

14.9.2013



Dear diary,

First day jitters are customary for a child's first day of school right? Sure, but this usually occurs when the kid is 4 (most definitely not 10-years-old). On the first day, I have to admit I was so nervous that the butterflies in my stomach were more like pigeons flying around my insides. Since I've never been to a real school before, I have to say I was totally and completely petrified. Prior to today, I had been home-schooled by my mum. Although you might be thinking that is because of the way I look, it's actually due to the endless amounts of surgery I have had in my short life (27 to be exact).

Mum and dad, who were frantically stopping Via and I every five minutes for the dreaded sibling photo, seemed just as nervous as me - I suppose this is to be expected really. After my tour of Beecher Prep, mum and dad had a dispute about whether mainstream school was where I belonged ; Dad, of course, had to be right. He acknowledged how I had handled myself with the Julian situation, yet mum was understandably still concerned. Mum had always wrapped me in cotton wool all my life and did a lot of things for me: Dad encouraged me to be independent to turn me into a strong, young man (quite frankly, I liked a mix of the two). Evidently, that morning, mum was ensuring I was adequately prepared for the day : tasty lunch bag packed ; never-before-used text books packed ; emergency hat and scarf packed ; and, of course, neat Padawan braid freshly plaited. However, dad kept rolling his eyes and taking things off her for me to do myself. "Leave him be," said dad. "He is more than capable!"

The school itself looked pretty friendly and inviting to any normal kid ; the joyful sound of giggling and chattering echoed throughout. For a lot of kids, school is a sociable place full of enjoyment with a hint of learning, but for me it was all about the learning. I loved to learn, especially science (biology to be exact) : if I made any friends then that would just be a bonus.

