

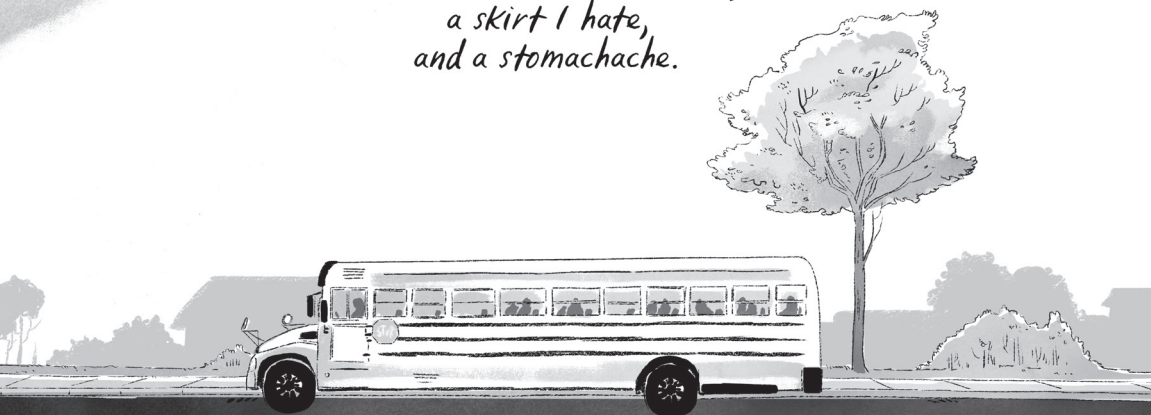
FIRST MARKING PERIOD

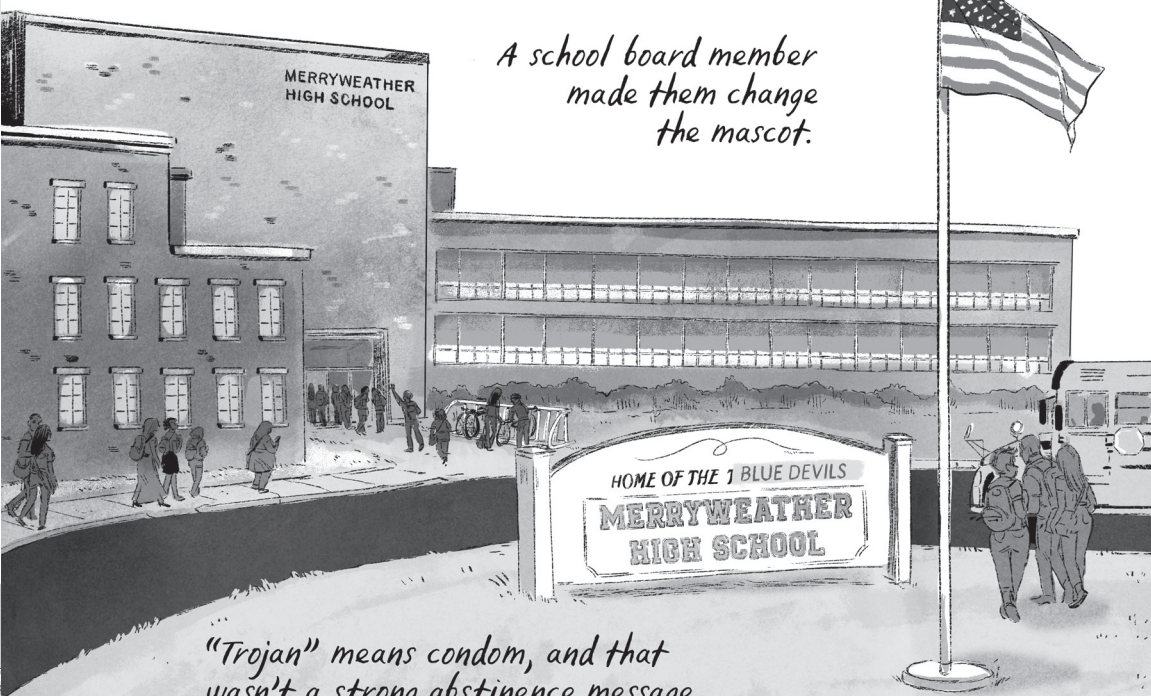
"Welcome to
Merryweather"



It is my first morning of high school.

