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Comfort Zone

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Comfort Zone

By Taylor Christie

In all the years you go to school in the same place,
with all the same people, you learn things.
You know who your friends are, who the teachers are,
where everything is.
You are comfortable.
At my old school, I knew who my friends were.
I knew who I liked and who I didn't.
I knew everyone's names, what grade they were in, who they
hung out with.
I was comfortable.
I didn't know how comfortable I was until suddenly, I wasn't
November of 2020, I moved from Oregon to California.
Nothing I could control, nothing I could change.
I did online school my entire junior year, something I regret now.
August of 2021, I came to Eureka High School.
I was so excited to be at a new school, with new people,
new teachers, new everything.
I was so excited to finally be a senior in high school,
less than a year away from graduating.
I was so excited until suddenly, I wasn't.
Everyone already knew everyone else.
People already had set their cliques and knew
where they stood with people.
They already knew everything.
I didn't. I was an outsider.
Suddenly, I was very uncomfortable.
I tried reassuring myself that things would get better.
I had moved schools before, and everything turned out fine then.
I tried to comfort myself, telling myself I just needed time.
I remembered then that I was a senior,
less than a year away from graduating.
I realized soon enough that there was no time.
I've been here for five months, and I think things are better.
I don't really know if I have friends,

though I would like to think I do.
I couldn't even name all the people in my classes,
let alone anyone outside of them.
People still look at me a certain way,
but most of them don't talk to me.
You would think I see everything, being on the outside;
a wallflower with an unbiased lens.
The reality is, I don't see anything.
I see people but know nothing about them.
I hear names but can't connect them to anyone.
I know stories but not the people in them.
At some point, I had to accept my situation.
Obviously, being new, I'm going to feel like an outcast.
These people have been going to school together for years,
I can't change that.
Soon enough, I came to peace with it.
Without knowing it, I had found comfort in being on the outside.
I was in my own space, my own bubble, my element.
I had found my comfort zone.