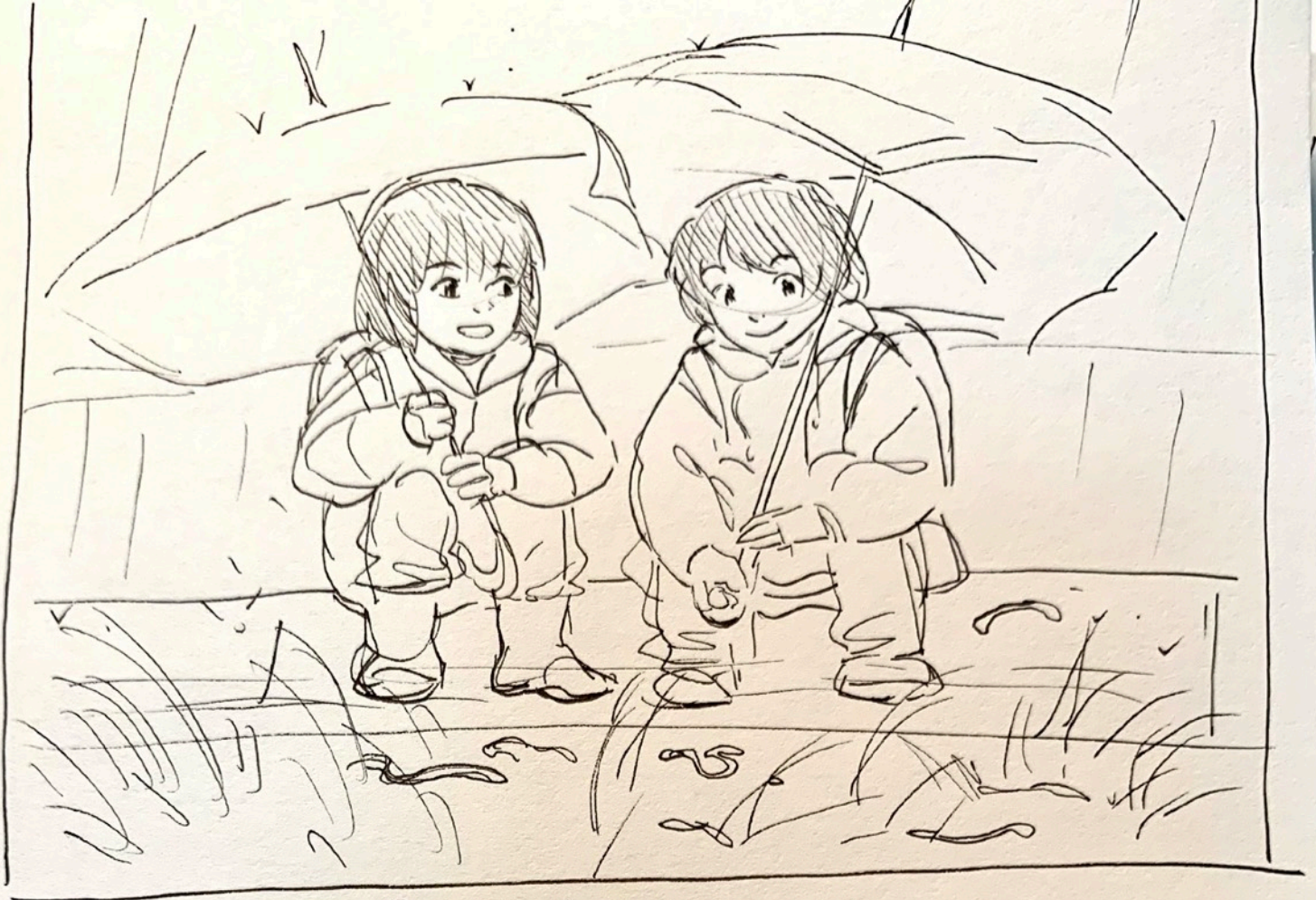




Fill in



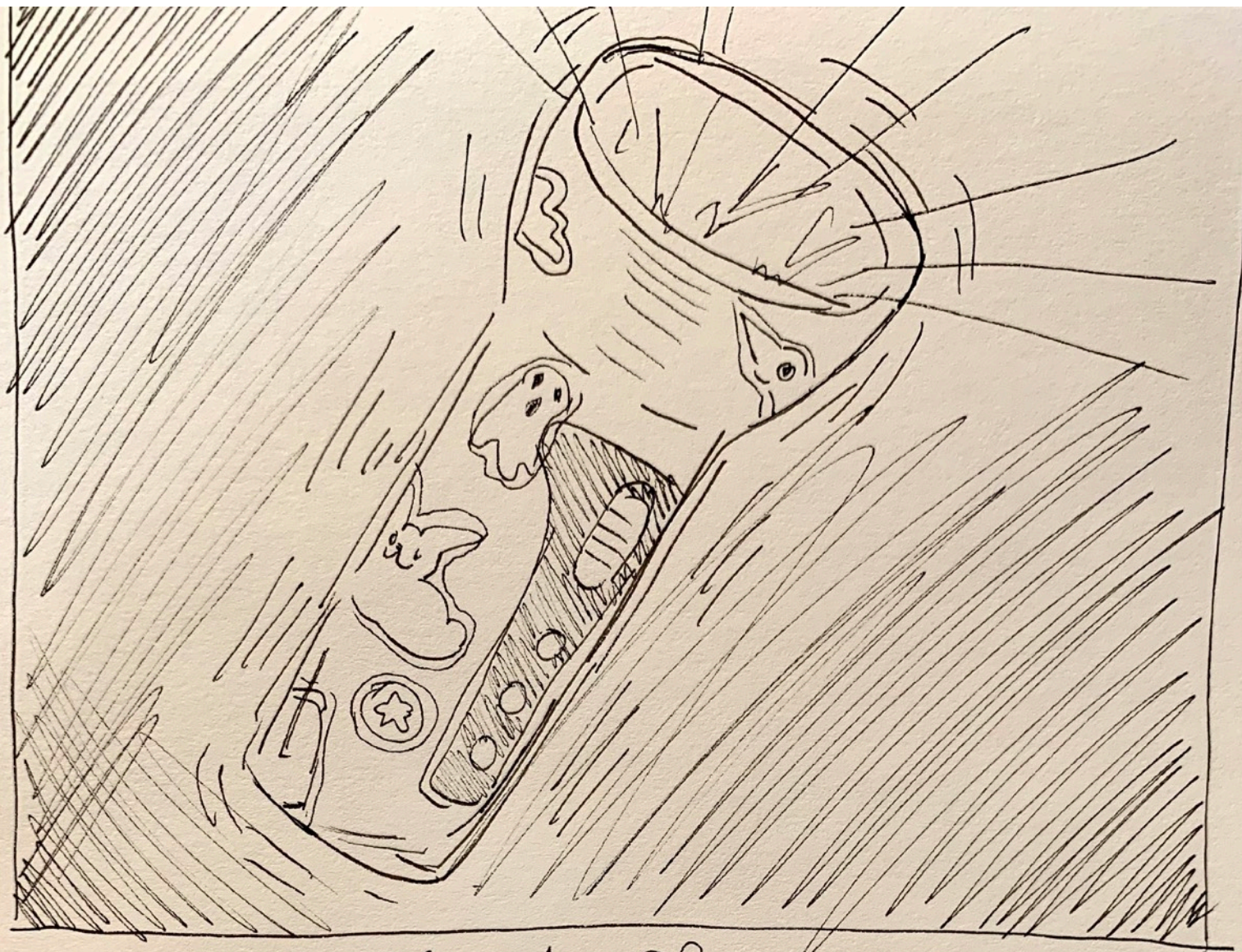
## Chapter One

Ella came to our elementary in third grade. She had short, bobbed hair like me and enjoyed gross critters as I did. She lived just next door, it wasn't long before we became friends. Every day before school, Ella would come to my house to play flash games until 8:30, where we then walked to school together and counted earthworms along the way.



