

I consider this tumor or cancer a friend of mine because it has taught me so much about life and about myself. As some of you can recall I used to be a very power hungry or money hungry person. I had great drive and I used to think that power and money would make me happy. Like most people my age I then even thought that relations with the opposite sex would make me happy. After having to look death in the face I've had to make a decision; I could either get busy living or get busy dying, if you can consider that a choice. I now realize more than ever that the only things that are important in life are the people you care about and the people that care about you and the time you share together. Anyone that tells you different has no clue what they are talking about trust me. This is why I care about all of these people so much and why I like or even love my friends because I realize they and my family are the most important things in life. While realizing that I

might not have a lot of time left here on earth I have thought about what I'd want my funeral to be like and what I want said but more importantly who I'd want there. As most of you know I am a cocky confident person so while thinking about what will be said at my funeral I came to the realization that a persons' legacy or the people and memories he leaves behind is the true measure of a man and I hope to become a better man everyday for as many days as I have left. I am no longer afraid of death because I realize that it's just a part of life not to say that I am going to jump in front of a bullet for anyone because I'm too cool to take one for the team.

Those of you who asked this is the reason I began this project because I don't want anyone I care about to not know how I truly feel about them in case my time comes. If I've missed anyone it wasn't on purpose but this is just the beginning they'll be plenty of pages for me to send my shout outs.

Number Two = 2

I met this person my second year in high school. The funny part is that this wasn't the first time we saw each other it was just the first time we paid any attention. I'm so glad that I did. I promise this will be the first and last time I will state this, "this guy is so close to me, we have actually finished each others sentences". Anyway in high school it wasn't long before we became each other's shadow. Anywhere he went I followed and vice verse. We became like Yogi and Boo Boo and chased picnic baskets all day. I can't have much more respect for a person than I do for this guy. He's one of the few people that I think does anything as well as I do. It was him that taught me, "When

someone asks a stupid question you should give them a stupid answer.”

I still live by that today. I can remember when he was getting ready to leave high school and he placed some of his responsibilities in my hands. I can remember crying in front of him and asking, “I don’t know how I’m going to manage all of this without you here?” He’s one of the few people outside of my biological family I’ve ever let see me cry. I can also remember him coming back from college many times to help me carry the weight on my shoulders my senior year. Honestly I felt at times we were too close and too much alike. One year my grandmother passed away and I believe it was about four months later that I got a call on my home phone at around two in the morning and its him telling me the same thing just happened to him. It was like déjà vu. Anyway we’ve both grown and changed a little. He’s become dedicated to his cause and his beliefs and yet we still share mostly the same beliefs we just believe that there are different ways to get things done. Although we’ve developed into different people we are still our very best when we work together. Another instance where our paths have crossed too closely was in my senior year I applied for a scholarship from a certain organization. The previous year guess who won that scholarship. I didn’t win the scholarship because I was out of town during the final interviews but the committee was almost shocked when last years winner showed up to give a speech and the finalist they didn’t get a chance to interview showed up with him and turned out to be one of his best friends. During his senior awards ceremony he racked up a total of sixteen awards which at that point was a record until the next year when his best friend racked up seventeen. It can’t be an accident that he and I are close friends. We both enjoy public speaking and when either of us has an engagement the other normally comes along and

grades the performance. So many things have changed since he came into my life. It is one thing to be a positive person by yourself because the peer pressure can get to you at times but when you know you have someone that will be good and do great things with you it makes it a lot easier.



I can even recall how well we worked together when making a presentation at a retirement ceremony. An old teacher of ours was retiring and we were asked to speak right before the honoree did. Until the day before the engagement we didn't

even discuss it. When we got together the day before it only took us about half an hour or less to put our presentation together. Then during the ceremony a previous speaker used one of our ideas in their speech. Without any eye contact we both got up and walked into the bathroom to plan how we were going to change our presentation. We had the crowd in the palm of our hands and most people thought we had been planning that presentation for weeks and we didn't have the heart to tell them we spent in total less than forty five minutes discussing and rehearsing it. I honestly couldn't do that with anyone else. Of course to be this close to me he has a great sense of humor. The funny thing is that we both sometimes act like old men. People think we are much older than we actually are but that's ok maturity is a good thing. I would argue that we are both wise beyond our years and

together there isn't anything we can't do.

Number Three = 3

I met this person my second year in college. We were both waiting for the bus at the entrance to our apartment complex. It was just by chance that he had a CD player and I could hear what he was playing. I think it was my favorite rap group the Lox. After I heard what he was playing I started reciting the lyrics to the song he was listening to. We then began discussing the group and our favorite songs. By the end of the bus ride we exchanged numbers and agreed to hang out sometime. That year his apartment became like a second home to me. On many days I would hang out at his place and eventually I got to know all of his roommates and became closer to the people in his apartment that I was with the people in mine. It got so bad I began to keep food in their refrigerator. He even threw parties for pay per view events and things like that. It turned out we were really into a lot of the same things. We both like sports. He's the one that's responsible for me liking and completely understanding football. I wouldn't care much for the sport if it wasn't for him. We both find the same things funny. He's also responsible for my knowledge of computers both the legal and illegal side of things. This guy just maybe my most intelligent friend being that he's very good with computers, he understands three or four different languages, has a strong vocabulary, is a good chef, and is a pretty good athlete. Since I loved his apartment so much, junior year I decided to move in. It was the best living conditions I've ever had outside of my parents' house of course. We would have pay per view parties, record rap albums, make videos, and just mess around on the internet or play video games just about all the time. When it got late at

night we would go to the park and play ball for a few hours which it was hard to find people to do that where I went to school because most other people were into football. Sometimes he would get upset if everyone didn't hold up their end of keeping the apartment clean but for the most part he is a very even tempered guy.



