

My Friend's Adventures

Olivia Medina

When I was in high school, I was very punctual and I usually arrived at school early because I lived next to the school, like eight minutes away. But one day during lunch my friend wanted to go see her boyfriend outside the school, but she did not know he had another girlfriend.

So we went out together, but she got into a terrible problem because she saw her boyfriend with another girl. She was very upset. Then she went over and hit the girl. I could do nothing at that time because I was surprised.

Then I took my friend back to school. We arrived on time before they closed the gate of the school. During class my friend was very upset and the teacher asked her what happened. She said nothing because she was a very good student. But at this moment she was very upset. I was very sad for my friend.

My Secret Memories

Pingting Guan

I had a lot of friends in high school. Also, I have many memories. I remember one day when I was late, I stood in front of the school gate. The school gate was locked. I could not believe I was late because I got up early and I left my house early. But why was I late?

"Hi, Pingting," My friend and my classmate Jinhui Tan touched my shoulder and said to me. "You are late, too!"

"Yes. Today is a bad day, isn't it?" I smiled at her. I was upset. I did not want to stand in the classroom for the whole class, but I was late. I looked at my friend, "Xiaohui, we have bad luck today." We made eye contact for a while.

"Why do not we leave school? Let's go eat ice cream."

"Huh? But what about school?" I considered.

"We can find an excuse; that is no problem," my friend said.

"Okay, let's call our teacher."

We gave our teacher a call and said we were sick at home. And then we went to the ice cream store and ate ice cream. It was sweet, cool and delicious. We forgot the school and the teacher. We laughed together. We did a bad thing together. It was our secret.

Skipping Class

Yongsheng Zhang

I didn't go to school one day when I was in middle school. It was a beautiful day. It was sunny and clear. The sky was blue. There were a few white clouds. I was very happy this day.

I ate breakfast then rode my bike to school. I met some good friends on my way to school. They were going to Cao Xian City. They wanted me to go with them. I said, "I need to go to school. I can't go with you."

They didn't let me go to school and asked me sincerely. Finally, I agreed. I called my teacher, and told him, "I'm sick. I can't go to class today." The teacher said, "Stay home and take care of yourself."

My friends and I went to the city. We visited other friends. We hung out, ate and drank. We went to the shopping mall and saw a lot of things: some clothes stores, book stores, and many different fruits, such as apples, oranges, bananas, pears, etc.

Suddenly, I saw two of my school teachers. I wanted to hide behind my friends, but I didn't have time. The teachers walked up to me and said hello. I thought, "I'm finished, my teacher will know I lied." I told my friends about it. They said, "It's a nice day. We just visited anywhere we wanted to. Don't worry about your teacher and school things." Today was our day. I thought so.

The next day, I went to school, and my teacher called me to his office. I was afraid. I went into the office and I didn't look into my teacher's face. He asked me, "What happened yesterday?"

I knew the teachers that I met yesterday had told my teacher about the shopping mall. I told the truth. He was very angry; he slapped me on the face a few times. My face became red and I was very afraid. I said to the teacher, "I won't do it again and I won't lie anymore."

After this, I never skipped a class.

My Memory from Middle School

Emma Martinez

When I was in middle school, I always got in trouble with my parents because I used to get together with my best friends Esterlina and Martha to go to Xiloa. Xiloa is a volcanic lagoon in Managua. It's beautiful and it has very tall diving platforms and diving boards. My friends and I enjoyed diving there.

Those were memorable days that remain in my mind, since I am not able to do that anymore because for some reason now I am a little afraid of heights. Another reason is because sports require a lot of practice and I am not practicing anymore. Where I live there are not places to practice diving, but at least I always find places to swim.

I still remember my two best friends from middle school, Esterlina and Martha. I lost contact with them. I don't know what they do at all. What I heard is that Martha is a doctor, but I don't know about Esterlina. I would like to see them again. Maybe one day I will go to Nicaragua and look for them.

I remember that one day my mother and Martha's mother got together and found us. That was interesting because as a child we didn't measure the importance of advice our parents gave us about what we were doing. They were so worried about us, but thank God we were okay.

This is just an episode of my memory from middle school!

When I Was in High School

Stephan Lew

When I was in high school, my friends liked to bully one student. His name was Kenny. He was a good student and he didn't like to talk with us because during class we did bad things to him. Sometimes my friends took his bag and hid it in the restroom. Kenny was very angry.

He went from one classroom to another but he still couldn't find it. My friends followed him. Kenny stopped at the principal's office—oh no! He wanted to tell principal about that thing. My friends ran back to the restroom and brought back his bag.

But it was too late—the principal already knew what we did to Kenny. The principal wanted our parents to come to school. My friends and I felt so sorry for Kenny. We apologized to him and said we'd never do it again.

After a few days Kenny and I became good friends. We ate lunch together, and after school we stayed at school to do our homework. Sometimes we went swimming and played baseball together.

But now we lost contact with each other. I didn't know where he went. I miss that time when we studied together.

My Best Friend

Stacy Situ

When I was in high school, I usually missed class. I didn't like to study. I wanted to drop out of school—until I met my best friend Feng.

She was an interesting girl and very smart, but she didn't like to study either. We were always absent from class to play basketball, and we went to the canteen to buy some snacks and talk.

