

Worst Day/Best Year

I trudged along the wet sidewalk on the way to school. All I wanted to do was go to back to bed, or at least back to my grade seven class. A few weeks ago our teacher, Ms. Keith announced that our class was changed to a grade 7/8 split class. We were invaded by 15 grade eight students, and now I'm in the same class as Serina Klint. A vain, primping princess. Worst day ever! As I held the door for my friend Taylor, Serina pranced in through the door like she is the Queen of the Classroom, without a thank you even or looking at me.

"She's so rude," I complained.

"Hey, be nice," Taylor scolded.

"Why? She's never nice" I said with disgust.

"She probably thinks you're rude too. If you do something long enough, it seems normal to you," she countered

"C'mon," I moaned and we entered our class for English.

"As you know," Ms. Keith began, "the Fall Dance is in a couple weeks. Normally the grade eight students are in charge of planning the dance and decorating the gym. However, since we have a split class this year, I thought it would be a good idea to allow the grade sevens to offer suggestions." The grade sevens were excited but the eights were obviously upset.

"WHAT?!?" Serina shrieked. "This is so unfair! We are grade eights, they are grade sevens. They don't know anything about planning the Fall Dance! They..."

"**THEY** have names!" I interrupted. "**They** have ideas too, **they** are not STUPID!" I yelled feeling annoyed. Silence followed.

Then my other friend Jade raised her hand. Serina glared at her as if to say "Put it down!" Jade ignored her and said "Ms. Keith, If the eights don't want us to get involved... We can back off," she suggested.

"Yes!" Serina said instantly.

"Wait!" said one of the boys. "Maybe letting the grade sevens help would be best. I mean it would give us more time to work. We still have projects to finish."

"Hello! Back to me!" said The Princess

"NO!" said several voices. Then the bickering started. It was and loud and no one noticed little Jade with her hand in the air. Waiting. Listening. Until finally Ms. Keith, who had been observing the mess blew her whistle. We all stopped.

"Yes Jade?"

Jade let her hand fall and asked "Why are you letting us fight? It's not helping."

"Exactly," Ms. Keith said with a smile. We waited, confused, for an explanation.

"How will fighting solve any of this?" she challenged us. "What way would you recommend we sort this out? Hmm?" She waited for ideas. Taylor raised her hand.

"We could give each person a chance to talk - if they want to - then take a vote?" She asked hesitantly.

"Any other suggestions?" Ms. Keith asked. No one responded. "Push your desks to the sides and bring your chairs to the middle." Five minutes later we sat in a wide circle. (Wall

"I'm sorry. I freaked and that was no way to respond." I turned to Serina. "I'm sorry for thinking you were mean and rude to us. The truth is I was rude to you." I looked at Taylor, who smiled at me. "'You do something long enough and it seems normal.'" I turned to the grade eights. "And I'm sorry for thinking we could waltz in on your fall dance just because we were in