

First day

I woke up nervous. I began to get ready slowly, completing one thing after another. The time was approaching. I needed to get a lock because I had forgotten to buy one earlier.

I got in the car, and my dad began to drive. I was racing the clock to get back in time to meet my friend. My dad was driving quickly as he approached the store.

As we ran into the store, there was one lock left. We were lucky, but we had no time to waste. We bought it quickly and ran back to the car. Time was running out. When I got back, it was too late. We weren't fast enough, so I went without him.

As I began biking, I saw him, my friend, but I was confused: he was going the wrong way. I continued biking without him because I would run out of time. I approached the building and waited for him to come, but he never did. I decided to go in without him.

I walked through the door nervously, my heart racing as I stepped into the room. My legs felt unsteady, like they weren't sure they wanted to carry me forward. I wiped my sweaty palms on my pants, trying to shake off my nervousness. Thoughts were swirling in my head, but none of them seemed to make sense. I took a deep breath and forced my legs to move, knowing I had no choice but to keep going.

I got in feeling a little better but still very nervous. They made me go to the gym, and I found my class number. I went to it and saw a few people I knew. I was still waiting for him to get here. The teacher directed us into the class, and we all followed. Twenty minutes later, I saw him walk in. I just gestured at him in a confused manner because I didn't know what else to do.