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The Terrific Tale of Transferring

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TYPE
NARRATIVE

I remember my first time transferring. It wasn't that bad. I was only in kindergarten when it happened, so I was too young to realize what was really happening. But as you get older, the experience only gets scarier. Others begin to judge and critique based off looks, and saying a mere "Hello" can drastically change their thoughts on you. One of the worst parts was leaving behind all of the people you once knew and grew fond of, only to repeat the same process over again. But sooner or later you get used to the thought of meeting new people.

My last and final time transferring was in fifth grade, when I went to a public school. I went from a school where we didn't learn anything at all to a school that taught everything. Back then, I wasn't really focused on the learning. I was more focused on the people.

When I transferred, I went to a school that was predominately Asian. Now, believe it or not, before then, I never had an Asian friend (weird, right?).

Therefore, the thought of me automatically going to

an all-Asian school startled me. I began to ask questions like “What if they don’t like me?” or “What if I’m the only different child?” I knew that I was just being paranoid at the time, but all children think this way at some point in their lives when they have to move to a completely unfamiliar environment. This is how I became the student and friend I am today.

As the new student, I kept to myself. My parents had recently broken up, and I didn’t have much to talk about, so I reflected on my past and observed my fellow classmates. I saw that most people had already established friendships and had their own little cliques. This alone frightened me a bit, thinking maybe I should just ask my parents to send me to a new school or a new environment, but I decided I would just stay for fifth grade and leave for sixth (clearly my plans were demolished). There were two fifth grade classrooms, which was still new to me. I came from mainly private schools with only one class per grade, so I would have to get used to it. As the year progressed, I started talking and socializing more. Although I wasn’t 100% myself yet, I knew I would get there eventually. I wasn’t fully used to people being so nice at a new school. I began to think maybe coming here could help me take my mind off of my personal life. I ended up making friends with everyone in my fifth grade class and began to look forward to sixth grade, which would end up being one of the best and worst school years for me.

Finally sixth grade came around, and I was excited. I was happy to see my previous

classmates in line waiting for their new class, just as I was. You see, sixth grade still counted as part of me transferring because I was still getting used to meeting new people. With the fifth grade classrooms split, I hadn't met everyone. That year was a transformation for me. I had some ups and downs in that year, but the majority of my time was filled with laughter and good vibes. As I got used to everyone I was around, I started noticing the people I felt comfortable with and who I didn't have much in common with. This helped me realize who I am as a person and what kind of people I like to be around. This is a memory I will keep forever.