He's a very even tempered cool headed person except for this one time. I believe it was sometime during the summer we were still at school because we were just hanging out before we had to start internships

and things like that. A friend of mine had come over the house to visit. Before I continue with this story I must explain that he is very old school in that he believes one should have the utmost respect for another's home. This friend came in our house and for one reason or another began to get on his nerves and picked up the remote control and changed the channel on our television. Now I know that doesn't seem like much but in an apartment full of males changing the channel on the television is something you just don't do without permission. After this and a few other episodes he became very upset and refused

to speak to her for the rest of the night. He ripped a CD in little pieces that he had made for her and locked himself in his room and told me to speak to him when she left. That was the only time I've ever seen him upset. Even though we no longer live together I still call him on a regular basis to discuss sports and learn about computers. He's always there to help me out or hook me up with anything I need. To my boy I'll never forget the album we made and all the fun we had while we hung out and lived together, thanks for all you've done and continue to do for me.

Number Four = 4

I really am not sure when I met this guy. It could've been either the end of my freshmen year or the beginning of my sophomore year in college. This person is interesting because I do not think anyone has anything bad to say about this person. Well, he is lazy and at times unfocused but so am I. Our story isn't a long and drawn out tale. There have been a few times where he was my ace in that we did everything together. This person is also a member of my college trio. This just means that we would do our schedules together so we could have fun doing the work together. I think we liked spending time together just goofing off and that was the real reason we always tried to get into the same classes. I know that doesn't sound intelligent but, when you don't particularly care for the situation you're in you have to find ways to make it more bearable and so that's what we did. I like that even though he's lazy and at times unmotivated its not that he can't do better its just he's very laid back and, as I do sometimes, is content with just getting by. I now know that's not a good quality but sometimes to grow you got to go through some things. Anyway I know

he can achieve because one semester he and I decided we were going to achieve and we did. It was my second best semester grade point average in my collegiate career. It was only second best because one semester I actually achieved a perfect four point zero grade point average. The only thing about this person I didn't particularly care for was his love for the, "oh wee". Other than that I've had a lot of great times with this guy and we even hung out on a night that I dare not mention on this paper. So to finish this off, "I have to plead the fifth".

Number Five = 5

I met this guy my freshman year in college in a computer class. I remember the teacher had a heavy accent and neither of us could understand what he was saying so I think it was the first or second class where we sat near each other and kept looking at each other and asking each other jokingly if either of us understood what he was saying. This person was probably the first friend I had down at college. After that first day we started talking and realize we both are into the same things. We both love basketball which is a rare thing where we went to school, we love to laugh with or at anyone, and we are both lazy. Freshman year we hung out a lot. Every Friday night we would go to the basketball court and play ball with some friends. Just about every Sunday we would sit and watch the NBA games, eat pizza and drink a two liter bottle of whatever beverage was on sale and fall asleep in front of the television. As we got closer and the months passed we even complained about the same things. Generally you could say that sometimes it looked like we were sharing a brain not that we were dumb or anything we just think alike. Sometimes during freshman year we would walk around campus between classes and look at different

girls and make the remark to ourselves, "you need a condom for that though". When we tried to work together it would normally end up taking an extra long time because we enjoy each others company so much. Even though we knew it wasn't the most productive thing to do because we enjoyed it so much we would work together just about every chance we got. We would always look out for each other no matter what the assignment was and if we went down we always went down together. It's nice to have friends like that; those that really like you for you and are going to be there just because they enjoy laughing with you. Sometimes later on I felt like he had two separate groups of friends that he wanted to keep completely separate from each other. Which is interesting but he's never given me a reason to doubt his friendship to me. He is a religious person and I can't remember ever hearing him use foul language even though I know I have many times around him. That kind of discipline and dedication to anything especially to religion and not using foul language is something to appreciate and admire. In a day and age where preachers are stealing from the church and priests are molesting little kids it is nice to know that religion still means something to someone.

Number Six = 6

This guy I should've met way before we did meet. We went to school together for three years and eight months before we met. I think the first time we spoke or even saw each other was on the senior class trip. Some of the guys were playing cards and he and I just happened to be around. During the summer before we all went off to college we exchanged e-mail addresses. We started talking frequently because we both have similar work habits. We both like to do work or study late at

night and always sign on to our instant messenger account while we're typing a paper or something. He and I just seemed to always be on the internet at the same time and we began speaking to each other every time we saw each other on the net. As it turns out we had a lot in common. Our relationship really hasn't changed since we first became close. I like a few things about this guy. First and foremost he is always at least one step ahead of the Jones' while never mixing his words at all. We both respect each other but he is my role model when it comes to hooking up with the ladies. Honestly our story isn't going to be very long because most of the time that's what he and I are talking about the ladies and I am trying to keep this rated PG-13. We both like pushing the limits and not conforming to any standard. He and I have very different ideas about what we want to do with our lives but at the same time we both know whatever each of us decides the other will be there and give the other their full support. We once joked about him getting a girl pregnant and he said, "What should we name your godchild?" I know he'll be in my wedding party if I ever find the right woman and if I have two sons the second shall bear his first name. It's about time for me to plead the fifth on the rest of our history in order for the kiddies to be able to read this one.

Number Seven = 7

This is the person I've been friends with for as long as I can remember. You let one of us tell it, he was probably brought to the hospital when I was born. This has been one of my best friends forever. Just about everything I've been involved in he's been right there with me. The earliest point I can remember in pre kindergarten. There was some fair skinned young lady that was the prettiest girl in the class and we would