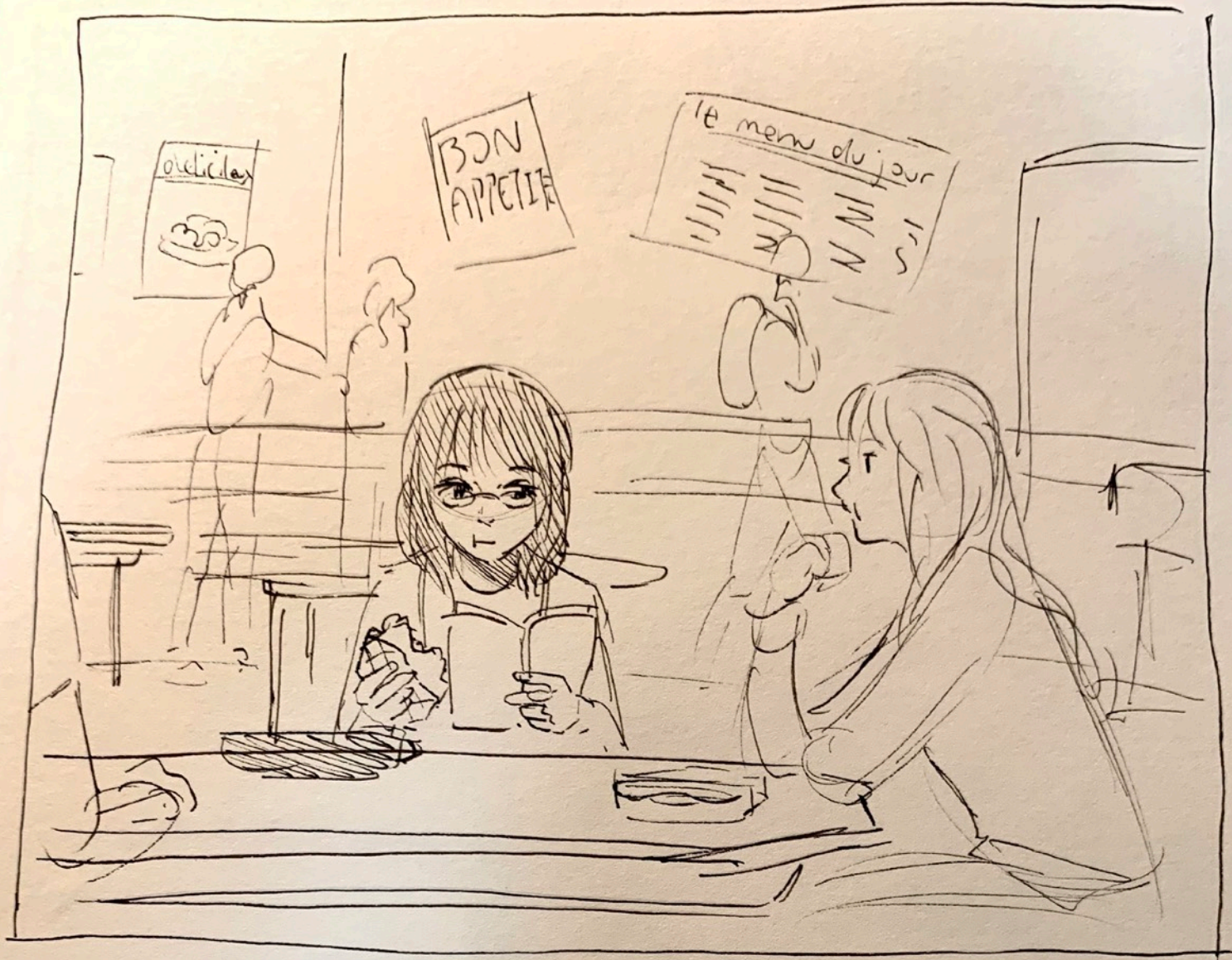
## Chapter Two

Ella's dad got reassigned to another place for work. She moved far far away from our neighborhood, an hour's drive from where I lived. She still goes to our school as it was the final year for elementary, but she had to wake up at 6 am every morning to get there.



## Chapter Three

She's always been an avid reader, especially for spooky genres. She would read Goosebumps at night with her trusty orange flashlight covered in stickers. We sometimes read them together during sleepovers, blankets stacked up like a tent and orange flashlight in the middle.



