

“Who’s She? Oh, Just Another…”

New Girl

by Lacey S.

1 Joy. Its 7:30 in the morning on a dark and dreary, and not to mention; exhausting Monday. I’m tired and extremely cold. I’m shivering all over. As I sit in my mom’s hideous, humiliating bright blue minivan, my anxiety increases rapidly. I can see it now; the sign marked ‘Central Junior High’ in dark blue letters peaks out from behind a tall green tree. My heart lurches and momentarily stops beating. It’s *actually* happening. The day I’ve been dreading for months has *actually* arrived despite my efforts to avoid it at all costs.

2 The tall, brown brick building is within my view now as I turn into the forsaken parking lot. I’m here, in defiance of my complete denial of the situation. No more hearing Taylor say ‘Hey! There’s my *Best Friend!*’ Or ‘How about you come over today so we can go to the game, *together!*’ or ‘Give me a big hug! Ahhhh! I love you Lace!’ as I walk down the hall. That’s all in the past now. Everything I ever wanted and once had has slipped away right in front of me faster than I ever could have imagined. Leaving my old, nearly perfect life behind is nothing short of terrifying. I just want to wake up from this nightmare.

3 After about 7 minutes of procrastination, I pull the lever on the car door and begin taking steps into my new life. It’s still dark outside; I can vaguely see the remains of a crescent moon and the slight flash of a star. I decide to make a wish, “Please, don’t let today be terrible” I said in my head with my eyes closed tight. My mom notices my pain and shoots out “Good luck today, Honey!”

4 I reply in an unnoticeable whisper, “Luck isn’t enough. Luck doesn’t change the fact that my life is being flipped upside down.” Warm, salty tears slide down my cheek like bullets.

5 I walk towards the school and catch myself staring at the mat in front of the doors. ‘Central Junior High’ with scattered white paw prints was laying there. “How may I help you? You aren’t allowed in here just yet.” Said a man guarding the school entry way. I jump back, he had surprised me. “I’m uhh new. The new girl.” My voice was shaky and filled with fear. He could see the pain and agony in my bright blue, tear-filled eyes. He nods his head and says with sympathy ‘Go right on in.’ I sighed greatly then took a long deep breath.

6 My feet refuse to move, it’s like I’ve stepped into a puddle of gorilla glue. My heart plays an awkward beat. *Bah uh bump, bah, bah bump.* I feel my face wash out and my knees buckle together. I felt as if I was on the verge of passing out. This is WAY too much for me to handle. In the movies, they make it seem hard but then it’s all okay. Before you know it, she makes new friend, has a cute boyfriend, but I knew my life isn’t a movie. My life is a train wreck. Then something rushed through me, I was going to be okay. I’m strong and this is just another bump in the road, I hoped.

7 My hands continued trembling as I reached for the large knob on the door marked 'Counselor's center'. Immediately, I received my schedule and was asked to take a seat while they found me an escort to show me to my classes. A few minutes later, I shout 'MADISON! I KNOW MADISON!' The counselor giggles at my random remark then realizes who I was talking about and sends for her. I sat in suspense for what seemed like forever. I stared at the doors hoping to see her familiar face. I was wishing that my agony would be put to a stop but instead I come to find out they can't find Madison. Great. Now not only am I scared out of my mind but the only person I know isn't to be found. Wait, is that her?! Is that her shiny blonde hair and dark skinny jeans?! It MUST be! She turns around and I realize in an instant, I had been mistaken. That wasn't my Maddi.

8 Despite my efforts to stay in the office till the day was over, they forced me to find my classes. Algebra 1, I had to find that first. As I search the empty, unfamiliar halls filled with white walls and little decoration other than a few signs with white and blue lettering, obviously the school colors. Then I see it, Mrs. Monroe's room at the end of the cafeteria. I stood staring at the door for a few minutes. Multiple people asked if I was lost, I simply replied with "No, just scared."

9 Eventually I finally got the guts to touch the door knob. I took a long, exaggerated breath and pushed open the door. The moment I walked in, it was all eyes on me. Before I knew it, uproar began. "Is that a new girl?", "Where'd she come from?", "Who's that?" came from the mouth of every student.

10 The teacher announces "We have a new girl, her name is Lacey." That's when it really hit me. That's who I was, who I still am, who I figure I'll still be till high school comes around... I'm just the plain old *New Girl*. I still walk these halls and hear the words 'The new girl' repeated. I've never hated three words more. There's nothing I wouldn't do to just get out of here and forget that I ever existed as the 'New Girl.'