

Diary of a 6th Grade Superhero



My New School

**DIARY OF A 6TH
GRADE
SUPERHERO**

**MY NEW
SCHOOL**

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Iacovone Publishing

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Sunday

Dear Diary,

My grandmother just bought me this diary so that I could keep track of all of the exciting things that are going to happen this year when I start middle school. I have my first day tomorrow, and I'm sure it's going to be exciting.

It will be even more exciting for me, because I'm different than all of the other girls at my school. I know that every girl has something that makes them special, something that they're born with, but mine goes way out there—I have super powers!!

I was born that way, just doing things differently than

everyone else. My grandmother says that my father was that way too, but she's my mother's mother, so she wasn't around when he was a kid. Both of my parents died in a car crash when I was very young, so I don't remember them very well.

Anyway, if I'm going to tell you about my super powers, I should start by telling you what they are. Well, I can move things with my mind, but that's kind of hard because that it means I have to think, and I have enough to think about already. I can also read minds. And I have super speed, but I don't go out for track because I'm pretty sure that's considered cheating. I can turn invisible too, which is wonderful if I'm having a bad hair day or see someone that I don't like in the hallways.

On a good day, if I've had enough sleep and have plenty of energy, I can go through walls and fly. My

grandmother says that'll get a lot easier once I'm through puberty, and I won't even have to think twice about it. She said I'll probably have a lot more powers than what I have now, too, so I can't wait to see what they are. That'll probably make puberty worth it, because from what I've heard, it's not going to be a ton of fun.

Anyway, I have my first day of school tomorrow, and I have to do some chores before I go to bed, so I'll stop writing here. Bye!

Monday

Dear Diary,

I never realized how long days could be! Even with super speed, I had a hard time getting to some of my classes on time. This was my first time at this school, since grandma and I moved this summer, and I can't believe how big it is! I wasn't nervous until the bus pulled up in front of it and I saw it for the first time.

My old school was probably as big as the cafeteria of this one, and I couldn't believe it. I think that once I get used to going around to all of the different classes during the day, it won't be very hard, and a lot of the

classes actually look like a lot of fun!

There's a swimming class during the summer, and I've heard one of the older kids saying that you basically just get to swim around the pool and do whatever you want after you do the ten minute lesson at the beginning at the class. My last class of the day is my favorite; it's a kind of Home Ec class. The teacher's pretty cool, and most of our assignments will be to learn to cook—mostly cookies, and good things like that. I'm looking forward to it.

Other than the actual school part of it though, I'm not the biggest fan. I don't have any friends at all! No one would really talk to me because, well, I don't have any new clothes, and I'm a lot shorter than most of them. I don't act like any of the people at this school, but I don't know how to act—I'm not like them, after all.

Oh well, maybe I'll make friends later this week? I'm going to get a snack and go to bed. I'm exhausted!

Wednesday

Dear Diary,

So it's only my third day of middle school and I'm already getting picked on. I haven't really done anything wrong, I just tripped in the hallway, and had a hard time picking up my books. For it being the third day of school, the teachers are already giving us a lot of homework. I already have an assignment due for social studies! And my science teacher wants me to do a short essay on my favorite animal and the habitat that it lives in (I'm not really an animal person, by the way, so I have no idea what to do the essay on).

In Home Ec, everyone has to bring in three recipes for their favorite foods and three recipes that they've made before. She wants us to do a little compare and contrast paper on how different what we've done and what we like are. This'll be fun, hahaha...I really am enjoying all of my classes though.

I've been eating lunch in the library alone though, and I almost got kicked out today. I found out that you're not supposed to eat there, so tomorrow I have to go eat in the cafeteria. That isn't going to be fun. I am super nervous... Hahaha, get it? Super nervous... Yes, I'm so worried that I've started to make puns.

Why is it so hard to make friends when you're the new girl? Even though I don't have designer clothes, I'm still a fun person, and I'm nice to people. I've seen the way the popular girls talk to other girls, and it's

terrible! I try not to be biased because of my own experiences, and the popular girls have already left mean notes on my locker twice already. They even commented on my clothes, shoes, and hair, saying that everything I have is ugly. Luckily, I am not the only one that gets picked on. They are mean to a lot of other people too. The only people that I've seen them be nice to are each other. So how are they popular?

