

It was four years ago that we walked through the doors of HMS for our first day of middle school. We remember being excited, unsure, nervous, or even flat out terrified at how the next few years would treat us. We were so small four years ago, but that gave us plenty of room to grow, and *boy* did we do a lot of growing.

We grew in ways that we don't see on the surface, in smarts, in personality, and even in the way that we see our world around us. If only we could know how much we would change by being in this building, by walking these halls, and sitting at these desks. Would it make us more confident about our future? Would it make us less nervous about middle school as we began our first day of fifth grade?

We survived our first day of fifth grade, and our second, and third, and soon enough four years had come and gone. Sure, it's still nerve-racking and stressful to be in this day and age, but we are still making the best of it.

We were making the best of it in year one when we learned responsibility and what to expect in the years to come. We were making the best of it in year two when we discovered the importance of teamwork and compatibility. We were still making the best of it in year three when the whole world taught us about change and loss. And we are continuing to make the best of it in year four where we learned how to adapt and go with the flow. We have always been making the best of things, but this is when it counts.

In four years we have seen so much. We have watched as our friends, comrades, and classmates grew around us. And as the years were flying by, we realized that we too were growing. We are still growing. We will continue to grow in the next few years as we face the horror that is high school. But hey, high school is only four years. And if we survived that last four years, who's to say that we can't survive the next?