

The Diary of
Stephanie Dane[©]

Casey Bell

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Dear diary, can't talk long. Italian class has started. Jill has told me what Anastasia and Melinda have told me about Brian that he is a conceited guy. Maybe I don't want to meet him after all. Well, I will talk to you later, until next time, ciao.

School bell rings, "I'll talk to you later Steph". "Okay Jill". Stephanie takes out her schedule and looks at it; she reads it and leaves to her next class. She walks around the school confused, "excuse me sir how do I get to room 102?" "Go down the hall and make a right, keep straight and you will see exit doors, exit the doors, after exiting you will see another set of doors enter them and the room is the second door on the left". "Thank you sir". Stephanie runs down the hall trying to get to class, she enters the classroom, and the teacher says her name, "that's me, sorry for being late, I got lost". "Not a problem, welcome to Speech and Drama". "Thank you". Stephanie sits down and takes out a notebook and pen. "Hi, I'm Malcolm". "Hi, Stephanie". "I know

Stephanie Dane. I heard the teacher when you came in and...hi". "Hi. So, what's the teacher's name, it says TBA on my schedule". "Mrs. Jameson". "Thank you, Malcolm".

Dear Diary, real quick, I'm in Speech and Drama. There's this boy Malcolm. He's really cute and I think he likes me. Anymays, I was late to class. I felt so bad. I got lost. This school is big. Well, I'll talk to you later, probably on the bus because I have gym after this class. There is a big chance I will not be writing you in gym. Until next time, bye.

After an hour the bell rings. Stephanie gets up to leave. "Stephanie, what do you have next?" "Gym". "Oh, I have Algebra. I guess I'll see you tomorrow then. Bye". "Bye Malcolm". Stephanie walks to gym class. She walks in the gymnasium and sits on the bleachers. "Hi, Stephanie, how are you?" Stephanie turns around. "Hi, Velma, I'm doing well, how about you?" "I'm good. How was your summer?" "It was fun. I went to a performing arts camp. It was really fun. How about you". "I went to Florida with my family. We went to Disney World and a whole bunch of other places". "That sounds like fun". "It was a lot of fun. So,

what class did you just come from?” “Speech and Drama. I was late because I got lost. This is a pretty big school”. “Yeah, I got lost going to first period.” “How about you, what class did you just get out of?” “Sewing”. “Alright, I need everyone to fill out these forms; the first thing we’re going to do is check height and weight”. “I hate gym class”, says Velma.

Dear diary, it's been a while since I've written. Sorry, but I've been busy with school. You know being a freshman is hard work. I am now a three month old freshman. Christmas vacation is coming up. I can't wait for that. Classes are fine. My favorite classes are English, Italian, and Speech and Drama. Basic Science is okay, its pretty fun. World History is fun, but that's only because of Mr. Thomason. He makes the class fun. And he doesn't just teach history, we talk about different issues that are going on today. I'm in lunch right now. Melinda, Sarah, and Lori are in the lunch line. I refuse to eat cafeteria food. Malcolm is still flirting with me, he just won't give it up. It's not like I don't like him, it's just that I started thinking lately and realize I don't think I

should be dating now. I'm too young and I need to be thinking about school, not boys. I auditioned for the fall comedy play in September, but I didn't make it. I plan on auditioning for the spring musical. The school is doing West Side Story. That should be fun. That's all the news for now, until next time, bye.

