



Middle School Student Sound Off

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The Crazy Life of a 7th Grader

It was an early Thursday morning, the alarm clock rang 5:45am. I rubbed my eyes, not remembering what day it was. But then it hit me, it wasn't summer anymore, it was the first day of 7th grade. I rolled out of bed feeling on my bedside table for a glass of water but nothing was there. I stood up to go downstairs, but stumbled, for I was very tired. I checked my phone for the date. It was August 24, 2023. I thought, this is where my 7th grade year starts and my 6th grade summer ends.

I trudged downstairs to find my mum making me some breakfast. My hair looked like I had been electrocuted and my clothes were even worse. My mum chuckled as she saw me lazily walking towards her. She asked me how my morning was while she got me a glass. I had zoned off at this point so I wasn't even aware of what was happening. I eventually snapped back to reality and answered her question a few minutes later. She then smiled and turned back around as I walked down the hallway to get upstairs. Once I got back upstairs the clock read, 5:55am. I knew I had to get moving if I wanted to be to school on time. I turned on the light and my vision went white. I thought it was my time to die, I thought I saw the heavens coming for me, but then my vision adjusted and I was still in my cramped room.

I sat on my bed for a second hoping to get one more minute of rest, I looked at my phone and thought to myself, only 15 more hours until I go back to sleep. I sighed and laid back into bed in frustration. I was so tired; however, I knew I had to get up. I got up and turned the shower on. The bathroom started to steam up as I got in. The warm water on my back definitely woke me up. Although the water was really hot, I still enjoyed the shower. As I got out of the shower I proceeded to put on pj pants and a hoodie. I sat for a moment and thought of all the people that I would want to see and talk to and the people I didn't want to see and talk to. After the 6th grade drama had all unraveled, I didn't even want to go to school at all, However I knew I had to.

I was definitely up at this point but I still wanted a little more energy. I went downstairs to get a celsius, to me this was the highlight of my day. My mum was now on the couch reading a book with my dog. I sometimes wonder if she knows how much I care about her. After being downstairs it was getting late so I knew I needed to get moving. I ran upstairs now having all this energy. I got the outfit that I had picked out the night before. I put it on and thought it looked really good. I had baby pink lululemon shorts on and a navy hoodie that said paris.

I stood there for a second and looked back at the time. It was 6:20 am! My eyes nearly popped out of my head as I jumped scrambling to my vanity. While doing my morning routine and putting on makeup I wondered if there would be any new students or if this year things would be the same. I was so excited to see all my friends but stressed because I knew in reality there would be so much work to do, makeup work if I miss a day or two of school, and to handle while doing musical, cheer, and dance. Last year I would procrastinate all the time and wait till the last moment to finish work. I knew that this year was not going to slide. I thought of all the things that I could do this year that would help me finish my work earlier.

I was finishing up my makeup; meanwhile, I heard my dad was just starting to get ready. I gathered all of my items I needed for school quickly and looked over my room to make sure I had everything. I started to close the door until I saw my schedule paper on my desk. I thought to myself, I am so happy I saw that. I knew my schedule; nevertheless, I wanted to have it just in case. I ran downstairs and slid into the foyer. I looked at myself one more time in the mirror. I knew that my appearance was what mattered to the people at school, so I do think I keep up with the trends well. Once I was done admiring the outfit I picked out I strolled into the kitchen. My mum was waiting for me at the counter looking happy and intrigued to see me. I knew she was excited for me to go into the seventh grade but I didn't know that she was this excited.

She handed me my breakfast and we sat down at the table. I looked down and saw the thing that I had been eating for breakfast almost every morning since the 5th grade. Oatmeal with frozen blueberries that had bled into the milk to make it a lavender color. This breakfast wasn't like what other people ate but it was enough for me. My mum and I sat talking about what we were hoping and going to do that day. Time was like a sports car. I realized it was 7:10, and my bus came at 7:12, so I rushed to get my backpack, lunchbox, and water bottle. I quickly kissed my mum goodbye and made the long and hard journey to my bus stop; it is my driveway. The bus soon arrived and as I felt the compression of the doors start to release and the door start to open to enter the bus, I knew that 7th grade was actually happening right then and there.