try to get her attention and stuff in a stupid little way. Then in kindergarten I got skipped forward. This didn't break us up. We still hung out outside of school all the time. We even started taking karate lessons at around the same time. We were the two highest ranked students in the class. I remember on his yellow belt test I was his final fight and I kicked him in his stomach and knocked the wind out of him. That is something we always laugh about. We also developed an appreciation for Michael Jordan the greatest athlete of all time. We love talking about Jordan and he even will try to persuade you that Jordan is heaven sent. I love watching him play ball but I don't know about all that. I remember growing up we both loved basketball. We dreamt of growing up and playing in the NBA and being best friends like Jordan and Barkley. I love the fact that he simply says whatever comes to mind whenever it comes to mind. I can recall the time when we were about twelve years old and swimming in a public pool. We saw this twenty something year old girl in a bikini and of course we were in awe and staring at her as she swam around the pool. He actually had the nerve to tap her on the shoulder and ask her if she wanted to have sex with him. Luckily she didn't speak English but that didn't stop him. He began to make a sexual motion with his hand and even asked me how to ask her in Spanish as I was taking a Spanish course in middle school, when she didn't understand what he was trying to say he got upset and walked away angry. We both truly love to laugh and we love to laugh at each other. We especially like to laugh at the other when one of us goes off on a tirade about something that upsets us. Normally one of us will even try to upset the other person on purpose simply to get the person started. We enjoy so many things together like the Black Jews, M. Jordan, and playing Connect Four. I don't know if I've ever told

anyone this but whenever I'm upset I just try to talk to him and listen to him say something stupid and I feel better. When I bring new friends around him I normally give them a warning to not saying something stupid around him to prevent him from going off. Anyone that meets him has one of two reactions they either love him or they dislike him because he is so blunt. He and I have shared a few friends along our journey. One in particular we lost really hurts us both. I don't mean lost this person in the sense that they are deceased but, in the sense that they became a different person whom we no longer associate with. I am so glad that he and I have remained the same basically our entire lives and I know that our relationship will never change and for that I am grateful.

Number Eight = 8

I met this guy as a result of another long term friendship. Actually he's a relative of another friend of mine. We first began hanging out because my friend that introduced us wasn't around. Since we were both bored we figured might as well hang out with another bored person. This maybe my only friend that is actually more cautious than I am. We are so cautious that we won't converse with females under the age of eighteen for fear that some crazy girl will make up a story about us doing or saying something inappropriate to her. Besides being cautious he really takes his time and plans his outfits and honestly he probably irons his boxers, of course I'm not gay so I don't know that for a fact. Anyway he does have a good sense of fashion and as I've said before I mimic his sense of caution and awareness of his surroundings. He's generally a good guy in the sense that you will almost never see him do anything inappropriate. Just about everything he does is nice

and considerate. It's also nice to be able to share parts of yourself that aren't necessarily meant for the general public. I say that to say that we have a lot of inside jokes and things that we keep to ourselves and a few other people. He's a very secretive person and is one of the few people my age that can actually keep a secret. Anything you tell him you can be assured isn't going to reach anyone else. One of the things that we kind of keep to ourselves are our favorite jokes. This is something we saw on Chapelle's Show it's a sketch where Dave Chapelle talks about there being two completely different justice systems. He discusses the justice system that the officers of Enron experienced and the justice system that the rest of us go through. Then he jokes about how it would be funny if the tables were turned for a few days. Then the sketch is made into a mock episode of Law and Order where they go through the whole crime and investigation with a corrupt corporate officer and a drug dealer. Dave Chapelle plays the drug dealer during his trial he basically pleads the Fifth Amendment the entire sketch. We often joke about the way he pleads the fifth a lot. Anytime we see each other we begin to joke about this and a few other inside jokes. This guy is definitely someone I plan to grow old with and I can't imagine him not being around because cooler heads will always prevail with us.

Number Nine = 9

I met him during my second year in college. I guess timing is everything because the only reason I met him one on one was because I wasn't at a meeting that I was supposed to attend a day or two before. I must admit I was nervous about meeting him because there were many rumors going around campus about him. All of the stories

I'd heard said that he was a nerdy, studious, overachiever. After our first meeting I was able to begin to form my own opinion. I knew at the very least that he was very focused and overly cautious. As we began to work together I learned to respect his positive attitude, drive for success, and sense of accountability. He's one of the few people I've never heard blame anyone else for anything going on with him. I find this ironic because he's always willing to give credit to someone else for his success and has given me credit many times for things he's accomplished. Needless to say we developed a strong mutual respect for each other's abilities and became friends. I do recall working on a project with him very late at night and him constantly reminding me that the third party who was suppose to share the workload was absent. He really didn't remind me of this to blame the other person as much as he did to motivate us to continue to strive for excellence even though we had some extra work we were responsible for. I believe it was Eldridge Cleaver that said, "You're either part of the problem or part of the solution" he has always been part of the solution. I admire his drive to complete whatever he starts. I have some friends that I care about but wouldn't trust if we were at war and they were watching my back. Since we sort of became friends in a war or battle I trust him implicitly. As we've gotten to know each other better I've learned more and more about him and even understood the rumors that I heard before I met him. He is very careful about whom he trusts and he is an overachiever. People that come from where he comes from aren't supposed to do what he does on a daily basis. I love the fact that his humility allows someone of his intelligence to ask for the help of others. I am thankful that I'm able to answer whenever you're in need of assistance. So many people will tear you down at the drop of a hat.

Whenever we speak his vision allows him to pick out everything positive about anything that's going on and he compliments me on anything he admires or agrees with. I can be an arrogant guy at times but his constant barrage of compliments greatly humbles me whenever we speak. If a young man asked me who I thought would be a good role model his name would be near the top of the list if not at the top.

