

She was even more beautiful than the last time I saw her. Her eyes were bigger and they had a sparkle that **wasn't** there when we used to be close friends. I knew that instant that she started living, even though later I found out that the sparkle was not due to happiness. Her hair was longer and it surprised me to see that it even had pink curly ends. It looked soft and it smelled amazing. Her face was naked, she stopped trying to cover her imperfections and even though she still had some pimples and red marks, her face was still as gorgeous as I remember. I could tell that she was still figuring out herself and **didn't** quite find what she was looking for, but I understood from her smile that at least now she knew that everything is going to be okay. That she learned to transform her suffering into hope. I looked at her hands and saw that her knuckles had a tint of redness. I wondered if it's from that time she had bruised herself or if she continued to do it since we stopped talking. Her voice was as angelic as ever, and I found myself looking at her for way too long. My God, there she was. After all this time, she was in front of me. The girl that made me fall in love with her in a few days, the girl that stayed awake until 4am to talk with me and listened to everything I had to say, the girl that inspired my first original song, the girl that went with me on an adventure in the forest, the girl that broke my heart thinking she was doing the right thing for me. And even though I knew we were never going to end up together, I hugged her just a bit too long when it was time for her to go home. I just really wish she gets the happiness she's looking for. After all, she is the girl that helped me find mine.