

I lived in Miami. Well I used to live there. My mom has gotten a new job offer in Chicago, so we left Miami and moved to Chicago. I still consider Miami the place where I live because I really did not want to move to Chicago. School starts in three days, and I don't know a single soul in Chicago except my mom.

My dad got deployed to the army a while ago. He left when I was young and I never got to meet my dad. I have only seen him in a picture with my mom at their wedding. He was wearing a black tuxedo. He is a tall white guy about 6'2 or 6'3, short black hair, and a skinny chinstrap beard. My mom is short, around 5'5, skinny, and has her ears pierced. My mom has never talked about him.

My name is Jackson, but people call me Jack. My mom says I look like my dad. I am 14 years old. I have black short hair, like my dad. My friends back in Miami say I am tall but I'm not sure what they will say now that I am in Chicago. I played sports in Miami; my favorite one to play was football. I'm pretty good at it too.

I made the all the city team in Miami, playing running back. I don't know if that means anything in Chicago because they play a different style of football. It's more of a power game. They run up the middle more and when they pass they stay in the pocket. In Miami it is much different. You beat the other team with skill, speed, and athleticism. I tried to get the ball on the sideline and beat them with my speed and when we pass we do play action instead of staying in the pocket, so we have an option to run. They call the playing style that I play "New School".

I am not excited to go to this school and I don't even know if I want to play football because, I don't know anyone. The school is called Chicago Prep. It sounds horrible. Tomorrow I have to go to an introduction to the school with my mom.

Like I said before, we just moved here, so we don't have a house yet. We are staying in this weird hotel that smells and it is also crammed with lots of stuff. We have all of are clothes from Miami and all the other essentials. But are clothes are not going to help us for along because all we have is shorts and T-shirts. In Miami it is perfect temperature, but here it sucks, it's freezing and I can't stand it, and I have only been here for one a day.

My mom made me wake up early in the morning today. The orientation was at noon but she made me wake up at nine. I took a long shower then got dressed. I was wearing chino pants with my grey and red Air Jordan crew neck. I went down the stairs and my mom was a lot more dressed up. She was wearing a long black dress and she straightened her hair. When my mom saw me I could tell she wasn't happy, but I knew she wasn't going to make the effort to argue with me. It was about 11 now and my mom said it took about thirty minuets to get to the school. She wanted to leave now any ways. I just said ok. The guy at the hotel, who opens the door, opened the door. I stepped outside and it was freezing, but we still had to go.

In the taxi my mom said, "This school might be a little different than your old school"

"What do you mean mom"

"It just not be as nice as your old school"

"Ok"

I thought to myself that I always liked stuff that wasn't so clean and perfect, But this didn't really sound like something my mom would say.

We got out the car and there was a ton of kids with their parents. As we walked through the front door we were greeted by man who is giving us a brusher for the football program, my mom said I would play. When we got by the man I looked around the school, it was big. The wall was painted the schools

colors witch were light blue and gold. We went to the auditorium sat down around the middle of the auditorium. I looked around again; there were all different types of kids sitting together. There was the athletic guys, athletic girls, smart guys, smart girls, the really girly girls, Goth people, and then there was the football players. I was really judgmental but it was just what went through my head. I was nervous, I did not know anyone.

The principal started to talk, her first sentence was; “Hi I am the eighth grade principle of Chicago Prep”. At that point I zoned out, until we got to the tour.

The principal broke us into groups of about ten; there were about 30 groups. Our group went to the science room first. The room wasn't very clean. There was pipes coming out the side of the wall and the pipes were rusty. Well I hated science any ways so I didn't think it would matter. Next we went to the math room. It was the same, so was the other 12 classrooms we visited. Maybe it did matter. After there was athletics meeting for about an hour that parents did not come to.

The athletic meeting was in the gym but the athletic director split it up into what sport you wanted to play. The football group met in the math room. I sat down in the corner, everybody was looking at me. We started up and went around and said our names and what position we played. I just realized that all of these kids have played for two years together and I was the only new kid there. The coach was really friendly and didn't take that serious because he knew everyone. We didn't really do anything. So it was over so fast.

I walked out the math room and headed to the parking lot. As I was walking threw the lobby a group of boys stopped in front of me, they were from the football team. The one in the middle said, “So you play running back”
“Yeah I said”

“You know that’s my position right”

“Not anymore.”

I started to walk past them and then he pushed me and said,

“We will see about that”

I tried walking past them again they didn’t try to stop me this time. I continued walking out the door and my mom was waiting for me in the taxi.

I got in the taxi and my mom asked,

“How did it go?”

“Alright I said”

When I got home I had some pizza and went to bed, because tomorrow it was the first day of school and practice.

When I got to school a kid was waiting for me. He was assigned to show me where all my classes were but I thought I knew them pretty good already. He wouldn’t leave me alone though. I managed to get him away from me around third hour. I could not pay any attention because everybody was introducing them self’s to me every second of the day. I’d say I have met about 100 guys, and 150 girls. I couldn’t remember them though.

I was in my fourth hour now and I was so bored and so hungry I couldn’t take it. I was just day dreaming about food. Then I heard my name, but it was loud. It was the teacher. I thought to myself, was I asleep. The answer was yes because the teacher was yelling at for being asleep. He said, “Why were you asleep Mr. Jackson”

I said “I...”

I could not finish the bell interrupted me. I was so happy.

After school there was the first football practice. I thought it was pretty easy because we just condition for the first week. We just ran the mile did push ups and sit-ups. There were some giant kids giant kids so on sprints I just had to do a fast jog.

We just did conditioning for the rest of the week but now it was Monday and we had pads and we had contact. It was time to show coach that I am the running back he wants. Not Jimmy, the kid at the orientation, but for scrimmaging he did all right. He got two touchdowns and a couple big gains. It was the second half of the practice now and it was my turn. The first play was an outside toss. I ran it up the sideline then cut back and I was gone. I was going to start I knew it.

At the end of practice I had four touchdowns and a lot of yards. Our game was only in a week and it was our rival the Witchitawkee Ravens, so I was sure I was going to get the spot. Our game was on Friday night.

Just then, Jimmy walked up to me and said, "What do you think you are doing taking my starting spot."

"I tried my best." I said sarcastically

Then he punched me, so I punched him back. An adult walked over and broke it up. I could tell that it wasn't over though.

It was Friday morning and the rule was you had to dress up on game day. This girl approached me and said,

"Hi I am Katy."

"Hi I'm Jack."

I heard you were the new running back."

"Yeah I am."

"Okay that's cool I guess I will see you at the game."

"Alright see you later."

The girl was really pretty. I started to get butterflies.

Then the bell rang the school was over it was time for the game. I was all dressed up wearing my number twenty-two with my yellow and sky blue Cam Newton cleats. Everyone was screaming I looked for Katy she was wearing my number and had a sign that said, "Go #22." I lined up for the first play of the game and the place was rocking. I heard the play call outside pitch to 22 I was

set up and the stands went silent then I heard a deep voice shout go Jack I turned around and it was my dad, wearing his army uniform...