

Our Class Reunion

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Our class is like a family. There are many students from everywhere around the world with different skin colors and different religious beliefs, but we do not see differences between us in class. We love each other very much.

But a month after the class started, one of our classmates had to leave. His name is Folly.

Folly is from Togo. He comes here far away from home. He has big muscles; he is tall and nice. He works well in class and very kind with everybody. One day he came in to the class, looking very serious and sad. In the break time he went to talk to our teacher, but nobody had any idea about what they were talking about. After class time, our teacher Wendy told the whole class that Folly had to go to the army.

In class everybody knew Folly had been a very good student. His dream was to finish ESL class and go to college, so when we heard that news, we were surprised.

Everyone asked Folly the questions:

“Why do you want to go to the army?”

“Do you really like it?”

“No,” he said. His voice was heavy, “but I had signed my name when I was new in this country. I needed money to go to college, and I think the army can pay me for college.”

That day was a day when the newspaper published 2,000 names of the soldiers who died in the Iraq War. We were very worried about him. We gave him gifts with our good wishes and our prayers.

So he left. We didn't know where he was and how he was doing.

A month later, Folly's letter came. He said in his letter “I miss my class. The distance separates us but love unites us... I want to encourage you, my brothers and sisters to keep on studying (and to do the homework) hard and graduate soon.”

Our teacher Wendy often read Folly's letter to class and his letter touched our hearts. One of his letters told us he'd be allowed to see his family on Christmas.

In his Christmas vacation, Folly visited us instead of his family in Togo. That day our class prepared a party. We decorated our classroom. Everyone brought different foods to the class. Folly brought some food, too. We welcomed Folly. In his uniform, Folly looked a little different. Folly talked to us. He was among us like an elephant with little chicks. He moved his arms back and forth, stood straight, and said:

"I'm happy to see you again. I missed Ms. Wen and all of you." He encouraged us to keep studying. We talked, ate and took pictures. We were excited but also sad.

So after our reunion Folly went back to the army. We hope to see him soon and we are worried what will happen to him after his training. We pray God that the war will finish soon, and that God bless our Folly.