

It was a new beginning. Everything was going on. Things suddenly became all new. It was a shock at first but then things started getting alright. Getting introduced to a new school was another new beginning, new teachers, different homework assignments and new relationships.

Going to school was not so bad since you get to meet new people. New people usually means more good company, you meet people that like to do things that you yourself like to do. Getting education is important because that is what gives you power. You usually be more successful.

Getting a job is a new beginning if you are getting your first job. You get to earn money and get working experience as well.

Starting new activities such as kickboxing is very good since you are keeping yourself fit and not just sitting around doing nothing watching t.v. eating potato chips. Not only does it keep you fit it boosts your self-esteem and confidence.

The cloudless sky showed off its infinite beauty, as the golden sun hung high above the earth. A young man with shiny, combed back black hair, and a clean shave stood staring at what seemed to be an endless desert waited for something. Off far to his right side came tumbling down the dusty road a bus. Instantly he knew that a new batch of men were coming to feel, for the first time, the pain that he once faced. As it rolled passed him he caught the faces, just like his own when he first arrived there, and knew they were frightened.

He stared blankly at the ground remembering the times he spent in Jail until another vehicle caught the side of his eyes. The city bus had come for him. With a deep breath, he straightened his back, picked up his luggage, and proceeded into the bus.

Once he got onto the bus, he stared at the people inside. At the back was a shady character playing with a liter, and at the front was a little girl, and her grandmother; he sat near them. Almost right away when the bus started moving again, the old lady started talking to him. He was surprised that she wanted to talk to him; couldn't she see he was a convict at one point? But, despite the obvious she kept on going.

"Hello my name is Gladys. What's yours?"

"Steven"

"That's such a nice name. It was my husbands name, may he rest in Peace." Are you going back to relatives?"

"I don't have any around here."

"Oh you poor dear. Well, do you have any plans?"

That question made him start to think. It didn't occur to him until now that he had nobody to go to. The elderly woman saw the lonely face the was on Steven, and felt sorry for him.

"Well why don't you have lunch at my place. I'll introduce you to my eldest grand daughter; she seems to be around your age."

He couldn't believe what he was hearing. Never in his whole entire life did someone he barely knew had offer for him to have lunch with them. This touched him in a way that nothing ever had before. Griping the thought he turned to look at the old lady, and smiled. It was surely going to be a new beginning.