

It's impossible to pick one moment of all the six years I've been at IVE. Even if I managed to choose one, I would regret it, not because I didn't love that moment, but because there were so many other wonderful moments that I didn't mention. To put that in perspective, there are 180-ish days every school year, after six years it would add up to 1,080 days of school. If you added up the hours you spent in school, it would be more than 7,000 hours of school. Now pick one moment. It's impossible!

Since this is a memoir, I will at least mention a couple memorable times. I don't remember much from kindergarten and first grade. Although I do know I had amazing teachers in Mrs. Granados and Mrs. Peick, and they couldn't have done a better job welcoming me to IVE. In second grade, I remember my class and I started a petition for bigger field day, and even though we didn't get our wish, it was a fun experience that I would so do again. Also, thank you so much to Mrs. Harding for helping me grow.

3rd grade was hands down amazing. I got a wonderful, fun, energetic teacher in Ms. Motley, and she truly made me love going to school. In 4th grade my class had the opportunity to use iPads. The iPads were amazing; there was so much we could do with them and it was a cool experience with each of us having our own. Mrs. Guyer (Ms. Duty) was so awesome, not only did she get us the iPads, she gave us freedom and that is something I'm very thankful for. In 5th grade there were a lot of expectations. There was also a lot of fun and new things to try. My teacher, Ms. Young, is a very understanding person and for me that's an important quality in a teacher. The year provided many enjoyable things, whether through field trips or events, or just time at IVE. All in all, 5th was spectacular, but on a side note I am also excited for middle school.

Thank you IVE for providing me with six years of fun, learning, friendships, and so much more.

By Adam

My brother came outside with one last suitcase in his hand. He crammed it into the back of my mom's car with all the others. Then Jon slammed the back of my mom's car shut. Through the tinted glass I could see the soccer ball that we would shoot into our goal on hot summer evenings. Our eyes met when he turned around. Sadness flew straight into me as clear as the mournful sound of Jon's bassoon. My brother hugged me. I pulled him closer. "I'm going to miss you badly," he said.

"I will, too," I managed to squeak out, my voice hoarse. It was already happening: my eyes brimmed. I tried to blink back tears, but they wouldn't stop. Tears started pouring out over my eyes. It reminded me of when I was playing basketball and I fell. Pain throbbed through my arm. Jon came to take me to the hospital. With Jon there, I felt safer, calmer, less scared. It reminded me of when I was in camp and I hadn't gotten a letter for days, and loneliness was starting to haunt me. Jon's letter came and filled me with laughs and warmth and a feel that it was good to have a big brother. I looked up and saw one tear roll down my brother's cheek. He brushed it away, but I remembered it.

My dad appeared from the house, carrying an old picture of my brother close to his chest like it was a billion dollars. My brother's face was fat and round in the picture. Hair was starting to grow in on the top of his head as if it were a flower, sprouting. I looked up at my dad and he was wiping his eyes with the back of his hand. My dad sat down on the hood of the car and studied the picture like a textbook. He couldn't stop looking at it.

"It's time to go," said my dad "Say your goodbyes now." Wearing his Penn hat backwards, Jon walked over to the passenger seat of the car, climbed in, and closed the door. He rolled the window down