*I have seven new notebooks,
a skirt I hate,
and a stomachache.*





*A school board member
made them change
the mascot.*

*"Trojan" means condom, and that
wasn't a strong abstinence message,
he said.*

*Better the devil you know
than the Trojan you don't,
I guess.*



*My exile is worse
than I thought.*

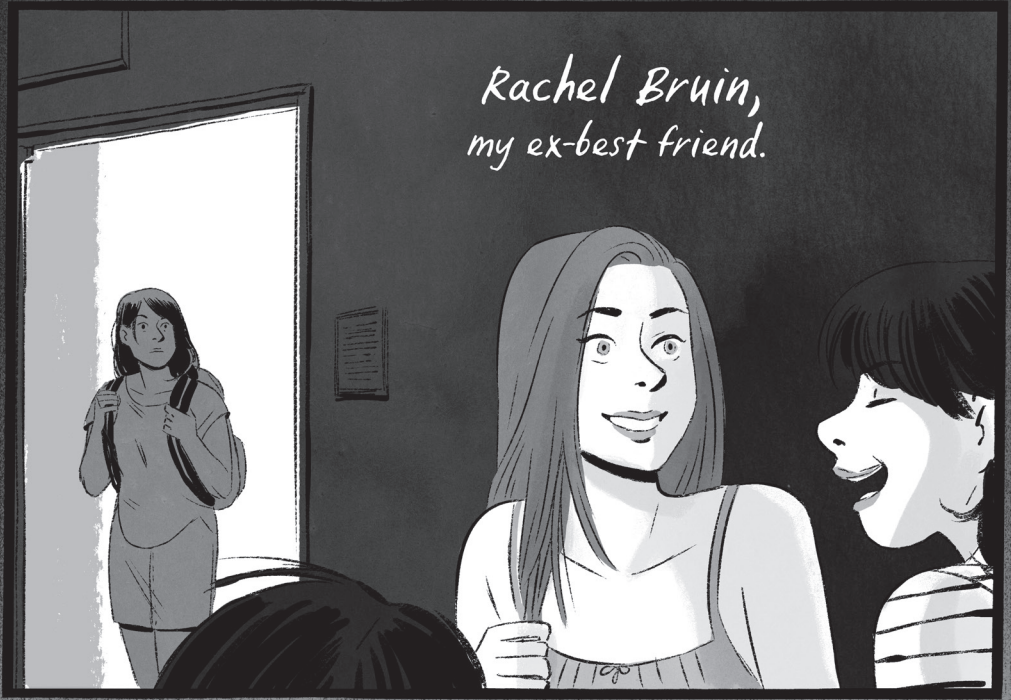


*I have the wrong hair,
the wrong clothes,
the wrong attitude,
and I don't have anyone
to sit with.*

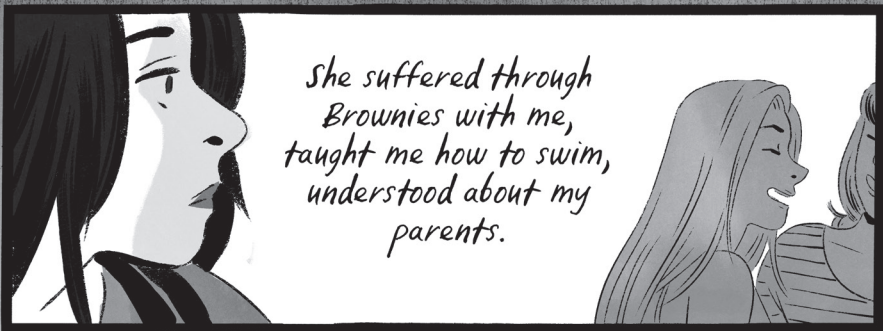
I am Outcast.



