"Now, class, I have an announcement," said my teacher, Miss Berrel. "Tomorrow is Coralie's last day attending this school. She is moving to Maine, is that right, dear? It is Maine?"

"Yes, ma'am," I said softly. "I'm moving to Maine."

"So," said Miss Berrel. "I hope that all of you will give young Coralie here a wonderful last two days."

"Yes, Miss Berrel," mumbled the rest of the class together. It's kind of funny how a class can sound so much like a single voice. Now, I feel like that was a silly question to ask myself, but at that moment I couldn't help wondering if people did that in Maine, too. From Minnesota, where I was then, all the way to Maine is a long way to travel.

My sister and I were mighty sad when we heard the news about us having to move away. We've lived in Minnesota our entire lives. My sister is only five, but I'm ten, so I think it's a whole lot harder for me. Unlike most of my friends and their siblings, my sister Lana and I get along just fine. There is no rivalry between us at all.

After school got out that day, I caught up with my sister and together we started walking home. "Wait! Coralie! Come on, slow down!" somebody behind me screamed. Lana and I stopped, and once the person caught up I noticed that she was just my best friend, Faylinn. When she stopped running she knelt over and tried to catch her breath while resting her hands on her knees. Her wavy blonde hair hung down far beyond her shoulders, and when she finally could stop her heavy breathing she picked up her head and her wide blue eyes looked me straight in the face.

"Why didn't you tell me you were moving?" she asked. "Now you're leaving tomorrow?"

"I'm not moving tomorrow, Faylinn," I told her. "Tomorrow is just the last day I'll be at school. I'm heading out on Sunday."

"You're really driving out all the way to Maine?" she asked. "How come?"

"One, I'm not driving. I'm flying," I said with a little bit of a chuckle, which only made Faylinn roll her eyes. "Two, it's because my parents say that it will be an 'adventure' or something like that. Believe me, it was not my idea."

"How can I be so sure?" she said.

"Come on!" I said, kicking a rock as far as could with my left sneaker. "Why would I ever want to leave here? I've been here my whole life."

"I guess. Hey, you can come over to my house today, if you want. You know, just one last time," she told me.

"Sure," I said. "As long as your parents don't mind. I know mine don't. Lana, can you tell mom and dad that I'm spending the rest of the day at Faylinn's house?"

"Yes," she said sweetly. She waved goodbye to me and then to Faylinn. Then she just skipped away. Her pink sundress fluttered in the light spring breeze, while her shiny black shoes reflected some light from the sun into my eyes.

Once I got to Faylinn's, I couldn't help but feel a sudden rush of sadness. I knew that that day would be the last of which I would be at Faylinn's house. I have always loved going there. It's a small little building, but it's cozy and the yards are big and the grass is a beautiful shade of green. My dad works hard to make our yard green, but he doesn't do a very good job.

We walked inside, and her mother happily greeted us. "Why, hello, Coralie. What a nice surprise," she said to me kindly.

"Mom," whined Faylinn. "Coralie is moving Sunday! This is the last time she'll ever be here, probably."

Her mother frowned. "Well, that's certainly too bad, now isn't it?" she said. "Why don't you girls go upstairs while I get supper ready for you? I'll make your favorite just for you, Coralie. Filet mignon, with just a hint of parsley! Does that sound nice?"

"It sounds wonderful, Mrs. Smith," I told her, beaming. I love her steak. I hoped she would make some mashed potatoes to go with it.

When we got into Faylinn's room, we sat down lazily on her bed. "What do you wanna do?" I asked her. She just shrugged. Then, I truly think that a lightbulb turned on inside her head. "I have an idea!" she excitedly announced to me. She sprinted over to her desk and showed me a green binder with a blue notebook and some extra blank sheets of paper in it. With a black marker, she wrote: **Faylinn and Coralie's Friendship Binder: Binding us together**. I didn't get it at first, so I gave her a confused look.

"We'll mail it back and forth," she explained. "Each time, we can write a little message and draw a little picture in it."

"Why can't we just write letters?" I asked her, not getting the point.

"Because with this, we can look back at previous messages we wrote. Not just the ones that the other person wrote, but the ones that you wrote, too. So we can always have a conversation." I liked the idea. I agreed, and I thought that what she wrote on it was pretty clever, too.

"Who will take it first? Should we leave it here or should I take it with?" I asked.

"You take it," she answered. "You're the one who has to move."

So, I took it. We wrote messages and wrote pictures back and forth, over and over again. We did it for years. I remember writing about our graduation days, and what colleges we would go to the most.

When I was old enough to go out on my own, I moved back to Minnesota. Now, Faylinn and I are neighbors, and that notebook is still binding us together.