

First Day

August 28

Dear Diary,

Only three days left to go before the first day of high school. I am really nervous. What if I get lost and have to ask someone for directions? I would feel so stupid. I found out that Mat, Mia and Sara are in my class; that's good news at least. I am still not sure if I should wear my new jeans with the black top or the black and white skirt with my new white top and jeans jacket. I keep putting on outfits and trying to decide. I hope no one laughs at me.

– K

August 29

Dear Diary,

I just found out that I am going to have Mr. Wilbur as my homeroom teacher. I hope he doesn't realize that Kevin is my brother or I am in big trouble. They didn't get along at all. Mom says that she'll drive me to school on the first day, but I don't want her to; none of my friends are getting a ride with their parents. I want to take the metro with my friends. We got into a big fight about it last night. Why doesn't she understand me?

– K

August 30

Dear Diary,

Mom and I finally agreed that she and Dad could drop me off in the morning and I could take the metro home with my friends. I only agreed when I realized that I have so many new books to bring to school that it would be really heavy for me to carry everything by myself. I am not letting Mom and Dad take any pictures though!

– K

September 1

Dear Diary,

Well, I survived! It was a crazy first day We didn't get any homework yet, even though we met all our teachers. Something tells me that high school will be a lot harder than primary school. I love my new English teacher and Math teacher. They're really cool. My English teacher likes to tell stupid jokes at the end of class to make us laugh.

A strange thing happened at lunch. Mat, Mia, Sara and I went to the cafeteria and bought lunch. It was really busy and there was only one empty table, so we went and sat down there. We had just started eating when these freaks sat down at the table with us; you know, the ones with the piercings, tattoos, dyed hair and black clothing. They even call themselves "Freaks." We were so scared But the weird thing is they were really nice. They asked us if we minded, and said that the table has been theirs for the past few years. We apologized and got up to move, but they told us to stay and started to talk to us. They asked us how we liked the school and if we needed any help finding anything. I was totally surprised! I'd always thought people like that were dangerous and depressed, but I was wrong; some of them at least are really cool.

– K