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The Tradition of UNO at Lunch

Well it's almost the first day of school once again just like every September where all the stores are almost empty of school supplies, and everyone is trying to find the perfect first day outfit. The freshmen are nervous about starting high school and we seniors are just ready to graduate and move on in the world. Teachers are just wishing for a little more of a break before they have to deal with all of the difficult teenagers of our generation. Going back to school means seeing all of your friends again, advancing to the next grade level, and also seeing all the weird people and all their odd habits that you cannot come to an understanding of. There are many positive things of coming back to school, but there are also all the dreadful things that you could live without. (One week later)

“GET UP FOR SCHOOL MORGAN”, my mom yells as I'm still lying in bed, “YOU DON'T WANT TO BE LATE ON A DAY LIKE THIS”. I slowly start to move as if I'm a bug that just got stepped on by a human's foot. As I get my legs off the bed and onto the floor, I stand up. Thinking to myself that this is just going to be like every other first day that I've been to in my entire schooling career then I just remember that I am a senior and I'm going to graduate! I spring to my shower, put my makeup, and straighten my hair. Now I need to figure out what I'm going to wear because you do not want to look like freshmen but you also do not want to look older than a senior. I grabbed a shirt, cardigan, and some leggings and threw it on and I knew my

outfit was perfect. Then I went upstairs to take the usual first day of school pictures, and then in a flash I was off riding in my car heading to school. As I pulled into the parking lot I saw a million familiar faces that I was excited to see. Then there are those people that you could just live your life without seeing because they are so rude, and think they are the coolest.

Stepping inside the doors of John Marshall High School for my last year was pretty exhilarating, especially since I knew that I was apart of the oldest group in school. Being a senior so far was pretty awesome because you are the one who gets to look down on others instead of the other way around! A lot of the freshman honestly looked like they were in the twenties which was kind of funny. While I was walking down the halls to my first class, I saw a couple of my friends and we all hugged each other. Then since we are the three musketeers, we took our cute first day of school picture together so that we could post a new one on Facebook. Then we said "See y'all later", because we all had lunch together which would be in a couple of hours. I ran to my first hour which was math because the music was playing and I didn't want to be late on the first day! Luckily I had the same math teacher from last year, so I was pretty happy. The class hour took forever to finish and I knew I still had 3 hours to go until lunchtime. Finally the bell rang, and I went to Government, English, and Animal Science, then I was pumped for some good school lunch food... Walking into the cafeteria was like arriving in a jungle and having no way out.

I met my friends in the longest lunch line you could possibly imagine, and I grabbed some food after several people just budging right in front of me. We all arrived at our small table and the three of us just groaned about why we didn't just leave and go somewhere for lunch. As

we were sitting down we heard a couple of loud bangs and we had no idea where they were coming from.

All of sudden I caught a glance of some kids playing UNO very intensely at their big round lunch table. They all seemed like nerds but I went over and talked to them a little bit and I asked them what they were doing and they said that it was their tradition to play UNO every time they are lunch because they use to do it when they were younger every time they went to each other's houses. I kind of giggled because that was such an odd habit but then it happened when they asked me to sit down at their table and play with them. Not wanting to sound rude, I said yes and invited the rest of my friends to come over as well. They kind of gave me a strange look but I made them come over. As we first started playing I actually enjoyed myself because these people were really nice and hilarious! Everyone at the table were in grades like ninth, tenth, and eleventh. It was such a wide variety but yet it was so much fun! I really wanted to be apart of this tradition so that I could have all this fun like they did! In that moment though they asked my friends and I to come sit with them everyday so that we could play with them and make the game more intense by having more players. We all screamed yes because this was the most fun we all had in a long time, and this is only the beginning of the year! We three may all be seniors but we were having so much fun with the underclassmen that we couldn't resist!

Once lunch ended, the next three hours went by very slow because they were so boring! But when they ended I had to run out to my car in the parking lot so that I could leave before it became packed by all my fellow classmates. I zoomed home so that I could go and tell my mom about the weirdly awesome day I had! When I got home I just couldn't keep my mouth shut because I told her about first through fourth hour then fifth through eighth hour. My whole day

just seemed like a blur except for lunch! My brain was boggled by all the thoughts I had about the upcoming days at school, especially at lunch! I did my usual nightly routine by doing my homework, then eating supper, and going to bed. But while I was sitting in my bed I realized that you can't judge someone by their grade of schooling or by anything at all!

Overall my first day was better than I expected! I had the chance to see my friends but also make many new ones! I cannot wait for more intense UNO times at lunch even if it is the oddest habit I've ever seen people have, but it's funny to know I'm apart of it. I realized you can't judge people because of their odd habits or you'll never know who they really are. Plus just because someone is younger or older than you doesn't mean you can't hangout with them! I took my chances and I came out with some very unique friends.