Friday

Dear Diary,

My first week of middle school is officially over! I just got off the bus now, and I am so happy to be able to take a little rest before I do my homework. This is going to be a great weekend. I kept my super hero identity a secret, and thanks to my super speed, I got to all of my classes on time. I found out using my mind reading powers that my grandma is going to take me to the mall this weekend and get me some new clothes which will be super fun! I might ask her for some makeup too, but do you think that's too much?

I have a lot of homework to do, so I should get it done before my grandma gets home from work, so that she's impressed with me and won't regret taking me to the mall later.

Sunday

Dear Diary,

The mall was super fun! I got a lot of new clothes because my grandma got a bonus from work for never calling off in the past 3 years, and so I have an entire new wardrobe, two new purses, a bag full of makeup and nail polish, hair accessories, and a few pairs of shoes. She also took me to get my hair cut and get a manicure.

It was a fun girls' day out. She got her stuff done too. She wanted me to get my eyebrows done, but I watched her, and her eyebrows were all red afterward—that

doesn't seem like my kind of thing. We went out for dinner and a movie afterward, and it was really cool.

I think that tomorrow, when I go back into school, it will be completely different. Maybe with my new look, I'll be able to make some new friends, and people won't make fun of me for the way I dress anymore. Maybe I'm just getting my hopes up.

I'm tempted sometimes to read the minds of the people around me, but I don't really know if I want to know what they're thinking. I mean, what if it's worse? Though, they might not even be thinking about me at all. I don't give them much to think about. I'm not much of anyone—especially when I'm invisible.

Monday

Dear Diary,

Now I've done it. People are probably starting to suspect that I have super powers now. I finally managed to make a friend, because she got lost in the hallway and asked me to help her find the way to a class. We were talking, and she even sat with me at lunch, but then one of the popular girls came up to us and said something about Charlotte (I think that's her name, but she's shy, and it was hard to hear her very well).

I completely lost it. I can handle being picked on myself, but I can't handle it when someone else is being

picked on. I wasn't trying to, but I started using my mind powers to make all of the things fall out of the popular girls' hands. One thing after another came flying out of their purses, and scattered all the way down the hallway. It was lame, and mean of me. But I was angry, and they had no right to say such mean things to my friend.

Now though, Charlotte won't even look at me. And everyone else in the school can't stop looking at me and whispering when I walk by. I think I might ask my grandma to transfer me to a different school.

Saturday

Dear Diary,

Thank goodness that it's the weekend.

I couldn't handle another day. This was killer. I got called to the principal's office twice just because people are scared that I'm going to do something to hurt them. I didn't have people talking to me before, but now no one will even go near me. The teachers even aren't talking to me. They won't call on me if I raise my hand, and they pretend like I'm not even there when they're going down the line. The only teacher who isn't like that is the Home Ec teacher who treats everyone fairly, no

matter what.

I'm tired of thinking about school. Yesterday, a tiny little kitten was under the step of my front porch! I took her inside and I've been taking care of her.

You know, I never tried to before, but it's a lot easier to read the minds of animals than it is people. I think it's because I can't understand their thoughts, or maybe they aren't on the same wavelength or something?

I don't want to say they're not as complex, because I'm sure that they are. But when I try to read this little kitten's mind, all I get is emotions. At first, I could feel her fright. Then, I could tell when she was getting more comfortable, and I know when she's hungry and everything. But the one thing that I always feel is love. And it is really, really nice to have her around.

I think that I might ask my grandma to keep her. But, right now, I haven't even told her that she's in my room. I've been taking care of her on my own... it's going okay though, I'm pretty sure that I've gotten it all taken care of.

Sunday

Dear Diary,

So, I guess there was one thing that I forgot in taking care of the kitten—a litter box. That probably would have been a good idea, but I didn't even consider it. Anyway, my grandma found out, and she's actually happy!

She says that I need someone to keep me company when she's at work, and I can keep her as long as I take care of her, which I of course will. Can you imagine me taking in a sweet, innocent little kitten, and not taking care of it? I would never, ever do that.

I have to go back to school tomorrow, and I really

don't want to. It's going to be hard to deal with everything. You know, I've actually considered skipping school! But I don't know where I'd go, and I know that it's wrong. I just can't think of any other way to deal with all of the people at school.

Maybe the teachers will be better about it, and start to teach me fairly. I think they just want the other kids to like them, and that's why they've been doing that. I don't think that they would otherwise.

Monday

Dear Diary,

I think people are actually starting to like me!

