



**Mi Universidad**

**INGLES II**

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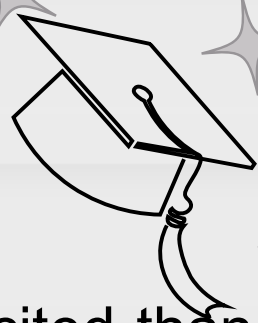
**NOMBRE DEL TEMA: ESCRITURA DE UNA  
HISTORIA EN PASADO**

**NOMBRE DE LA MATERIA: INGLES II**

**NOMBRE DE LA LICENCIATURA:  
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**CUATRIMESTRE 2**

# The Day of My Graduation



It was a cloudy morning, but Evelyn and I were more excited than ever. We had decided to go to the beauty salon together to get ready. While they were styling my hair, she was talking nonstop about what the ceremony was going to be like and what plans she was making for after. "Do you realize this is the end of an era?" she was saying with a smile. I was just nodding, feeling nervous but happy, while trying to imagine how that moment was going to feel.

When we were finishing, we were heading straight to the auditorium. Everything felt unreal. Evelyn and I were looking for our classmates and joined the group. While we were waiting, I could hear the buzz of the audience entering the venue. Suddenly, they were calling us to form lines, and at that moment, my nerves started to intensify.

When they were saying my name, I was walking toward the stage with my heart beating a thousand miles an hour. I received my diploma with a mix of pride and nostalgia, and when I turned toward the audience, there was my mom, smiling and clapping with excitement. Seeing her expression of pride was filling me with indescribable joy.

At the end, Evelyn, my two other friends, and I were gathering for one last photo together. While we were posing, we couldn't stop thinking that we would never be in the same classroom again and that many things would change after that day. It was an image that has now turned into an invaluable memory, the perfect closing of a chapter full of effort, laughter, and learning. That day, I realized that graduation wasn't just a personal achievement, but also a reflection of the support from the people who were by my side. It was, without a doubt, a day I will never forget.

