

Are we Really Friends?

~ By: Kobi E. ~

My name is Emmeline, and my first day of school is today. I hold my breath, and walk through the door. Taking a step through the door of high school is like taking a step onto the busiest street of New York. There are so many people looking for lockers, classes, and looking through what appears to be last year's yearbook. I walk towards the front office's door. In the front office, a tall lady, with short brown hair and glasses, stares at her computer instead of me. The lady looks up and stares at me weirdly before saying, "Greetings! You must be Emmeline!". I respond, "Where do I find my locker? And my class?" "The principal's office is to the left. Go there, and he will give you papers with your locker number, and your class schedule." The lady says. I nod my head, and follow the directions. I pause mid-step before I open the door to take a few breaths. The principal opens the door, and introduces himself. The principal walks into his office for a minute, and comes out with 3 papers in his hand. He gives them to me saying, "This will help you get around. Now SKIDADDLE!". I walk out with a disgusted look on my face. "Rude!" I mumble. I hold out the papers, and find my locker number. 375B. I dodge all the people and find my locker very close to the bathroom. "That's a good thing," I say to myself, "I guess.." The bell rings, and the halls fill up like the mall on Black Friday. "Yeesh, people don't know ANYTHING about personal space." I say to myself. I walk to my class for homeroom, and peek inside. I only see one girl sitting in back right corner of the room, and the teacher sitting at her desk drinking coffee. I rub my eyes, and take a closer look at the girl in the back of the classroom. OMG! It's Navia! I haven't seen her since 2nd grade! Tears start to fill up my eyes as I run to the back of the classroom. "Navia?!" I whisper-shout. The girl looks at me while I cry. "E-Emmeline?" Navia starts to cry too. She stands up and hugs my really tight. "I can't..b-breathe!" I say, trying not to pass out. "Oops!" She releases her grip, then lets go. "Since you're here, Emmeline.. I have something to tell you.." Navia says while staring at the floor. The rest of the class rushes in, and makes the room really noisy. "You know what.. I'll tell you after class." Navia says. "O-Oh.. Okay." I respond. Class begins with the "Name Game".

Everyone says their name, and makes up a song, rap, or dance about them. I think they were all pretty.. Interesting. After the Name Game, we were about to take our first test. The BOY (Beginning of Year) test. It didn't go in the the gradebook though, because the test was to only see what needs to be taught. The teacher didn't talk much, other than to give directions, give punishments, or to remind people what her name was (Her name is Ms. Ryals.). Overall, Ms. Ryals was pretty strict. "Time is up, class, pencils down!" Navia looks at me with a nervous look. "You did great, I know it," I tell her to boost her confidence, "I know it. You're an A student!" "Thanks." Navia responds. We stand up, hold hands, and walk up to the teacher. She grades our papers, then whispers our grades. "Navia, 100.. And Emmeline.. See me after class." I sigh. Every other teacher I had in the past said the same thing. "See me after class." I'm sick and tired of it. All they tell me after class is, "I expect better from you." I don't care! "JUST TELL ME MY GRADE!" I shout at Ms. Ryals, "I DON'T CARE IF MY GRADE IS BAD, JUST TELL ME!," I calm down. "I'm not scared.. My parents won't care, anyways." Ms. Ryals stares at me like she saw the trash dump out in front of her face. "Principal's office. NOW," Ms. Ryals says, pointing towards the door. "That's something your parents will care about." I hear chuckles from left and right. Navia stands on her chair. "WHY DON'T YOU JUST TELL EMMELINE HER GRADE?" Navia shouts. The room goes silent, and I pause. "IS THAT SO HARD?" Navia asks. The rest of the class stands on their chairs. "TELL THE GRADE! TELL THE GRADE!" Everyone shouts. I run to Navia and hug her like she hugged me before class. "Now, about that thing you wanted to tell me.." I say, after letting go. "Oh.. Um.." Navia whispers. "I sorta.. Have a secret.." "WHAT?!" I scream.. Too loud. The room becomes quiet again. "I have a talent.. I can do spells.." Navia says quickly. "WE'VE BEEN FRIENDS SINCE SECOND GRADE, AND YOU HAVEN'T TOLD ME?!", I SCREAM. I take a few breaths. "Navia..," I say, "Navia.. NAVIA.. Are you really my friend?"