

Christabel Onwumere

Year 8

It was the school holidays, just days before school started and I was in my room, reflecting on what my parents had just told me. "We're going to move to another country" they'd said "but we need to go first and get things ready, you can stay at your Aunt May's place in the meantime"

"I understand" I'd replied, because I did, I understood the challenges they needed to go through before I could join them and I was willing to cooperate. Then I gave them a bright smile to show them I would cooperate, I thought I would, but I didn't.

It was then the first day of school, the start of a new year, and I was going to be a year 9. I was going to school only for that day, because the next day I was going to my aunt May's place and the day after that my parents would leave the country.

When I got to school, I saw my best friend, Edith. "Hi, how was your holiday?" she asked.

"You'll never believe this," I said with an excited voice, "my parents are going to move to another country!"

"Really?" She asked, her voice laced with disbelief, "Then what's gonna happen to you?"

"I'm staying at my aunt May's place, until get things ready" I replied.

"Wow" she said, her voice suddenly solemn, "I'm really going to miss you"

"I know, me too" I said as I gave her a hug, "let's just make today the best day possible."

The rest of the school day was very fun. We met lots of new teachers, Mr John the new English teacher was very funny and Mrs Layla the new science teacher was very motivating, she talked about setting goals and meeting them and it made me really excited for school, then I remembered, I wasn't going to school.

Suddenly it was after school, and the day was almost over. We went to our favourite part of town, and reminisced about how time had flown, it was a bittersweet feeling. Before we knew it, we were at the junction where we were meant to part.

"This is it" she said, her eyes downcast.

"I'll miss you" I said as I felt my eyes water.

"Me to" she said, tears now streaming from her eyes.

And with that we went our separate ways.

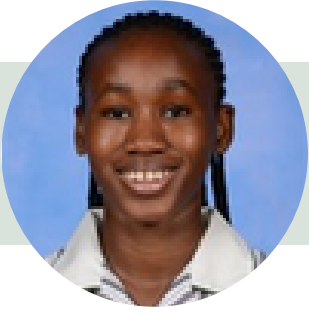
During dinner, the clatter of my parents' spoons and forks, as well as their hushed murmurs, were all that could be heard. I stared at the food in front of me as I moved it around my plate, I had no appetite

"Mum, Dad," I piped up, "can I not stay with Aunt May"

"What do you mean?" my dad said giving me his full attention

"I mean," I said as I nervously fiddled with the hem of my shirt, "can I stay here instead of staying with Aunt May?"

"No" he said.



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But!" I said raising my voice,

"RACHEL, I SAID NO" his voice boomed.

I leapt from my chair and dashed to my room, my head bowed, the last thing I heard was my father calling for me as I slammed the door to my room shut!

Minutes later my mom entered the room and we had a long talk. She talked about how things have to change and how things can't be the same forever,

"We have to give up the good things, to go for the great." She said, "we have to move on"

"Ok mum"

The next day, I packed my belongings and went with my aunt May, telling myself that I would be strong that change is inevitable and moving on is a must.