

## Day One

When I walked into Mr. Davis' classroom, there were three things I wasn't expecting:

1. That all the desks had eyes and ears.
2. That my teacher was dressed as a clown.
3. That the class hamster was purple.

I took one glimpse of the hamster, and thought, "I'm having another weird dream, aren't I?" and I promptly woke myself up.

My dreams had been getting weirder and weirder since I found out that I had Mr. Davis for homeroom in 7<sup>th</sup> grade. Why? Well, for starters, there's about a gazillion rumors floating around about that teacher and his classroom, the least strange of which mentioning that the class pet last year could use sign language to help students cheat on tests. Then there were the absolutely

weird ones, like the “fact” that Andrew Smith got eaten by his desk because he lost his math homework and was trying to look for it. Or that Becky Robins’ shoes got mysteriously stuck to the floor, and they had to call five janitors to get her unstuck. Personally, I think that one was the work of their class clown, Justin. He always had something up his sleeve. Anyway, there’s always SOMETHING new about that classroom. I think Mr. Davis seems like a nice teacher, but I’ve only talked to him once or twice in study hall.

School starts in two days, and I’ve got everything ready. New jacket, check. New notebooks, check. New backpack, check. I think the only thing I’m NOT prepared for is whatever will greet me as I walk into that classroom on Wednesday.

My friend Carly tells me not to worry, but she got Mrs. Liza, so she doesn’t quite understand. I mean, she

hasn't even heard most of the rumors. She moved here two months ago, and we became BEST friends right away. She moved in right next to me, so we practically spent the whole summer together.

My mom got me a cute purple t-shirt from a popular store called Essential Fashion, which is at the mall, and I can't wait to wear it on the first day. That's one thing to look forward to, I guess. On the way to the mall though, my mom talked to me about how nice all the moms said Mr. Davis is. Yeah, because parents don't go to school, do they? They just hear about it from their kids, who I'm sure don't tell the whole story.

With only one day until the first day, I was still worried. One of the bad things about my school is that only sixth graders get to go early and meet the teachers. That's so the school doesn't get crowded or something, but it's also because the seventh and eighth graders

already know their way around the school, and they don't want the sixth graders getting lost. This is bad for me, because now I have no clues towards what to expect, except all the weird rumors I've heard in the past couple years.

As I was falling asleep last night, I realized that most of the rumors about Mr. Davis sounded like a book I was reading. It was about a school principal that never came out of his office except at the end of the day, when all the students were gone. The students made up all sorts of horror stories about him, but he turned out to be a really nice guy. Maybe Mr. Davis will be like that too, I hope.

The next morning, I mentally prepared myself for the worst. Mutant hamster? Sure. Mr. Davis with three eyes? I can deal with it. I don't think I could have ever prepared myself for what came next, though.

I walked into Mr. Davis' classroom. "Good morning Emily," he greeted me, "Welcome to seventh grade. I'm Mr. Davis. Please take your seat next to Maria." I took my seat next to a girl with long dark hair and purple sneakers the same color as my shirt. "Hi, I'm Emily," I said. "I'm Maria," she whispered back, "I'm new to this school." The teacher then clapped his hands. He asked for us to be quiet, and then called role. Everyone was here, no surprise. Everyone wanted to know if the stories about the weird Mr. Davis were true. I sat through math, science, history, and reading, wondering why homeroom seemed completely normal. Not that I'm upset it was, I was just doubting that any of the rumors were true.

I got home that day, thinking that nothing weird was ever going to happen in homeroom. Well, what did I expect? For the desk to eat me? For my homework to get up and walk away? Highly unlikely, now that I have considered all the facts.

However, I hadn't thought that it would be, um, **NORMAL** either. Still, I better not get my hopes up for tomorrow.