

The Friendless Friend

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THE FRIENDLESS FRIEND

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To the amazing selfless humans who genuinely and generously show up for others without expectation, you make this world a brighter and happier place.

Foreword

The author of this book demonstrates a deep intentionality in cultivating meaningful friendships. Even though you've never met her in person, her voice carries a calming presence that seems to soothe the soul. She listens attentively—not just to words, but to the emotions and environments of those she engages with. Always eager to help in any way she can, she possesses a rare gift: the ability to remember even the smallest details about her friends. Sometimes, I wonder if she has a massive database tucked away in her mind.

I vividly recall the day I landed a new job—her joy was overwhelming, almost as if she were the one who got hired. Despite the physical distance, I could feel her excitement radiating through her voice. She celebrates my wins and stands by me through my lows. Her unwavering positivity makes me wonder if she ever faces any burdens herself. She embodies the art of turning life's lemons into lemonade, no matter the circumstance.

We all need that one friend—the one who listens without judgment, who's there whether our thoughts make sense or not. This book encourages the pursuit of genuine, heartfelt friendships. I've had moments where all I needed was someone to talk to about my day, and this book reminds me of the value in finding that kind of connection.

To me, friendship is sacrificial. True sacrifice stems from love. While it can sometimes feel painful to give more than you receive, a healthy relationship is built on mutual care and understanding. If you ever find yourself in such a situation, I encourage open, honest conversation. Speaking about it together brings relief and clarity—far better than silently carrying the weight alone. Emmanuel

Preface

I am not a psychologist, nor am I a therapist, and don't even get me started on the whole life coach thing. But I am a human being with experiences.

I listen to people's stories, learn from them, and most importantly, I've been through some stuff that you'd think I was making up if I ever told you about it.

This book is written in simple English, with stories drawn from real-life experiences. To be transparent, the stories in this book are inspired by real-life events, but I've added a sprinkle of fiction to protect the individuals involved.

I wrote this book to let you know that you are seen. You're the "perfect friend" to others, and although you're surrounded by people who care about you, deep down, you feel like there's no one who can truly be there for you in your darkest and brightest moments.

This book is also written to help you find and enjoy those true friendships in your circle. I will give practical advice; please feel free to come up with your own conclusions in the end.

Acknowledgments

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To my amazing parents, thank you for being so supportive, words cannot fully express my gratitude. A special thank you to my talented designer Blessing for creating a book cover that is not only beautiful but also meaningful. I truly enjoyed working with you.

My thanks also go to Mira Brown and Bossy Empress for helping me make the final decision on the book cover. Lots of hugs and kisses to Mira Brown for helping with the book formatting.

To you, my wonderful and amazing reader, thank you for trusting me with your time. I hope you return to this book as often as possible, share its insights with those around you, and, most importantly, apply some of these ideas in your life.

The Burden of Being Strong

Miriam jolted awake from a nightmare, her body tense. She gasped for air, her heart hammering in her chest and her head pounding. Feeling as though she were suffocating, she tried to breathe through her mouth, placing her sweaty palms on her chest in an attempt to regulate her heart-beat.

“Breathe in, breathe out. Now, remember that you are in a peaceful environment,” the soothing female voice said over the speakers. Miriam, still gasping for air, groped for her device in the darkness. She had drifted off to sleep while listening to the night meditation, which was still playing. Her fingers grazed the device, and with her eyes still closed and her chest heaving, she tapped the button to silence it.

As if the silence in the room was a trigger, her anxiety surged, intensifying this time. She snapped open her eyes, flipped on her bedside lamp, and strode to the wall switch, turning it on. She still felt panicked as she rushed back to her bed and frantically felt around the side for her bat. Seizing it, she yanked her curtains back, peering out. She saw nothing but darkness, then slammed her curtains shut. Next, she scrutinized the windows to ensure they were securely locked. She also inspected the device she had left near her window, checking for any signs of tampering.

She crept closer to her wardrobe, opening it cautiously, as if bracing for someone to leap out. She switched on the wardrobe light, verifying the coast was clear. Then she examined her door handle and the bottle she had positioned in front of her door, a makeshift alarm in case someone tried to get in while she was asleep.

“Nothing was moved,” she muttered to herself, relieved, as tears streamed down her face. Dropping the bat, she slumped against the wall, closed her eyes, and drew slow, steady breaths through her nose.

“What is wrong with me?” she thought to herself as she slid down to the floor, exhausted. “Why can’t I just have a normal night’s sleep like the rest of the world?” She continued thinking, her elbows resting on her

knees. “God, please help me,” she prayed fervently, her face now buried in her hands, her body shaking with sobs.

This had been her reality for the past three weeks after her ex tried to get into her apartment through the window. She considered calling her mom, but quickly dismissed the idea. Her already-worried, aging mom had enough on her plate. Miriam didn’t want to burden her further; she wanted her mom to enjoy her golden years with less stress.

Then she thought about reaching out to her siblings, but hesitated. They always turned to her for help; she was their rock, their confidante. How could she, the strong one, admit to being vulnerable? Would they see her as weak? She knew they cared, but this was different.

As for her friends, she was hesitant. Some had short attention spans, some weren’t trustworthy with delicate matters, and others might think she was overreacting. Yes, they were close, and they’d trusted her with their secrets, but this was too sensitive. Who wakes up in the middle of the night, consumed by fear? They might not understand, she concluded.

She mentally went through her contact list, wondering, “How can I have no one to reach out to at this hour? What does that say about me?” A third idea sparked: to anonymously share her feelings online. Perhaps she could post in the comments of a public figure, using a fake account, and see if anyone understood.

Finally, still in pain and sobbing, she considered calling a random number, desperate for connection.

Let’s Talk...

Do you relate to Miriam?

Do you desperately need help but hesitate to reach out? Maybe you’re worried about being a burden, not sure how to explain your situation, or afraid of appearing weak. If it’s the fear of being a burden that’s holding you back, I and countless others who have experienced this un-

derstand. It's a common concern, but the truth is, we sometimes underestimate the strength of our loved ones.

Have you ever heard of that woman who lifted a car when her baby was trapped underneath? Ordinarily, she wouldn't have been able to do it, but her child's life was at stake. It's something that happens: we find strength when we see our loved ones in a terrible situation.

Perhaps your hesitation comes from not knowing how to explain your situation. This is understandable. You might feel like no one would understand you, and that's true in some ways. But here's the thing: while our experiences may feel unique, our problems are not.

Whatever you are going through right now, someone else has gone through it, and someone else will still go through it. If those around you don't understand, reach out to support groups. At least there, you know that these people will definitely understand.

Finally, if you're hesitant because you don't want to be seen as weak, it's important to be honest with yourself.

Is it really about weakness, or is it more about ego?

Now, darling, no one is really thinking about how strong you are when you come to them for help. If they truly love you, I bet they'll feel honored and happy that you found them worthy enough to be there for you.

So, honey, put your ego aside, swallow your pride with something sweet, I don't know, like tea or whatever, but you get my point. Reach out to those you can trust, those who truly love and care about you.