Melinda walks towards Stephanie, "Hi, how are you?" "I'm doing fine". Lori walks toward Melinda, "Why didn't you wait for us?" "Wait for what", replies Melinda? "We went into the line together, we should have left together". "Well, you didn't wait for Sarah". "Hey, how come you guys didn't wait for me", asks Sarah? Melinda replies, "What is up with you two. You know where the table is. Do I need to walk you like two little children"? "Shut up Melinda", says Lori. "How was class today", asks Stephanie? "Okay, says Lori. "It could have been better", says Sarah. "It was horrible", says Melinda, "I had tests all day today. One right after the other and I have two more before the day is over, how about you, Stephanie? How are your classes?" "There okay". Sarah asks, "Is Malcolm still drooling over you?" "Yeah, I

guess. He's a nice boy and all, but I don't think I'm ready to date". Melinda speaks, "Speaking of dates how was your date with Brain?" Sarah says, "I don't want to talk about it". "Come on", says Lori, "at least tell us if there's a future with you two". "He'll never have a future with anyone. He exceeds conceit. There is no English word to describe how conceited he is. All night all we talked about was him. And can you believe he has entered beauty pageants". "Beauty pageants", asks Melinda, "what a turn off". "That's all he talked about, him and his beauty pageant trophies". "Disgusting, says Melinda". A boy walks by the table and Stephanie says hi, he does not respond. "Whoa, that was harsh", says Melinda, "I guess he doesn't like you. What did you do to him?" "Nothing, he's in my English class, we don't even speak. I just figured since I knew him I say hi. I was just being courteous". "What's his name", asks Lori? "Tyler. He sits in front of me. The only time he talks to me is to ask for a pen. He's kind of strange; he doesn't talk to anyone, not even

the teacher. He just sits there and writes”. “Writes what”, asks Sarah? “I don’t know”.

Dear Diary, Che stai? That means how are you? I really like this Italian class. Anyway, I haven’t written in a while, again. A lot has happened. This kid in my English class, Parker, got into a fight with a teacher at lunch. Well, not exactly, he was fighting this other kid and the teacher tried to break it up and then, well this big brawl happened. His sister got into the fight, and her friends were telling her not to get involved because she was pregnant. Well, the teacher was holding him down, and in the end he came out with a broken arm. Now he’s trying to sue the teacher and the school. Also, this girl in my science class, Carmen, dropped out of school because she got pregnant. It so sad, these girls lay up with some boy and then get pregnant. The sad part is they have to drop out while the boy stays in school. You think these girls would know better by now. I am definitely not dating. I will wait until college. I might even wait after that. Well, class is about to start, I’ll speak to you later.

It is December 23 and Stephanie is at her locker. “Can you believe it Jill; this is our first Christmas break as high school students?” “Are you still making a big deal out of high school?” “I don’t care what you think; high school is a big deal. After Carmen had to drop out I have come to realize how important a high school education is. I am sure she wishes she was in school rather than at home taking care of a newborn.” “Yeah, maybe you’re right”, says Jill, “I’ll call you after Christmas, maybe we can get together before school starts back up. Maybe we can go to New York for New Years”. “That sounds like fun”, says Stephanie. “Have a good Christmas”. “You too Jill”.

Well, diary I’m on the bus headed home for Christmas vacation. The kids on this bus are going crazy. I guess they’re really happy. Well, I will talk to you after New Years. Until next year, ciao.

“Stephanie, hurry up, the bus will be here in a few minutes”. Stephanie enters the kitchen. “You don’t have to yell mother.

And I know what time the bus comes”. “Are you talking back to me”? “No, mother”. “Enjoy your first day back”.

Dear diary, it is now a new year, and I am back to school. Only six more months before I am finished with being a freshman. I had a great Christmas, I went to church, and had a great family dinner. I can't wait until tomorrow. It's the first day of the auditions for West Side Story. I really hope I make it. Anyway, I'm going to rap this up, we are almost at school. Oh yeah, I went to New York with Jill for New Years, it was so much fun, very cold though. We saw Brian there. With a crowd like that what are the odds of running into him. He had some girl on his arm. Anyways, I'm going to rap this up now, until later, bye.

Dear diary, something weird has just happened I am still on the bus. Usually the buses park in the rear of the school and let us off, today it's different. We're being led to the front of the school, and we are waiting in a line of a bus, I have no clue what is going on, but I will let you know once I find out.

