

Out of Place

by: Vivian Kung

I took a deep breath. This school is my new school, I told myself. My family moved downtown two weeks ago due to my father's job as a police officer. I didn't want to move, but I couldn't refuse because I know that my dad is trying his best to do good in his current job. My mom said in order to do so, I need to support my dad. My parents did warn me though, before I head out to school to be strong, brave, and confident and at least try to fit in. I walked to the school gate and took a step into the school. It looked so big and...dirty. The tall people towering above me paid no attention to me as they walked past me into their homerooms. I was lost and didn't know where to start. "Hi, I'm Sara!" I looked around to see a girl with dark brown eyes and hair. "I'll show you the way to your homeroom." She led me through the library to the other side of school where no classrooms or students were in sight except for a basketball court. By this time, I figured something was off.

I heard mocking laughter from everywhere around me. Not only was a huge crowd around me, it was basically whole school. I felt horrible and from this moment I knew I can never manage to fit into this awful school. I shoved through the crowd and entered a random classroom. The teacher had his legs on the desk and was reading newspapers. If he saw me, he had no reaction whatsoever. I went up him and asked, "Where is Mr. Thomas's room?" He kept his eyes glued on the newspaper and responded. "I'm Mr. Thomas." I thanked him and turned away. I found no open seat so I stood in the back of the classroom. Mr. Thomas made no move to get me a seat or even do something about it. He started a lecture about their garden and how one flower alone in the corner is not growing like the other flowers. I thought and thought and finally thought of a reasonable answer. Mr. Thomas asked me to share some comments with the class. "It's not growing because it doesn't belong. I suggest you bring that flower closer to the other flowers." I realized then that I'm like that one flower that doesn't belong.