

## 9/1 – Thursday

So my mom says that sometimes you have to be your own best friend.

I started seventh grade today, and the same annoying crew was there to greet me. The “populars” in their new school gear were in the hall waiting for their full crowd before making their grand entrance into the gym. I squeezed through all of the conversations, found a spot by the wall in the gym, and waited for my best friends to show. I hadn’t seen them all summer. Lindsay had been away at sleep-away camp and then left for a family vacation. Taylor also had been away, visiting cousins for most of the summer. I went on a cross-country trip with my family and barely made it home without wanting to suffocate everyone in the car. Well, not everyone. My dog had been reasonably pleasant.

I thought that I would hang out with Taylor and Lindsay during the week before school started, but plans kept getting messed up. I called a few times, but only got their voicemail. When we texted back and forth, they were always busy with one thing or another.

Anyway, Tay and Lins walked in together, saw me, and then made a beeline for the other side of the gym. I just wanted to die. There I was, alone, with no one to talk to. Our names were all

called, and homeroom locations were handed out. I rushed out of the gym to my new homeroom. Life wasn’t much better there. None of my friends from sixth grade were in my homeroom, even if I was desperate and counted Lindsay and Taylor. We sat in alphabetical order, and I wound up next to Lily, one of the most unpopular girls in our grade.

After a long day, skipping lunch and hiding out in the library, I raced home and hid in my room. I’m really glad this is a short week.

I’m not really sure what this “own best friend” stuff is about. Maybe it means that sometimes you won’t have anyone to count on but yourself, so you better figure out how to enjoy being alone. If that’s what she means, then she could be right.

So—*maybe*, I’ll try what my mom said and just be my own best friend for a little while.

## 9/6 - Tuesday of torment

Sat alone again at lunch on Friday and today. At least Labor Day was yesterday, and it’s another short week. I’m beginning to wonder if I’ll ever have a friend again. I don’t know what is going on or why I’m alone all of the time, but this really stinks! Taylor and Lindsay haven’t responded to any of my texts or phone calls. Whenever I see them, they’re hanging out with the populars and pretending that they don’t see me.

Ms. Lamb—yep, when she isn’t too close, you can hear a lot of kids baa-ing—is a pretty good language arts teacher. She’s having us create our own nonfiction book about anything we want. I have to figure this out.

In the meantime, Lily isn’t so bad. She’s in some classes with me, and we walk together. She dresses kind of strange, like my mom, and has this bag, I think designer, that she stuffs with candy. She gave me a Jolly Rancher and some M&Ms during math. I saw her at lunch, also sitting alone. I hoped that some of my old friends, any of them, would join me. No such luck. Next week I just might have to eat with Lily.