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English Composition (ENG 100)  
Professor Mangini  
Formal Assignment #2: Narrative Project, Draft #1  
Due Date: 11:59pm on Sunday March 1.

### The Lost, The Given

“I’m really going to do this.”

That’s what I said to myself as I left my grandmoms car and walked to these two black doors possibly for the last time. I looked up at the sign, “Upper Darby High School”, and I walked through the quiet hallways while the students were in class. Today was the day I officially would drop out of high school and enter the real world.

In high school, I was a good student. I stayed out of trouble and hung out with the right people. Unfortunately, I wasn’t the best student academically. Throughout middle school into high school I was pretty damn lazy. Roosevelt Middle School was the name of my middle school and it was literally about a 5 block walk from my house and I was still late more than I should’ve been. Now enter high school into the picture but this time I lived farther from the school so initially I was on time more. But my gosh was I bored from the classes. I would eventually stop giving 100% on subjects I didn’t find interesting. Instead I gave 1000% on the classes that weren’t challenging enough such as gym class or computer class.

The face I was having can be described as disbelief but acceptance. Knowing this would be my last day in high school was a tough feeling for me. I’m only in the 11th grade for gosh sakes. I began walking down the hallway, made a left to the stairway, and made a right which brought me to the counselors office. She’s waiting for potentially our last meeting together. I walked into

her office and I was sitting, I saw her pullout her folder containing my papers and she placed them on her desk. When I saw those papers, I felt like I let her, my mom, and my family down. I didn't know what I had ahead of me.

“Are you sure you want to do this?” she asked me.

I pause, then I answer.

“Yes I'm sure.”

“Ok Nathan. Here's a sheet that I need you to get signed by each teacher.

This sheet that was in my hands now determined whether or not I'd officially withdraw or not. The first stop was science class. I walked in while my classmates were laughing and chatting with each other per usual. I didn't even look them in the eyes. I walked in with my head down and went towards the teacher. I handed her the sheet.

“Hi. Today's my last day. I have been doing good in my classes and I've decided that I'm dropping out.”

My teacher's face slowly began to feel pain for me. I knew that she hadn't expected this coming to her desk today. I was engaging in this class and I'm sure this is something every teacher would rather not. “I'm so sorry to hear this Nate. Good luck to you.” She said to me. She signed the paper and handed it back to me. Only this time, I turned to my friends just to see them one last time.

I left her classroom and made my way to the next class which was Math. My throat began to choke. I didn't think that I would feel this kind of pain and guilt. Looking at the school's pictures on the hallway's walls were different knowing that it was my last time doing so. The hallways felt like never ending tunnels. I was the only person in the hallways during normal school hours. Everyone was there but it felt like a ghost town. I was the odd one out. When I made my way to Math class my teacher, Mr. Klein, wasn't there so I lucked out and didn't have to say anything to him. The last teacher was my gym teacher. I had to walk through the gym to get to his office and because I loved playing basketball so much in gym class, the feeling was horrible. I walked in his office and I handed him the paper. He knew it wasn't good. Just like the science teacher he was surprised that I chose to make this decision. He signed the paper and I was now finished with my teachers and I could now head back to the office to drop off the paper.

I left the gym teachers office walking at a slow pace. I looked at the signed sheet thinking to myself, "Wow this is really it." and "Is it worth it?" I had the chance to change my decision but my mind was set. Once I got back to my counselors office I took a seat.

"Here are the teachers signatures." I said.

"Thank you Nathan. I wish you the best of luck. I will see you in the bright lights!"

Her last words were powerful to me. She supported me throughout my high school experience and for me to leave her this way just... too much. I received a copy of my withdrawal sheet and made my way out the doors back to my grandmom's car. On the way back home, my grandmom was playing gospel music on the radio and I looked at my withdrawal paper with a

combination of feelings involving freedom and disappointment.. I knew that from here on, things would become tougher. Hey I'm only 19, it can't be that bad. Real world here I come.