

“The Last Day of School”



It was the last day of the school, and Dewa felt a mix of excitement and sadness. For five years, this school had been her second home a place where she learned, laughed, and grew. When the final bell rang, she looked around the classroom, her heart heavy with memories.

“Goodbye, everyone,” she whispered, packing her bag slowly. Her best friend, Billa, hugged her tightly. “We made it, Dewa. This isn’t the end, just a new beginning.”

They walked through the familiar halls one last time. The art room still displayed Dewa’s painting, and the faint smell of chalk filled the air. Outside, students took photos, signing each other’s shirts with laughter and tears.

“Let’s take one too,” Billa said. They smiled for the camera, even as their eyes glistened. “We look happy and sad at once,” Dewa laughed.

“That’s how goodbyes feel,” Billa replied.

They sat on the school steps, reminiscing about their secret hideout and shared dreams. “I’ll miss this,” Dewa whispered.

“Me too. But we’ll make new memories,” said Billa.

As the sun set, Dewa turned back for one last look. “Thank you,” she murmured — and stepped forward into her next adventure.