

I am a robin in the midst of a group of vultures.

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I know. Long title. Well, anyways, my story is about a girl named Robin. She lived in Maryland. Her parents didn't have time for her, so they sent her to boarding school in California. Nobody likes her because she's different. Will she be able to survive?

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Robin woke suddenly from a terrible nightmare. She was dreaming that she was being chased by a man in a black coat and he had a gun. She was trying to run, but she wasn't moving. She tried to scream, but no sound came from her mouth. The man pulled the trigger, and she woke up. She turned to the clock. 3:32 am. *Great*, she thought. *four more hours of nightmares*. She tried to sleep, but she only got another hour of tossing and turning. She threw off her bed covers, slipped on her Vans, got her jacket, and went quietly out the door. She felt the crisp, chilly air of an early fall morning. She pulled her coat tighter and started down the sidewalk. She hadn't gotten too far, when she remembered that this was her last day at home and her first day of boarding school, or as she called it, "bored"ing school. She didn't know what she'd rather do; Stay at home, or go to boarding school. Her home wasn't too great. Her parents rarely acknowledged her presence. On the other hand, she didn't know if boarding school would be that great either. She would probably get ignored. She wasn't very pretty. She had brown, straight hair, light skin, a few zits here and there, and she was shy. When she stopped walking, she found herself in front of a Starbucks only four blocks away from her home. She went in to order a mocha latte. *Hmm...I hope they have a Starbucks at the boarding school. If not, at least a coffee machine...* "Excuse me." A voice woke her from her thinking. "Are you going to order? If not, please step aside and let the other people go." A blonde haired, teenage boy said. "Oh. Sorry. I would like a mocha latte and...that's all." She looked into his eyes. They were so blue. If only she had eyes like his... "That will be \$2.50, please." "Oh. Sorry." She handed him the money, took her latte, and went to sit down. *This year wasn't going to be the best for me*, she thought. *I have been totally spacing off*. She sipped her latte and checked her watch. Almost 5:30 am. *Shoot. I gotta go*. She pulled on her coat, grabbed her latte, and started home. It was going to be a long day.