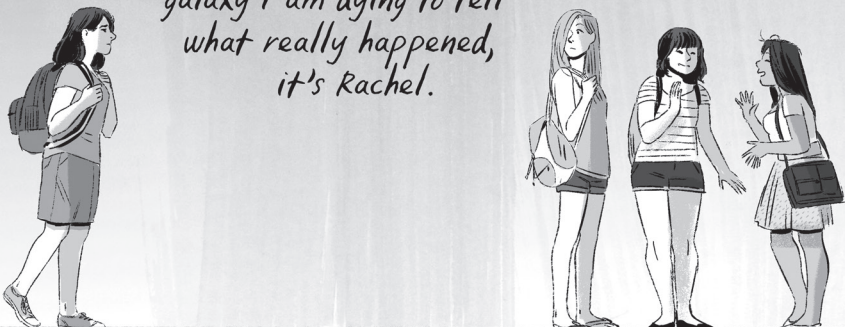
*Rachel Bruin,
my ex-best friend.*

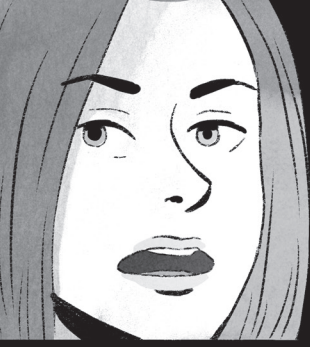


*She suffered through
Brownies with me,
taught me how to swim,
understood about my
parents.*

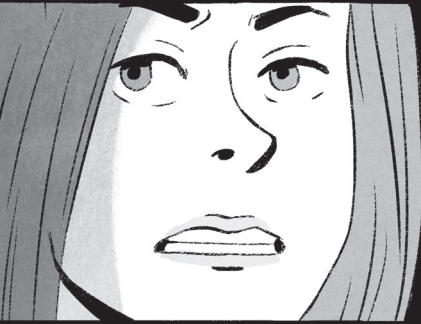


*If there is anyone in the
galaxy I am dying to tell
what really happened,
it's Rachel.*





I



HATE



YOU



*I'm not going to
think about it.*

*It was ugly,
but it's over,
and I'm not going
to think about it.*





*THE FIRST TEN LIES
THEY TELL YOU IN
HIGH SCHOOL:*

1. *We are here to help you.*
2. *You will have enough time to get to your next class before the bell rings.*
3. *The dress code will be enforced.*
4. *No smoking is allowed on school grounds.*
5. *Our football team will win the championship this year.*
6. *We expect more of you here.*
7. *Guidance counselors are always available to listen.*
8. *Your schedule was created with your needs in mind.*
9. *Your locker combination is private.*
10. *These will be the years you look back on fondly.*



OUR TEACHERS
are the
B.E.S.T.!

*I can't tell if my
English teacher pissed off
her hairdresser or is
morphing into a
monarch butterfly.*



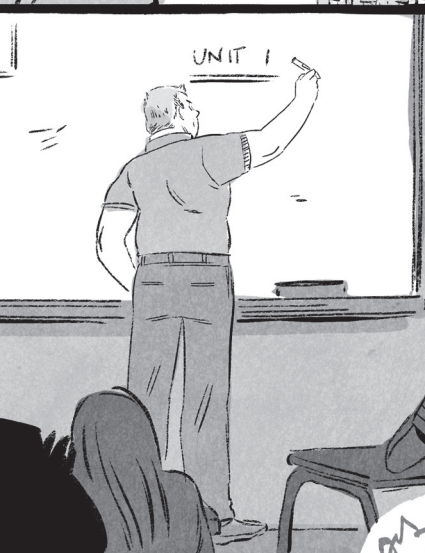
*I call her
Hairwoman.*

*We are required to
write in our journals
every day.*

*I will write about
how weird she is.*



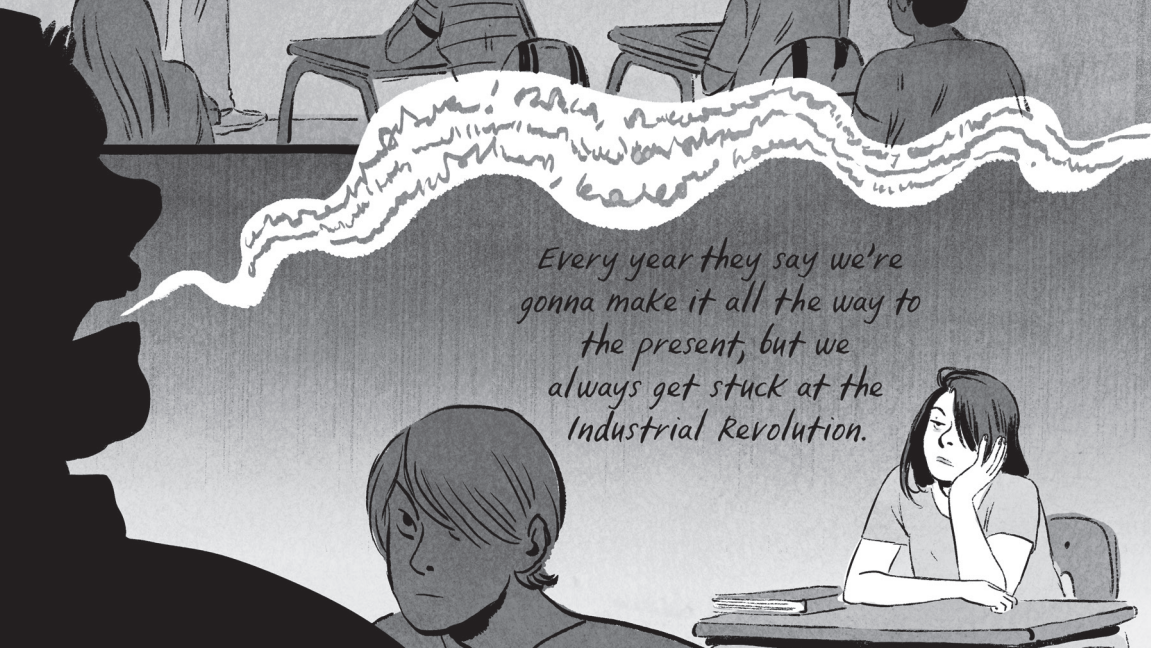
*We are studying American history
for the ninth time in nine years.*

