



Middle School Student Sound Off

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It's the end of summer and school starts in three days. Which means back to school shopping. I'm starting middle school, so who knows what we need. My brother, Jack, who is in high school says middle school is like a whole new world. And not like the one in Aladdin, like you moved to a different planet.

In the car, Mom read out the supply list: 2inch binder, colored pencils, lined paper, dry erase markers, calculator, pens, and a bunch of stuff like that, Too much!

When we got to target, it just had to be raining, we got out of the car and made a run for it. When we stepped inside, I felt a gush of cold air hit my wet skin. It was freezing! We grabbed a shopping cart and found our way to the school section. Mom is letting me get a new backpack for the new year. So many options; purple, blue, green, rainbow, and a ninja turtle one. I went with the purple one because that's my favorite color. We also found a matching lunch box. Still cold, we brought all the school supplies we needed to the register and paid. Despite all the new stuff to help me prepare, I was still nervous.

When we got home, I got all of my things together in the front room. Later that night, I couldn't sleep. I couldn't stop thinking about the horrors of middle school. All my thoughts swirled through my head like a tornado. For a while, I laid there staring at the ceiling. My worst fear was getting bullied. My brother got bullied. Some days he came home crying. That thought made my stomach hurt, like it was twirling like my thoughts. I finally fell asleep. My dreams like horror movies.

My eyes opened to a furry friend on my face. I pushed her off to grab my phone to see what time it was. 8:30. Today is Saturday and school starts on Monday. I get to go meet my teacher or should I say homeroom teacher. Since I have seven periods, I can't meet all my teachers today, so I get to meet my homeroom one.

In the car, I stared out the window, nervous about the new place I was being forced to go.

"But what are you scared of?" Mom asked.

"I...I don't know." I replied. Mom did not answer for a while. But when she did, I didn't hear her. I was too caught up in my thoughts.

When we got to the school, I didn't know what to think. We headed inside to find kids, lots of them. I didn't know this many people went here, or are at least going to. We walked to the 6th grade hall, which was easy to get to. It had a big 6 at the top of the hall entrance. We found our way to Dr. William's room. My 1st period is E.L.A. (English language arts). I saw a few familiar faces, but not many. I was scared of having no friends, what if that is why I get bullied. We went to the gym to sign up for an after school club. We found out it will be before school, but I'm going to sign up for drama. Apparently, we are doing the play Annie.

We toured the school and found our way back to the parking lot and got in the car. Now that I know the school, I'm a little less nervous, but I'm still scared.

Again, I laid in bed staring at the ceiling. My brain really didn't want to sleep. Thinking about school made me feel scared, but I don't know why. That thought put me to sleep and again dreams like horror movies.

Today is the last day of summer. We aren't doing much. We are going to bed early and eating even earlier.

I laid in bed not able to sleep. The sun's rays were beaming through my window. Mom made us go to bed way too early.

"Beep!!!!!" I need a new alarm clock. "Beep!!!!!"

"Stop!!!" After I said that, I realized my alarm clock couldn't respond. I got ready and went downstairs for breakfast.

"I made pancakes, your favorite!" Mom said as I came down the stairs.

"Yay." I said in sarcastic voice. I love pancakes, but the sooner I eat, the sooner I have to go to school. I ate the pancakes; I couldn't resist. I grabbed my backpack and got in the car. Every minute felt like hours. As we slowly approached the school, I started to feel a weird feeling in my stomach. I was 7% excited and 93% nervous.

Now I could see the school. We are now in the car line and I'm getting out of the car.

"Bye!!!" Mom yelled as I walked away.

"Bye." I was too nervous to yell back.

As I entered the school, my feelings changed a bit. I saw a couple of my friends. Most of the kids had the same feelings, I could tell from their facial expressions. I walked down the 6th grade hallway, then into my home room. I found my seat and sat quietly.

Period to period, I sat nervously listening to the teacher. No friends in any class. Later that day, I was sitting in health waiting for the bell. Finally it came.

I sat in the covered play area waiting for busses to come. Minutes passed like hours. The announcements came on and the principal said the busses are late

and we will have to wait longer for them to come. I felt the shivers, I wanted out of this school as fast as I could. I continued to sit on the floor. Finally, we were dismissed and everyone flooded out the door. I stood there trying to find my bus, yet I couldn't. I went up to a teacher and asked for help. She escorted me to me bus and I got on.

On the bus and on the way home finally!! On the bus, I looked out the window as people got off. I waited for my stop. I figured out that my stop is one of the last. I stared out the window still waiting for my bus stop.

We went down the hill of my street and I got off the bus. I slowly walked home and up the steep driveway. It felt like I was climbing a mountain. Now I'm inside and sitting on the couch.

Despite all my fears, it hadn't been that bad. No bullies! I think it's going to be ok. And hopefully I'll sleep a little better tonight.