Number Ten = 10

I met her sometime during the second semester of the first grade. I really didn't get to know her until we were in the same class in the second grade. We both are very intelligent. All through second grade we were on the A honor roll together with about four other classmates. For third grade and half of the fourth grade year I went to a different school. During the second half of the fourth grade I came back to the same elementary school as her. I'm glad I did because I gained another great friend other than her. We stayed in the same class for the rest of our elementary school career. In sixth grade we were gym helpers which, brings me to the first thing I like about her. When we were in elementary school she was the one girl that played basketball or football with the boys. She's a good all around athlete and unlike most people she not only plays sports but even learns about them and studies them which is a way that she and I are alike. Then we went to two different middle schools. Once again we got reacquainted in high school. In the eleventh grade we were both officers for one of the biggest most successful clubs in the school. Since we seem to work fairly well we got closer and at least I became sort of protective of her. I recall her calling me her protective younger brother. Which doesn't make a whole lot of sense but it was something like that. The next

year we became the two most powerful students in the building according to the student government association. I must admit I made a huge mistake that almost cost me her friendship our senior year. She said she was going to be somewhere at a certain time and then called ahead of time to tell me she had an emergency and I hung up the phone on her like I didn't know her. I was taking the job too seriously as well as on a power trip at the same time. As I look back I realize how stupid I was and how I almost lost probably the best female friend I've ever had. She keeps me in check when I start acting crazy, which I've been known to do from time to time. I know that she's always being honest with me. I also like when I'll make a somewhat inappropriate comment, as I have been known to do from time to time, she'll let me know after laughing at it. She's also one of the few people outside of my family that has seen me when I'm up and when I'm down and has been cool with me at every point in between. She knows me very well and even understands where my attitude comes from. One time we were at a basketball game and she happened to hear my dad talking to me about the game and she said "Now I see where David get's it from." Some people think they understand me but, don't have any basis on which to form their opinions, she's not one of them. Nowadays she's doing well for herself and I am very proud that she's decided to put her intelligence to something positive.

Number Eleven = 11

I met this person during the second semester of my second year in college. If I recall correctly I respected her work before I even knew her. As I became more familiar with her work and began to hear things about her. Just about everything I heard confirmed my suspicions

about the kind of person she was. We got to know each other as we would cross paths from time to time. My junior year in school we became very close friends we used to call each other just about everyday, which is truly kind of stupid especially since we would see each other almost everyday anyway. It is funny to watch someone come of age before your eyes. When we first became good friends she would call my phone with just about any and everything that went somewhat wrong in her life. I would spend countless hours on the phone offering council on almost a weekly basis. She would call me with her relationship issues and when people got on her nerves. We've been through a few almost life threatening crisis depending on which one of us is telling the story. Since I am being honest I must say one thing I do not like about her is ability to hold grudges. I hope she'll realize that life is too precious to spend angry or upset with people and people that often anger you aren't worth your time anyway. A nice thing about her is just as much as she can dislike someone she can like someone. I can remember her introducing me to someone as, "her rock" and how those words made me feel. It is kind of nice to mean that much to someone at a point and time in your life. Sometimes it lets you understand that you are headed in the right direction when you mean that much to someone. We've made it through some challenges if I haven't stated that enough already. I can remember when I first found out I was sick she called and cursed out a security officer in the hospital because he wouldn't transfer her call into my room. Although she was just caring about me sometimes she does get carried away. I also recall her crying on the phone and me asking whoever was in my room to leave so that I could calm her down over the phone. I guess since I like being cared about I have to continue to do things that are

worthy of that type of care and concern. She's very forceful and sometimes demanding which I'm not sure if that's a positive or negative attribute. It's positive when she wants you to write some poetry for her to read because she is bored (I started writing poetry because she asked me to and I am grateful to her for that) and I guess it's negative when she calls the hospital and curses someone out. It may sound weird but she used to end every one of our phone conversations with, "I love you" and I didn't know how to reply to that because I didn't want to give the wrong impression because I try not to say things like that to anyone other than family and I'm not an emotional person to begin with. If I knew better I would've and should've probably replied, "I care about you too" but that's just one of those things you learn with maturity. As far as personal growth is concerned I am so proud of her. Sometimes now it feels like she doesn't need me anymore to be her rock. I like that because I feel like everyone should have inner strength they can call upon when needed but, there's a part of me that misses being depended upon that strongly. She's so focused right now and I'm proud of her. She works and attends school full-time. On a personal thought to her I hope she realizes what true happiness is and then notices even more importantly than that where it comes from. It took a near death experience for me to realize it and I hope it doesn't take something that serious for any of my friends to get it.

Number Twelve = 12

This next person has a special title. A pioneer if you will in the history of my life. Anyway, we met in my junior or senior year of high school. At first she was a friend of a friend, eventually she became a closer than the original degree of separation. Anyway in high school she was

considered a tag along meaning she would just tag along wherever her friends were headed. Sometime during senior I took a serious look at her face and began to become attracted to her. I thought she was so pretty honestly I had a serious crush. She was the first and maybe only female I've ever known or wanted so badly that she was able to shape and change my will at her will. I remember after we graduated from high school. I would try to talk to her many times on the phone and made several sad attempts at becoming more than a friend to her. I mean I wasn't as good looking as I consider myself to be now and there was almost twice as much of me as there is now but I still tried to talk to her. She could make me smile just by the sound of her voice on the phone. Every time I looked at her face in person I would blush and completely melt at the same time. When we were alone she was completely in charge and I was paying for just about whatever she wanted. I mean I am not sure if she took advantage of me which is probably why I am so careful about dating or trying to date someone before I am completely sure about the type of person they are. I was two different people when it was just the two of us versus when you added a few outside people. I was almost ashamed about how much she could run all over me so much that my pride would take over and I would make sure that no one knew how much I cared about her and was attracted to her. I am a person who likes to control situations and I guess I was scared of her because when I was around her I just did what my feelings told me to do and I wasn't sure she felt the same way so I never completely let my guard down. I've made a few mistakes our friendship and we aren't as close as we used to be. I consider her a pioneer because she marks the first and probably only time I have ever given up control of a situation to someone else willingly. Most guys will

admit they are attracted to different body parts of women such as breasts or legs but it was her pretty face that melted me so from that point on I realized I was a face man. Not that I don't appreciate all the other parts of a woman's anatomy as well.

