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First Day of School Terrors

I've always hated school.

I stumble through the thick forest of trees and finally find it. My new school. My heart drops with a thud as soon as I see it, those dark colors, the towers that seem to taunt me as I stand in front of the building. I feel like a bug. A helpless little bug.

I've never seen a school like this before. Aren't schools supposed to appear welcoming? Or prestigious? This school is nothing like those I've seen before. This school looks as though it walked, well I guess *appeared* straight out of a horror movie. Schools don't walk. Schools aren't supposed to look like this.

I moved here yesterday, I've begged to be homeschooled but my mother won't hear of it. She says that I need the social life that comes with school.

"Well, here goes nothing", I whisper to myself in what is supposed to be a comforting manner. It doesn't feel very comforting. I glance at my watch, 10 minutes until class starts.

Before I can even take a step into the school a tall girl steps out. She looks like no other I've seen before. She has messy black hair and these eyes that can only be described as *tired*. There's something about her that sends a chill down my spine. Kind of like when you see something that looks normal but doesn't seem quite right. Something is wrong and you can't put a finger on it.

"Welcome, you are the new vict--i mean student, correct?", the girl asks in an unexpected scratchy voice.

Did she almost say victim? I look up at her with an expression full of unreadable emotions. Something is wrong, I can tell. Straightening my posture to look more confident, I answer quietly.

"Uhm..yeah." The girl nods, her expression remaining emotionless. The entire situation is terrifying. It feels as though something is about to happen, like in horror movies where the scary and suspenseful music starts playing that warns you something *horrible* is about to happen. Except I can't hear the music because this isn't a cheesy horror movie.

"This is an *interesting* place, huh?" I ask with a smile, trying to make small talk. If there's one thing my mother taught me, it was to be kind. She always says, small talk can make an uncomfortable situation more bearable. I think that's a bunch of bologna, but it's worth a shot.

The girl stays silent and instead stares at me. I start to wonder if she even heard me. The silence is deafening. I open my mouth to speak, but before I can even utter a word the girl cuts me off.

"You're different.", She says as she stares at me, her eyes finally showing some sort of emotion. Hopeful maybe? Interested? "Maybe you'll survive"

My breath hitches a little when I hear those words. *Maybe I'll survive? What is that supposed to mean?* I find myself trying to assure myself that she is joking. Maybe this school has some sort of dark humor social norm? I wouldn't be surprised. This town can only be described as having a haunting feeling. Everywhere you go it feels like there's a secret you don't know about, or something watching you.

"Wha-", Again, before I can even speak the girl cuts me off. She hastily shoves a crumpled paper into my hands. Her cold skin brushes against mine and I feel a shiver run down my spine.

"If you want to survive you'll follow these rules. Fail to follow them and you'll end up the next kid on a missing poster. Forgotten". The girl's voice is blank. Although her voice is emotionless as a rock, I can't help but feel like I'm a part of an elaborate prank. Are they just trying to scare me, the new kid? That's what happens in the movies...

I glance down at the paper. It is crumpled, and very clearly old. There is elaborate writing scribbled in pen. Written on it is what appears to be rules. The rules are as follows:

Don't talk to anyone, no matter what.

Avoid eye contact with everyone.

DO NOT help people, no matter what they say.

At 11:00 find a place to hide.

Don't try to leave before 12:00 PM, they'll catch you.

From 8:00 to 9:00 cover your ears.

Don't eat the cafeteria food.

At 1:00 hold onto something heavy as best you can.

No matter what you see, don't show fear.

Don't let them know you're human.

What the..? These rules are so absurd, I'm sure it's a prank now. *Don't let them know you're human?* I need an explanation.

I lift my head to look at the girl, She is still watching me. I open my mouth to ask about this, but yet again, she interrupts me.