

Goodbye Primary School

by Susie Brown



Monday

HIGH SCHOOL ORIENTATION: What is it about these words that makes me feel sick to my stomach? It's no big deal for anyone else in my class. But I thought I was going to throw up when I had to hand in my permission note today. I don't know why. Everyone else is excited about leaving primary school—but not me.

Maybe no-one else has heard the stories. Maybe they aren't worried about being bullied, or getting lost or being hassled on the bus. But I can't be the only one to hear this stuff! I guess I'm just the only one who worries about it. I can't help it. I like being where I am. I like my teacher and all my friends. Why does it all have to change? I guess that's it—I just don't like change.



Tuesday

I can't believe it. Today I found out that Karen and TJ hadn't handed in their orientation notes. It turned out they didn't have to—because they're not going. Karen got into the selective school and TJ's on every athletics team there is, so she's going to the sports high school.

We must have talked about it earlier in the year, but it didn't really sink in. High school still seemed so far away and I didn't need to think about it. We've done everything together since kindergarten and now we'll be separated. I know we can call and SMS and IM every night, but it's not the same. Who will I get lost with, or dodge the bullies with? I won't even have someone to sit next to on the bus! It'll just be a sea of strangers and I'll have to try and find new friends. More changes...



Wednesday

Homework is just stressful. It's not that I'm lazy or anything—and I try not to leave stuff until the last minute. But each week Mrs Corbett gives us some little “special project” that takes ages to do. And she always says, “Remember, you'll have to get used to doing more homework when you're in high school”.

More homework than we already get? How much more? And how much pressure will the teachers put on us to get it done? Will I have to spend every afternoon for the next six years chained to the computer and a pile of textbooks? There's only so much I can do. Or maybe that's the point. Maybe I just have to be as organised as I can and do my best to get everything finished on time. Is that it?



Thursday

I found out something today. I was talking with Karen at lunch and I told her how nervous I feel about going to high school. And you know what? She actually laughed at me. She said, "Why are you nervous? I'm the one going to the selective school. You won't be expected to get full marks in everything like I will."

I didn't know what to say. I wasn't even relieved that I'm not the only one who finds the thought of high school scary. I was shocked at the pressure Karen is putting on herself. How can she expect to get full marks for everything? That's ridiculous!

But it started me thinking. Even though I complain about Mrs Corbett's "special projects", at least I know what's expected of me in primary school. I know high school will be totally different—but I guess I can't let it freak me out.