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When I got home from work, I opened my mail. The letter **turned out to be a bombshell**. I **held in my hand** an invitation to my 10- year **high school reunion**. It was a shock because I couldn't believe it had been 10 years. The first thing I did was to call my **oldest and dearest** friend, Maria. We had gone to high school together and we had been **best** friends.

Maria said that she had received her invitation in the mail, too. I told her that I was **leaning against** going. After all, why **live in the past?**, I thought. But, Maria convinced me that it would **be a trip** to see some of our old friends and to find out **what had become of** them. **At the very least**, we would get a chance to see each other and to talk about **old times**.

And, Maria said, Jeff McQuillan might be there. Ah, Jeff McQuillan. He was a **senior** when I was a **sophomore** , and I had a **big crush** on him. I thought he was so **cute** and he was smart, too. He was at the **top of his class** . He wasn't the **class clown**, but he had a great **sense of humor** and was voted **most likely to succeed**. He never **gave me a second look**, but I always made sure I sat next to him in class. I wonder what he's doing now and whether he'll be there. Hmm Maybe this reunion will be more fun than I thought.