Paul-Étienne Paquin

My moving experience

I was born in Sherbrooke, twenty years ago today. I was happy there; I had a couple friends there and school was going well. But the most thing in my life at that time was my best friend Alexandre, which I had met in preschool. We were inseparable, like siamese twins, we did everything together.

Until that faithful day, I remember it like it was yesterday. I was five years old when my mother came told me of the terrifying news. She said that at the end of the school year, we would be moving to Saint-Lambert, 1h30 minutes away from my place of birth. I was petrified, it was horrifying to say the least. At that moment, I was thinking of all the things I was about to lose, but most of all about him, Alexandre. Finding someone like him was simply impossible. It was devastating to say the least. That very same day, I went to his house to tell him the news. He was so sad to learn that we wouldn’t see each other as often. In our sadness we made a promise, that we would try and see each other at least once a month. To this day, we have never broken that link of trust and we see each other once a month.