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## *Reminiscing*

As I start walking from the Bedford Ave L station, I notice new street art on the walls of corner stores. The night falls, the warm summer breeze picks up, new faces appear, and the streets are alive. Walking further from the station, the city calms down as I head toward the edge of Brooklyn to view the East River. I can smell the cold salt water from the gates of Bushwick Inlet park. My face lights up with excitement from seeing the sunset shine an array of colors throughout the sky. I sit down on the closest rock toward the river and ponder. It feels a little gauche as I'm the only one who came without another but it doesn't bother me too much. I'm not too lonely when I'm alone. The atmosphere is filled with happiness. I can hear the laughter of a group of friends reminiscing on their old memories. Turning my head slightly, I catch a glimpse of a couple walking toward the corners of the park to get some alone time. I smile and look down at my white sneakers swinging back and forth grazing the water. I open up my drawstring bag and grab my headphones hoping to drown myself in the world of music. Everything seemed to compliment each other as time passes. In my head, I start to think about new choreography, new tabs to learn on the guitar, and how the sand reminded me of California. All of the sudden, an alarm interrupts my music. I look down at my phone and read a text from my dad saying "It's getting late. You should start heading home." Keeping my headphones in, I turn walking away the beautiful scenery hoping everything will still be there tomorrow.

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