

# Story Of Me

## Memoir Vignette :

I am Trinity Mccook. I am 15 years old and I just started my freshman year of high school. The first day I was a little nervous but it really wasn't anything new to me, I was always the new kid. Just like my first year of 5th grade, I had just gotten back from Philly where I spent my 4 grade year and summer time. I was in Houston with my mom and my little brother. It was my graduation day the last time I was going to see my "best friend" and "friends" that I did make. I woke up the morning of my graduation super excited because I was finally going to be a middle schooler. As the day went on it was time for me to get ready for the graduation, I was wearing a white dress with a design of flowers all over it and some black sandals. We made it to the ceremony and I was fine, no nerves, nothing. I was perfectly fine, my dad had come which made me really happy. I went to talk to my friends for a little and then the ceremony was about to start. All the students had to sit in the front of the gym. Once we all got seated the graduation ceremony started.

- "Good afternoon everyone", said my principal. I can't really remember her name but she was pretty cool. Even though I barely saw her around school.

Anyways let's get back to the graduation ceremony, everyone responds with a simple good afternoon "her name". Have you ever had one of those days when you went to church and it started to get boring until someone told you that there was going to be food after, while that is how I felt because they went through out names by class and yeah we were the last class and when they called our class I got so excited.

- "London, Maya, Josh", and finally after a whole day it felt like my teacher finally called my name and my heart felt like it floated away. My mom and dad started screaming "YEAAAAA, that's my babyyy".

I was so happy, I was really proud of myself that I did it. When they were done calling our names we had to take a picture and then we were done. And then when I told you, I was this close to not crying they started playing a video of all of us, baby pictures and all. I couldn't hold it back anymore, it just poured out. It was dark so not many people saw, that's a good thing. I whipped all my tears then the lights came on and everyone started clapping. The ceremony is over, I meet up with my mom and dad. Then I went to talk with my best friend and we cried because I had told her that I was leaving and going back to Philly, we hugged and took pictures and then she left. Me and my dad went to go see my teacher. We took pictures, I talked to more of my friends and then we left. I never talked to them again or I should say they never talked to me again. It hurted but it was off to another new school.

