

Personal narrative – moving

Business



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Nobody really likes to move.

At least, I know I don't. We were living in West Jordan, Utah and I was in the fifth grade. We moved into our house in West Jordan when I was about two months old. Life was going great. I had lots of good friends that I had been around my entire life.

I had lived my whole life in that house and I did not want to leave what I had always known. My dad had a job that required him to travel around and look at houses as they were being built. Somehow the idea jumped into his head that he wanted to move. In the beginning, it was just a crazy idea to me and I thought there was no way that we would ever move. As time went on, this idea became a harsh reality. My dad began to look at different properties all around Utah and Salt Lake County.

I didn't want to think about moving. I just kept telling myself that it was never going to happen. One day my dad came home and told us that we were going to move to a city called Highland. I had never heard of Highland before and assumed that it was a bad place to live. I didn't want to give it a chance.

Once we had bought our property and our house started to be built, there was no way to deny it; we were going to move. It was going to be extremely hard to leave everything behind in West Jordan and move to a new place. I had never moved in my life, so I didn't know what to think. The hardest part about moving was going to be leaving my best friend and next door neighbor, Jordan. Every day after school I would call Jordan and we would

play football in our neighbor's yard. We would even play when there was a foot of snow on the ground.

We also played other sports like basketball, street hockey, and soccer.

Wherever Jordan went, I went; wherever I went, Jordan went. We were like two peas in a pod and it was going to be hard to leave him behind. I didn't know how to tell him that I was moving, but when he found out, he was as disappointed as I was. I thought that somehow the day would never come when we would have to leave, but it came faster than I had hoped.

When the day came, we loaded our final things onto a moving van and I quickly said my final good-bye to Jordan. After that, we left our old lives behind to start new ones in Highland. I always had thought that our lives in West Jordan were perfect and nothing needed to be changed. I was upset at my parents for taking us to this new place that we knew nothing about. I let them know that I didn't like what they were doing by how I acted.

Every time the move came up in conversation I would pout and act angry, but there was no way to change the fact that we had moved. Once we got here life started quickly. School began not too long after we moved, which didn't give me much time to make friends. The first week of school felt like an eternity because I didn't know anyone. Then I started to make friends and feel more comfortable. After that everything became normal.

I forgot about how much I missed West Jordan and started to enjoy living in Highland with my new friends. Now I am glad we moved here four years ago. Even though I realized this not long after moving, I couldn't let my parents know after all the complaining I had done. Now I realize it was one of the

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best things that has happened to me. I still miss my old friends, but I know that moving here was the right thing to do because I never would have made the friends that I have. I was scared of change.

I had grown up in the same surroundings and with the same people. I didn't want to move because I didn't want anything to change. Now that I look back on it, that change was for the best. Change can be a good thing; even if we think we hate it at the time. We need to learn to embrace change and give it a chance; it could end up being the best thing that has ever happened to us. If we had not moved here, I would have missed out on all of the experiences that I have had and all the friends that I have made.