Number Thirteen = 13

I met this person in my junior year of high school. She also started out as a tag along. I remember exactly why I liked this person because she was kind of like another guy. She loved to eat and loved to just hang out and chill. It was almost like being with another one of the guys. I don't know if she realized this but I never wanted a relationship with her. I do remember thinking on a few occasions that, "I would sleep with her, but I wouldn't date her and I wouldn't spend any effort trying to sleep with her." I did feel like she was fun to hang out with and honestly I don't know why. She isn't really funny but, she always laughed at my jokes. She was always ready and willing to go somewhere and eat something and it just seemed easier to hang out with her. I guess we started having issues when she came to visit me for my school's homecoming. I recall asking her many times prior to her coming to visit what she wanted to do and she always answered, "its whatever". I guess I was naïve for taking what she said at face value but I truly thought we would just hang around and watch some football as was the weekend custom in our apartment. When she got here it was a completely different story. She wanted to see the clubs and parties and wanted to go anywhere where anything was happening. I remember I was upset with another one of my friends for something that weekend also so, I probably wasn't in the best of moods. I can recall the few weeks before she visited me telling all of my boys that

this chick was real cool and laid back and promising them that they would like her. So besides me being upset with other situations when my boys started coming at me like, "Dave I thought you said this girl was real cool?" I had no response for their questions. Besides all of this going on I was broke that weekend I had about fifteen dollars and eighty three cents in my account. It really was like a snowball rolling down a hill that entire weekend and then I began to feel like that she never contributed to the relationship. Whenever we were going somewhere she couldn't get the car and when she could she didn't want to drive. We were supposed to be going downtown one night and she didn't know where she was going but didn't ask so she got on the George Washington Bridge and went into New Jersey. After that I was happy to drive her car the rest of the night but it just felt like she never wanted to contribute anything. I felt like she wasn't making any jokes or paying for my food and I almost never ask my friends for gas money. The question then became, "well, why do you hang out with her?" Since I couldn't answer the question I stopped hanging with her. Besides this I also found out she lied to me a few times. They weren't major lies but I thought your friends should always be honest with you especially about insignificant things. Maybe I'm asking for too much?

Number Fourteen = 14

I honestly can't remember when I met this girl. I believe it was sometime during my second or third semester in college. She's kind of; well I actually don't have a word that would accurately describe her. At first we would hang out because of mutual friends. There was a crew of sort that was formed. There was a bunch of us that enjoyed doing the same things such as playing spades, play fighting, and watching

movies. I guess this is as good time as any to mention that she is a movie buff even more so than me. As time passed we would all work together on a few projects which wasn't a great collaboration because I was completely clueless on the work we were doing. She carried me on more than one occasion. A few times when we worked together it came out much better. During our third year in school we started walking places together. Part of the reason for us walking was I wanted to lose weight and it worked because I am now almost a hundred pounds lighter. Well I must confess there is another reason I lost so much weight but we won't get into that because I definitely don't recommend that method of weight loss. I know you're wondering why I haven't explained her personality or what type of person she is. I haven't because I'm actually confused to that myself. That's hard for an intelligent person like me to admit, especially someone that prides himself on being a good judge of character. I am honestly completely befuddled. She does things that suggest completely opposite characteristics. For example she may say something kind of selfish and then she'll bring you balloons on a holiday that I didn't even know existed. She does things like that a lot. Honestly I used to think she was slightly bipolar but she's too smart and sometimes logical. I do remember a few times we had a lot of fun. Most of which would consist of her laughing at me. I really don't mind when people laugh at me because I love to make others laugh even if it is at my own expense sometimes.

Number Fifteen = 15

This person is going to be hard to write about mainly because it is almost like she's two different people. On one hand she's sometimes

sort of self centered and wants the people around her to concern themselves with her as well, and on the other hand she's quick to offer a compliment or her concern in the appropriate situation. I believe we met freshmen year in college. I can't be too sure about the details because it was something that happened over a period of time. It wasn't like I could pinpoint the exact time we became close or exchanged numbers. Honestly, I can't even remember the first time we hung out or saw each other outside of school. I do remember her coming over my apartment sometime during the semester to work on a project and I guess that's when we became close. This person is very talkative to say the least, though I should be the one to talk. She likes to annoy people that don't want her around which I guess is a good thing because it teaches us to enjoy the simple things in life. I can even recall a mutual friend of ours not wanting her to come over his apartment and locking himself in his room hoping she would leave without bothering him. That didn't work because all she did was sit in his living room and talk to his friends for as long as they would listen. I find things like that about her hilarious. I must admit I do have an issue with what she wants in a husband or boyfriend. Sometimes I've felt like she wanted someone that was completely devoted to pleasing her every need. That's fine as long as you're willing to do the same for your mate as they would do for you. I also feel she needs someone who is not defined by her because I believe only two complete people can come together and form one person in marriage. I do not think a person and a servant will make a good couple but that's just my opinion on the situation. I will say this she's a good friend to have especially if you are a single guy because she's always willing to bring her female friends around and as far as I know she even tells them good things

about you before they meet you so half of your work is already done for you as a guy. She enjoys laughing at just about anything I say which is a good thing for a brother's confidence sometimes but at the same time she respects me enough to listen when I am critical of her or anyone else as I often am which is just my analytical nature. I do realize that she has great drive because she has been through a lot and has always held down at least one job while being in school and has pressed her way to still make time for her friends when her schedule allows it. I will say on a personal shout out to her that, "you need to stop trying to play games before they come back around and get played on you." I would offer that advice to anyone that I know but felt it was the appropriate time to let that be known.

