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## *School of Nations*

On my first day of high school I watched a father give his son \$20 for lunch. I had been given less than \$5. How embarrassing is that? The kid is so young yet he got 15 more dollars than me. I remember the feeling that came over me when entered the school compound, like my heart was going to run away and leave me with butterflies in my stomach. I figured since the sun was shining meant a good sign that the day was going to turn out just fine for me. I remember walking into the school compound with my aunt beside me and as I started looking around, I saw that everyone had something to prove that they was rich or wealth. From the cute designer shoes worn on the little girl's feet as she step out of her mother's red porsche to the curly overstyled hair her sister wore which made her look like she was entering a beauty pageant. Funny. My hair was up in one and was not really styled that well and my shoes was well shoes. Black in colored. Plane and simple. That figures, the school wasn't public, it was private and the name of the school was School Of The Nations. Unusual name for a school but I don't mind. My first thought was that my aunt was going to place me in school full of rich kids and I would be the only minor in the group or maybe its because she wants the best for me so that I can make my mother proud and all her hard work didn't go in vain. I think that's it! As I took in my new environment, many questions flew into my mind instantly, What will these people will think of me? What will they think about my wealth? Will they accept me for who I am or will they turn me down and leave me alone? I know i'm new at this high school and all but I don't want to be the one who sits in the classroom and become the main and primary target for everyone to pick on. I think I was overreacting a little bit. From a very young age I knew that I was a quiet and shy girl and making friends was pretty much a difficult task for me. My biggest fear really was to have friends who would judge me for everything I do and not know the real me. It makes you feel like you're two people but really you are one. As always I jumped to

conclusion instead of waiting. When I walked into the office of my new school, I was warmly welcome by a guidance counselor who greeted me with a beautiful smile and words that could not even described how welcome I felt. When the guidance counselor should me to the classroom I felt the sudden urge to leave. I was the only kid in the classroom that look like I was very poor despite from other kids who look like they came from a wealthy family inheritance. Some of them had their expensive iphones and samsungs out, talking and laughing, sharing their story one at a time. For some reason I felt like I didn't belong there. I remember my aunt told me that in life you life you have to expect the unexpected and I was not expected this to happen. Once the students found out that I was new, they actually came up to talk to me. They wanted to know everything about me, from how did I get my name to where I came from to what I like to do. I felt a bit uncomfortable but I didn't mind at all. I finally know what it was like to have people who wants to know a lot about you and actually care about what you say. In event it turns out that there are actually middle class kids who attended the school. They came and join in the conversation and was really fascinated about me. I found out that most of them was born out of the country like me, others who were born in the country had hardworking mothers like me who wanted to see their kids do more than what they think they can only accomplish. We all sat down and talk to each other the entire morning, they join me to sat with them at lunch and we continue talking the entire afternoon until it was time to go home. I never felt so happy. I never felt so much pride in myself. I predicted the same morning that the day will turn out fine for me and it did. I manage to make friend on the first day of school and that was a big challenge for me but i'm glad I got over it. Being at School Of The Nations has made a great impact on my life. They made me realize that sometimes people may look a certain way but there is more to them than you will ever know. That was the first lesson I have learned about high school so far. That's a lesson I will treasure every step of my life. They made me feel so welcomed at the school but they also encourage me to start coming out of that quiet place of mine. I am not going to lie to you it's still a working process but I know at some point in my life, i'm going to accomplish it.



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