

WRITING

My First...

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TYPE

MEMOIR
NARRATIVE

GENRE

GRADES 9–10

My first day of high school I was curious on how people looked liked. I looked around and tried to find someone familiar even though I picked a school that I knew my old friends didn't go to. When I was walking through the hallways, trying to get my way to the classes, I didn't expect for the classes to be bright and full of people in first period, which was English. The English teacher seemed nice and she waited for everyone to sit down. She introduced herself. She made us make name templates for us to see each other's names, so we could bring them to other classes. Then, we talked about how we were going to be working on a mini-essay that included our name and origin of it. It was shocking that we were going to work on an essay in the first week of high school. It was something I didn't really expect.

After the first period, I went to my second period, Art, and he was welcoming. He just looked strict which made me nervous, but then he let us pick where we

wanted to sit. He had big windows in his classroom where the sun was shining. It was warm weather like a golden hour. I chose to sit alone, but the class was really empty. There were barely any people, so students mostly stayed away from each other as if they were nervous. Then, I met this guy who was sitting next to me because he said the others looked not welcoming and I was the only one that did, so I started talking to him by making a joke about the teacher.

The teacher didn't notice, but we were laughing quite loud. After we introduced ourselves, we kept asking each other questions. "What middle did you go to?"

He said, "James Deman, what about you?"

I said, "Visitacion Valley." I thought of how many people I knew in that school and asked him if he knew these people I was naming. He didn't know the people I named but had heard about them from other friends he had.

Then we noticed that we had all classes together, and that's how we got closer to each other on the first day and now he's still a good friend.

All this friendly environment made me remember how my middle school was the opposite of it, how the people were different and acted more rudely even if they wanted to ask me a question they sounded mean about it. Visitacion Valley was a horrible school, mostly the teachers were strict but they didn't bother me as much as the students.

The students often fought each other. I was mostly quiet and I'm glad that I didn't get picked on. The friends that I met in my middle school were the only reason I stayed because they had the same humor as I did and it was a small group. It was a chaotic school. Even the heaters didn't work. I liked the cloudy weather but I didn't like how cold it was.

So when I first entered the Academy I was glad that it was more sunny than the cloudy weather from my middle school. The sun made me feel comfortable. The Academy wasn't bad at all. By the end of the day, I met new people through the classes and made new friends and I enjoyed my first day of high school.