

The New Kid

It was a pretty normal day in September when I first moved to this small town in Catalonia. I was 14, and I didn't know anyone here. My family had just moved because of my dad's job. It was all so weird. The streets were quiet, no noise, no traffic, nothing like the city we came from. Everything was different, even the language. People here spoke Catalan most of the time, and I only knew a little bit. I could understand, but talking back was harder.

I started school the next day, and honestly, I felt like a total outsider. It was big, but it didn't feel like my place. All the kids already knew each other, had their own groups, and I was just... me. The kid who didn't belong. I tried to talk to some people, but I felt like they was just being polite. I was sitting alone during lunch, eating my sandwich, looking around at everyone talking with their friends. They didn't notice me much. They was too busy with their own lives.

For the first few weeks, nothing really changed. I would go to class, do my work, and just keep my head down. I didn't know how to make friends. It was a little embarrassing, to be honest. I wasn't used to this. In my old school, I had a group of friends, and people knew who I was. But here, I was invisible.

Then, something started to change. It wasn't overnight or anything, but I guess people started to notice me. One day, in gym class, we were playing football, and I wasn't that good, but I wasn't terrible either. I passed the ball, and then I managed to score a goal. It was just a small thing, but a couple of guys from my class looked at me like, "Hey, this kid's not bad." That was the first time someone really talked to me like I mattered. They started including me in more things, like hanging out after school and playing games. Slowly, I began to make some friends.

As time went on, I became more comfortable with the language too. I practiced speaking Catalan with some of the kids, and they was patient with me. I got better, and they seemed to appreciate that I was trying. It wasn't long before I was invited to their group, and we started doing everything together: playing football after school, going to the cinema on weekends, and even hanging out at the park. I wasn't just the new kid anymore.

By the time December came, I had gone from sitting alone in the cafeteria to being the one everyone wanted to sit next to. I wasn't sure how it happened, but I was suddenly a part of the group. I was making jokes, laughing with everyone, and sometimes leading the conversations. It felt good to finally belong.

In the next few months, I realized how much things had changed. I wasn't just part of the group, I was the one who everyone seemed to go to when they needed something. I was the one who started organizing the weekend hangouts. My friends started calling me when they needed help with homework or when they wanted someone to hang out with. I couldn't believe how much I had changed, from the kid who was alone in the corner to the one who was always surrounded by people.

By the time spring rolled around, I wasn't just a new kid anymore. I was part of the group, part of the school, part of the town. It was a wild feeling, knowing that I had gone from being invisible to being the kid who everyone knew and liked. Things were different now. It was like I had finally found my place.