

First day in a new school essay sample

[Profession](#), [Student](#)



It was a sunny morning in early September, and I was travelling by bus, heading for my new school. It would be an understatement to say that I was somewhat apprehensive. My previous school had been much closer to home, so even this bus trip was new. But now I was heading for an entirely new school environment where I had no existing friends, and where all the teachers were as yet strangers to me. I found myself feeling increasing anxiety as the school buildings drew nearer, because I was not wearing the school uniform.

That uniform was a major issue for me. At the time, my parents simply couldn't afford to buy it, so here I was – first day at high school – wearing a light-colored sports jacket instead of the standard black and gold blazer. Nor did I have the matching black and gold cap that completed the outfit. I wondered if any other new boys or girls would also be “improperly dressed” and whether I would be in big trouble for not conforming.

After leaving the bus I followed other students from the bus, as well as others already walking towards the school gates. It was easy to separate the “new” (first year) boys and girls from those returning from their summer break. Whilst most of us “newbies” shared that air of uncertainty and anxiety, the others seemed relaxed and were laughing and chatting together – no doubt catching up on their news following the summer vacations.

Once in the school grounds, all of us were just loitering in the school playground, waiting to be summoned in by class when called. Interestingly, as if by unspoken agreement, the “newbies” – including myself – gathered to one side of the playground, at the edge of the school playing field. I still remember the occasional leaf fluttering down from the old trees onto the

grass that was wet with dew, causing it to glisten and “ steam” in the sun’s warmth.

One of the other new boys stood looking me up and down for a few moments, then asked: “ Why are you not wearing uniform?” I had anticipated this question and had rehearsed my response, not wanting to reveal the true reason, because I was deeply embarrassed. So I said: “ Well it was ordered too late, so we’re still waiting for it come in.” I’m not sure whether he believed me, but I stuck to that same story when, inevitably, I was asked the same question on a few more occasions on that and subsequent days in the first week there. However, I did give my teacher the actual reason when he asked me (discreetly) later on that first morning. I was greatly relieved (though still embarrassed) that it did not cause me any disciplinary problem.

Later in that first week, everyone in the school – staff and pupils – had to assemble in the school playground for one of those panoramic school photographs that they used to take at the beginning of every new school year. Chairs and benches were arranged in a wide arc “ grandstand” arrangement. Then we all had to remain very still while the camera automatically rotated slowly, to capture the complete image. When I first saw that photograph, my embarrassment reached a new peak! Every single one of the 500 or so boys and girls – except me – was wearing the regulation dark blazer. I was the one in the row behind the teachers, so easy to spot in my light grey jacket! Ever since then I’ve been ultra-conscious of needing to conform.