"Walking with a friend in the dark is better then walking alone in the light" Helen Keller has once said. I agree with Helen Keller. Friendship is very important and changes you for the better. I don't know exactly why friendship makes such a big impact on our lives, but I know one person who I think has changed me for the better, and will hopefully continue to change me and I, her.

Isabella and I met during our first year at Wharton Dual Language Academy in Houston, Texas. Wharton is a 1920s building with stone floors and cracks in the middle of the hallways and everyone knows each other. We were in kindergarten, and we became friends in what I think is the weirdest way possible. We were in line waiting for the boys to finish their "potty break," and I spotted a sparkle on the floor next to the crack beside me.

The sparkle was silver, and I almost caught my reflection in it. The sequin was as small as a fingernail and caught the light as the sea does. As most little girls, I wanted that sequin so I tried to pry it off, but it wouldn't budge. After a while, the quiet girl with the long wavy blond hair and most-of-the-time green eyes asked me what I was doing, and soon enough we were trying to get the sparkle off together.

We weren't able to remove the sequin the first time, so the next day when we waited in the same hallway, we got in the exact spot as before. Each day, we tried. And one day when I was positive we would never be able to pull out that darn sparkle, it had disappeared! We made assumptions such as: the janitor mopped it away, or maybe, just maybe, someone had stolen it! Of course we never had proof but somebody could have stolen the sequin. The sparkle was very pretty and shiny. We never did find out what happened, but Isabella and I started to "hang out" and play during recess as friends.

One afternoon during recess, we paused in the middle of our game of hide and seek. I remember Izzy exclaiming to me: " Well, you know that if you don't believe in God, you can't go to heaven and you're gonna go to the evil side!"

"That's not real! God must be mean if he doesn't let people who don't do the same thing as him go to heaven," I responded.

Izzy looked shocked as she ran away from me, and I started crying because who wants to be evil?

During lunch we sat across from each other and put our lunch boxes between us. The second day, the kids in our class separated into the "believers" and "non-believers" because of us.

The most vivid part of this memory was when we solved our conflict. We both wanted to be right and the other to be wrong, but we knew that wasn't the case. Izzy started crying after we came back from lunch and apologized to me. I tried to stay mad, but what kind of kindergartner wouldn't apologize to their new-found friend who was crying?

Izzy and I moved on as if the incident never happened. But that fight made me more open-minded and taught me that not one person is right; everyone has different opinions. Izzy and I haven't had a fight since then (except for the occasional squabble), and we take each other's side when we have an argument with someone else. My grandmother has told me that what signifies a strong friendship is having an argument and forgiving while unconsciously becoming closer.

Our friendship has become even closer this past year. Last December, when I visited Los Angeles with my family, I learned that we were possibly going to move. I didn't have the stomach to tell my friends because telling them was sort of accepting that we were going to move (5% that we wouldn't). After two months I couldn't keep the news to myself, so I decided to tell my BFI (best friend for infinity). When I told Izzy, we both started crying. It was the first time I had cried with someone else, and even though I was basically accepting the fact that my moving was a possibility, we wanted to keep the news to ourselves. We both agreed that she wouldn't tell anyone, and I wouldn't say until it was almost certain or until I was ready.

I told the rest of my friends two and a half months later.

I have now moved (well, I'm certain you know that because I wouldn't be writing in Pasadena). Truth be told, movies and books aren't correct; the new girl is always sad for a day and then makes friends in like a week and they are "BFFs". In reality, I think it takes about a year till you come to know that person well. And to be BFFs you would have to know the person for a pretty long time! (Hint, hint: Izzy!)

The one thing that books and movies do show is that after the character makes a friend, a true friend, he/she is much happier. I think the reason I miss Houston is not because of the place (trust me, the scenery is much prettier in Pasadena), but because of the friendships I've made in Houston. And like the quote "love makes a house a home," love also makes a place a home. Right now when I think of BFFs I think of Izzy in particular, but at one point I can share stories about my BFFs in Pasadena, and I will not replace Izzy, but just add new BFFs. And then, once I've made long lasting friends, I can call Pasadena a home just as I do Houston.