

# First day of middle school: various emotions and feelings

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I remember it being the first day of middle school, August 1st to be exact, being excited to put my clothes out making sure I'm all ready to go for the next day. Waking up early in the morning just to make sure I was going to be cool like everyone else, wanting to fit in and make a big impression on every one trying to be "cool". If cool meant wearing big bows in my head that matched every out-fit I had on that week then I was known as what kids in my day called cool. When I first walked into Charlotte middle school I had seen everyone in their "I belong here" section. Meaning if you and a group of people that had things in common you were with them every chance you could get rather it be during a fire alarm or even going to the restroom, even today us girls never go to the bathroom alone. I started to walking in the double doors of the middle school walking into the gymnasium I look to my left and in the upper most corner I seen the country folks and their cool camo gear sitting and yapping on about who had the most dirtiest four wheeler this summer from all the mudding and all the scars they had gotten from rough ridin'. As I continued to walk I seen all the sports members sitting at the front wearing their tennis shoes and jerseys as if we had a game that day they were preparing for. Knowing those sections were not my group I kept walking and walking searching for my type of cool until I heard "Hey Autumn, Autumn over here!" looking around just to notice it was the band section.

In middle school being in the band was cool no one called you weird for playing a clarinet or ringing the triangle that no one could ever hear. I believe half of the people in my 2016 graduation class, if they didn't cheer, play basketball, or football, was in band and our band was pretty big. So as I

move on over to sit with my “ I belong here” group I realized majority of the girls had on their big bows that matched their shoes and shirts and it made me think, maybe I do belong here with these people. I sit there playing patty-cake games as everyone is waiting to hear that obnoxious bell ring letting us know we can now be dismissed. AS soon as the bell rings every one dashes off to their class. I’m nervously walking into the sixth grade hall. Not feeling so cool any more. Having more than two classes and more than two teachers really made my stomach. That meant more homework, more back talk, more lesson to remember and most of all more test and quizzes.

As I sat down in my first period class I heard loud shuffling from every one reaching in there Vera Bradley back packs, that all had the same designs just a select few of different colors, getting out their cool supplies (such as) colored bendable rulers, journals that had funny pictures and weird sayings on them, and even those big foot long thick pencils that you could never sharpen. As lunch time rolled around every one bought their lunch. Something good to bring was always string cheese and juice of some sort and candy you would never share because it was too good to share. Your last class of the day was either a sport you played or just reading time before the 3: 00 bell rung to send us home to our family. My last class was band I was the first chair clarinet playing the best I could before the bell would ring so the band director had a good last memory of me before the next day. Gladly interrupted by the bell every one packed up their instrument to catch their car rides or their bus rides back home.

I was what we called a bus rider, I would get on the buss hoping there was an open seat to sit in the back away from all of the annoying elementary kids. Hoping that the mean high schoolers would tell me “ hey you’re too young kid move up!” Everyone loves to sit in the back of the bus, every one meaning the loud people who hang out the windows and wanting the bus driver to play the music louder and louder, the high schoolers were the worst when it came time to listen to what the bus driver told them to do. I now know that being in high school isn’t all about the fancy journals you had to write in or the big pencils you used to write in the journals with. High school was more of a get in, get friends, pass your classes, and get out to go to college type of cool. It wasn’t hard to be considered cool in my school. Everyone got along with one another only if you didn’t start any drama, telling rumors that weren’t true. All the football players would throw hose parties when their parents were out of town. Be there or be square. Hearing about the party it never seemed “ cool” to me any way all I would hear was how people got too drunk to go home, or how Samantha and daisy were in the same room as tommy Dylan and mark.

One thing that did consider you to be cool in high school was to have the latest iPhone and to be on snap chat posting everything you did from when you walked into the school from when you went to bed that night. I enjoyed all of my high school career, from the first freshman pep rallies to the senior pranks at the end of the year. I guess I’m what you call cool because I did all of the above. I made friends, had a good time, passed my classes, and made

it to college to succeed better for myself. I can't wait to see the cool things God has prepared for me in my college life.