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Looking at the new building that has never crossed my radar, I felt sorrow. The day after, we piled all of the boxes into every area we had space to. We started to unpack. I started with my boxes, stared at each item that I had unwrapped, and put it to the side. When I finished unpacking the first box, which had taken no time, I looked at one item in particular. It had been one of my snowglobes. It was small and had a little turtle around it. I had won it two years before at an arcade down WildWood with the tickets I had saved up. We went there every year. I wondered if we would still do that after moving into unfamiliar territory.

I looked up at the small item for a minute or two. I got up and shot to my bed. I noticed the new laptop that sat on the chest, doubling as a table, and remembered my new school. I was so focused on my new environment I forgot about the new faces and classes I would have to meet. I started to get nervous, and I could feel myself trembling. I had seen my teachers by being online and over the computer, but never in person, and the thought of having to adapt and meet new people made me honestly terrified. I walked over to it and scrolled through the emails that had recently been sent. They mainly were "*looking forward to meeting you*" or the vocational, "*can't wait to have a wonderful school year.*" "I wonder if they mean all this." I thought out loud, and the words just slipped through my teeth. As if reading my mind, my mother walked through the door and asked if I was nervous about school. I looked at her and just shrugged. I didn't want to tell her I was completely ready and excited because then I would be lying, but I didn't want to tell her that I feared the very idea either.

Looking at the computer one more time, I got up and got some fruit punch from the fridge. As I looked inside the small icebox, I noticed that there wasn't anything in it. Leftovers from the night before, condiments from fast food joints, and fruit punch. Not exactly healthy or a lot of options, but I guess it will make do. As I walked over to the living area, I decided to watch television to pass the time before I had to go to bed. As it reached 10:00 pm, my body wanted sleep. When I reached my bed, I started to get jitters and didn't want to face the next day.

I woke up to the sun wrapping over my face, bending through my windows. It was now Monday, and I had to go to school. I got out of bed hesitantly and got ready for the day. I never eat breakfast, so I skipped that and packed up my bag. Being dropped off at school, I was shaking and couldn't move. It was so different walking into a building that I didn't know and seeing faces I didn't recognize. This feeling overwhelmed me, and I wished I didn't know it. Taking the stairs, I was lost. I wasn't sure where to go, so I walked over to the first adult I saw. She took me to my first class, and I sat down in the back corner of the room. Minutes went by that felt like hours. The experience of the first class wasn't bad, I thought. It was the same as virtual, just in a new environment.