

Middle School

Standing there up on that stage with an arch of balloons above me, I knew one thing for sure. I felt proud. I had graduated. Made friends. Learned from amazing teachers. Could divide fractions and find Kamchatka on a map. I could even do one-handed pushups thanks to Coach and PE. I had done it all.

But as much as I loved elementary school, it was time to move on to a new phase in my life. The problem is, there are so many choices out there! Middle schools come in all different shapes and sizes. Some are close. Some are far away. Some are conservative. Some are liberal. Some focus on sports. Some follow the path of academics. Some are religious, and some are bitter and strict. But how would I ever know which was right for me? It's not like I could go to them all. I can only pick one.

A week later, I was still having trouble falling asleep. Then it came to me. I realized that the only way I was going to be able to sort all of this out and make the right choice was to picture myself in an ice cream store. Here I was, surrounded by choices - brochures and endless conversations with friends - and none of it was helping because I just plain didn't know what I was really getting into. My elementary school was chosen for me, but now it was my choice. It was time to take action.