

An Uneasy Move

based on a true story

THIS IS ABOUT THE TIME THAT I MOVED SCHOOLS. This was going to be hard for me because I didn't know if anyone would like me or want to be my friend. I was in second grade. My teacher, Mrs. Clairday, said, "Amaria, you're a sweet girl and lots of people will like you," so I went outside the next morning and asked a girl if she would play with me. She said, "Sure," so I had all that done and out of the way. Soon I had lots of friends, but there was one more problem- avoiding bullies. Lots of people bullied me because of my hair. My hair was short, not long like other girls' hair. People teased me, but I didn't care about what they thought.

One day they took it a little bit far. They pulled my short hair. It hurt, so I stood up to them and said, "How would you like it if I pulled your hair? Huh? You wouldn't like it at all, so don't pull my hair!" From that day forward they never pulled or talked about my hair.

It wasn't easy at home either. My mom had asthma, and sometimes was in the hospital. It was hard, and I had a little brother. I also had big brothers, but they didn't know how to take care of me. My uncle came and stayed with us, but he also had to work. That really didn't help my problem. He had to cook and clean and take us to school, and when my mom wasn't in the hospital, she had to cook, clean, and take care of us. It was hard at first but things started to work out.

My mom got a good job. She made lots of money, but here comes the sad part- we had to move not just in old regular move. No. A tree, yes, a tree, fell on our house. Let me tell you, it wasn't fun at all. We had to move. It was already hard getting used to my house, but now I have to get used to a new house. It was a little big for me at first, but I had to get used to it.

After I got settled down in my new house everything was fine, or so I thought. Everything got so strange. It was July, and the storms were bad. I thought to myself everything is going to be alright, but then it got bad. The cable went out. Yes, the cable was the only thing I was thinking about. The lights went out, so I was just lying in the hallway with the rest of my family. My mom said if we were quiet the lights would come on. My grandma always said that if there's a storm, then it's just God doing His work. The lights came on. After that there weren't as many storms.

It got back to AUGUST. I started fourth grade. It wasn't as hard, but one day my best friend, Tyla, started ignoring me and hanging around girls that

thought they were better than everyone else. I didn't like those type of girls, so i started hanging out with a new group of girls: Maehogony, Allysa, Sydney, and Pamela. We were all the best of friends. We had a couple of issues, but we worked them out as a group.

The summer passed, and we started fifth grade. It wasn't as hard because I had good friends by my side. I didn't worry about those girls who thought they were better than me. I didn't worry about being popular and what people think of me.

Now I have good friends in a good school.

-Amaria D.