



A Tear From Your Own Drop Brings Success

By Joseph P.

When I was in Ghana, I was attending school at Kinivisit. It was a very nice and big school. My first day to that school I wasn't happy, because I was moving from school to school... But when I reached there, a teacher took me to my class. The first guy who asked me to sit next to him became my best friend. He was called "Twist". He was very nice and kind to me. We shared everything together. We were like bothers. I used to sleep at his house when I was having problems with my dad or whenever I wanted.

As time goes on, we planned to make a big thing together for our dreams. But it wasn't clicking good later because we had a separation. I moved to the Netherlands and he was in Ghana, but our plan was to go to school together and try to build factories there in Ghana. So because I came to The Netherlands and he is in Ghana we can't make it. We can, because we use to talk on the phone and Skype and we try to follow our promises. But it wasn't easy like when I was together with him in Ghana...

Last night I was talking to Twist on Skype and he told me that he's not feeling well. And I told him "don't worry, you will be okay soon". But he was still complaining that he didn't feel good. And then told me to try and take care of myself and I should try and make things for myself. I replied him: "why?" And he said "A tear from your own drop brings success".

The End