

Memory Book

By:

Name

Date

Period

Happiness



While I was on a trip in Scotland, we were invited to go to a ceilidh. I had no idea what to expect. We were told that it was a giant dance. When it was finally time to go, we pulled up to the local high school where it was being held. We walked inside and I had felt as if it was prom all over again. We walked into the gymnasium, and there were seats and tables laid out around the edges of the gymnasium so I could tell it was going to be a packed house. At the front of the stage, there was a band and the lead singer was one of my new friends, Sara. She started to crack a few jokes and making fun of us Americans saying that we'll get a hold of it soon enough. When the dancing started up, I think we were all a little hesitant to get out on the floor to not embarrass ourselves. I soon realized that it was nothing but fun! Sara directed the crowd with what dance moves to do, how many partners to have, and when to transition into the next dance. It was so much fun; there was a lot of stepping on each others feet and swinging everybody around. The fun part about it was that we were constantly changing partners for every new dance it didn't matter what age or with whom. I was secretly trying to get as many dances as I could with Jason. The dance I remember most was called 'stripping the willow.' Everybody lined up to make two lines and one person dance downed the middle constantly swinging from one person to another, from side to side. The music was great it was Scottish folk music and they had bagpipes! I did not want it to end.

A

On a **gloomy Washington morning**, the windows emitted a **vague, fuzzy** light throughout the classroom of my **old** school. The students around me, **who sat in rows of seats**, seemed to be **buzzing** about something significant because they were **talking fast and in an excited** manner. Curious, I listened in on the conversation near me, but I could just barely make out a few words. Finally, I squinted at the blackboard that ran across the length of the front of the room behind Mrs. Hoffer's desk, where an American flag **hung lazily** above it. On the blackboard, designed to draw our eyes to it **magnetically, worshipfully**, was the **large cursive** words the teacher had written:

n

X

Presentations Today. My heart **dropped** and my skin **flushed cold**. My mind **rattled** with the information I was meant to present, but it suddenly became **a jumbled** mess. I *knew* this information, so why was my brain suddenly **a mushy goo**?

I

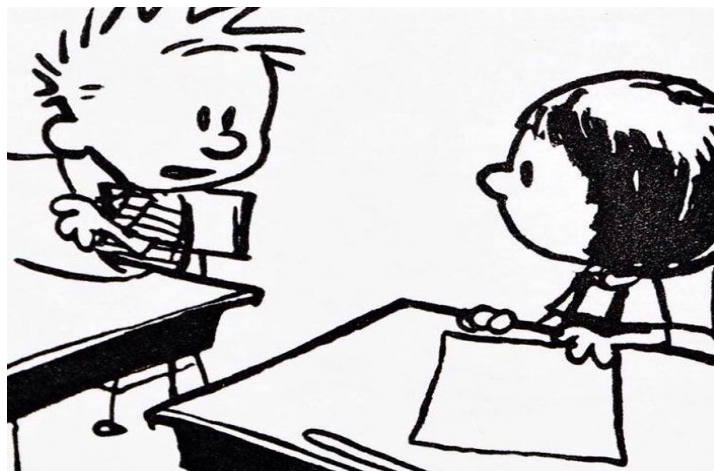
I asked my friend if she were prepared. She answered with a confident: YES! I sank down in my seat, hoping the teacher didn't call on me first. After a five presentations past, I felt confident that time was on my side! There was only eleven minutes of class left and I prayed for the minute-hand to speed up and deliver me from my certain doom! My **throat choked** as

e

I heard my name **sing happily** from my teacher's lips. I looked at the older lady who smiled at the front of the room; she encouraged me to come forward with a quick nod. I took a breath, but my limbs began to melt into jelly, even as I stood and began to walk to the front of the class.

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anger

The music had changed to something slow, and the crowd knew what that meant: couples only. People either awkwardly left the wooden gym floor or began their serious mission to find a partner to dance with. I knew I'd find comfort with the other wallflower kids standing uneasy along the outskirts of the room, wishing someone would dance with them... but I also wanted to seek out that one person I'd rather be dancing with. I

scanned the room for him. I had seen him earlier. His hair was spiked tonight, and he wore jeans and a blue hoodie and had a smile that melted me to the floor. Where was he?... My heart didn't melt- it dropped. I found him. There, across the dimly lit gym floor, swaying to the rhythmic sounds of a song... a song I used to like... dancing with my best friend. My teeth grit and my skin flushed hot. How could she? How dare she! My shattered heart broke through my chest and spilled

down my face in hot tears. I instantly opened up social media app and unfriended her.



L O V E



"I was having a bad day and had to stop by my boyfriend's house. When I'm mad, I don't want to be near anybody, and I especially hate it when people hug me when I'm upset. I'd rather be alone and calm down. But when he came out the front door and hugged me, there was this utter peace that just swept over me and I relaxed instantly. My body was telling my brain what I already knew: he was the one. He took my hand and led me down the sidewalk to our favorite place: a park near his house. He must have sensed my mood because he suggested that I

sit in the swing and that he'd push me. It was my favorite thing to do when I needed to be alone and think. We didn't talk for a good five minutes. He was quiet, I was quiet. It was just the sound of the whooshing wind as it passed my ears each time I flew into the air. He knew exactly what I needed. And I knew my life needed him.



Surprise



The outdoors, especially the forests of Utah, always excited me. The trees were greener and taller than the ones in the city and the air smelled different. The feeling of peace seemed to seep into my skin. When my parents said we'd be camping over the Independence Day weekend, I couldn't have been happier. My siblings and I decided to go on a hike near our campground. We have hiked these trails for many summers, but decided to take a different path off the main trail today. Before I knew it, the path had disappeared and no one in my family could tell where we had come from. It was so unexpected. It gave me a feeling of excitement that can't be described. Everything in the forest seemed different. The trees were a deeper shade of green. The birds chirped in a different tone. Shrubbery covered almost every inch of the ground. One part of me never wanted this moment to end. I felt completely free from the stress of my life outside of the woods. It was this moment that I realized, to my surprise, that I would much rather stay here, in this enchanted heaven, for the rest of my life than go back to society. While we wandered this little haven, my siblings were stressed, but I was not. I was free. I wanted to get lost and stay lost. That is... until the sun began to set and my stomach began to rumble.