My powers were super helpful today. A girl passed out at lunch because she's been sick and she wasn't feeling well, and I was able to get to the nurse and back before anyone else could even get out of their seats. Everyone thanked me, and told me I saved her life. It was kind of nice to get out of the negative attention for a while, but I still don't think that people trust me.

I get a few dark glances here and there, but the whispers I hear don't seem too secretive anymore

either. It's hard to tell exactly, but I'm trying to deal with it.

Maybe I won't have to switch schools after all. Maybe I'll be able to make friends with my makeup and my new clothes and everything, once I don't have people thinking that I'm crazy or dangerous. Even though I would never hurt anyone...

Tuesday

Dear Diary,

Middle school is a lot harder than elementary school was. Back then, I had homework once a week, maybe. Now, I have it every night, for every subject. I mean, most of the homework is pretty easy, just a quick worksheet, or "answer five questions" or something like that, but it piles up pretty quickly.

And sometimes, you get projects that are worth like 50 points, and take a few weeks of work. It's kind of crazy. Thankfully, the teachers work it out so that we never have more than one project at a time, and it's all

pretty easy. But I'm kind of on overload right now.

Something amazing happened. For the first time in my life, I noticed a boy, like in that way. I think I have my very first crush. His name is John, and he's a seventh grader. He's kind of short, and he has blond, shaggy hair that hangs over his eyes. From what I know of him, he doesn't really talk very much, but he's really cute, and nice. For a few days, since I noticed him, I've been trying to keep an eye on him and get an idea of what kind of person he is.

I've never seen him be mean to anyone, and he holds doors for people, which I take as a sign of general kindness. If you hold a door for someone, you can't be that mean. I don't think I've ever seen any of the popular people hold a door for anyone. And that's kind of ridiculous—maybe they don't know how?

Anyway, as I mentioned before, I have tons of homework to do. So I'd better get to it if I want any of my grandma's brownies tonight. She bought ice cream so that we can have sundaes!

Thursday

Dear Diary,

In Home Ec today, we had our first cooking workshop, and I got paired with a guy.

Actually, I think that all of the girls were paired with guys. It's nice, because he cut the meat for me, which is really gross, and all I had to do was measure and wash the dishes. I do the dishes for myself all the time and washing for one extra person was kind of nice. The guy was pretty cool too, his name was Shayne.

We had to make chicken and cheesy potatoes. Ours wasn't half bad, even though I'm not the biggest fan of

potatoes.

I found out that one of the big projects for Home Ec is for the sixth grade class to cook lunch for the eighth graders sometime after the first cooking workshop, once we've got the hang of it.

As sixth graders, they don't really expect us to do much. And they'll give the eighth graders a real lunch afterward, plus they get out of a whole period, so they like it too.

The teacher told us that we'll be split into groups by class periods, so everyone that I have class with will be in my group. Then every group will have to do a different food. Like, some of us will have to chop fruit and put it into cups, other people will have to make chicken strips, and stuff like that. It sounds easy, and we get out of doing any actual work for classes like math.

Friday

Dear Diary,

I practically ran home from school to write this down. I'm so excited! I feel guilty that I was eavesdropping onto his thoughts, but I couldn't help hearing something John thought about me.

First of all, I didn't even know that he knew I existed!

Anyway, I ended up sitting close to him in the library, and I was trying to write some notes down about something... I can't even remember what, because John made me forget.

"There's that chick with the superpowers. I wonder if it's true. I wonder if she can read minds... It doesn't matter, she's pretty either way." Okay, I might be exaggerating a bit, but this is my diary, so I'm allowed to do that. And it was pretty close to that!

But I couldn't help looking at him and smiling. And he thought directly at me. He asked me if I could hear his thoughts, so I shook my head yes. And he smiled and said cool. We decided to meet at the library during lunch period on Monday.

I'm going to go hop on YouTube and find some cool ways to do my hair, makeup, and nails so that I'll look amazing when I go see him.

Sunday

Dear Diary,

So, I'm incredibly nervous, and I can't wait for tomorrow, but I have no idea what I'm going to do. What does he want to talk to me about?? What if I say something stupid???

I don't know how to talk to guys. I don't even know how to talk to girls. I hardly even know how to talk to my kitten! (She's doing well, by the way. She's grown up a lot. I named her YoYo.)

I'm not sure if I should tell my grandma about meeting John tomorrow or not. She might laugh at me,

or think I'm stupid, or something. But she might have genius advice too. I have a cute outfit picked out, and it makes me look really nice. I don't think I'm going to wear much makeup, just a little sparkly eye shadow and lip gloss (but I don't wear much makeup to begin with, just a tiny bit of blush and cover-up usually).

