

New School

Tears fell down my face as I looked at my mom, begging her once more. "No Mia, it's already decided," she responds. "I'm sorry."

I sigh as I accept defeat, it would be hard, but I had to accept the fact I was moving schools. I was going into 5th grade and leaving all my friends behind. Which would mean having to find a whole new group of friends. Horrifying questions ran through my mind. What if I had no one to sit with at lunch? Or if my new teacher was mean? My parents didn't seem to care at all, when suddenly the first day of my new school came. Although I had still not come to terms with this sudden change, I was excited to see new people, some who would hopefully befriend me. However, these feelings of excitement couldn't overcome the horror in the bottom of my stomach. Taking a deep breath, I tiredly get out of bed, knowing I couldn't change my fate.

As my dad drives my brother and me to school, he asks us a million questions, as if he's the nervous one.

"Are you scared? Tell me all about your day later! Did you forget anything? What's your teacher's name again?"

We drive next to the sidewalks of my school, observing its large brick signs showing pride in its academic success. Sighing, I try to keep a positive attitude. Perhaps I could have fun, and the rest of the school year would be enjoyable. This change in education was for the best, I thought. As I walk through the gates of my brand new elementary school with my dad and brother at my side, I stick a smile on my face and reassure myself that everything would hopefully be okay.

Straight away, a booming woman's voice comes from the speakers on the ceiling, starting most of the kids in the front steps.

"Everyone please make your way to your classrooms. Say bye to your parents!" I look around at all the kids chatting with each other, all of them seemingly knowing where to go and who to talk to. I hug my dad goodbye after he points me in the direction of my classroom. The horrific feelings in my gut come back as I walk through the campus alone. Once I find it, a sweet voice starts talking to me.

"Hi! I'm Ms. Ryan. Are you in my class?" a woman with big red hair says. I tell her who I am, and she walks me into the class, assigning me to a seat.

"This is where you'll sit for now, we're just gonna play some quick games first." I look around the room, and notice for the first time I'm not the only kid who seems lost or confused. I notice some girls talking excitedly next to me about their summer breaks. One of the few girls turns to me after she's done talking about her trip. She has long black hair, and is wearing the same shoes as me. She introduces her name, and all the other girls around her.

"Hi, I'm Mia. I'm new to this school."

She smiles at me, and suddenly I don't feel too scared about the rest of the school year.

Mia Donovan