

## **Monday, September 1st, my floor**

I had a dream.

I was at school and it was a night, but my whole old class was in the classroom. There was an alarm and evacuation and then my classmate shouted “I can’t! I’m writing a test!”.

The stress of the very first day of school is haunting me in my dreams. Or I shouldn’t have eaten that pizza before going to sleep.

Anyway, I’m going to my new school for **2 hours**.

**Later, September 1st, bathroom**

Okay.

EVERYBODY STAY CALM, STAY CALM.

It's only the first day of school. There's no reason to panic. Billions of people have had that first day before me and they survived that, didn't they? So it's all right, RIGHT? I'll be fine. It's only two hours with new people, new school (*high* school), many strangers I don't know, and... I will have to talk with people...

**30 minutes** left.

I'm getting insane.

## **Later later, September 1st, FINALLY home**

I survived this.

Well, it wasn't that bad. Only I almost killed myself, when I was going upstairs (God, this stairs are so *high*), but I don't think there was anybody, who saw me.

It was all right. I met my new classmates and I stood with one girl (I have to ask her for a name) all the time which is a success, and maybe I will have some friends.

Now I'm back home and I can listen Tom Odell's sad songs and pretend that I won't go to school next day. Perfect time.

## Wednesday, September 17th, History Classroom

Remember that girl I wanted to make friends with? I take this back.

At the beginning she was OK. She was nice, quite funny and she wanted to talk with me. However, now I have enough of her. Apart from me, she also made friends with every cool kid in this school and she only sits next to me during lessons or she's asking me for something. We don't even talk much. Our conversations look like:

"*Hullo*" she always says. Then the lesson starts and she never has any pen or even a pencil. I don't know why she even has a pencil case. To **not** take pencils? So it's: "Can I borrow yours?"

"Sure" I answer.

"What's the subject of this lesson?" Cause she never knows. "Wait, what should be in that exercise?" Cause she can't do Math. "When do we have to finish that essay?" Cause she's always texting with somebody, when the teacher is talking.

God, she's so *needy*. But not as if she were poor. She always wants something from me, she never does anything on her own. I don't like needy people. They never repay. I don't even understand them.

I'm going to try to make friends with Alice. I think she's not needy. She's smart and independent so she won't ask me for anything.

## Friday, October 10th, women's room

As a dedicated and true fangirl, I spend my life crying, shouting, reading, writing and watching. No necessarily in that order. You see, I'm really busy, because of my job. Fangirls can't have any holidays. And that makes me a nerd. And nerds don't have any social life. *My life* is the opposite of *social life*. You understand that – between *my life* and *social life* there's no connection.

So why am I returning to that question? Because I have to remind you that events of this day were something out of the ordinary and that you should be really surprised. Like Harry Potter, when Hagrid went to his place and was like Yo-Harry-You-A-Wizard!

I was in the canteen. Me and my plate were rushing past the people and between tables to my own table where a few of my mates were actually sitting. And then it happened. I saw that kind of boy you would want to lose your favourite pancakes for, only to listen to his apologies.

And when he accidentally caught me staring at him, I quickly looked away.

Sometimes I am pathetic.

One second I see something and the next it's disappearing and showing up in an other place. It happened a few minutes ago.

A short while and I felt like I was bumping into somebody and then pancakes, I have been waiting for weeks, were lying on the floor with pieces of my plate.

Then the thing that always happens in films actually occurred – boy apologized to me for his stupidity completely ignoring the fact that I was the person who wasn't careful. And then he shyly told me that he had been watching me for two years and wanted to date me. I will no longer be a nerd and I will have that social life.

Ha ha, just kidding.

It wasn't that guy, he was long meters far away and he was laughing like the other stupid people from the canteen. *But* it was a girl, Fatty Cathy (as I called her), and she didn't look like she wanted to apologise to me or invite me to the cinema. She rather looked like she wanted to send my gentle body to hospital. Her pancakes were lying on the floor, too.