I can't believe I read his mind. I can't believe he was thinking about me. I can't believe he knows who he am (though I guess having super powers helps that). I can't believe that I agreed to meet him tomorrow. This will be... interesting?

Monday

Dear Diary,

Well, I'm not sure what I think of that. John didn't even know my name, really. He knew it started with an A, but would have guessed Alison. So when I said my name was Alyssa, he was confused. But the conversation went well, it was pretty fun.

We talked about my powers, and he asked what kind I had. I'm not really sure if it was a smart idea or not, but I did tell him all of them. I feel like it's a good idea to be honest, and I wasn't about to lie and say that I don't have powers. I think it's pretty obvious to the entire

school that I do. I'm trying to make friends (and hopefully get a boyfriend, as well).

Oh, by the way, tomorrow is apparently the day that the school is going to have the sixth graders cooking for the eighth graders day. It's going to be interesting. I'm a little bit worried about how it's going to go because there are a lot more eighth graders than there are sixth graders, so we're going to have a lot of cooking to do.

It'll be just my luck that we'll set the school kitchens on fire.

Thursday

Dear Diary,

A lot happened on Tuesday, and yesterday. So I only just got the chance to write now. I didn't go to school yesterday or today. Remember what I said about my bad luck? Well, I'm wondering if I might have future-telling powers, because that couldn't have been truer.

As we were cooking lunch for the eighth graders on Tuesday, one of the members of the chicken cooking group was pouring oil, and he spilled it onto the burner! Can you guess what his first reaction was?

He poured water onto the fire.

The teacher told us at least forty times that grease fires can't be put out with water. By that point, there was smoke everywhere and the fire was spreading quickly. I was the only one who could really see what was going on, and move quickly enough, so I started carrying people out. The teachers helped get other kids out too.

One of the teachers that were watching over us while we were cooking grabbed a fire extinguisher, but it didn't work. Once all of the people were out of the kitchen, and the rest of the school was being cleared, I used my super speed to try and find another fire extinguisher.

I did find one, not far from the kitchens, in the cafeteria. It put out the fire eventually. The school will probably have to replace the entire kitchen. There were

only two people hurt, other than the teachers who have a few small burns.

The two people hurt are me and the kid who started the fire. Neither of us are burnt that badly. He got his arms burned up from pouring water into the fire to try and put it out, and some burns on his face. They still have him in the hospital. But he's awake enough to be joking around and crying and saying that he's sorry a million times over, all at the same time.

I only got a few burns on my hands, and cut myself on some glass trying to get the fire extinguisher. They made me stay in the hospital overnight on Tuesday, and most of the day yesterday, because of breathing in so much smoke, but I'm okay really. Already the cuts and stuff are starting to heal up pretty good. It's not nearly as bad as I thought it would be.

I'm glad that I got to show that I use my super powers for good things, instead of hurting people, because now a lot of people want to be my friends. Actually, I'm kind of glad that I had to stay in the hospital so long, because people knew where to find me. Everyone was bringing me cards and flowers, and just stopping by to say thank you, like I'd saved their lives or something.

They think I saved their lives, but I really just saved their school. They could have just walked out of the building—now they have to keep going to classes. I'm not going to point out the difference though; otherwise I'll never make any friends, hahaha.

Monday

Dear Diary,

So, I apparently slept through most of the weekend. Grandma says that all of the stress from everything, plus the overload from school, must have made me really tired. I only woke up to eat, drink, and talk to her every now and then. I feel a lot better though, since I rested.

School today was weird. I didn't have to come—the principal actually called and told me that I didn't have to come to school today if I didn't want to.

Today though, they had an assembly in the gym. It

started off a lecture on fire safety. They made it fun for everyone by actually setting this big thing on fire, so the firemen could demonstrate how you actually use the fire extinguisher (parents have been calling in ever since the fire, worried because their kids don't know how to use them).

After they got through that part, the principal himself got up and gave a great big long speech about how important it is to stick together and include fellow students and make them feel like they belong. Apparently, he found out about how everyone was treating me for having super powers. Then, he made me come down from my seat at the very top of the bleachers in the back and shook my hand to tell me thank you himself for all of my services to the school.

