

Struggles of a 6th grader

Q2 Benchmark

Memoir

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In life, we are taught that change is necessary for growth, whether it be spiritually, or personally. This message is shown in almost all forms of media. What nobody talks about is the period of struggle, reflection, and growth brought on by change. In this paper, I will reflect on one of the largest changes in my life and how it changed my perspective of my identity.

It was the end of my 5th-grade year. I said my goodbyes and climbed into the back seat of my parents' car unaware of what was about to happen. My mother drove us home, we walked into our house, and she told me I was going to transfer schools. I could remember tears streaming down my face as my mother tried telling me over and over that this is what is best for me. I had been with the same classmates since Kindergarten. Not only that, but I hate change. Furthermore, I am also an introvert so going into new social situations gave me a lot of anxiety. As I pondered the fact that I had to start a new school in 6th grade, I was petrified. I entered my Summer in a state of melancholy. At the end of the summer, my feelings of melancholy were replaced with feelings of fear and isolation. Furthermore, I realized that the friends, bonds, and accomplishments built up for 6 years of my life were going to end.

The first day of my new school was a tragedy. Surprisingly, no one talking to you for a day, and getting lost going from class to class, was not the best for an eleven-year-old's mental health. The day culminated without a word from my new classmates. During this time I had realized the friendly school culture of my old school was replaced with a culture of clicks. I felt quite isolated and alone. Everyone in my new class and school seemed to have their own social norms and language. I felt like an ant placed into a new colony. I felt completely stranded in an unfamiliar place.

The lunchroom experience in this new school culture was quite memorable. I went through a period where I bounced from one group to another, from table to table. I never stayed long with any group. Not only that, but I was rejected by the guy's table because I was not athletic, and I was not into sports. I was rejected by the girl's table because I was not cool enough. I ended up with what you would consider the "Weird Kids". They were essentially the kids who weren't good at sports or weren't considered cool enough to hang out with. Talking to the "weird" kids returned me to some sort of normalcy because they weren't held down by any societal structures. I was able to talk to them without feeling like I had to act some sort of way.

Fast-forward to the end of the school year. Being fully adjusted to this new environment and culture, having friends I could talk to, I was able to reflect on how this change led to a major growth in my personality. I learned that you don't need to conform to societal standards in order to be happy. I am a pretty decent skateboarder, I love the Gundam Thunderbolt series, I enjoy playing video games and playing my bass guitar. Furthermore, I am a black kid who is not into basketball or football, but my athletic abilities on the skateboard surpass that of many football and basketball players.