



You know the drill: It's 7:20 AM. The halls are crowded on the way to class, everyone shoved together focused on the places they are going or what "crisis" is happening with their friend group. The smell of Axe permeates the 8th grade wing only cut by the occasional scent of cookies coming from the FACS room that makes my stomach growl. I open my locker, and it is a mess filled with loose papers, gum wrappers, and spilled coffee, but I can't stop to clean it; I'm in the middle of something. It feels like I am always in the middle of something.

Like right now? I am going to be late for class. I walk through the crowd--even though I need to run-- weaving in between people and avoiding most elbows. Then the worst thing ever happens: My sandal catches on the carpet and I fall flat on my face in the middle of the hallway. Everyone can see me. I get up and try to laugh it off, but I can feel that my face is as bright as a fire truck. Not to mention, it really hurts. Unbelievable.

No matter how hard I try, things never go as planned. Me and my friends were so excited about the fall social, but because of the snow, it got postponed all the way to December. The pep rally was put off, too, and now because of the coronavirus, school is cancelled altogether. Sometimes life is a mess, but then the next minute you find out your crush likes you back and life's okay again...yeah...middle school.



TH *for us to do...* NG