Name: Angeles Belen Yach Ramirez

"I know you more than anyone and I can see the fear in your eyes, you feel good about him, but you are afraid of what might happen in the future," he whispered close to my ear.

I open my eyelids and face him.

"I can't tell you no, because I'd be lying to you."

He takes my hand and intertwines it with his, his cold hand caresses my palm with his touch, his expression relieves me and his touch emanates me with the warmth of a brother that I have always felt

—Stop thinking about the future and everything that may happen. Enjoy the present and what destiny has in store for you.

I outline a smile.

"What if the future has something bad planned?"

"They will know how to confront him together," he says, sure of his words.

"I'm screwed."

"You're just afraid," he says while stroking my hair, "it's normal for you to feel scared, your life hasn't been easy and it's normal to believe that someone new can hurt you." For something for years you avoided people out of fear.

"Hopefully I was talking to you at first," he smiled remembering the time when he arrived in South Korea.

"Hopefully you said good morning to us after we became friends," he laughs.