

My name is Maria Mayes, Math is my best subject, and I get straight A's. I am Miss Carmikle, Ms. Charles and Mr. McMullan's favorite student AND my friends and I started a school Glee Club, so therefore am a TOTAL reject. My mom keeps trying to convince me that I need to join an after school activity other than Glee Club, to get my mind off of things, and maybe get me a better social status. I am a pretty good runner, and I can sprint really fast, but I just don't think that joining the school track team would be a very good idea. I will NEVER be popular.

Spanish class: 2:30 p.m., Friday

Wow. Colin Rogers. He is HOT. I wish I had a chance with him, because seeing as I am a total reject and he is the star quarterback on the varsity football team, he will never EVER go out with me. I am so happy that he only sits two desks in front of me during Spanish class, so I can stare at him all I want, and since he is way taller than me nobody can really notice. I have had a crush on Colin since first grade when we kissed under the mistletoe at my family's Christmas party. Ahhhh, that was my first (and only) kiss. In sixth grade we swore never to speak of it again.

"Maria, can you translate the sentence into English?"

"Huh?" I stammered as I look up from my diary in which I have been writing for the entire class, "What sentence?"

"Te veré en detención," she replied with a smirk. I looked at my feet and mumbled as I realized what she meant.

P.E.: 3:20 p.m.

"You take her, we don't want her!"

"We picked last, you have her!" The team captains were fighting over which team I wasn't on again. We were playing capture the flag and nobody ever wants me on their team for capture the flag, I don't know why, I am not even half bad at it! Finally, the gym teacher put me on Bryce's team, and there were only two minutes of protest! Coach Mary blew the whistle and the game began. I was forced to be the "Do Nothing Defenseman"- as usual. The game was going pretty much as normal, until the last the last three minutes. My whole team (besides me of course) ran over to the other side, and every single one was tagged! I just stood there and stared as my team walked over to the jail. Then I made one of the best, and bravest decisions of my

life, I ran. I ran at the flag as fast as I could go. Nobody really went after me for a little bit, because they were so astounded that I left my side, and that I was such a fast runner! I raced toward the flag, rounded the guard, forced my hand down, felt the soft fabric brush against my fingers and closed my fist around it. I could hear people running up behind me trying to tag me, so I sprinted as fast as I could towards the halfway mark, and I made it! I won Capture the flag! ME!!! I WON!! You are probably thinking that I became popular instantly and Colin asked me out, and I led a perfect life, the end. Nope. TOTALLY not what happened. I got 7 high fives. That's it, I won capture the flag and I got 7 high fives. No new friends, no popularity. Nothing. Nada. Zippo.

Palm Beach- 4:32 p.m.

“C’mon Maria, it’s not that cold!” Amber shouted at me from the end of the dock. Amber, Julie and I were at Palm Beach along with Amber’s sister Jade. The three of them jumped in together off the end of the dock, while I stood over by our chairs and found ways to stall.

“I’ll be right in!” I shouted to Amber as I slowly and reluctantly took off my bright green cover-up, revealing my light orange bikini. My mom bought it for me, without my approval, AND it was final sale, so can’t even return it! I would so much rather be wearing my favorite Speedo one-piece with my knee length turquoise board-shorts, where I would be revealing NOTHING, but instead I was stuck with this. I looked at Amber, and she just stood there expressionless, staring, with her mouth hanging wide open. I walked over to the edge of the dock and held my arms up in diving position when I heard someone whistle the "wow she's so sexy" whistle. I looked over at the beach to try to see who did it, only to see Colin Rodgers, mouth gaping. He quickly shut it when he saw that I was looking at him. Best day EVER, even besides the whole bathing suit dilemma!

At home in bed- midnight

I can't sleep, too busy thinking about Colin!! Maybe I should call him.

Still in bed- 1:30 a.m.

I called Colin it went great! This is how the conversation went:

"Hullo?"

"Hi Colin, it's Maria!"

"Oh, 'sup Maria?"

"Not much, how about you?"

"I saw this girl at the beach today, and she looked just like you, it was crazy!"

"Oh, really?" I said with a smile creeping across my face.

"Yeah, but she was wearing a bikini, so it obviously wasn't you."

"Umm," how do I tell him while avoiding the fact that I actually hate that bathing suit?

"That uhh kinda sorta," I take a deep breath "was me." Silence.

