

# Moving

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Half way through fourth grade, my parents made an announcement to me that we were moving by the end of summer.

I became very angry when I heard that because I didn't want to leave what I had with my friends at school. It wasn't till I later found out was that we moved only because I would be able to go to a better school. I remembered the shows I would watch on the channel PBS Kids and how some of the shows were about how the characters in the stories would feel when they found out they had to move too. At that point I remembered that it always ended up being okay so I began thinking the same thing. I started to believe that moving would be a new beginning and that I would be able to meet new places and make new friends. I began to actually want to move someplace new more than probably my parents did.

My dad and I would begin to search for houses at night on the internet and we would pick what houses each of us liked. I would always pick the ones that were always over the budget because the houses looked nicer. They would always have big pools and they would be always really tall. Also they would look like mansions with glamorous lights and high tech stuff inside. On the outside they would have big front and backyards with many trees surrounding the house. We would never be able to agree on which house to buy, but it wouldn't matter at the end because my decision didn't really matter.

My family lived in a small house in Chicago. I remember that street name was Oak Park because there would be always car accidents in front of the house. There were two floors and a basement. The backyard was small, but

it had deck where you could climb up and jump into the pool. It was a small pool, but it was still fun to swim in on a hot summer day. One day my parents showed me a house that was in Harwood Heights.

It had a red roof with dark red bricks supporting it. There was a long driveway that surprised me because I didn't have one. The garage was all the way in the back by the backyard. There were two tall and big trees covering the front so you couldn't really see most of the house until you passed the trees. My parents told me that we were going to check the house out over the weekend.

When the weekend came the family went to see the house in Harwood Heights. When we got there I saw children running around the block. We went inside and we first entered dining room. There was an old lady living there and had her grandson in the house there too. My parents and the old lady sent me to go play with the boy so we went into the living room and we played with his toys there.

The toys would range from little hot racer cars, mini plastic soldiers, and random character toys where you would see in movies. I found out that the boys name was Mark. He was a year younger than me but it really didn't make a difference. We played with his soldier toys and then we went to the backyard to kick the ball around. It was a tiny backyard with a few small trees covering the front fence.

Mark and I had so much fun kicking the soccer ball around that we lost track of time. After about an hour my parents came and said that it was time to go. We thanked the old lady and the boy, walked to the car, and then drove <https://assignbuster.com/moving/>

off. Summer came and we were all undecided on where we were going to live. We were looking through the houses that we actually liked and were trying to see which house to choose.

I began to remind me of the time when I played with the boy in the red house. I remembered how fun it was and began to think about that house the most. I reminded my parents about that house and they added that house also to the list of houses they were thinking about. Everyday I would try to persuade my parents to move to that house because I thought it was the best. That house just gave me a better feeling about the neighborhood.

From seeing those kids around the neighborhood and playing with Mark, I believed that it would be a easy place to make friends and enjoy living there. They would always say some kind of reason to why not, but it wouldn't stop me because I never actually listened to them at that point. All I cared about at the time was the get my parents to agree with me. After a couple of weeks of debating and looking at houses again, my parents were about to tell me where we were going to move. They came downstairs where I was playing with my toys. My dad announced, " We decided where we are going to live".

He shows me a picture of the house and you could see me with a smile growing. It's about July and we began to start packing our boxes. I remember making sure that I packed everything that was most valuable for me at the time. There was a Mickey Mouse doll I had with me since I was two months old. I also packed my turtle lamp, crayons, a few pictures, my pillow, and a

few of my toys and Pokemon cards. My mom of course would come in, take everything out of my box, and just redo the whole packing process.

I would make sure again at the end to see if everything was there and then I was ready to go. We drove the Honda CRV and the moving truck to the house. Arriving at the destination, I was very jumpy and I was ready to jump out of the car and run into the house. When my dad stopped the car, I opened the door, and ran out to the front door. With the speed that I was going, it seemed that the old dirty shoes that I was wearing weren't going to be able to keep up with me. I ran through the dark grass in between the trees.

I went up the five stairs and stood in front of the door. I was about to open the door, but then I looked back and I saw my mom waving the keys at me. After a few days of opening packed boxes and moving furniture around, I finally was able to go outside to look around the neighborhood. I put on my shoes and went outside. I walked down the block and looked around.

There wasn't really anything happening so I turned right and went down a few blocks. I got to a public park and saw lots of kids playing there. I ran to the playground where many of the kids were at and began to find new friends.