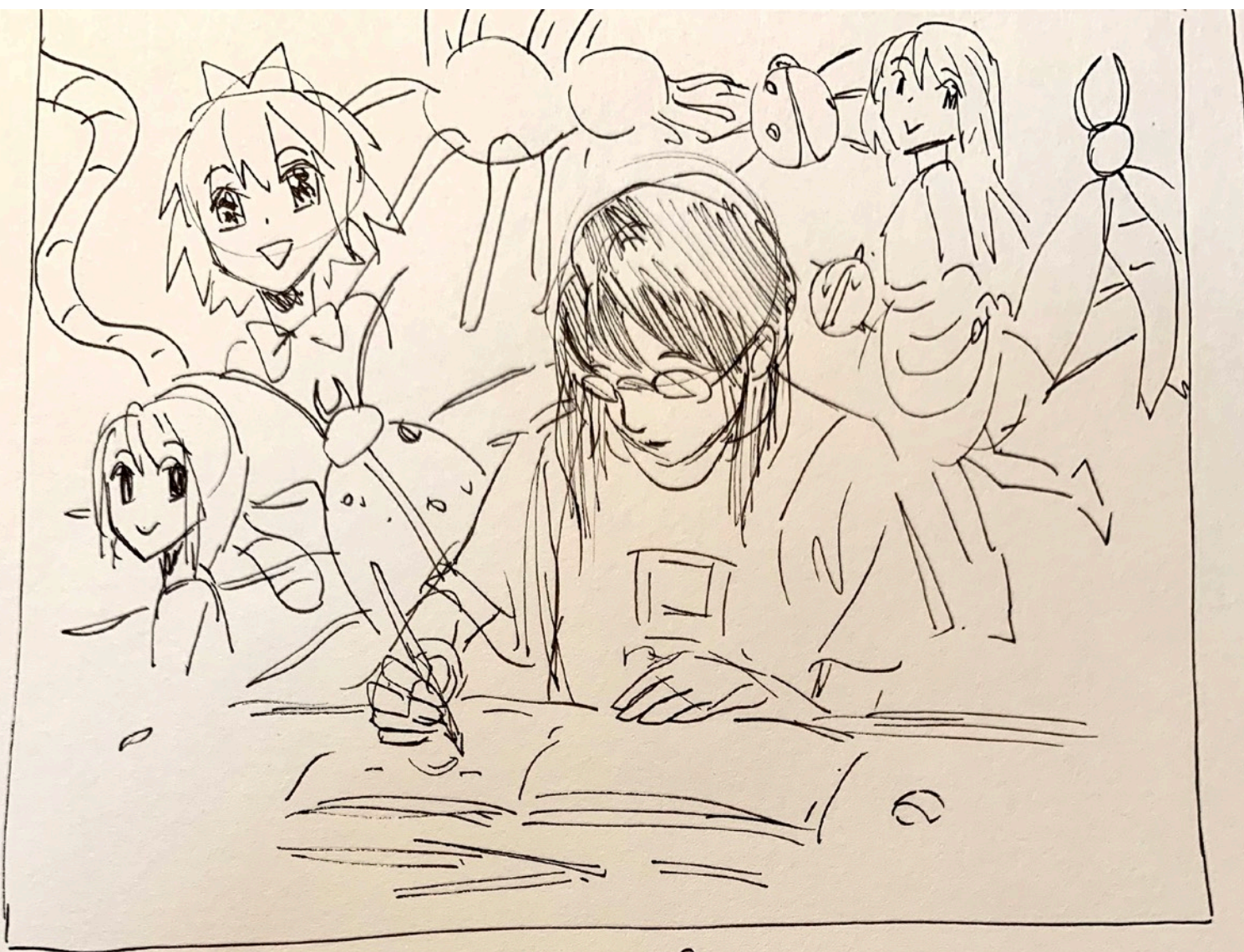
## Chapter Four

"Ella is attending a French school."

"I thought she hated French?"

"Her mom thinks it's better to learn an extra language."

"But she's already bilingual."



## Chapter Five

Ella likes doodling on her sketchbook with colored pencils. Her favorite things to draw are girls with big eyes and creepy insects, no in between. She aspired to become a comic book artist, but her parents never agreed with that idea.



