

I Come From

by Eva, Year 8

I come from outings with my Grandma
Oxford, London, and so much more
Walking in Hyde Park with a hot dog in one hand
An ice cream cone in the other
I come from moving house
A change that was so different
Unique.
I come from petty fights with my little sister
Feuds that lasted for days.
I come from making friends, again
And braiding each other's hair
I come from being told to clean my room
Sitting in a pile of clothes, looking lost
I come from reading
Countless hours under the blanket with a torch
Inhaling stories with every passing second
I come from the 11+
Two years of AE and CGP textbooks
I come from the exam
Two hours of torture
Two whole years, studying for a measly two hours
I come from the Kendrick Acceptance Letter
I come from joy and elation
I come from satisfaction
I come from starting in Year 7, at one of the most prestigious schools in the country
From the pride in my voice whenever I say, 'I go to Kendrick'
I come from tests
Well over a hundred of them in a single year
From the anger and frustration of forgetting the last sentence
From forgetting the PEAR structure I spent so long memorising the night before.
I come from anticipation when getting test scores
The rapid beat of my heart when the teacher approaches me, holding out my paper.
The pride in Maths
The disappointment in History
I come from reaching home independently
From the constant paranoia when left home alone
Every flicker of movement outside the window
I come from Biryani and Kulfi
And spicy foods that burn my tongue
From sharing my culture with my friends
I come from my parents' advising and arguing
Even though everything is for my better
I come from my home
Shouting downstairs to put on the washing machine
But most of all,
I come from me.