

New boy at school

2nd March

Dear Diary,

Today was a big day for me because it was the first day at my new school. The headteacher, Mrs Dean, walked me to my classroom. At first, she left me standing on my own in the corridor while she went in to talk to the teacher. I didn't know what to do, so I just stood there staring at the floor and hugging my backpack. Eventually, she came back out and ushered me into the classroom. She said something to the class. I could tell it was about me because I heard her mention my name, but I couldn't understand the rest. The class addressed me and said, "Hello Abbud." I felt like I was in a goldfish bowl. Every single pair of eyes in the room was staring at me. What were they looking at? Have they never seen a boy before?

Mrs Dean led me to an empty chair at the back of the room. As I walked past the other tables, I saw a couple of naughty girls giggling and whispering. I'm sure it was about me. Once I sat down, the teacher started talking again and then everyone started writing things in their books. The teacher gave me a book which was different to everyone else's. It had lots of pictures in and not many words. Does she think I'm a baby? People kept glancing at me over their shoulders, and if I looked back at any of them, they pretended they hadn't been looking. I sat on my own for the whole day and I was glad when it was time to go home. I didn't learn anything except that I've had enough and I don't want to go back. I want to go home. The teacher, Mrs Khan, took me out at the end of the day. She seemed kind. On the playground, children were huddled around in groups. Some were chatting and some were collecting their bicycles to ride home. Suddenly, a boy came excitedly running over to me. He took something sticky and yellow out of his pocket and offered it to me. What was he doing?

17th March

Dear Diary,

For the last few weeks, I've noticed that the boy with the sticky, yellow thing has been winking at me during lessons. I'm not sure if he has something wrong with his eyes or if he's doing it deliberately. Either way, it's a bit strange. At the end of each day, he runs up to me and gives me a treat. Sometimes the treat is sweets, sometimes it's chocolate and for the last few days it has been fruit. Today, there was a smiley face drawn on an orange. Oranges are my favourite so I was pleased. I nodded and the boy's grin went from ear to ear. I wanted to say thank you, but I didn't know how. I hope he realised that I was grateful. It wasn't just the orange that made today a better day. I was also able to join in with something in class. We were making pictures with stamps made out of potatoes. Mrs Khan really smiled when she saw my picture and she showed it to the rest of the class. When she held it up, the boy with the treats turned and winked at me again.

