

## ***The last page***

That year, Sant Jordi felt different.

While the streets filled with roses, books, and laughter, I felt a strange weight on my chest. My best friend hadn't been the same for months. He stopped joking, stopped answering messages, and slowly began to disappear from everyone's life — including mine.

At school, he sat in silence, staring at his notebook. Teachers said he was tired. Others said he just wanted attention. But I knew something deeper was wrong.

Every day, I tried to talk to him.

“Are you okay?” I asked.

“I'm fine,” he always replied.

But his eyes told another story.

On Sant Jordi's Day, I decided to give him something different. Not just a book, but my favorite one — the one that had helped me during hard times. Inside, I wrote a long letter. I reminded him of our childhood, our laughter, our secrets, and all the moments that made our friendship real.

I ended the note with one simple sentence:

*You are not alone, even when it feels like you are.*

He read it slowly. Then he looked at me, his eyes full of emotion, and hugged me tighter than ever before.

That afternoon, he didn't come back to school.

Fear filled my chest.

Late that night, his mother sent me a message. He had planned to leave the city alone. He thought disappearing would make everything easier.

“But he changed his mind,” she wrote. “Your letter stopped him.”

The next day, he was back in class.

And I understood something that changed me forever: sometimes, a few honest words can save a whole story.