"Meet me outside the school by the garden tomorrow morning at 10:00."

"Ok! What for?"

"I can't tell you, it's a surprise."

"Oh," I say feeling more than a little excited "See you there!"

School Garden- 9:59 a.m., Saturday

I can see him walking around the corner! What is he going to say? Do I look ok? I want to impress him. What is he..? Oh My God. He sees me! Now I am sweating I'm probably going to mess up my hair with all of this sweating! I can't go check it- that would be weird! What do I do?! He's here- more later.

10:40 a.m.

Here's the deal. I was waiting for him at the garden and when he came over, we both sat down on the small brick wall that borders the garden and started to talk.

"Hey Maria!" he said.

"Hu-hu-hi," I stammered like an idiot, wow nice way to impress a guy. "So, what is the surprise that you were talking about last night?" I inquired, my voice shaking with excitement

"Maria," he says "yesterday at the beach when I saw you standing there, I realized something," he is saying these words with so much emotion, I think he is going to cry "I realized that," he takes a deep breath "I love you with all of my heart, and I want you to be my girlfriend."

"Are you serious?"

"Maria, when I saw you, I felt something that I have never felt before, and now I realize that all I need is to be your boyfriend."

I swallow hard and take a deep breath before answering with a resounding "Yes," and then he said that we should go see the new TV series at his theater since we are on break all next week, an episode a day! We are even going to go out to dinner every night we can! Our first date is Monday night. He has his own theater, he is rich!!

Catherine's Pizza Parlor 7:30 p.m., Monday night

Ok, I know what you are probably thinking right now, but a date at a pizza parlor is better than no date at all, especially better than not dating Colin at all. I am still waiting for Colin to come out of the bathroom. I am so happy that he asked me to come to his house to see the new show, *Searching for Gold*. It turns out that the show isn't even that good, but I will just have to live through it so that I can go on a date with Colin every night.

The rest of the week went almost exactly the same, living through *Searching for Gold*, then going out for dinner at a different place every night. My favorite restaurant was *The Great Divide*, they had really good Mexican food.

School Bathroom 9:57 a.m., Monday

Oh my god, I can't believe that just happened. Here is the story: I was walking down the hallway, just minding my own business, when Lindsay came up behind me and shoved me into the garbage can. I stood up- utterly humiliated- and then Lindsay turned around and said "Oh! It looks like that revolting girl Marcy has finally ended up where she belongs, with her true family, GARBAGE."

I decided that I had finally taken enough crap from her, so I stood up and yelled "SHUT UP BITCH!" The hallway was dead silent. Nobody ever told Lindsay to shut up, much less call her such a dreadful (but true) thing, ESPECIALLY not an outcast like me. Everyone just stood there, as still as trees.

"What did you say to me loser?!" she asked me, rage spreading across her face

"I said, shut up bitch!" I replied with newly gained confidence. "And my name is Maria." Lindsay just kind of stood there in shock in between her two goons Ashley and Brittaney. After a couple minutes of standing there, I began to see tears welling up in Lindsay's eyes, and suddenly she ran to the girl's bathroom, Brittaney and Ashley following close behind. Now it was my turn to be shocked. NOBODY has EVER seen Lindsay cry! The entire hallway

erupted with cheers and applause. I had no idea why people were clapping so loudly, but I figured it was something important so I joined in. Then, Amber walked up behind me and told me that they were cheering for me! Wow a lot of people must really hate Lindsay. Everyone likes me now; I am a reject no longer!

Bathroom again- 11:27

I am crying so hard I can barely keep my hand steady enough to hold my pencil still. Colin Rodgers broke up with me. But I guess I should have seen this coming, seeing as he only asked me out because I looked good in a bikini. He is such a loser, or maybe as he pointed out earlier I am the loser. Ok I am going to tell you the story. Wow, it's almost too painful to write down.

I was walking to my class after the whole Lindsay incident, when Colin started approaching me. I thought that he was coming over to congratulate me, I couldn't have been more wrong.

"Hi Colin," I said

"Maria, we have to talk."

"Ok," I said as we walked towards the third floor staircase.

"You know," I said "It's about time someone stood up to Lindsay."

"Yeah," he replied with hesitation "That's why we have to talk. Lindsay, as you well know, is a cheerleader."

"Mmmhmm," I answered wondering why he was acting like I was stupid.

