***Diary entry 24/4/25***

Dear diary,

Today marks ten years since I met my best friend, Ethan. Reflecting on that day fills me with nostalgia, reminding me how a single encounter can shape the course of our lives. That ordinary September morning transformed me into something extraordinary, a beginning of a friendship that would grow to become one of the most important parts of my life.

I still remember the sunlight pouring gracefully through the kitchen window, bathing everything in a golden glow. I was at the table, nervously clinking my spoon to the cereal bowl, trying to calm the fluttering of my stomach. My mom had me dressed in my favourite red dinosaur shirt and sky blue shorts that dazzled like diamonds in the sunlight. An outfit I insisted on wearing because I believed that it gave me confidence. As I put on my brand new Spiderman backpack, the nervous excitement only grew larger.

The moment we arrived at school, I felt like a minuscule boat drifting slowly into a roaring sea. The buildings loomed ahead—tall rainbow and filled with laughter and energy. The playground buzzed with children playing tag, swinging on monkey bars, and shouting gleefully. I stood quietly at the edge, clutching my backpack straps, unsure of how to take that first step into the crowd. My feet felt as if they were glued to the shiny tiles at the entrance, mind racing with questions: *What if no one talks to me? What if I don't fit in?*

Stepping onto the classroom was like walking through a kaleidoscope of colours. Vibrant posters decorated the walls, shelves overflowed with storybooks and art supplies, and the odour of crayons hung in the air. Most of the kids had already found their little groups, sharing stories giggling joyfully. I stood quietly, trying not to look lost. That's when I saw him, Ethan.

He was sitting at a table near the window, wild brown curls bouncing as he turned to look at me. His freckled face lit up with a grin, and his bright blue eyes sparkled with something warm and welcoming. Without hesitation, he waved at me. Just like that, the invisible wall around me cracked. I walked over, slowly, heart pounding, and he scooted over to make space." Wanna build with blocks?' He asked. It was a simple question, but it meant the world to me.

From that moment on, we were inseparable. Ethan had a way of making every situation fun, even when we were nervous or unsure. We built the tallest block towers, ran pretend dinosaur rescue missions at recess, and invented secret handshakes only we could remember. As months turned into years, we stood by each other through every school project, every scraped knee, every exam, and every tough moment life threw at us.

We've changed a lot since then,— different haircuts, taller heights, deeper voices — but the core of our friendship has remained the same. Even now, ten years later, I can text him about something random and know that he'll respond in seconds with a sarcastic meme or a funny joke. We still laugh until our stomachs hurt and challenge each other to be better in ways only true friends can.

Looking back, I often wonder how different my life would be if Ethan hadn’t waved at me that day. A simple act of kindness — a smile, a gesture — became the anchor for a decade of trust, joy, and growth. It reminds me that the smallest choices sometimes lead to the most beautiful outcomes.

So today, I raise my imaginary glass to ten years of friendship and that brave little kid in that dinosaur shirt that dared to say hello.

Until later,

—Me.