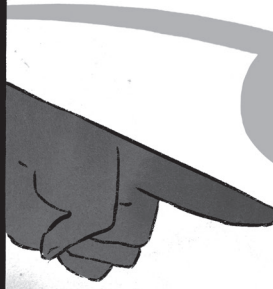


*We'll study Christopher Columbus
in time for Columbus Day, and the
Pilgrims in time for Thanksgiving.*



*Every year they say we're
gonna make it all the way to
the present, but we
always get stuck at the
Industrial Revolution.*





*I got my
eye on you.*

Front row.



Nice seeing you again, too.

*I bet he has PTSD
from Vietnam or Iraq—
one of those TV wars.*





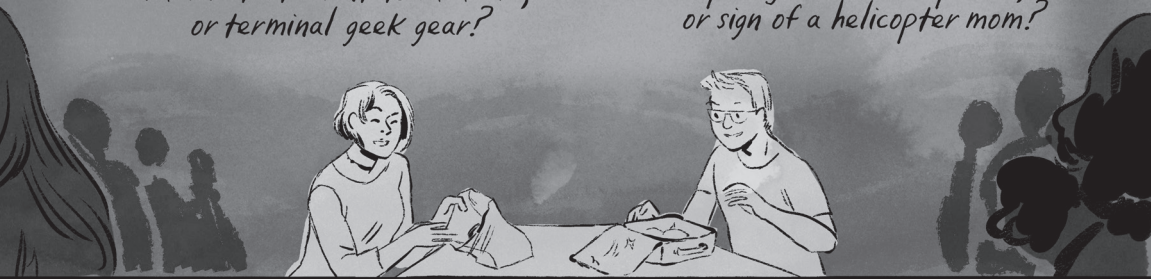
I thought a long time about how to deal with lunch.

Brown-bagging it—

*humble testament to suburbia,
or terminal geek gear?*

Insulated lunch bag—

*hip way to save the planet,
or sign of a helicopter mom?*



*Buying was the
only option.*

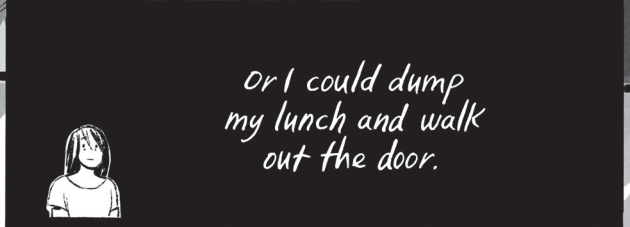




*I could sit
with Heather.*



*Or I could
crawl behind
a trash can.*



*Or I could dump
my lunch and walk
out the door.*






Shut your trap,
button your lip,
zip it.

All that crap you hear
about communication and
expressing feelings
is a lie.







This is where you can
find your true self,
if you dare.

SOUL

Don't ask me how
to draw a face.

Ask me how
to find the
WIND.

Mr. Freeman
is seriously
weird.

He says we'll graduate with
our heads full of numbers and
words because of the millions
of hours we've spent
studying them.

Are words or
numbers more
important than
images?

Does algebra move
you to tears?

Can the plural
possessive express
the feelings in
your heart?