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My stomach grumbled. Not because I was hungry, but because the room around me full of people made me feel so alone. I stuffed my mouth slowly with my lunch to avoid any awkward contact and unwanted attention I might receive from sitting alone.

The first day at my new school, Grand Blanc East Middle School, was not going bad but it certainly wasn't going well. Looking around at the sets of students who had known each other since kindergarten gave me a shallow feeling which haunted me ever so slowly in the longest thirty minutes of my life. At that point in the school day I met one person and I had no clue her name or where she sat in the maze of a cafeteria.

I was introduced to Caroline Scribner the first day by Mr. Command, my second hour social studies teacher, after I couldn't figure out my password to my chromebook. I have to admit I was embarrassed. I thought to myself, "how could this be happening to me," not knowing this would be the first of many relationships and friendships I would make in the next few years.

"She's helped me survive some of the higher classes I take, like, she sits next to me in math now so I'm excited for this year because we get around along really well," I reflected after the first week of my sophomore year. Our relationship has carried over three years and has helped me open up and achieve so much more than I thought I could.



The transition was hard as a twelve year old, immature, seventh grader. Looking at who I am today and who I used to be is astonishing and I have nothing to blame but my switch from Lake Fenton to Grand Blanc. It's hard to pinpoint the exact moment when I realized this but when I was asked, "Why was this story important to tell?" I responded with, "Because at first it was hard and really scary and now it's just like who I am now and I love it here..."

