

Trip to disneyland argumentative essay

Life



They say life is a roller coaster. Sometimes there are good moments, and sometimes there are bad moments. But that one good moment, would always be treasured for life. One of those great moments would have been my time in the 8th grade. It may sound odd to some people, but for me it's special. When friends were friends, and enemies were also friends it is the time when everybody got along. When I first entered the 8th grade, I thought everything would be normal.

Like those times in the 6th and 7th grade where everyone would just not get along well and so it felt like everyone would go through the same old choose a friend, make a gang and leave the others out. But that thought changed as I entered my class, 8E. Sure, there were a lot of those kids who were labeled the popular ones and some were labeled the in the middle and there were those that did not belong to any. There were only 5 girls in that class, including me, and the rest were boys, also before coming to the 8th grade boys and girls never really got along, instead there were things called “ Boys VS Girls war”.

To my own surprise, through the days of being in this class, through the days of being a part of those 5 girls and 20 boys, I started to slowly open my eyes to the changes. The whole class was friends and we helped together hand-in-hand as a team, as a class. It was a great moment that I do not ever want to forget. This class showed me what it meant to be “ a proud and outstanding achiever” because to be one, you need help. An achiever is not an achiever if he or she could not do it alone.

The support given from my classmates made me feel like an achiever, I felt like I could get through anything, because this class is a very special class.
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Not only that but it showed that everyone grew up and understood what the true meaning of friendship, group work, trust and respect. Up until now, the thought of being one with my grade 8 classmates and all of the fun experiences I did with them is still kept close to me. It is truly something that may only happen once in a lifetime. Where everyone could show

his or her true colors and express that is who they really are. Life could get tough, as it is called a roller coaster, it is tough at its lowest point and sometimes it is so slow to get to the top to that one change in your life that could make one of the thrilling rides of your life. But there is that one part that the ride would end. Leaving the 8th grade felt too fast but of course, no matter where I am, which grade, which school I am. This memory of when everyone got along, would always be that one life changing experience I would never forget.