

JC Newman

English III

Ms.Feher

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High schools Beginning

Going into freshman year at Blackman Highschool was one of the dumbest decisions I have ever made. I knew it wasn't meant to be when over a hundred kids showed up to baseball tryouts and only 13 kids would go onto make the team. As my freshman year of high school started I kind of held a bit of anger towards the school in general because I could tell it was all only about money. The teams, the teachers, the administration, the whole place acted as if money was the only reason they are breathing. School went on and my personal quality of life had just plummeted. I became sad and hopeless didn't even care to wake up some days.

The summer before my freshman year my mom had been spending more and more time with her boyfriend in Columbia so she wasn't home most nights. I decided that it was probably best that I try and live somewhere more stable for me to focus on school because school doesn't come so easy to me. The more stable place for me would be my dad's mom, my gran. This would be the first time in 14 years that I wouldn't be in my childhood house with my mom and sister. It was kind of scary but I liked being taken care of and I liked feeling like I was being productive through school.

Christmas break came and I was beginning to spend more time at my childhood house with my sister. She had two other boys living with her. They weren't strangers though, they were

her and my childhood friends. Something about the house didn't feel right. It felt dirty, well more dirty than it usually did to my knowledge. Break was over and it was time to go back to my normal schedule at my grandmas'. Through the next month or so I was very confused about what was happening at home. Probably two nights a week I would go over to my house and just make myself see that everything was okay but deep inside I could tell it wasn't and I was scared for my home and my sister.

I had asked my grandma what she would think about me moving back home. She didn't think it was the best idea because my mom wouldn't be there and I tried to make excuses but nothing changed her mind about me moving. After more discussing, I was kind of kicked out in a way. Yes, I know nonsense, I asked to move out but it felt as if I had been kicked out by my grandma who had just lost her husband.

A few weeks went by and my life had just gone down the drain. I was no longer playing baseball I didn't get my work done and I was staying up all night with my sister and the roommates while they were partying I was just fitting in kind of looking over my sister and home. The only thing my sister would do or would say to me was that I had to clean up the mess that was made or she would go off on me for trying to explain that what was going on just wasn't correct or good.

Freshman year was over, my mom was still staying in Columbia, and I was still living with my 18-year-old sister and two older guys who both didn't have the best background checks. All that summer was, were parties. Just constant pretty much. I would have fun but I knew deep down this is not me nor do I belong here. I knew that I needed to make a change or I would be stuck after I got out of high school.

My mom and I decided that we were going to find someone to rent out our old house and we were going to move to an apartment. I liked this idea. It was kind of like a fresh start at a new school, a new team, and improved me. We went to three complexes and on the third one, I knew that this apartment was the one for us. I was gonna be attending Riverdale High School and I couldn't be more excited to say I was also going to be on the baseball team.

I was anxious, I was happy, I was scared, but most importantly I felt hope. Like I was living for my future. To make my life better in a good environment instead of trying to make sure my sister was okay and holding onto my childhood house.

School started and I can remember walking the halls not knowing anyone and no one knowing me. It felt good like I had started fresh. It felt good to be apart of a team that cared for one another. I know I was new but in the locker room or on the field I had felt like I had been apart of the team all high school.

October I got a girlfriend. For eight months we dated and I felt like it was never going to end I was so happy. I had the best year of baseball, I had the closest friends, and I had a school to call my school. I found out where my happiness was and junior year is just another chapter in my happiness.