

## ANOTHER EXAMPLE: Reflective Essay

### Good Friends for Life

My friend Rita and I hadn't seen each other since she moved away in sixth grade. Now, five years later, she came back to visit for a week. Although we've written letters and e-mailed from time to time, I was worried that we wouldn't have anything in common anymore.

I shouldn't have worried. As soon as she saw me, she cried, "Angie!" and ran to give me a big hug. We took up just where we had left off. We couldn't stop talking, telling each other about school, friends, families, and ourselves. Sometimes it felt like we couldn't get the words out fast enough; there was so much to catch up on.

Rita had lots of questions about kids from grade school.

"Remember Paul G., the one with the bowl cut? He used to always pull my hair during recess. What's he up to now?" she asked.

"Oh wow, I'd forgotten all about him! He doesn't go to my school anymore, but my mom ran into his mom a few weeks ago. I think she said he was studying to become an engineer!" I laughed.

It was fun to remember some of the good times we had when we were little. We talked about the secret club we'd had when we were six, and the dance we'd made up to our favorite pop song. We went hiking, swimming, and shopping at the mall, and we laughed all the time. Every night, we stayed up late, turning off all the lights and talking by flashlight like we used to at sleepovers when we were little. At first we talked about the past, but then we talked about the future and what we want out of life. By the end of the week, our flashlight batteries were low from so much use. They cast dim shadows on the wall while we shared our dreams about college and careers.

When Rita left at the end of the week, my house seemed so quiet. After a week of talking nonstop, it was hard not to have someone to share with. Apparently, Rita felt the same way. Sitting at my computer later that night, I heard a little "ding" and her IM icon popped up on my screen. *Just wanted to say hi, she wrote. I'm already planning what we'll do when you come to visit me!*

I don't know when we'll get to see each other again, but now I know that whenever we do see each other, we will take up where we left off—good friends for life.