Number Sixteen = 16

I met her my second year at Florida A & M University. I was teaching a group of about eight to ten freshmen. The first time I saw her I think it was almost eighty degrees outside and she had a tight shirt on and it was a low cut top and like most boys my age her bust was definitely the first thing I noticed on that day. On that day we all introduced ourselves to the group and we found out we were from the same area. After that we would begin forming a connection based on our place of origin. She seemed sort of laid back but at the same time kind of ambitious if there is such a thing. At times I thought she was sort of ditsy because she asked me a question about how to calculate her cumulative grade point average and she only had one semester complete. I must be honest I questioned my own judgment of character because before that I thought she was pretty intelligent. I must admit in the early stages of knowing her I was unsure of what her

intensions were and I am pretty sure she was unsure about what my intensions were as it relates to us. As previously admitted when I first saw her I thought, "She's attractive maybe you should get at her". Then after I got to know her I learned to appreciate all the differences that we have. For example she's the first female I ever met that was into astrology and I thought that was interesting. At this point I think it was me that made it a point to ask her to hang out when we had a break from school and both were at home. The first time I ever picked her up at her house I remember setting it up the entire week before and I got the directions off the internet but didn't really know the area so I brought a friend with me. I am not sure to this day what she was thinking about our status. I think we may have had different ideas of what that night was supposed to be because I have just hung out with females many times before as was my intention that night I am not sure she had the same idea. That night I arrived at her crib on time at around 6 pm or a little after and she wasn't ready. She still had to shower and everything. So while my friend and I waited we sat in the living with her parents as they sort of gave me the third degree. They asked things about my plans for the future, what I was studying and other general questions to determine what type of guy I was. They even made a remark about their daughter normally liking bad boys and I wasn't the norm for her. While getting the third degree I do remember getting an A on their oral exam and her parents greatly approving of me. When she finally came downstairs I remember seeing the way she was dressed and thinking "oh wow, you're in trouble tonight she was expecting like a real date." That night didn't work out that way because all my friends were back in town and everyone wanted to hang out together and my cell phone wouldn't stop ringing.

The next time I tried to hang out with her I was going to hang with her one on one to see if she was expecting a date. Unfortunately, another female friend of mine called me just before I left to pick her up and asked me to bring her birth control pills from the pharmacy to her current location somewhere out in Queens. Since I wasn't sure about the location in Queens so once again I had to grab a friend at the last minute to give me directions so I spent that night driving all around but the three of us eventually ended up walking along the park by the Westside highway and talking. That was somewhat pleasant. Just about every time I've tried to hang out with her something has gone somewhat wrong it maybe because we didn't have the same idea at the same time or just not the same understanding. To sum it up we are pretty good friends when we can find time for each other and our schedules allow us to hang out but I do appreciate that she's different from just about everyone I know. At first that was a little scary but it became something that is inviting and extremely interesting.

Number Seventeen = 17

I met this guy my junior year in high school. We met because another friend of mine introduced us. Near the end of my junior year we became friends and started hanging out. The main thing I like about this person is that he finds just about anything funny and whatever he finds funny he's willing to laugh at it all day and all night. I remember one time in particular I believe it was my birthday party which turned into a sleepover because my house is so far away from the residence of most of my friends. He and I were the last two awake and we started talking about this other kid that was an annoyance to both of us. We

started a stupid joke that night and kept laughing at it until about five in the morning. Many times we've hung out and began laughing at something that was truly stupid or ignorant and just kept laughing at the fact that the other was laughing at it. Our senior year in high school we were student government officers. I must admit I was very domineering and forceful as a student government officer. I had little concern for the feelings of others. I would severely reprimand anyone for any little thing that went wrong. This pushed him and a few other friends away but luckily he stuck with me and now we are still friends. Many times we share seemingly meaningless jokes with each other about dumb movies or things like that. The only thing that kind of scares me about my friend is his temper. When he gets angry you are just better off not talking to him completely. He can really go off for whatever reason. I don't know if he needs anger management before he gets mad and hurts himself or someone else. On the other hand he's always willing to help others out with no concern for his self. It's almost naïve how he's willing to assist anyone which I guess is an enviable characteristic. Lately he's become more in touch with religion and God. This has helped him work through anything going on in his life and I feel that he has learned to control his anger with a little divine assistance.

Number Eighteen = 18

I think I met this guy my second year in high school. We had the same schedule for the majority of the day. In the beginning of the year we didn't really know each other. We were just the two kids in the class that always seemed to have jokes. It was in our computer typing class that we really became close. It was by pure coincidence that we sat

right next to each other one day. We sat across from this girl we both knew fairly well and we kept talking the entire period to her almost as a contest for her attention. Since she knew both of us well the three of us basically laughed the entire period. That day I noticed he was in a lot of my classes and we began to try to sit together in class and chit chat during school. Anyway this is one of the funniest people I know. He's the one who taught me to have fun in all that I do. We had so much fun in each and every class we were in together and even learned a few things along the way. I can remember being in class one day and the teacher asking a question and the person who was called on had no clue as to what the answer was, so of course the entire class begins to hum the final jeopardy theme. He comes out of nowhere and starts to sing the theme as a soloist above the whole class and the entire class including the teacher just bursts into laughter so much so that we all forgot what the question was in the first place. He's also saved me on a few occasions. On one, in particular, he told me about this girl that was interested in me. I must admit I was becoming fond of her and he told me about how she was trying to get pregnant and willing to lie and do whatever it takes to do so. Needless to say I had to stay away from her and I thank him for that warning. He went to a very prestigious college and did better than most expected him to. He's now in the military and has returned safely from a few trips and I hope that he continues to return home safely for the rest of his career.

Number Nineteen = 19

I met this guy in the second semester of fourth grade. He's always seemed like a gentle giant to me. Not that he's huge but at times it felt like he was so strong that you wondered if he was a super hero holding

back his powers to conceal his identity. In my life time my biological family has only ever considered two of my friends family. When I say my actual family considers my friend part of the family it means that because the friend and I are together so much they just started telling people we were family. He and I were family for the better part of ten years. There are a few things I love about this guy. First and foremost he's extremely funny. I don't mean funny in the sense that someone would say, "he has jokes". I mean it in the sense that he would do whatever it takes to make you laugh even if it meant him tripping on something or punching himself in the face. You have to understand all that is funny when you are ten or twelve years old. He would even imitate or make up cartoon characters and put on a show at a sleep over just to have the other guest rolling on the floor. Another thing I love about this guy is his honesty. I'm a very dominant person and I always think I'm right and to convince me otherwise you have to argue with me and continue arguing until I get tired of arguing and just submit to your way. Anyway enough about him let's talk about our history. I was always very good at playing the put down game known as the dozens. Near the end of my sixth grade year a few of my classmates got tired of losing at that game to me because once I won the game I would be a sore winner and continue to snap on them. Anyway one day one of our classmates who was bigger than me tried to set me up and a few of his friends came around to where I was and said something was about to happen on the other side of the playground. I was unaware at the time that the event they were talking about was supposed to be me getting beat up by this kid that weighed about a hundred more pounds than me and was a good six to eight inches taller than me. When I got to that side of the playground this kid and his

