

3rd of .. oh it doesn't even matter,

Dear diary,

Saying that today was really interesting would be an understatement, even though it began with me just sitting on my bed, watching Star Wars and eating pop tarts. It all started when I heard multiple door bells, which happened to be my impatient best friend. I crumbled out of bed stepping in my hawaiians, and lazily directed myself in the direction of staircase. I quickly went down, taking two steps at a time and I almost hit the door. I turned the keys, opened the heavy piece of wood and saw my bro. He looked like he was really excited about something. He dragged me by my shoulders and told me to go change into anything more decent than the pair of old sweatpants, and I did so. As I came back from my room, I came to see V grabbing a few soda cans from the fridge. I just shrugged my arms at that action, to be later pulled by V himself out the door, so quickly, I barely had time to lock them. The next thing I know we're sitting in his old beat-up blue jeep. I finally dared to ask where are we going and the only answer I got was „I can only tell you it'll be a bad idea". I narrowed my brows and just stuck with it. After all that's what I like the most, the bad ideas. On our way, to wherever we were going, V took a turn to Pop's our favourite diner, he said it'll take just a minute so I could wait inside and sent me that mischievous smirk. I was waiting for him to come back, looking thru the window at the beautiful Impala parked in the corner. It was black with silver rims, and to be honest I never expected it's owner to be as attractive as the car itself, as I saw him coming out of Pop's with coffee in his hand. It was as he drove away that V came back. I was pretty suprised, cause he got three boxes of pizza, so I didn't know how it would go with anything that could be called a bad idea. Like come on pizza is always a good idea. He settled the precious boxes in the backseat, turned the key in the ignition and drove away from the diner. He took the direction of the old city, which also made me wonder, what the heck is he planning to do. Like we never really go there, most of the time we stay at the suburbs as we find them pretty calm and kind of hipster-ish? I don't know. As I told, it was the old city we were hitting for, but he didn't take the road thru the central part of the city, like he wanted to get to the old market from the backside, the side where the river flows. And he did so, he parked the jeep by the same river I mentioned, and hopped out of the car. He took pizza boxes and his backpack filled with soda cans, shamelessly taken from my fridge, then nodded at me to follow him and led the way. We happened to stop in the back of one of the old buildings, that were situated on the old market square. I still had no idea, what insane idea was created in his mind. He opened the back door for me and let me in. Than he said to go up the stairs. As we were on the last floor, he settled pizzas on the floor and opened the trapdoor that was situated in the ceiling and pulled the ladder out of it. I finally got the idea. And I knew why it was a bad idea. After all it was a private property, but the views were worth it. So I grabbed the ladder and pulled myself up and went to the really low hang attic. As I saw V beside me struggling with the boxes I helped him to carry them and he said there is a hole in the side of the roof so we could get outside. As soon as I got out, the fresh evening air brushed my face. It was filled with smell of trap food, vape liquids and obviously drunk people. But I didn't care about that in the moment I saw the sun cuddling roofs of the buildings in front of me. I just settled myself on the cold tiling, which didn't last long, as V made me stand up and put the blanket so we didn't freeze our bums to death. He passed me my favourite, mountain dew, and took the first box of pizza and put it in beetween us. As much as this idea was bad in the face of law, it was the best he ever came up with, the one that I'll remember for a long, long time. I was slowly chewing on my slice, admiring the gold mist that sun left on the stalls, bricks, golden clock of the tower hall and the faces of passing people. It was the best spot to check up on things that were happening this casual Saturday evening, without being noticed. Near the shot bar, there was a girl trying to jump on the water fountain. On the side of that really good Greek restaurant, the guy was going out of his mind, considering how tightly he was holding on the bunch of flowers in his left hand, probably meant to be given to his first date. Then there was a group of teens , maybe around 15 or 16, standing behind the old Belgian fries truck trying to share a drink from a very suspicious bottle. There was also a

coffee place, signified with a picture of mythical creature with a fishtail, where the air was thick as a consequence of a crowd made by snobbish 17-year-olds, that think they can tell the difference between the barista coffee and the petrol station one. On the other hand the beer garden flashed with little Chinese, colorful lanterns and filled the space with sounds of conversations and heated arguments. As I watching all of these dangling people in crazy situations, I was interrupted in my thought by my dear friend. He asked me, if I even liked the idea, if I was sitting there for five minutes saying literally nothing. I snapped my head in his direction, and because I could find no words for how amazing I felt right now, I just hugged him tightly and whispered in his ear a „thank you“. As I pulled back I smiled widely like a child in a candyshop, and he returned the grin. We spent the rest of the evening talking about our dreams, future plans and the road trip we planned our whole life, that was about to get real this summer. I was about to say something about putting Italy on the roadtrip list, when I was rudely interrupted by someone, who threw a beer can up in front of us. I got closer to the edge of the roof to see my, obviously drunk neighbour, who was calling my name and saying that we never had wings, but we're sitting where the pigeons hide. It was more than weird, how poetic he's got all of the sudden, just because of the booze. I just waved him away and saw him pointing his nearly falling body to the shot bar. I was just creeped out about how he even noticed us, but I didn't bother myself with that for long. I sat back and heard the familiar sound, that brought so many memories. It was because V took out a bluetooth speaker and put on our all time favourite song, which is „Come on Eileen“ by Dexy's Midnight Runners. I could listen to it for eternity, I just saw him lie down on the blanket and hum to the music. That was the moment I realised, how happy I was to have someone like V, to be by my side. We're almost inseparable for a reason. He shifted as he noticed me unpurposely staring at him. He asked if something was wrong, and I told him that nothing was ever more right. He turned his back to reach for another peperroni slice for him and falafel one for me. He threw it in my direction and somehow I managed to catch it without dropping a thing. I sat up more, and ate the greasy triangle. The song changed as Ramones came on and I noticed that the jeweller's was still opened and got the idea. I took V's attention, which now was obviously centered around the perfect piece of chessy goodness and arguing Irish guys, and told him I want to do something. He just nodded, so we sat up and started packing our mess. As we got everything we got back down the same way as we came up. I took his hand and walked us in front of jeweller's. „I want friendship bracelets“ was all I said and he was already into it. We passed the door and the little bell hang above it made sign of our arrival. The cashier came up and asked, if we were looking for anything specific. I said I would like to get two rope bracelets with a simple engraved charm. She showed us the possibilities and we chose black ropes both and simple circle charms. We decided to engrave on them „partners in crime“ cause it was how our parents called us both since the kindergarden. We waited about 15 minutes and they were ready, I insisted to pay but V just waved me off, paid himself and took the little packet. We thanked the lovely lady and said goodbye as we went back into the breeze of the cold night air. He took them both out putting one on my wrist and one on his. I really admired this little piece, that materialized our bond.