

The Big News

The world moves fast, so extremely fast. Perhaps it's the bustling streets in New York, or the bargaining (I like to call it bickering) of street vendors in India. Maybe even waking up at the crack of dawn to milk the cows and collect those eggs. Whatever it is, life moves fast everywhere, ingraining that hurried pace in your muscle memory, making it that much more important when you sit down on your favorite worn La-Z-Boy recliner, sipping some Earl Grey (or coffee, or juice, or even just water, that's a classic), and picking up that new mystery (or a different genre) novel you've been dying to read. Even just going outside in the sunshine and playing with your friends tinges your childhood memories, turning them golden to remember in adulthood. Those are what I like to call the calm times, when the world just slows down, and life feels nice. Perhaps that's why it's so hard to come to terms with reality after those breaks. Maybe that's the reason why I was so shook up, so upset by the news that would change my life.

Moving to India has always felt like a distant possibility. It was like a shadow, following me everywhere, but never facing me. But growing older made factors such as my visa much more problematic. When I was told the news, I wanted to cry and tear the house down altogether. My brain just stopped altogether. I suddenly started thinking about the people I would be leaving behind, people who had become my friends and family for the past 12 years. My best friends, my closest uncles and aunties, are all going to be left behind because of this decision. At first, this verdict (it felt like a court order, void of emotion) didn't make sense. My brain couldn't compute why we had to move. I had bad dreams, dreading the day that we packed up our belongings and moved to a different continent. A different continent, not even a country!

A new school, new ways of life, new people, new foods (I can't drink the milk there), all of this created a sense of anxiety in me. Then, my family and I had a talk, where we discussed when and how we would leave. My parents, always reassuring me, said we would figure this out. We concluded that seventh grade was the best time, after visiting India in the summer and taking entrance exams to assess their difficulty. My dad called his parents (my grandparents on his side, my Baba (grandpa) and Amma (grandma)), and my mom called people who had moved there. My parents agreed that my sister and I would be provided the best education possible. When we move to India, my parents will enroll me in an English-medium school, meaning a school where English is mainly used, except for Hindi and another language (French or Sanskrit).

Moving to a new place is a terrifying thought. While we are planning, sometimes my brain slows down, realizing that I need to step back and appreciate the family I've carved out here. Columbus, Indiana, is my home, and I love it. The kindness, acceptance, and understanding of the little Brown girl who came to it from India will always stay in her heart, whether she moves back or somewhere else. Sure, I'm going to miss my friends, my aunties, and uncles, and definitely all the others who've made an impact on my life. I have some time before I leave, and I'm going to spend that time with my friends, family, and others special to me. I'm going to remember you all everywhere I go. You're all so awesome and wonderful, and I cannot be any happier. Thank you, everyone, for staying by my side. You've truly made a mark in my life, and most importantly, on me.