*The following is my (Jason’s) partial “rewrite”/“alternative version” of Nagaa’s Essay #2.*

When I was in the second grade, I moved away from my home. I spent all my life in my home in Franconia, Virginia. Now, many of the things that made home “home” were left behind. My friends. The neighborhood I grew up in.

There wasn’t much to do in my new “home”. So, in my boredom, I walked around. I would already walk to school, so why not walk around this new neighborhood? One day, I met another kid who lived across the street from me. After spending hours with each other, we became good friends. We would spend every day with each other - him, my brother, and I would explore a creek on a daily basis. Until our parents caught us going through a draining tunnel. However, by that point, this place was already home.

Moving into my dorm in Ithaca, I was surrounded by unfamiliar people in an unfamiliar city, with a set of new responsibilities. My roommate had’t arrived yet. So, in my boredom, I walked around. I went out to explore Central Campus.