So I was totally kidding. I'm still a nerd with no true mate who could take me to public place and command to integrate with strangers. ~~But now I have a story that I would tell my kids,~~

~~if I ever found a husband.~~

~~But now I don't have my pancakes.~~

But now I don't want to live. Please take me to a place where there is not a single person. I don't want to see anybody. Ever.

I should have some glasses or *brain*.

## Monday, October 13<sup>th</sup>, women's room

She *attacked* me.

That girl from the canteen I called Fatty Cathy. She's in my class and on PE she practically *beat* me. We were playing football and someone made a mistake sending me to the position of the goalkeeper.

When I was standing like that, feeling I was in a wrong place, a ball appeared out of the blue. At the beginning it didn't hurt because I felt like I had an anaesthetic on one half of my face. The coach send me to the bathroom and told me to rinse my face with cold water. If I hadn't, my face would have swollen like a balloon.

*She* may be fat, but it doesn't mean she's not sporty. And she hit me with this ball *on purpose*. You know how I know that?

CAUSE SHE WAS IN MY TEAM.

And she scored a goal against her *own* team. Because she wanted to hurt me. Then what did she say after that?

"Oh, no! I thought you would catch this!" she said. YEAH? So she hurt me, scored a goal for the opposing team and she blamed *me*? For pancakes! It was only stupid pancakes and she was still angry despite my billions of "sorry for that! I didn't want that to happen!" that I told her *that* day.

She's taking her revenge on me. And I hate her.

## Thursday, November 6<sup>th</sup>, women's room

I think that someone in Heaven is making fun of me.

The Polish teacher gave us homework in pairs. But it was him who was selecting us. Yeah, guess who's with me. Mmm... who? Of course it's Fatty Cathy. And she has a name. It's Samantha.

Samantha, psh. It doesn't suit to her. I would call her Hazel (because I hate this name).

Even though we have been fighting for a month (she knocked my things off from the table "by accident", I tripped her up, she elbowed me so hard that my books fell down, I pulled her chair away so she fell down just like my books etc.), we have to work together because I *care* about my marks.

But why it couldn't be Alice? Or Cassandra. I'd rather work with that needy Cassandra than that sadistic girl.



**Later, November 6<sup>th</sup>, my place**

So I probably have to meet her to do that project.

Er...

Maybe I don't have to talk to her? She can ask me for a meeting first, right? I don't have to be the one who shows that she cares. Yeah, I'll just wait. If she won't ask, I'll do it then.

Brilliant idea.

**Friday, November 7<sup>th</sup>, home**

She didn't ask me.

I have a feeling that she was *avoiding* me. I didn't see her on breaks and she was almost late for every lesson. Strange, m-hmm?

**Monday, November 10<sup>th</sup>, home**

She's a stupid coward. Samantha's a complete coward.

I was going to ask her. I found her, which was a miracle, and I wanted to excuse her. When I was ready for my conversation of shame, singing *Power & Control* in my head, she just saw me and... ran away! I'm not lying – she saw me and ran to the bathroom. Aaaghhh!

## Friday, November 14<sup>th</sup>, heaven

Gods of the world – I don't know, which one of you did this – but I'm thankful. For what? For Samantha! (no, it's not sarcasm.) There's a lot to explain, so I'd better start now.

I caught her, finally. After very long conversation...

"Samantha" I said. "You, me, the Polish project. Friday after school."

"Okay" she answered.

... we had a plan. I could do my homework without any problems and she could, er, I'm sure she could do something, too. So Friday came and we met. I was really stressed.

She went to my room and then she saw my bookshelf (which is huge).

And... she's a fangirl too! She started watching my books and then we were talking about books being happy about our common obsession.

"And maybe you watched *Doctor Who*?" she asked.

Maybe I watched? OF COURSE, I did.

We were talking about everything that we could remember – how Gwendolyn was wonderful, how Will from *TID* was perfect and how Juliette from *SM* was annoying. Did I mention Will?

It was impossible. She was a fangirl, I was a fangirl. It was a destiny.

Now I have a friend. Goodbye needy Cassandra, goodbye independent but boring Alice. I found my *soul mate*!