When I was a kid, I couldn’t wait to get into high school. I just knew that somehow, all the __________ and embarrassments I’d suffered in the __________ grades would be a thing of the __________. I didn’t have any false hopes __________ suddenly becoming cool, but I did __________ I’d finally make some friends and __________ my tormenters from the first eight __________ of my scholastic life whom __________ to other pursuits and forget about __________. And if nothing else, Redding High __________ so much bigger than South Foxville Elementary. __________, I’d just get lost in the __________. Wrong on all accounts.

Not even the __________ nerds would have anything to do __________ me. __________ to black of

Apparently, I carried my stigma __________ loser so prominently that no one __________ to be seen with me for __________ of dropping even lower on the __________ totem pole. As for me, well, __________ was already at the bottom. __________

Even the __________ weren’t above making fun of me, __________ Mr. Crawford __________ in gym and weird Mr. Vanderspank __________ biology. Is it my fault that
frogs makes me throw up?
over dissecting scattering

But the ___________ just used verbal barbs to mock ___________. My fellow
sorted heat teachers me him jar

students added physical abuse ___________ their vocal harassment. I was tripped.
past hurt to

___________ books were always being knocked from ___________ hands.
Their My Stick my her darkness

My glasses were stepped on. ___________ got my head dunked in the ___________. I
Cushion She I toilet beyond circle

got creamed during dodgeball. I ___________ wedgies. You name it and it happened to
got lost lazy

___________, with a constant chorus of “Hey, Ding-a-ling!” – the oh-so-clever
me I were

elementary school play on my surname, Dumbrell – following me through the school halls.
When I was a kid, I couldn’t wait to get into high school. I just knew that somehow, all
the humiliation and embarrassments I’d suffered in the lower grades would be a thing of the past. I didn’t have any false hopes of suddenly becoming cool, but I did believe I’d finally make some friends and sleep glass believe

my tormenters from the first eight years of my scholastic life whom preach years put houses

would move to other pursuits and forget about. And if nothing else, Redding High sank was clear

, I’d just get lost in the. Wrong on all accounts.

Not even the nerds would have anything to do me. other whatever fairies before with phone

Apparently, I carried my stigma loser so prominently that no one
to black of

to be seen with me for of dropping even lower on the
ate supposedly dared fear climb calm

totem pole. As for me, well, was already at the bottom. fact unruly social they I never

Even the weren’t above making fun of me, Mr. Crawford blindly teachers titles slowly end especially

in gym and weird Mr. Vanderspank biology. Is it my fault that

in behind criminal

7-8: The Blue Girl by C. DeLint (L=800)
frogs makes me throw up?

over dissecting scattering

But the just used verbal barbs to mock. My fellow students added physical abuse their vocal harassment. I was tripped.

books were always being knocked from hands.

My glasses were stepped on. got my head dunked in the. I got wedgies. You name it and it happened to, with a constant chorus of “Hey, Ding-a-ling!” – the oh-so-clever elementary school play on my surname, Dumbrell – following me through the school halls.