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Dear diary, I am in home room right now. Classes are on hold. You will never believe what happened. Well, once the bus I was on got to the front of the school a police officer came on the bus and told us that there was a bomb threat. We were told to enter the gymnasium and put our book bags, purses, and coats on the floor and line up against the bleachers. As we did so search dogs sniffed our belongings for anything suspicious. No one on our bus had anything, thank God. Well, now we're just waiting for every bus to go through the sniffing dogs. This is so weird, right now the students are talking about what they heard is going to happen. One said we will only be allowed to go to our lockers twice a day. Someone else said that we're going to have to have clear book bags or no book bags at all. This is so weird, that this should happen. Especially in the New Year. What a way to welcome us back. Well, that's all for now, I'll let you know of anything else that happens when it happens, until next time, bye.

Dear diary, it is now day five of the bomb threat. They haven't found the person yet, but everyone is talking. Some are saying its Brian, but he's too conceited to do something like that. He would have told on himself by now. Hey, do you remember Parker, the kid that got into a fight

with the teacher. Well, he got transferred into another school. Anyways, I'm in Speech and Drama right now. We're about to do a drama exercise. This class is so much fun. It's this class that has confirmed that I was born to be an actress. I'm looking into colleges now. I know, I know, it's too early. I say it's never too early. I'm thinking Keen University, McClure University, or Rogers University. I am going to be a theatre major, and a music minor. I can't wait. Well, it is time for me to go, until later, bye. PS, congratulate me; I am now an ensemble member of West Side Story. I was so happy after I found out. Rehearsal starts today after school. Well, again until later, bye.

Dear diary, I just got home from my first day of rehearsal. It was fun. First we introduced ourselves to each other. Then the musical director Mr. Belton taught us some of the songs. We didn't do a lot, but we will be. The performances are in March. I cannot wait for that. I am really happy that I made the play. Well, that's it for now, until later, bye.

Stephanie is sitting in English class. "Did you hear what happened", asks Sally? "No", replies Stephanie, "what happened". "They caught the bomb threat guy". "Oh, they

did, when?” “About a week ago. It’s all over school. I’m surprise you haven’t heard”. “Well, who did it?” “Tyler”. “Tyler who?” “Tyler, the kid who sat in front of you”. “Oh, Tyler. Wow, he was so quiet, who would have thought it? Well, what happened?” “Well, he was failing his science class, so he emailed his teacher and told her that if she didn’t give him an A on the next test he would blow up the school with the bomb he placed in it. He even sent her a picture of where the bomb was”. “How did they find out it was him?” “Well, he wasn’t so bright. He sent the email through a library computer. They tracked his student ID down and found him. Why do you think he’s not here, he got expelled”. “I kind of forgot about him. That’s so sad”. “Yeah, I guess it is”. Stephanie thinks, “So I guess that’s it of the whole bomb threat”. Sally replies, “I guess it is, unless it happens again”. “Yeah, I guess you’re right”.

Dear diary, they found the bomb threat guy. It was Tyler, the quiet boy in my English class. How weird is that? Well, on the bright side

rehearsals are fun. We start learning the dances with the choreographer

Ms. Ward. Well, that's it for now, until later, bye.

Dear diary it is now February one month away from the musical. The rehearsals are getting tougher as the time goes by. I'm in lunch right now awaiting the girls to come from the lunch line. I can't believe they eat that stuff. Anyways, I'm seeing less of Malcolm these days. He's been absent. However, when I do see him he doesn't look good. I think he's sick. He's been changing physically. His cheeks are swelling, he has calluses on the back of the hands and knuckles, dry skin, and his teeth are stained, I don't think he smokes. It's weird. Well, that's it for now, until, next time, bye.

Melinda, Sarah and Lori return to table, "thanks for waiting

Melinda, I know how difficult it was for you to do that."

"Shut up Lori". Stephanie asks, "You heard about Tyler?"

"The bomb kid", asks Melinda? "Yeah, why didn't any of you say anything to me? You knew I knew him." "We thought you knew, and what's there to talk about", asks Sarah, "it was a false alarm; he didn't even have a bomb to

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