

My Patch by Clare Ison, 3rd year.

Tuesday was emerging from the roots of my brain; school was back. I wasn't ready. From the moment my uniform kidnapped my skin and drew me into suffocation, the vivid reality kicked in like a bee hive after hibernation. The mild air from outside our temporary accommodation sent uncertain chills down my spine. Summer in Ireland was like autumn from home. As a teen I knew my physical appearance would determine my position in this jungle; I made an effort. Arriving as a 'newbie' at this unfamiliar school was frightening. Only three days in my new country, I only wanted to go back.

The bell rang for assembly. My legs weakened. I asked myself, should I say I'm ill? I want my mum? I couldn't bring myself to reveal these unnerving thoughts, only my shy and anxious self. The people here were magical. They cared for me and looked out for me like I was their property. It was pleasant enough here. However, something was missing. It was the feeling of belonging. After time, finding my unsteady feet and owning the path of fear and freedom, I belonged here. Ireland was my home and I made my patch in the patchwork of the school; all I have to do now is to colour it in.