"So she's like part of the football team, and wouldn't let anyone say that to my boys, so I can't let anyone say that to my cheerleaders either." I was shocked, how could anybody stand up for someone like Lindsay?

"And besides you are a loser, and I am a football star," he said, his face hardening "It wasn't going to work out anyway, but it was nice while it lasted."

"Are you breaking up with me?" I inquired, tears welling up in my eyes.

"Yeah," he said and walked away.

Isn't that terrible? How could he hurt me like that? Especially over someone like LINDSAY!?

Lunch- 12:15 p.m.

Breathless 6-8 p.6

I am sitting with some of my new friends, their names are Jenni, Sarah, Beth, and Beca. We just looked over at Colin's table, and apparently it hasn't taken him much getting over me to find someone else to go out with, we saw him making out with Chloe Tinkerhesh. He is one bad egg; I can't believe that at one point I loved him with all of my heart! Now that I don't like anyone that I can't have, I am starting to realize all the benefits of being single.

"Wow," Jenni said with a strange look on her face "He is a serious scumbag!"

"Totally a bogus scumbag," Beca replied with her weird (but cool) British accent "Just look at him over there snogging that shallow dimwitted Chloe girl!" I love the way Beca talks, it sounds so different, but in a cool British way. I can't show just how much I hate Colin right now.

Glee- 2:02 p.m.

I am so happy, Amber and I just took a vote on what songs we will be singing for the upcoming concert. We get to sing Teenage Dream, Material Girl, and my favorite song- Titanium. I have started liking Titanium because that is what I would say to Colin if I were brave enough, and I fully plan on staring at him during our elongated version of the song. I hope we sing it with so much conviction that he will stop sucking face with Chloe Tinkerhesh long enough to see me staring at him during the chorus. He is such a slime. I have to stop thinking about him so much, my friends all say that it is bad for me to be worrying about him so much. I need to get over him.

The Park- 3:45 p.m.

Everybody has been telling me that I should join the track team, and usually I don't fold under peer pressure, but I am so tired of all the people talking to me about something as easy to do as joining the track team. My mom was absolutely ecstatic when I told her that I was going to be joining the track team. She was so happy that she is actually going to make dinner instead of ordering in, mind you it is only going to be macaroni and cheese with wagon wheel pasta but it still counts. Track practice is tomorrow, and the first meet is on Thursday. I am joining late so I am just in time for the first meet. I already talked to the coach, and I signed up for the 100 and 200-yard dash. I have to train a little at home because I have missed a couple of practices, but that makes no difference to me because I find training to be the best part of any running activity.

Track Practice- 3:15 p.m., Tuesday

It turns out that the team really needs me to win my race, because principal Jones is going to be cutting funding for the team if we don't start to do better at the meets. He said that at least 6 out of 10 people (yes, there are only 10 people on the track team) have to come in first place in order for him to keep the team running. I feel confident that I can make 1st place, but I hope that at least five other people can too.

Track Meet 2:01 p.m., Thursday

I haven't had the chance to make an entry in a while because I have been so worried about training and practicing for the meet today. I am so nervous I think that I might actually throw up on the track as I am running. I told my coach this, and she just laughed and said "Well then you will be a little lighter so you can run faster and save the team!" Yeah right, I thought. I can't save the team with this giant swarm of butterflies in my stomach.

2:32 p.m.

I cannot believe that just happened, I will explain it as best I can from my point of view.

BAM! The signal to go rang loud and long in the humid summer air. I fixed my eyes on the finish line as I began to sprint towards it, running like my life depended on it. I got a late start and now, I am in third place. C'mon, I think to myself, the whole team is depending on you! I began to really run, faster than I have ever run before. The entire track team was staring at me, counting on me to win this race. I have to win this race, I think, the entire school track team depends on this 200 yards. I keep running, gaining speed, and I started to see the people in first and second coming slowly closer to me, I catch up and see the faint blur of the red and white jerseys as they fall behind. The finish line is so close I can almost smell victory, and then it happens. I run across. I won! I look over at my team just in time to see their hardened faces soften into glowing smiles. I had saved the team. "You know," I say as I see my mom walking over, "I love this, and I am going to stay on the team." Now I can feel the tears welling up in my

Breathless 6-8 p.8

eyes as my mother gathers me up into a warm congratulatory hug. "I am going to stay with the team mom, I am going to stay with the team."