In class I read novels and comics. We never listened to the teacher. We passed notes to each other. But we sometimes were good students because we helped our teacher hand in class fees and decorate the classroom. We also participated in activities on behalf of the class. Our classes were always able to get good results, so our teacher sometimes loved us, sometimes hated us.

Feng and I understood each other very well. She could guess my thoughts and I could guess hers. I hope we will be friends forever.

Overcoming Fears in High school

Natalia Briceno

Every year for my school's anniversary celebration, teachers and students prepared games and different activities. It was very entertaining. Every class participated. There were more than 700 hundred students in our school.

Activities always ended with a grand ball. In my last year I got to represent my class. Everyone voted for me, but I didn't want to do it.

I remember talking to my teacher and asking him to remove me from that responsibility. He said, "No!" I had to do it, but I didn't like the idea. I felt very bad and very nervous because I had to act before the whole community and my classmates.

On the day of the celebration I calmed down and began to prepare myself for all the activities. I started preparing a dance, modeling, acting and participating in many other games.

That year was unforgettable.

A Bad Word

Galyna Nyzhnyk

I went to an elementary school in Ivano-Frankivsk, Ukraine. I had a lot of classmates; there were 45 of us. We were funny and we liked to talk a lot.

One time we had a writing lesson. It was quiet in the class. Our teacher screamed at us if we spoke. Suddenly, one girl said very loudly, "I have a headache!" The teacher forbade talking during class, but at that time she never said anything to her because the teacher loved her. One of my classmates (his name was Taras) said loudly, "You sit on your ass and not on your head. Why do you have a headache?" The teacher wrote a letter to Taras's parents and told them that Taras said a bad word.

The next day a famous writer came to our classroom. It was Taras's father. His father brought some dictionaries and he proved that the word "ass" is a Ukrainian literary word.

We were happy!

My Best Friend in High School

Diana Valenzuela

I went to St. Mariana of Jesus High School in Cali, Colombia. My best friend during those five years was Aida Milena Florez. We did everything together: we sat in front of the teacher in the first row in all our classes, we sang in the school choir and we were cheerleaders. We were the best students, too, and we did our homework together.

When we were fifteen years old, we went to Silvia's fifteenth birthday party. She was our classmate. At that party we met Juan Pablo and Guillermo. They were best friends, too, and we started to go out together. Guillermo was Aida's boyfriend for three years and Juan Pablo and I were together for five years.

When we graduated from high school, I went to Medellin to study in the EAFIT College and Aida Milena stayed in Cali and we lost contact.

But two years ago on Facebook, we found each other again. She lives in Bogota and is married but doesn't have children yet and her sister lives here in New York.

We chatted for hours on Facebook about all the stories that happened in our lives in these twenty years and we are good friends again.

Untitled

Sharon Zhang

I have a very happy memory from when I was a child. I had a big family because I have two sisters and a brother. We went to the same elementary school, and my older sister and I were in the same class. I remember she was always as my mother: she always took care of us but never spoiled us, and she usually carried my schoolbag for me.

In third grade she taught me how to ride a bike. One day we rode the bike on a very big incline. There was a big stone in front of us and we fell down in the gully. She hurt her knees and her arms. I saw she was in a lot of pain, but I was okay. Then we walked home. Later, my dad bought a new bike for me. I was very happy. We rode our bikes to school every day.

Sometimes we went to play badminton and caught frogs in the pond after school. When we arrived home, we ate some food before we went to the farm. Even though every day we felt too tired, we slept well. We enjoyed sharing one apple and we also went swimming in my family's fish pond in the summer and made a snowman in the winter. That is all I remember about my elementary school.

In middle school, my older sister and I were also in the same class, but she dropped out of school in the ninth grade. I didn't understand her why she didn't like to go to school or why she wanted to drop out of school. Finally, I understood that she wanted to help my parents reduce the burden, because my parents were very busy and tired every year. Actually they felt better when my sister helped them.

When she left middle school, I felt lonely in the class. Thereafter, I got to know my new classmates. We became best friends. At the same time, we encouraged each other to study hard.

I am very thankful for everything my sister did because she helped us and our parents a lot. Now she also as a very nice mom and a wife.

I hope God will bless my sister and that she will be happy every day! Even though we live in different cities, we always keep in touch. I hope I can have more time to go to China to visit my sister and brother.

My Memory

Min Huang

I have a lot of memories from when I was child. I remember very clearly this memory from when I was in elementary school. One day, I walked to school and ran into my classmate Si Lian Shun. We said hello to each other, then we walked together. We talked about yesterday's homework while we walked. Suddenly, my classmate fell into a big hole; I heard her cry but I didn't notice because I was walking in front of her.

When I turned around, I saw her leg was stuck in the hole. She couldn't get out by herself. I saw her grimace. It hurt her a lot, I helped her get her out, but there was big problem. She couldn't walk by herself. We didn't have a phone. We couldn't contact her parents. What should we do? We were so sad because we were late to school. We waited a while—we hoped someone would pass by. But time passed and still it was just us.

Finally, I got an idea. I decided to carry my classmate to school on my back. It was so difficult for me. We were the same age; we were just eight years old. But I never gave up, I tried and tried.

Finally, we got to school, but we were very late. My classmate apologized for me. I told her not to worry; we were good friends. When the teacher asked me why we were late, we told her what happened on the road. The teacher didn't punish me. She praised me. Until now we're still in contact with each other. I think it's a good memory for me.