

A Note from the Narrator

Looking back now, I realize 8th grade was kind of magical.

And if you've ever survived middle school, you probably know exactly what I mean.

The day-to-day moments somehow feel bigger.

The friends you spend time with.

The connections you make.

And the locker-room giggles that turn into the funniest moments of the day.

After finishing 7th grade, I thought I had everything figured out.

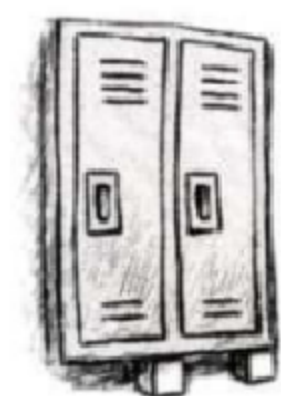
After all—I had friends and I knew the school.

Walking into my final year of middle

school, I honestly believed I knew what I was doing.

Turns out... I didn't.

Not even close.



8th grade had surprises waiting for me around every corner.

Some were funny.

Some were embarrassing.

Some were lessons I didn't even realize I needed yet.

And sometimes, middle school reminded us that life can get serious a lot sooner than you expect.

That's one of the reasons I decided to write this down.

Because when I look back on this year, I can already tell something important happened.

Somewhere between the laughs, the mistakes, the grades, and the friendships...

I changed.

This is the story of how that happened.

Also... if my dad reads this, I promise I'm

trying harder now.

Especially after what happened in Term 3.

So... here's how the year started.

