

## **Fast Friends 1979**

It was the first day of my freshman year at Highland Park High School. I had hoped to be able to make many new friends. In my first period class I studied everyone carefully, looking for a prospective friend. I did the same in the rest of my classes. When fourth period rolled around, I noticed that this one girl had been in every single one of my classes thus far.

I had never seen this girl before high school. I thought that it was very strange that two people could have four classes exactly the same, right in a row. Not only were our classes the same, but we had qualities that were similar such as our height, her hair was short like mine, and she seemed to be just as shy as I was. Our interests must have been the same because we took the same classes.

As I walked into fourth period Art Foundations, I saw her sitting in the front of the class with some empty seats beside her. I walked over and sat down a seat away from her. She was the first to say anything. She started out by saying that she noticed that I had been in every one of her classes so far. I moved over a seat and we began comparing schedules. Surprisingly enough we saw that we were going to be in more classes together.

Our schedules were identical by subjects, but we had two classes that were being taught by different teachers. We both thought it was very strange that the computer came up with the same schedule for both of us. It almost seemed as if our meeting was planned. We really got to know each other that first day, and it was unbelievable how much we had in common. Her name was Debbie and she lived in Fort Sheridan.

Those first few weeks of freshman year were really great. Later, I found out she was going to be moving to Pennsylvania in January, so this would be her only semester at HPHS. I was very disappointed to hear this.

We had become the best of friends that semester and we spent as much time together as possible. It was very upsetting to have to say goodbye to my very best friend. We wrote to each other very often, and became better friends through the mail.

We began making plans as to when we would see each other again. The following summer she came back to Highland Park and stayed with us for a little over a week. Our friendship became even stronger.



The next summer I went to visit her in Pennsylvania for two weeks. I had more fun than I had ever had in my whole life.

Even though my best friend lives so far away, we continue our friendship and it gets stronger with each letter or visit.

