

Moving From Class to Class

Going from here to there and everywhere, was my life when I was younger. Moving around was diverting, seeing new places and experiencing new things. But moving can be tiring and lonely, saying goodbye to friends and not being able to make long-term friends was extremely difficult. Over the years, I started to realize that everywhere I went had something new to offer. To me it was a new environment, culture, style, people and a whole new way of life. However, when you're the new kid in town and you don't really know the area too well, then you're labeled as "fresh meat" or "the outsider." Those were the labels that the other kids gave me and I didn't understand what they meant. Until I looked at the other kids, then went to the mirror to look at myself to find out that I looked nothing like them. "Ding-ding-ding," went the bell in my head and realized I was the outsider.

We had the life of a military family, going to base after base. However, we aren't a military family; we're a normal family that had to move a lot because of my dad's company, MCI, which he worked as a computer engineer. One of the requirements for his job was him being able to move around to the different branches of the company. My mom wanted to work, but the problem was that we move every year or two, so she became a stay at home mom to raise my brother and I. My parents knew they would have to sacrifice a lot for my dad's work, but the pay was satisfying enough for us to be well off. So we kept on moving forward, until we got to Virginia.

Before finally settling down in Texas, we moved to Virginia. We couldn't find suitable housing where my dad would be working, so my mom called my aunt Krissy to see if we could live with her for awhile. My aunt Krissy gave us the okay to move in with her and her family. She owned a one acre farm that was built on a civil war site and made it creepy! Her farm

house was a two story house with had five bedroom, four bathroom, and a huge garage. When I walked in my eyes got super big and my jaw hit the floor so hard, that the tile almost cracked.

“Oh my Barney! Your house is huge aunty!” I said when look around the house. My aunty laughed at my comment, then showed us around the house and where we would be staying.

My brother and I would be sharing the upstairs guest bedroom and my parents would in the down stairs bedroom. I was used to sharing a room with my brother since all the other places we had ever lived in were two bedroom apartments. I use to share a queen size bed with my brother, but I hated sleeping next to my brother! He would kick and slap me when he was asleep and I wake up with bruises all over! My mom said that he was an “active sleeper.” So I started to sleep under the bed where it was safer, unfortunately my parent started to call me the “boogie baby.” But I didn’t mind because under the bed was better than sleeping on top with the sleeping ninja.

On my first day of school I was a complete basket case. My brother and I would be going to the same school since I was going in first grade and he’s going in fourth grade. Also because where we lived, the only school around was a public school of kindergarten to 12th grade. We didn’t have a car so we had to take the bus and the bus stop was luckily right in front of our house. Once we were seated on the bus, that when I became skittish to my surrounding. The other kids were monstrous in size compare to my brother and I; they were the size Godzilla and we were little Tokyo.

After the terrifying bus ride to school, I apart way with my brother and went to class. Walking into my class, I could see that the was divided and didn’t know what side I was supposed to be on. The left side were well-dressed kids with upscale school supplies and fancy toys; while the right side had common clothing with moderate school supplies and toys. Looking at them then to myself, I was wearing a red and black long-sleeves dress with a scotchy dog on

the front. Also holding my Barney in one hand, the other holding a ordinary looking red lunch box, and red backpack that isn't experience at all.

Not knowing where to sit, I just sat in the middle back table where there where kids like me in a way. Most of them didn't have fancy things, but had nice thing like me. During sharing time, I learned that the boy sitting next to me, Cody also lives in the country farmland like me and the girl on the other side of me, Tara lives in a two story like me. Although the kids around me weren't rich or poor, they were in the middle like me. The left side kids shared that some of them get to go on vacations with their parents every month and get the hotness new toy pretty much every day. While the right side kids shared that they stay home and play with their older sibling while they parents are working. Strangely enough I had something in common with the left side kids and also had something in common with the right side kids. So if I wasn't on left side or right side, then where do I belong?

At the time, I was looking to make friends with kids like me and be accepted. But now looking back, I was actually struggling to find my social class and other kids that were in my social class. Finding out that I was a middle class kid all along, it was funny that social class is defined pretty much everywhere you go. Social class can be defined by many things like your looks, style, environment, culture/background, or even in a first grade classroom.