

New Beginnings

by Roshini Rangarajan

"BRINNG!" shrilled the school bell, as I stepped on to the school ground. It was different from India; it was a land of the confusing metal lockers and girls with no uniform and two braids. It was a land of unfamiliarity, and for Saanvi Jain nothing was unfamiliar, even though she just came from India. Saanvi walked through the halls locating her locker number.

"543..544...545! This one is mine!" exclaimed Saanvi. Crouching down she dialed the locker code; fumbling she spun the lock multiple times. Finally, she opened the locker; she placed her backpack and books inside. Then, after smoothing her *salwar khamis*, her indian dress, she checked her schedule, homeroom first. Rushing she walked into homeroom, Mrs.Keller, the teacher, took attendance.

"Class... there is a new student, Saanvi Jain." said the teacher. "Well... we noticed," said Sandy sarcastically, rolling her eyes as the other students snickered.

"Make her feel welcome everyone!" Mrs.Keller exclaimed as the bell rang. Happily, Saanvi ran to her next class. Math. Saanvi enjoyed math, she especially liked the Pythagorean Theorem and algebra. As she walked into 902, the teacher greeted her with a smile. Immediately as she entered the classroom, she was dished out a series of math worksheets. Finding it simple, she finished all the worksheets she has been given and waited. She looked around in the classroom, many of the students were whispering and pointing at her.

During Physical Education Class, Sandy remarked "So, where did your parents work? In the dump!" Sandy laughed hysterically, as she and her equally mean friends tugged on her dress and crumpled up her homework. Disheartened, Saanvi ran into the girl's restroom hoping to heal herself from the rude remarks. For the first time, she had no friends, no joy, and no fun in school. For the following weeks, she ate lunch alone eating her *idlis* and *rotis*.

Until one day, a girl named Sarah walked over and sat next her eating her hamburger. "Hi, I am Sarah," she introduced. "These are my friends Stephanie and Rosalina. Could we sit next to you?"

"Yeah, of course," Saanvi exclaimed. "My name is Saanvi, and I am new to this school!" After that brief introduction, the girls immediately launched conversations of their classes, homework, and boys. They giggled and laughed up until the end of lunch. Together they walked the halls like they were superstars.

One day, Sandy came to ruin all the fun.

"Hey, look at Saanvi's clothes, it is so not trending," Sandy exclaimed. "Plus, why is she hanging out with these losers?" Suddenly, her friends came to the rescue.

"Well, who are you calling loser?" Sarah dished out. "Besides, people like Saanvi are ten times smarter than you...so she nor I are not loser, so back off Sandy!" Staggering backwards, Sandy and her friends walked away with a newfound respect. At last, Saanvi had her friends whom she knew would stand up for her. Plus, they think her *salwar khamis* rocked.