I enter the bus, and go to an aisle that I have never been before, the middle row. On the bus they were assigned and designated. The front of the bus was for the 6th graders, the middle of the bus was for 7th graders, and the back of the bus was for 8th graders. All of the 6th graders knew to stay out of the 7th and 8th grades, but now that I was a 7th grader I was free. On the first day of 6th grade I was so excited and I was with one of my really good friends, that I'm not too good friends with anymore, and we both ran onto the bus super excited. Oblivious to the situation, we both sat in the back of the bus, where the 8th graders are supposed to sit. Me and her were so excited and we were laughing sitting together. But then her best friend stopped and she left me. She ran up to the front aisle and I was stuck in the back. All the 7th and 8th graders were staring at me judgmentally and I felt so defeated that day. I really haven't talked to another 8th grader since that day, but now that I was a 7th grader I felt like I had power. I sat on my phone procrastinating all the things that could go wrong, Tripping, falling, going to the wrong class, slamming into your locker, falling at lunch, falling in the hallway, but the thing I feared the most was missing a step when coming off the bus and falling flat on your face. I have never done that before but I have always feared it.

We finally got to school by the time I had worked myself up. The bus driver let us out and it was packed. One by one, kids were piling through two small doors struggling to get into the school. I pulled out my schedule so that I didn't have to go to the side of the hallway like a moron and look for it then. I pulled out my schedule and my locker number said 226 D hallway. I already knew my way around school considering I had it for my whole last year of middle school. I got to my locker trying to control my breathing and finally calmed down. I noticed a kid that I had never met before. I looked over and he looked scared and confused. He had a locker a few down from mine. I was feeling generous that day so I said hi to him.

He told me hi and proceeded to look left and right, almost like looking for an exit. I asked him what he was looking for, he told me that he was looking for Mrs. Regotti's homeroom. I told him that we both had the same homeroom and that I would show him where it is. Wanting to make a good impression, I stuffed my things in my locker so that he wouldn't have to wait long. I apologized for not telling him my name before and told him my name.

His name was Jaiden. My anxiety and stress started to float because I felt like I was doing something good, becoming his friend, helping him out and showing him around the school. The rest of the day was pretty normal. Teachers wanting to know all about you and talking to friends in the hallways. Life in 7th grade middle school was no different than life in 6th grade middle school. But once the clock struck 12:33 it was time for lunch. Lunch is the time where all of the people that are friends can sit together even if they don't have a lot of classes with each other. I rushed over to my friends because I didn't want to sit alone. One of my really close friends had shown me where her locker was and it was only 2 away from mine. The day so far was turning out pretty good for what I imagined it to be like. During lunch we gossiped and told each other our new crushes and what teachers we liked and didn't like. Lunch was over and that's when my day had to start again. I lazily walked down the hallway knowing I only had two more classes till it was time to go home.

I made it through science, but now it was study hall. During this period I try to get as much homework done as possible, but sometimes I do need to use the restroom. The teacher approved my request and I hurried to the bathroom until something caught my eye. It was a musical sign up form. I had always loved to act and sing but never tried a musical before. I picked up the form and ran to the bathroom. On the way back I didn't even look at the form thinking of all the homework I could be doing right then. The anticipation was rising as the time started running out in the day. The bell finally rang and everyone came flooding out of classrooms. Personally I have never missed my bus and I didn't want to start so I ran to my bus and sat in my seat. The teachers didn't give us a lot of homework so I wasn't worried. I took out the musical form and read it. It read "Sign up for the Hampton Middle School play! This year is Newsies. Hope to see you there." My stop had come out of nowhere and I hopped out of the bus. I knew for a fact that I was going to learn new things and experience activities that I have never done before this year!