friends surrounded us and he grabbed me before I even knew what was going on. I felt him hit me once and then my friend pulled him off of me and me out of the crowd and we walked home. I am not sure if I ever thanked him for that so if I didn't, thank you. I attended middle school in a completely different area but we still were like family because he would spend the night at my house about forty or so weekends out of the fifty two in a year. We did go to the same high school and ninth grade was really a blur. It was just he and I being horny and staring at older girls' butts and pathetically trying to watch their rears without being noticed by whoever we were looking at. In tenth grade I started to get involved in different extracurricular activities and in the beginning he was with me. As time flew by and I became more involved it seemed like I was attending these meetings and activities by myself. Sometime near the end of tenth grade he moved to another city. After my sophomore year in college we hooked up by chance but by that time we both had begun to become different people. He was regularly attending strip joints and I was contemplating internships and non for profit organizations. Sometime after that we fell out of touch. I went through great lengths to retrieve his number in hopes that we could resume our friendship but he hasn't returned any of my calls and has even devoted some of his attention to avoiding me. If he should ever read this I want him to understand you are one of the few people that I have ever truly considered my brother and I love you. I will continue to try to talk to you even if you don't want me to because I don't think I've ever been as happy as the times when you were in my life.

This person and I met because my grandparents and his folks lived on the same street. We started hanging out at a very early age and became friends because we were around the same age and both had nothing to do. In his younger days both he and I were great athletes. I remember he used to spend a lot of time at my house and I used to spend a lot of time at his. I remember one time I was at his house and put my left forearm on the stove for some reason I didn't realize that the entire stove got hot and I burned my forearm and had a second degree burn on my arm. I still have that scar on my arm. He and I did a lot of things together when we were young besides playing a lot of sports together, we also took jujitsu together he joined a few weeks after me and I remember when we had to spar it was a greater challenge because we knew how the other thought and although we both wanted to win you had mixed emotions about hitting your friend. We came up through a lot of things together. I even remember whenever we raced he would always win. He was the faster of us and he could jump a little higher but I always seemed to be a little stronger. As we got older we grew apart and our lives took very different paths. As far as I know he's been in his share of trouble. He's probably associated with a gang or two. There was a time where he moved down south for a period and it was thought that he had turned his life around but when I saw him back up this way I knew that he hadn't changed his ways. Whenever I see him I feel funny about talking to him it is like he and I are parts of two different worlds and we don't even speak the same language anymore. It's kind of scary that someone can be so close to you at one point in your life and suddenly become almost your total opposite. With all that said there is still a part of me that wishes he would return to the person he used to be and we could become good

friends again. Even if that isn't possible I don't wish any harm to him and I hope he remains safe.

Number Twenty One = 21

They say that luck is where preparation meets opportunity. So I'd have to say that I met her by pure luck. I guess if I didn't have the reputation of being a leader I wouldn't even know her. It was senior year in high school and a teacher introduced me to her and said, "We should use this girl she's a good worker." For all intensive purposes you could say we've had an arranged friendship. She made that year completely unpredictable and exciting. I'm really the type of person that likes everything planned out, I also like things to be logical and methodical at all times. I learned that that type of person wouldn't last long around her. She's very flirtatious and spontaneous. I must admit she's cute and will tell you so in a minute. Anyway she always kept me on my toes whether she was being flirtatious, pinching my butt, or just bothering me because she can. I do not know why but for some reason I like when she tries to bother me. I don't know if that makes any sense. After a few semesters in college we stopped talking for a while. I still am not completely sure why. I think I lost my cell phone or something like that but maybe I'll ask her one day. One of the ways she tries to bother me is by calling me Davey, normally I only allow my mother to call me that but I guess I don't mind anymore. Once we began speaking again I was surprised to find out that she has become one of the most responsible level-headed young ladies that I know and I am proud of her. It's nice to see young people with their head on straight since there are so many of us that have gone crazy.

Number Twenty Two = 22

This girl I met near the end of my freshmen year in college. It was kind of funny because our personalities our almost complete opposites and we are from entirely different backgrounds with almost opposing lifestyles. She's from the deep dirty south. She grew up with a very country or small town mentality and I'm more of a city boy. We were in the same organization and as we got to know each other became closer at one point, if you didn't know any better you'd swear we were dating because we were almost always together. I believe the first time I saw her was at a function for this organization or club. As a young man the first thing I thought was she's kind of short but she's got a great body. I honestly thought she could've been in a rap video or something and I'm sure I never told her so. Anyway the reason I like her is because we both have or had a low tolerance for stupidity. I know some people where you can make mistakes around and no one says anything about it. The two of us were not two of those people. I mean if anything remotely stupid came out of your mouth one or both of us instantly had something to say. She's very modest also. I remember a few times when we were in the a class together and I had no clue what the professor was saying and she's either come over my apartment and explain it to me or we'd meet somewhere and actually do the work together. She was a big help to me and often kept me focused on doing what I was suppose to do when I was too young or too stupid to do the right thing for myself. Besides us being worlds apart in background the only real issue I ever had with her was her taste in men. I know that some women like tall guys but, if you are barely five feet tall why would you only date guys that are six feet or over? Maybe I don't understand it because at a time I may have wanted to be more

than friends with her which is a feeling that I don't understand about myself. It seems that whenever a female tells me that basically I'm not their type it only makes me want to get closer to them. I guess it's that whole forbidden fruit thing.

