The Amazingly True and Truly Amazing Stories of a Catholic Middle School

By : Destiny Waits For No One

These are the true stories of my friends and I as we went through the life of a private middle school. The names have been changed, but still it is the same people whom I spent three years of my life with. I hope you enjoy our amazingly true and truly amazing story, and please, feel free to laugh. (:

Published on
Booksie

booksie.com/Destiny Waits For No One

Copyright © Destiny Waits For No One, 2015
Publish your writing on Booksie.com.

Table of Contents

The Amazingly True and Truly Amazing Stories of a Catholic Middle School: Chapter 1

Chapter 1: The Amazingly True and Truly Amazing Stories of a Catholic Middle School: Chapter 1

Chapter 1: The Start of It All

Oh middle school, your rep is so very messed up. You hear that middle school is when everything becomes so much mature, so much different. And then you get there, and you realize that not much has changed. More projects, sure, but still the same amount of drama and clicks that we all enjoy so much. And then you get to the sacred 8th grade, only to realize your whole year is engulfed in getting into High School, where you start at the bottom again. I guess that is the way the world works, constantly putting you at the bottom of the dog pile. So, where else to start but the bottom?

Sixth grade, the most awkwardtime for all students. Everyone rushing to get a group of friends before they are outcasted, trying to get in the swing of the schedule, trying to not be the weird ones of the grade. The first time I would ever meet most of these people was at something called an Ice Cream Social. It was something that happened about a week before school opened, and basically you go and meet teachers and fellow students, and eat melted ice cream and participate in cheap crafts. Yay. But of course, this being my first time, I was truly excited. I even but my hair up for the first time when I went there! I know, big step right?

So, I get there, and see masses of people. None of which are familiar. Don't get me wrong, I can be very social able, but with my luck I'd probably walk up to an Eight grade click and get outcasted. So, I walked through the parking lot which held the event, and finally found some familiar faces from my public elementary school. I tried to hang out with them, but we weren't fooling anyone. We wanted to get to know people. So we waddled around, looking for someone nice enough to say Hi.

The first person I ran into was the daughter of the lady working the soccer and sport information stand. My parents said how interested I was in soccer, when realistically, I hadn't done soccer in forever since I started Tae Kwon Do classes, which I was addicted too. But I went with it. She didn't seem very interested in talking to me, and looked down a lot when I tried to talk to her, so I decided to walk away. By the end of the event, I was still stuck with my original three elementary school friends. Oh well. I can't say I really cared, I just hoped it would be better when I started school, and if not I'd get over it.

Soit was now almost time for summer to close, for my old life as a elementary school student to close, and my middle school life to open up. But first things first, I had to buy the uniform. Oh yes, the full uniform, with the skirt, and the polo, and the knee high socks. The whole sha-bang. Interesting fact about me; I had never worn a skirt before that. I had worn dresses for church on Christmas and Easter. Other then that, never. Just pants. So yes, it was a little awkward for me. So awkward, that when I left the store, all my plaid skirts were past to knees. What a huge mistake that was, considering all the girls at school would fold their skirt up to about mid-thigh.

So I woke up the first day, so excited and giddy. I put my hair up like I did the day of the Ice Cream Social. Turns out, I'd be so uncomfortable that it would stay that way just about all year. My mom dropped me off at the school, and I found my way into the gym where everyone was gathering around teachers that held signs assigning their classrooms. I went to mine, which was 6A, and just stood there closely next to my three friends. But I'll admit, I was so ready to mingle. I said Hi to just about everyone, and then realized that saying Hi doesn't make friends, but it is a start.

We made our way to our classrooms, and the first thing I smelled were the hallways. Ugh, it was absolutely horrible. I knew the whole building was clean, but that smell always haunted me, and made me dread the first

day and the return from breaks, because it always lingered then.

All the desks were seated in two's, and I was seated next to a dark skinned boy who obviously didn't want anything to do with me. But we dealt with each other. Because, when he would call me something, I could make it a joke and give it right back to him, so it all worked out.

The day went through perfectly planned. We learned how to walk in the halls, making a circular motion and never ever cutting corners. One thing that I didn't like was the fact that we didn't have lockers. No lockers! I had had them since pre-k, and now nothing. How disappointing. Instead, we had a coat room, were we hung our bags on hooks. Well, I guess that works too... We all had a number that assigned where we hung our bags, and what cubby (basically more room if your desk couldn't hold it) was ours. Well, it was a start.

We had a snack break (Yeah, you heard me correctly) and I looked around for someone to talk to. I had always been the one who helped those left out, and there was two girls looking lonely, and so I talked to them. Ididn't see anything wrong with them, but I guess it would talk some work because they were very shy.

So we got to lunch, and I sat around with a bunch of strangers. It was silent for the longest time and then suddenly I said, "Anyone play any online games?" I guess I was kind of addicted to online games that summer, because my best friend who lived down the street moved away, and so I went to the computer, and found tons of friends online. So, I waited. And then, one of the girls who had red hair and looked just about as awkward as I did at the time said "Yeah I do." So, I began asking her which games, hoping she'd match my favorite. Then she said it. This may sound really stupid, but we became best friends right away because we both played Wizard101. Don't judge.

So we started to hang out a lot, and eventually even friended each other on Wizard! That sounds stupid saying it out loud... but who cares? We were talking a little while later at lunch again with the two other friends we had sitting around us. That's when one of us remarked on how everyone has a first fight between like friends and stuff. And so, we decided to get it out of the way and fight.

It was rather funny actually. We took turns pointing out each others oddities and differences. "At least I don't have huge buck teeth!" Ouch. Such a low blow. I didn'thave bracesyetokay?It basically continued like that for the whole lunch, and I think we had the girl named Emily sitting next to me just about to spit up her drink. Turns out we were both pretty good at this arguing thing.

So, I made it through the week. Then Friday came. You know what that means girls and boys! First Friday mass! I had never participated in a Catholic mass, and turns out there is a few things different. First things first, guilt. You can never be a good human, only substantial, which is a whole journey in its self. In other words, no matter what, you will burn in the fires of hell. Yay. Second, if you haven't been confirmed, you can't have the Eucharist. So, as if I wasn't awkward enough, instead of me getting the body of Christ like most everyone else, I had to walk up with my hands in an X over my chest. I don't really see how that makes sense considering being catholic means being for all, and then I can't receive Jesus, but I guess I'll just have to wait for Sundays for that. Lastly, there are so many additions to things! First, there is Saints. Well, I can't say I really knew or believed in Saints before that, so making the sign of the cross for their name being mentioned didn't make sense to me. Secondly, there were so many things that were expected to be memorized. So, here we go.

It wasn't to bad, except for the irritated and bored face by the Father that made me so irritated. He looked like he would rather be anywhere else, which, even if true, shouldn't be shown so clearly. That lasts all three years. He also gets very high-pitched on the letter S, and that made me dislike him so much more. Luckily, my teacher was willing to support me, so she made sure I didn't do anything wrong. I never thanked her enough for that.

So, the first week of Catholic Middle School was done. I survived my first week of middle school. All big accomplishments. Only about 39 weeks to go right?

Created from Booksie.com

Generated: 2015-05-04 23:20:49