Your Name

Instructor Name

Course Number

Date

Title: First Day at School

Life is never a bed of roses. It is the amalgamation of good and bad, sweet and sour yet memorable events. The first day at school, college or job is also one such moment that is not easy to forget. For most of the people, it can be an arduous one, full of crazy and awkward moments. As of me, the first day at school was really confusing and nerve-wracking, everyone around appeared queer to my eyes. This may be a common state for most of the students, as we all were cramped in a room with strangers. However, that day made me absorb the fact that every moment in man’s life has something soulful, and it teaches us something if one is able to grasp what is life is awarding in those moments.

I remember how panicked I was as I realized I was god forbid going to be late. Yep that’s right the first-day rush had me caught in it and my mum and I underestimated the amount of time it would take to get to school. My mind started racing (looking back I was quite irrational) with thoughts like am I going to make a bad impression. Late on my first day, the school is going to absolutely hate me. I even remember the radio coming on with the producers talking about their children’s first day of school. I kept thinking to myself that I was not going to forget this and I have not till then.

Shock horror when I arrived at school I was not late, people were just getting seated for an orientation assembly in our class groups. I was ready to have a great attentive year. A lot of kids got there way too early and due to the summer heat one passed out while waiting for it to start. So much for that because 10 minutes during the head of years speech I somewhat gave up on paying attention and opted to look through the little folder which I was given (yes I still had that to my day) it had; a timetable, canteen menu, student ID card and a little sheet for me to fill in with my details. That assembly was as forgettable as they usually were. Being the first day, faculty of the school were busy in sorting out the students according to the ranks. I no need to say how exuberant we to take our first class were. We were announced that our first class was delayed due to the class seating arrangements that have to be made accordingly by the staff and we found an ample amount of time to interact with our new classmates.

We also met up with a small group of senior peer supporters, and our class split into groups. I was with the peer supporter Robert. We then played a range of icebreaker activities which included 2 truths and a lie game (I remember one of the truths was that I climbed a mountain on the holidays). After that, we had a Q and A session with them where they explained how our class rotations would work. Lunch rolled around and I went to sit with my class in the designated seating zone. They were running little activities for us like making badges with our sports houses on it and making name badges. I made a sports badge and again I still have it to this day. I had the advantage of knowing some of the students in my class from a program that the school runs.

My fourth and final period rolls around and I had the (dis)pleasure of participating in yet another meet and greet session where I made a conscious effort to come off as cool as possible (in retrospect I think I failed miserably at this). I being nerd, kept quacking in my boots to break the ice with the girl who sat next to me. All I could do is to bend my head down and move my eye-balls from one corner to other like a pendulum and staring at the marbles of the floor. I frightened for a good 10–15 minutes to extend my hand with her for the introduction. Then I made up my mind to break my handcuffs and start socializing with people at-least now so that I can look smart and cool. We also configured our IPads to the school Wi-Fi and Showbie classes etc.

Thinking about it feels quite funny to me that a teen like me could gather up the courage to ask something from an older stranger in a strange place. I believe this was the day I learned the skill of interacting with a stranger in the first place, and now I am quite good at it. By the time, in school, I developed these skills. This is how my first day at school came to an end, with a new group formed, friends made and barriers are broken. As I took the car on my way back home, I kept smiling looking out the window with a mild song playing. Dear self, today was just a trial first day of high school push everyone else who says tomorrow is the second day of school is simply mistaken it's actually the first day- silly them. It will continue to our so-called 'trial first day' until we get it right.