

At the end of the school year when I was almost done with the first grade, my parents told me that we had to leave New York and go live with my aunt and uncle in Michigan. Being only 7 years old I thought this would be some sort of fun and exciting vacation type thing. Not thinking of the drastic change the move would bring to my friends and I at school, I went for my last day and said goodbye to my teachers and friends.

My mom picked me up before school ended and she took me to go see my house for the last time. Just then I started to realize that not only would I never see my house again, but I would never see my friends again. Sitting in the bright blue van, waiting for my dad to pull the moving truck out of the driveway, I felt like I was going to cry. I saw my mom in the front seat wipe a tear away, so I held in my pain to not make the situation harder for her.

While we were on our 8 hour drive, the only thing I could think of was the fact that I was never going to see my friends again, The people I've been with for my whole life are going to be left behind, and I'll be by myself without any of them forever. The pain that I felt was nothing like I'd ever felt before. The broken bondages mixed in with uncertainty and fear, was something that I couldn't get over.

When I started school, there was so many people. I would talk to one person, and never see them again. I was used to 15 kids per grade, not 60. I thought for sure that I would never meet anyone or make friends. Then, unexpectedly, I met someone. He was new just like me. He moved from Ohio the same month I moved from New York. I was the first person he met in Michigan, and he was the first person I met in Michigan, I finally had a friend. After a short while we started forming our own little group of friends. We would only see each other on the playground, but it was better than nothing.

I started thinking less and less about my old life in New York, and my old friends. Although I would think of them from time to time, I never felt the same pain I had felt before. Somehow having my new friends made the pain go away. I couldn't help but think about what would happen if I ever had to move again. As I put more thought into it, I came to the conclusion that it would probably be just like the first time. But, I realized that if it is just like the first time, there will always be people to make new friends with, no matter how far away I go.