

Three years flying by.

By: Amalia Perla, 8th Grade

Three years flew by, watching them go by,
Change mentally along my path.
Been quiet at the start, Intimidated by all.
Trying to say something, but it didn't come out ,speechless among the crowd.
Needed to give myself a chance, a push, no matter how it looked.
It was my time to change once and for all. A year went by, met some people that
are now called my friends, made me feel welcome. Still a bit shy but let it go as I
grew.
A new year came by, a new start. Let myself go more along my path. Met new
people I would rely. My second year I learned life skills I won't forget. My friends
that they will be always with when I fail or when I stand.
New things I learn to do now, finally trying something new.
Another year flew by and a new one came by, the last one of all. Just stay the
same, some friendships have changed by mixed conflicts that we had to fix. Just
learning to forgive and forget and laugh about the dumbest thing we had fought
for. The years came as 1,2,3 knowing this is my last one, now I have change as
a person, see the things different. Not afraid of what they say. Now it will all be
split between sad and joy knowing I have to say good bye to my friends that
made me change into a better person that I am Today