

# **dont have one yet\***

**By sailormoon93**

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*well its just about a girl, who starts at a new school...yeah*

*help me think of a name.....:D*

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Chapter one.

Starting out.

Mum, I m not ready, I can t do this. I said.

Sweetie people will love you, you re a very likeable person. she said, trying to make me feel confident.

o..k, well I m going to put on my shoes, then the bus should be here. I said.

I walk up the stairs, hoping that one of them would just brake, and I would fall through breaking my leg or something.

Toot-toot, the bus, oh the dreaded, typical American school bus. You ve seen it one the movies, the kids, they trip you, and throw things at you, no one lets you sit with them, and well there s spit- I stopped and shuddered. A bad experience has left me never wanting to even see a spit ball again, let alone have one spat at me.

Honey the bus is here. My mum yelled.

I ran down the stairs, picking up my peanut butter & jelly sandwich on the way.

I watched those doors open, I ve seen them open many times before.

I do consider myself and expert on big yellow American school bus doors.

As the big yellow doors opened, I just stood there, with my bag over my shoulder, and my folder with my peanut butter & jelly sandwich on top of it, I was speechless & scared.

About 20 seconds later I finally heard the bus driver yelling at me, are you getting on the bus or not? 5, 4, 3- I interrupted her oh sorry, its my first d-

No one cares dog I heard from the back of the bus.

I climbed up the big, black stairs, I saw the people, about 30 in total & me, little old me, the odd one.

They all had their own trends, their own groups, their own conversations, and me, standing there, with my peanut butter & jelly sandwich.

I looked stupid, all the popular looking girls had great hair, all the emo looking kids had great style, all the nerds& even though they looked shocking, they looked better then me.

The bus started, which gave me a jolt, in which I dropped my peanut butter & jelly sandwich, and then as I leant forward to pick it up, someone stepped on it, oh sorry, didn t see it toots.

Then I felt a tingle on my backside, some guy had slapped my bum. I wanted to cry, but I didn t want to ruin my reputation, wait, what reputation, or rep as I called it at the last school I was at. I had no rep, I don t think I was going to have a rep, because I would just be out of this school and in India somewhere, or china, or actually I haven t been to new Zealand yet, maybe my mum will move me there.

This is my 5<sup>th</sup> school in the states, and kids have always told me that if I ever go to one in New York, I would have to be tough, and have to stick it out. The last school I was at, I made a great friend, her name was Emily, but I only got to be with her for 6 weeks, then it was goodbye, Denver, hello New York. Any way, im mumbling, so back to the bus. I walked down the long black isle, it had fluoro yellow tape going down each side, which my last bus didn t have.

One girl tripped me, one pulled my hair, and one, oh one of them decided it would be funny to take my phone, my phone, the one thing I didn't want anyone to take, you see my phone hooks up to my laptop, and on my laptop is my diary, which last night just before bed I accidentally transferred onto my phone. So to make it clear, a girl took my phone which had my diary on it. She held it up high, too high; I was a shortie, in fact that was the nickname Emily gave me in Denver.

Oh would you look at this, it says my diary&ohhh that girl said, extremely loud so the whole bus heard. Read it, read it, read it they all chanted.

Dear diary, I feel very suicidal, like im on my own& she read out.

I had no choice, I punched her in the stomach, and she fell off the seat she had been standing on and fell on the floor, she dropped my phone as well, and the battery popped out.

You little piece of&oh my god, im guna get you bad, you stupid freak! she screamed. I thought she was about to leap of the ground and maul me. Luckily there was one spare seat up the back, I took it and hid behind my folder counting my change, since I had no sandwich.

The kids were right, so far New York was hell, and I wish that I could jump out the window right now, before that girl throws me out it.

The whole bus ride, there were people giving me dirty looks, and every so I often I heard the word spit-ball, so I hid behind my folder, and hoped for the best.