

Sixth Grade

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Just another story hahaha

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Chapter 1 - Sixth Grade

2

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Maria Smart
Mrs. Beard
LA-1st Period
6 September 2006
Sixth Grader

There I was standing with my book bag ready for the first day of the sixth grade a new school, new people, and the worst thing I only knew one person in the entire school. With my book bag and my self confidence I started for the door, proudly walking I was pushed to the ground by some very rude eighth grader. After standing up I realized that I had ripped my jeans on the knee and gotten a bloody nose. The first minute at school and I had already made a complete and utter fool out of myself. A teacher rushed over.

Oh my gosh are you ok?? I saw that eighth grader push you down and kick you!!!

Well all that I need is a tissue and I will be on my way I explained

Oh well we will go to the clinic and call your mom to get you a new pair of pants and see if we can stop that nose bleed. she practically ordered

Well ok but I really need to get to class soon it is the first day and I do not want to be late for anything!! I said as I stood there waiting for instructions on where to go. This teacher turned out to be Mrs. Hopkins the clinic nurse. When in the clinic she grabbed a tissue as she introduced herself.

Oh, you have homeroom with my son Ryan, Mrs. Jackson is a nice teacher you will really like her. Here just hold this to you nose, she said handing me a tissue, and you will be on your way. Oh I forgot about your jeans well they look like you bought them that way so they are good.

I walked back to homeroom and found a seat. Mrs. Hopkins was right, Mrs. Jackson was a nice teacher and she sat us in just the right seats. I was with my future good friend Ashley, and a girl who I would end up hating Brandi. Of course how could I forget that behind me was a kid that for the first few weeks was officially named kid with the glasses that sits behind me, he turned out to be Colton and he s hilarious.

A few days later we got our schedules and were finally settled in. I had met so many new people, Heather who is now one of my best friends, and then there is Jessie and Tommy and Kelly, Janet and Peyton and Jessica. Each one with a different personality! I felt as if I had finally belonged some where and that I was being accepted into this school like a long lost child is accepted into a home. I felt as if I had really made some real friends and that they did not like me for what I had but for who I am.

I felt that way until I was first made fun of by some one by the name of Zach Gibson in gym. He just thought that I was some person that could handle a snide remark.

Hey, fatso, why can t you run fast? he asked in a snide and cruel manner.

Because, I don t want to, running is really stupid, I hate it. I said holding back tears while running even faster.

My vision was getting blurred from all of the tears and my long brown hair was getting in my face. Without even realizing it I ran into a wall and fainted. When I awoke I was in the clinic with my friends all around me and an ice pack on my head.

Where am I? I asked confused, and why does my head hurt so much?

I was told the story and everything and I was startled that someone would actually do that to me. A few weeks later I saw Zach again and he taunted me even more.

Ha, you ran in to the wall ha! he exclaimed.

Well, I replied, at least I am not gay, I mean what guy would have a pink, purple, and lime green cast unless they are gay. I laughed.

At least I am not fat like you, he said in a lame attempt at a comeback.

That was it I'd had enough outraged I turned around and stomped away.

A few months later I was the school dance with some friends and Zach came up to me while I was dancing and tripped me, the nerve!!!! I fell flat on my face and once again got a bloody nose!!!! It stopped soon though. Zach was forced to call his mom and get taken home. Serves him right, ha!

The next day started our winter break nothing much happened.

I came back from winter break with a new wardrobe. I was confident and ready to start the 2nd half of the school year. It was whizzing by like a car whizzes by on the highway. Next thing I knew it was already April and we were getting ready for the last month that we would be in school, otherwise known as the dreaded friendship testing month. Whatever your friends write in your yearbook then that is how much they really like you. When this day approached I was so happy when I read that some of the people I thought were really pretending to be my friends were actually my friends!!!!!!

My year in sixth grade was hectic but in the end it turned out fine!!!!!!!!!!

Smart 1