

(First name)

Class of 2024

Average, shy, funny, reliable, honest

Who needs coffee and friends to feel humble

Who goes on many vacations

Who contains multitudes of jokes

Friend of adventure

Foe of procrastination

Fears people leaving me

Loves Panda Express

Who is always there for others

Who hopes to live life to the fullest

Who is empowered by happiness

(Last Name)



Friday, December 13th, 2002 was just like any other day for my mom. Just about 9 months pregnant, she went to work and went Christmas shopping after she got out. When she got home, her and my dad decided to go to the movie theatre and watch *Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secrets*. They arrived home at around 11:00. Right when my mom went to go sit down, it happened. I arrived around 9 hours later at 8:49am at Wyandotte Hospital.

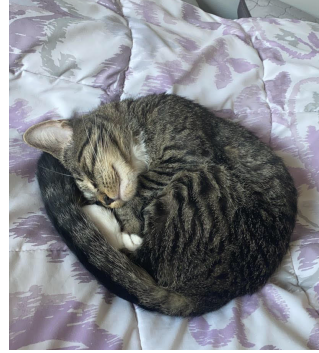
Fact: it is very bad to sleep with your contacts in.

Recipe for my trip to [Cancun, Mexico](#).

1. Wake up at 3:00am for a 4 hour plane ride
2. Arrive into extreme heat and sunburns
3. Unlimited strawberry daiquiris, food, and icecream
4. Collect seashells in the ocean
5. Get hair braids
6. Go on a pirate voyage
7. Swim with dolphins
8. Get scammed trying to go on an excursion

About 2 months ago, my mom and sister decided that they wanted to get a cat. My dad and I were very against the idea. The thought of having to vacuum up cat hair and having to clean the litter box was enough to make me want to hurl. My mom found a cat at this shelter that is 40 minutes from my house. We drove out there to go pick him up and right when I saw him I immediately fell in love. This cat was so nice and cute that I forgot why I didn't want to get it.

We named him Milo, and he has been the best cat ever. Milo is a brown, black, and gray striped cat that just turned 1 years old on August 2nd. He loves chasing people up and down the stairs, playing hide and seek, playing fetch, watching you cook in the kitchen, and cuddling. He sleeps with me just about every night. He was honestly just what my family needed.



I am hanging out with my friends. I begin to notice that I get talked to less than someone else in the group. Jealousy walks in. How much of a friend am I to them? Do they like this person more than me? What can I do to make them like me more than him/her? They are definitely talking to this person more than me. I have to be in the middle of the group and not the outside. My blood starts pumping and I tense up. I try to bring up something funny. They still don't look at me. Jealousy brings in anger and frustration.

Friends + funny stories + staying up late + campfires - drama = best camping trip ever

I was sitting in class one day bored out of my mind. I had finished the work for the day already. The other students were talking to their friends. To drown them out, I started thinking about what was coming up for the rest of my senior year: my senior trip, prom, senior skip day, honors night, mock elections, and my last week of school. I was then interrupted by my friend Bethany running up to me.

"Did you see that corona is now in Michigan?" Bethany asked. My face lit up with shock.

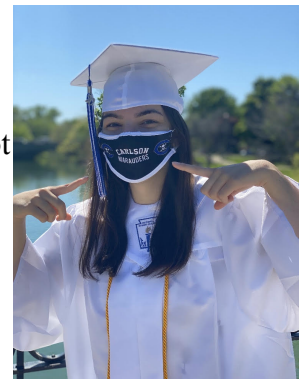
"No, I didn't know."

"There are schools cancelling because of it. Do you think we're gonna do the same thing?"

"Heck no. This is so dumb there's no way we're gonna cancel school it's just not possible. It'll blow over." I responded, feeling completely confident with my answer.

"I don't know dude." Bethany then left to go talk to her other friends.

The next day school got cancelled for one day, then for one week, then for 3 more weeks, then for the rest of the year. Everything I that was previously dreamed about will always stay as dreams. I will never get to have those final high school moments like I once pictured.



Words of wisdom: never take anything for granted.

My grandma and grandpa moved here from Italy. There was a much better opportunity here in America than over there. They still keep some of the same traditions they had in Italy. I call them Nonna and Nonno and they teach me how to garden and cook amazing italian dishes (pasta is my favorite food).

List of my favorite movies from my childhood

1. Scooby-Doo, the Movie
2. Ace Ventura: Pet Detective
3. Happy Gilmore
4. Grown Ups
5. Brother Bear
6. 101 Dalmatians
7. The Aristocats
8. Alvin and the Chipmunks
9. Lady and the Tramp
10. The Little Mermaid



On December 28, 2019, I went ice skating for the first time ever. My cousin, Francesca, that I only see twice a year asked my sister, Megan, and I if we wanted to go with her to do it at [Campus Martius Park](#) in Detroit. I was extremely nervous. I had a feeling that something bad would happen because I was not very good at roller skating. We laced up our shoes and walked out to the rink. There were a lot of people there, so I was nervous that I would fall into someone. Francesca held hands with Megan and I because she had done this before. Everything was fine at first, until I tried to go on my own and fell right on my butt. Francesca and Megan started cracking up. I then knew not to go alone. We were all holding hands and doing fine for about another 20 minutes, but then I lost my focus for a split second. I fell into both Megan and Francesca, causing Megan to fall with me. We all started laughing hysterically.

Ice skates + me = a very funny story

Memorial Day was always a special holiday for me. I got to hang out with my friends, eat good food, watch some fireworks, and enjoy living in this country. But this Memorial day was a little bit different. It was about 2013, and I was at my friends Corey and Evan's old house in Redford, MI, and I was with my sister Megan, my friends Ethan and Oliver, all of our parents. The incident happened at around 5:00 in the afternoon. It was springtime, so the weather was sunny and around 70 degrees. There was a blue sky above my head.

The parents were sitting in the backyard talking, so all of us kids decided to hang out in the front yard so we could be alone. I started playing volleyball with Evan and Megan on the sidewalk for a little bit, until we grew bored of playing that. I then decided to play catch with Megan. Ethan let me borrow the baseball he was using, and then we started playing.

I could hear the birds chirping in the trees. Ethan Corey, and Oliver were to the left of me. I could hear them laughing from the sword fight with foam swords they were having in the yard. Evan was on the right of Megan watching the sword fight. I started to smell the barbecued

burgers and hot dogs coming from the backyard. Megan turned away from me to also watch the fight for a second. I told Megan that the next ball was going to be a hard throw. Once the ball left my hand, it traveled, but didn't exactly go right to Megan. Instead of doing what it was supposed to, the ball went to Evan, who was not paying attention, and smacked him right in the forehead.

I froze up. It was like everything was in slow motion. Evan collapsed to the ground and started crying, holding his forehead. The sword fight stopped. We all rushed to Evan to see what happened and if he was ok. I started crying because of the insane amount of guilt I had. His mom ran out to the front because she heard him crying. I told her what happened and then apologized repeatedly to her and to Evan. She said it was fine and she knew I didn't mean to do it. Now on every Memorial Day when I get together with all of those guys they remind me of what happened all those years ago. I will forever be haunted by that holiday.

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