Number Twenty Three = 23

This person I met my sophomore year in college. She is really a quite unique person in that most people that preach the whole religious attitude and godly thing don't really live it but she really does try. I really admire her kind hearted spirit and generally good nature. She is one of the few people that I've never heard her pass judgment on anyone or even get angry. While in school we worked on a few projects together and we always had a good time doing it. Sometimes we had too much of a good time. It often seemed like a project that should take one hour would take us two or three because we were having such a good time. I remember on more than a few occasions expressing my concerns and frustrations about the school we attended and most of the time she would just laugh as I would rant and rave about everything that I felt was wrong with the world. Other times we would debate religion. These discussions I found very interesting and sometimes they were very enlightening and refreshing. I love having intellectual discussions equally when I am not the most knowledgeable person just as much as when I am the so called know it all on the subject matter. So we would discuss things like our opinions on the intensions of God and the meaning and purpose of life. The attitudes of people in the church often came up as well. Once when I was near her home in Pennsylvania for a conference we got together and went out to dinner. As she was the host in this scenario she paid for our meal and then we

took a walk and discussed what we wanted out of life, relationships, and what we felt God's role was in all of this. Honestly that night was one of the best nights I've ever spent with a female that had no sexual overtone or activity. We really just enjoyed each other's company and I can't wait to show her an equally good time the next time she's in my neck of the woods. I really appreciate her attitude and her belief that everything will be ok. I don't think I've ever mentioned that to her but for me to deal with the things that currently dominate my life I have definitely had to take a page out of her book and have a positive attitude about the good and the bad. I'd like to take this moment to thank you number twenty three for your great example of what a person should be.

Number Twenty Four = 24

I met this person my freshman year in college. We had an extremely boring class together and were the only two people in the class that didn't speak with a southern drawl. She was also very pretty and petite has long hair (that's hers) and is about a size 2 at most. The thing about this young lady that I liked was the way she thought. After a few weeks we became close friends and would work together most chances that we would get. I remember spending a few cram overnight sessions in my room and we would get along so well. We would crack jokes on the way people dressed and the music they liked and everything that did that wasn't up to our standards. One night while cramming in my room, my roommate walked in and thought she was very pretty (which she is) he made every effort to entice her. He would walk by my open door every few minutes and lick his lips or open his mouth to show her his tongue ring. This particular roommate of mine was a known as a

ladies man and after he finished trying to flirt with her we closed the door and she cracked jokes on him for the next ten minutes. We became so close that when she decided to run for class office she asked me to be her campaign manager. I was honored and we fought a good clean campaign but, we learned the hard way that good clean and politics normally don't go together. We lost in a run off because we were from the wrong part of the country. It is because of things like this that to this day I do not believe in politics though I understand they are in everything, I just do not believe they are right. Anyway one weekend my parents came to visit she came over and after talking to her my parents felt like they were talking to a female version of me, I felt similar about her. After we stopped having classes together we grew apart because we developed different interests she was into promoting parties and things like that and I've never really been a party person. Truthfully I feel like she could've been the one I let get away by being too cautious but at the same time it was nice to be able to look at myself while I wasn't staring in the mirror.

Number Twenty Five = 25

This person was probably my first friend when I went college, partially because he was one of my roommates. I was very fortunate my freshman year in college. I sent in my housing request late and couldn't get into the boys freshman dormitory. Since they had to let me live on campus because of my classification they let me move into these on campus apartments that were normally reserved for upperclassmen. All of my roommates were at least two years older than I. This has advantages and disadvantages. The advantages were I had my own personal guides around campus. They showed me all the

ins and outs of the school. They also explained who was who as far as teachers and students were concerned. They showed me the good restaurants and explained the general culture of the area. There were also disadvantages to this situation. The main disadvantage was that everything they told me had their preexisting prejudice into it. Fortunately I probably would've developed the same attitude towards things anyway. Finally let me talk about my friend. This guy is just a generally good guy. He's the type you can count to bail you out of a situation after he told you not to get into it in the first place. He's serious and focused when he sets his mind to do something. He was so focused on losing weight and getting in shape that he inspired me to do the same. Truthfully if he didn't inspire me to lose weight the doctor wouldn't have thought something was wrong with my stomach and sent me to the hospital that night I was told that I had cancer. Indirectly this friend may've saved my life. Anyway this guy loves to have fun as most of my friends do. Like some of my friends he makes jokes with no concern for his dignity. I can remember that we lived on the first floor and had a huge almost floor to ceiling window and he and I would have old school break dancing contests while people walked by and gave us all kinds of dirty looks like we were crazy. As we moved through school we didn't get to see each other that much because we stopped living together. Whenever I needed him he was always there for me. We'd often randomly meet while walking around and stop and talk which would normally result in one or both of us being late to wherever we were going. He and another of my roommates love to argue with each other and I love to watch them argue. It's that kind of big brother little brother relationship where they argue and get upset but it's still all love and they'll always be there for each other just like he'll always be there

for me.

Number Twenty Six = 26

I think she was the first new person I met when I got to high school well; it was either her or her cousin. This is because we all had first period class together. I can remember a few moments during our freshman year in high school but we really became close in our sophomore year. This was mainly because we both excelled in this accounting class. It was always one of us with the highest grade on the test and the other with the second best grade on the exam. We were learning the information so quickly that the accounting class became two completely different classes. One class was with her and I and we were two to three chapters ahead of the rest of the class at all times. There are a few things I like about her. First and foremost she's probably the most organized friend that I have. We have a few things in common such as the show In Living Color and our love for chicken. Honestly I was having a lot of trouble writing about this person simply because there's never really been one moment or memory that stands out in our history. It really has been like whenever we hang out we'd pick up right where we left off. It's always been just us having a good time and enjoying each others company. We've never really argued about anything significant. She's funny in a cute or cartoon sort of way. Actually she's not funny in the sense that she has jokes it is more so that she's silly and always has something to contribute no matter what the conversation. She now has a good job somewhere in the middle of the country and I am proud of her because she's stuck to the topic that we preformed well in. Whenever she visits town she always makes it a point to call me and I appreciate that.

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