## Chapter Six

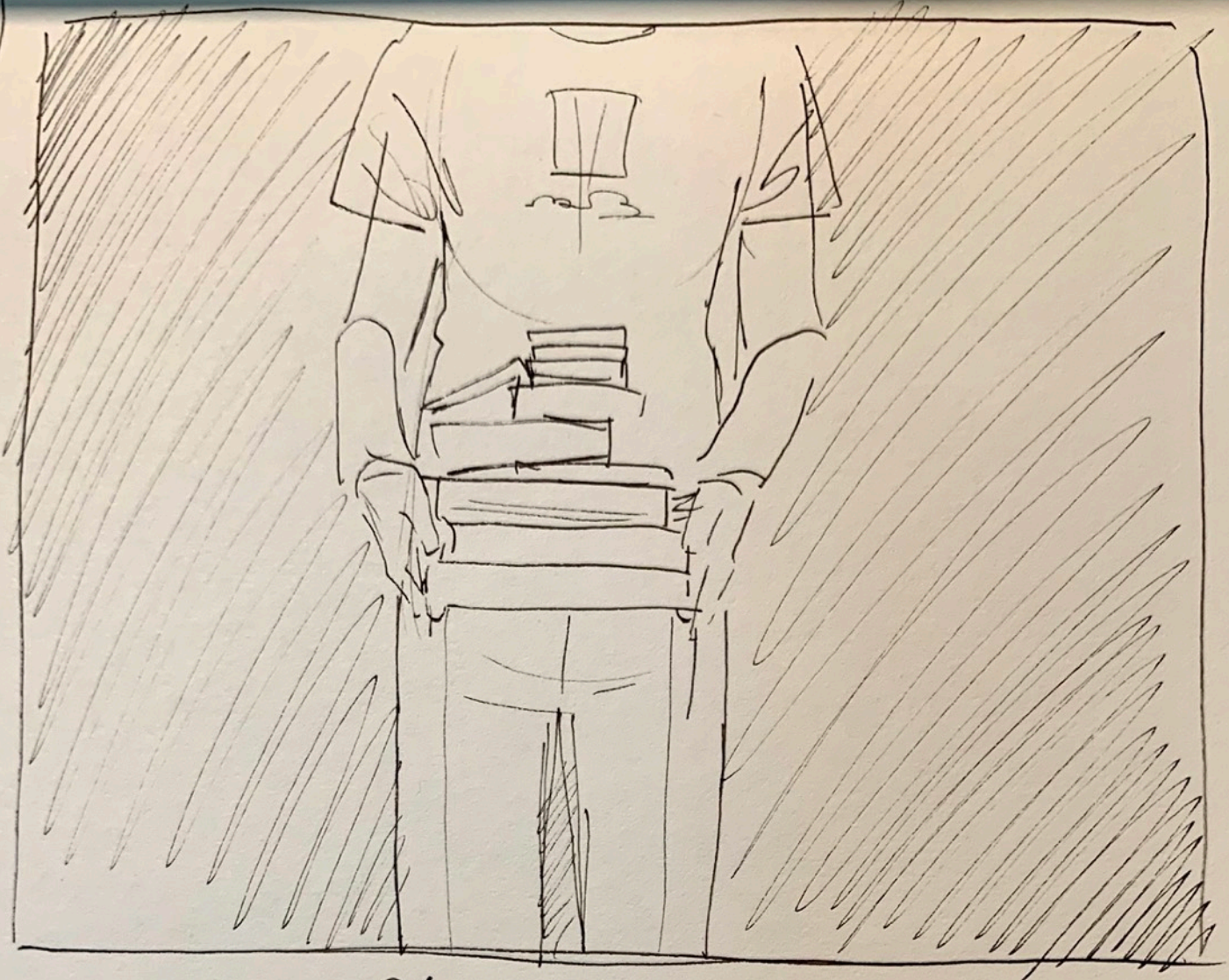
My mom showed me a picture of Ella baking cake the other day, she found it on Ella's mom's social media. It was a milk tea flavored cake covered in pearls. I heard that she dropped out of her major in engineering due to disinterest. I wonder if she's planning on opening up a bakery?



## Chapter Seven

Ella's always been an athletic person. She took lifeguard lessons, played hockey, soccer... As spring comes around, she's probably going somewhere far from home, hiking in the wilderness with her friends and taking in the fresh air, completely different from what I like to do.





## Chapter Eight

Last time I saw her in person was before I moved with my family abroad in eighth grade. Since we're not returning for a while, I gifted her some of my books and games. I told her I'd bring back some souvenirs. I never did, and I don't think she remembers it either.

