

No Choice

Nothing will ever compare to the brave children of World War II. Nothing could possibly express the fear they must've felt. Too young and so innocent in such a horrible time. When the children were forced to leave their parents and families, it wasn't necessarily their decision. In some cases, the parents decided their child's traveling situation. With the countless threats of bombings, supply shortages, and very few jobs, families knew it was best to leave whenever they could. They had no choice. Sadly, that also meant parents and children were broken apart while traveling. The parents knew that they might not be able to accompany their kids, but wanted them to have a chance in a different, more hopeful place. This is the most heart-breaking sacrifice and decision someone could make or live through. My experience is nothing compared to this. Please, keep this in mind as I differentiate the two.

My elementary school is commonly called Wilson. Some may know that this school is slightly different from others in Wauwatosa. The one building actually has two schools on the inside. One is Wilson, one is WSTEM. Wilson is a public school, while WSTEM is a charter school. They both work very closely together, but the curriculum differs from one another. STEM stands for science, technology, engineering, and math ("W" is Wauwatosa). These subjects are very crucial to the main studies. And as a charter school, the only way to enter is through a lottery. The lottery is entirely random, usually the top few names entered have the choice to enroll into WSTEM.

Now you see, as a kindergartener in Wilson, I barely understood the concept of this system. So when one day my parents told me I was, in a way, "switching schools," I was upset. No one had told me of my name being entered into the lottery, or how it worked (not that I could understand if they tried), or why I had no choice! I just knew I was leaving my friends, but staying in the same building... which seemed absurd at the time.

Of course, I finished my kindergarten year of school in Wilson and spent the summer happily. However when it was time for my first day of first grade, I was a nervous wreck. I knew very little people in the grade, and knew nothing of how STEM worked. So expectedly, the first few months were very much a "trial and error" situation. I learned about the larger, and unfamiliar classrooms, I learned about the different field trips, and I eventually figured out how to use my computer and work on various websites. But I would say, most importantly, I learned how to make friends. And as an 8th grader now in the STEM program, I can say the friendships I made in first grade are some of the closest friends I have now.

Again, this experience is very different to the time during World War II. In conclusion, a whole seven years later, I've never once regretted my parents' influence on my school. However, I've learned that some of the best decisions made are the ones you had no choice in.