I found out that I'm going to get an award later on,

but they're having it made, so they weren't ready to give it to me just yet. I think it's kind of funny, really. But wouldn't anyone have done that? I guess that I would give them the award too, if someone else did it for me.

But it's kind of embarrassing to get up in front of everyone and shake the principal's hand, and take an award.

Tuesday

Dear Diary,

All kinds of people are trying to be friends with me now, and asking me for my phone number; especially guys. It's kind of nice, but it's weirder than anything.

I don't give them my number though, because I like my privacy. I still like John. He and I are talking more now, and I think that he likes me more than just because I stopped a fire from burning down the school. He likes it when I turn invisible and sneak up on him.

I'm not sure what I'm going to do with all of the friends. I mean, I don't want a bunch of fake friends, but

for now, I'm keeping all of them, and getting to know them all, so that I can see who they really are. And even though I feel guilty about it, I'm reading their minds from time to time, to check and make sure that they're not lying to me. I really don't want to have a bunch of friends who are only talking to me because they think that I'm cool for having super powers.

It only just occurred to me now, but they could also be trying to become friends with me because they're afraid of me. I don't want that either. I really am just like every other girl out there. Except, I'm sort of different; that's not my fault.

I'm so tired of having to deal with all of these things. Does it ever get any easier for anyone? And is it this hard for people who don't have super powers and save a school from burning down?

Thursday

Dear Diary,

I stayed home from school yesterday, and again today. I'm so sick right now, it's not even funny. I can't believe it! I can't stop coughing, and my eyes are red, I woke up last night shaking and running a really high fever. At least I get to stay home from school and sleep, it's nice.

Right now, my kitten is sleeping on the pillow next to me. She's growing up a lot, and she's probably twice the size of when we got her. I'm glad I got her. I don't like to be alone when I'm sick, and right now, she's all

the company that I need.

It helps to be able to read thoughts, because it's almost like having a person with me. It's more than just having an animal next to me, at least. Also, being sick and having super powers that let you move things with your mind is a lot easier than being sick without that, I imagine. Now I don't have to call my grandmother for everything I need, I can get it myself without getting out of bed.

Monday

Dear Diary,

I'm almost out of pages in this diary, but I have something scary to tell you. I just came home from school, before first period even started.

When I came into school, there was a note shoved into the slits in my locker. I opened it up, and it said: "You're not the only one who can do the things you do.. Watch out."

I'm pretty sure that's a threat, and the school principal thinks so too. I'm not sure what to do, but they sent me home, and they said the police will be coming

to ask me some questions later on today, when my grandma comes home from work!

I'm really scared right now. Why couldn't I have strength, or invincibility or something? I will say, right now, I'm invisible. I'm sad that I can't turn YoYo invisible too.

To be continued....

AUTHOR'S NOTE:

If you girls enjoyed this story, please take a look at these other books! Some are written by me, some by my girlfriends! They are all about Middle School, and will help you with everything!

1. How to Survive Middle School for Girls: Special Edition

By Claudia Lamadre: Everything you must know about Middle school survival!

Link: http://www.amazon.com/Survive-Middle-School-Girls-ebook/dp/B00BRCC86E/ref=sr_1_2?s=digital-

[text&ie=UTF8&qid=1372380809&sr=1-2&keywords=how+to+survive+middle+school](http://www.amazon.com/Diary-Almost-Cool-Girl-ebook/dp/B00B2JRACO/ref=pd_sim_kstore_6?text&ie=UTF8&qid=1372380809&sr=1-2&keywords=how+to+survive+middle+school)

2. Diary of an Almost Cool Girl:

A great tale of a fellow middle school girl and her troubles at a new school!

Link: http://www.amazon.com/Diary-Almost-Cool-Girl-ebook/dp/B00B2JRACO/ref=pd_sim_kstore_6

3. Middle School Crushes: A middle school love story!

Link: http://www.amazon.com/Middle-School-Crushes-ebook/dp/B0055T47LY/ref=sr_1_1?s=digital-text&ie=UTF8&qid=1372381316&sr=1-1&keywords=middle+school+crushes

4. How to Survive Middle

School for Girls: Part 2:

The ultimate guide you must need to get through middle school! Covers bullies, boyfriends, etc.

Link: http://www.amazon.com/Survive-Middle-School-Girls-ebook/dp/B0006MH47G/ref=sr_1_2?s=digital-text&ie=UTF8&qid=1372394000&sr=1-2&keywords=how+to+survive+middle+school+for+girls