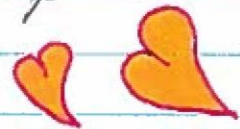


POEM

First few weeks,
Nervous and weak,
An ill mind not at peace,
Out of our comfort zones that
we where usually in to be in a
room with strangers we have never seen,
with each week that passed,
Friendships,
stories,
Memories and laughs are just
some stuff that made this
group class,
Each to there own with a story
to unfold,
A squad full of heart,
A family of friends from
the start.



By
Oyler Melara

