

Happy at home

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I had fully planned on attending high school. Honest.

I had already missed middle school, so there was no way I was missing out on “ the best years of my life.” But, when the time came to enroll or continue home-schooling, I picked the latter. Why? All I had dreamed about was having a huge group of friends, possibly meeting a guy I thought was incredible, and having a shiny, gray locker. What grade school student doesn’t look forward to her own locker? I still have yet to open one. You see, the closer I got to school, the less appealing everything looked. I’m heading into my last year of high school and still don’t care about a graduation ceremony or the prom.

I’m positive that I’ll never look back on these years with regrets. How do I know that I didn’t miss out? How do I know that something amazing wouldn’t have happened if I’d just gone to school? Because without home-schooling I know I would never have picked up a pen. I love to write, but in school my whole class hated it. The room would fill with groans when it was time to pull out our writing folders. I would suppress a smile and fake a groan with everyone else.

I’m now also a proud book devourer. Reading only when it is required is something I’m sure I would still be doing had I remained in the classroom. I’m stronger now. I’m not going to dislike something just because my friends do. Or ignore someone because everyone else does.

I see that high school band, film, or theater geek, and I smile. Never before would I have admitted to admiring them. They know who they are and aren’t afraid to pass up mainstream activities to pursue their own interests. Home-

schooling helped me learn to be strong and independent-minded. That's how I know I haven't missed out. I don't conform to what everyone thinks is normal.

Sure, home-schooling is not for everyone. Neither is public school. People will always ask me if I feel I missed out on my high school years. The answer will always be no.