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Traveling to Texas

I was born and raised in Bronx New York, I like it here besides the constant stereotypes of the Bronx being a place of horror and pure tragedy. I mean you can't ever escape stereotypes because they are everywhere. I moved to Texas on June 27, 2015. Three days after I graduated from middle school. Moving to Texas was really weird for me. I had to adjust to the new way of life, and the people there. I went to a school called The Texas School Of Science and Technology (SSTx for short). Compared to the NYC life, things were slow pace there. Here in New York, there's always that rush and intensity of the city. Yet in Texas, it was calm. I lived in an apartment in a gated community for the three months I lived there. We had a balcony and it looked over a pond. There were a lot of ducks, fish, turtles, stray cats and even snakes. My little brother enjoyed chasing the ducks, it was nice. Plus there was a pool, although they only cleaned it on Thursday so sometimes it would get disgusting. One downside was that everything is so far away. There were no Deli's, so we had to go to Walmart or this popular supermarket chain there known as H•E•B. That really sucked. I also walked to school and I wouldn't say it was the safest walk. It was about 17 minutes and there was never any shade. My school was acrosss the street from a freeway which made things more complicated. I saw a dead kitten on the side of the road that was untouched for about a week. It smelled really bad and of course I wouldn't touch it or move it so it would just stay there. I became agitated by the heat and the distance. It was really hard to adjust. We moved back on September 25 I believe



and got back on the 27. The same night we arrived, we went to the hospital because my ribs were on fire with a sharp piercing pain. Turned out I had pneumonia which explains why I rejected eating everything and became extremely pale. The day before we left Texas, I was shivering in 99° weather. It was truly an experience which so much more to it.

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