

DIRTY LAUNDRY



Welcome
home!

I just got off the phone with Riley.

It was good to talk to her after...you know...everything that went down at the end of camp.



**"TUCE"
TRUCE** I broke our sacred camp promise.

I'm glad she doesn't hate me for all if it, I'm sure I'll regret Owen for the rest of my life. It was 100% not worth it because of what it did to our friendship. Not to mention Owen literally just kissed another girl two seconds later.



I guess boys in general aren't worth it.

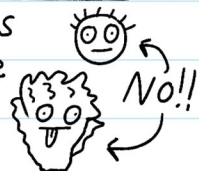
WORTH IT:

- EXERCISE
- FAMILY
- FRIENDS
- MYSELF
- SUGAR



NOT WORTH IT

- Boys
- Kale



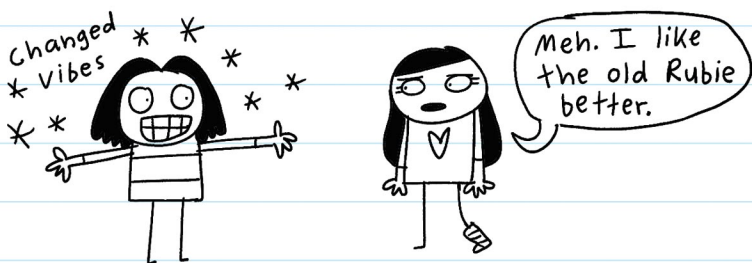
Riley wanted me to come over but I just want to relax in my room.

It's weird when you go away for a while and come back, and everything feels new. I caught myself getting emotional with my desk lamp.



To be honest, I also feel a little nervous about seeing Riley. Of course because I made her upset, but I'm kind of not the same girl I was before camp. It changed me in so many ways.

Will she accept that? Can she?



Jim is literally staring at me and said, "friendships have their ups and downs, kiddo. It's just the way it goes. You guys will grow and change with your relationship."

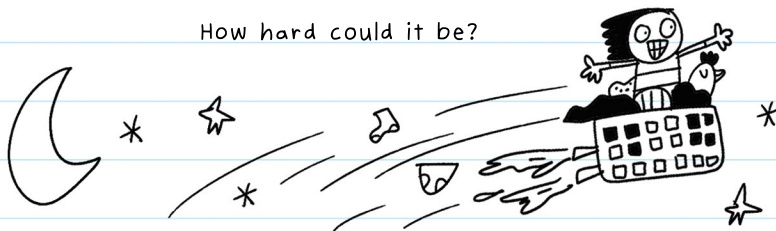


Anyway, I really need clean clothes. I put my pile of dirty camp laundry by the washer but Mom got distracted with some workout video.



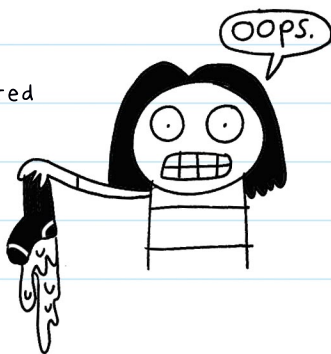
So, I'm going to attempt to do it myself. There's a first time for everything, right? It's not rocket science.

How hard could it be?



LATER

Ok, apparently doing laundry IS complicated because I (wait for it)... thought the dryer was the washer and now all my clothes are soggy with soap.



Not to mention the dryer is gross now.

Mom didn't seem to mind though, she was all, "my baby is growing up! Doing her own laundry!!"



Then she proceeded to give me a very *cringe* lesson in doing laundry.



We went out to go shopping for school supplies. 6th grade starts in a month and I'm not looking forward to it. Here are my list of reasons why:

THE LIST OF REASONS WHY I'M Not EXCITED TO START 6TH GRADE

It's in the same building as the High School.

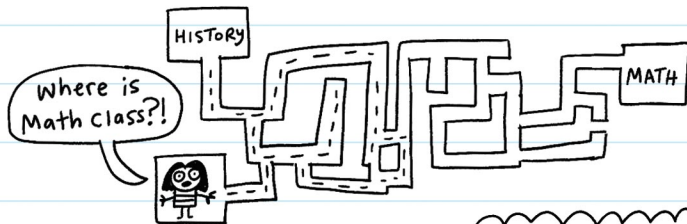
Aka, scary teenagers.



Teachers are going to give us more homework so we have no life. (Prob just the way they like it.)



I have to travel to different classes and I already know I'm going to get lost a million times.

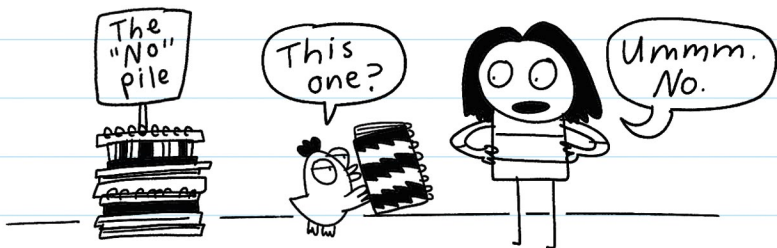


We have to eat lunch with seventh graders.

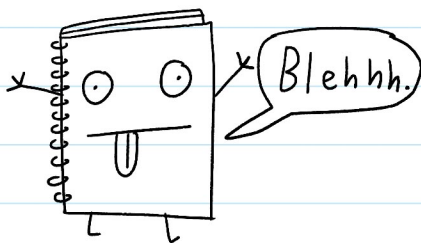
(Already having cafeteria anxiety.)



But at least it's an excuse to pick out new notebooks, folders, and pens. I took an hour to finally decide on the right notebooks for each class. Picking out the perfect notebooks is **SO IMPORTANT**.



It totally sets the tone for the school year. Last year, Mom picked me out a boring solid blue notebook for Math and I'm convinced that's why Mrs. Meagle gave me a bad grade.



I picked out some fun pens with cats on them and a pack of

patterned pencils. Here are the notebooks I decided on:



The shopping trip was going pretty well until I saw HIM.



Owen was on his phone (thank God) and walking behind his mom, coming straight towards me. I shoved myself between packs of toilet paper and waited for the coast to clear.



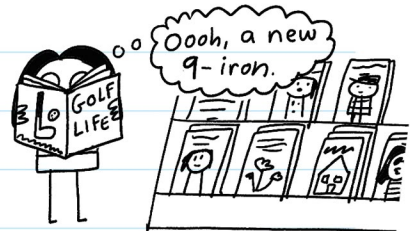
I hope I don't see him again until school starts. I need at least a few week buffer zone. I wondered who that girl was that he kissed at the end of the dance. You know, during the moment he broke my heart. Maybe he was texting her at the store.

I hurried mom to the checkout to leave as fast as we could.



But the Universe had other plans. I saw him a couple checkout lanes over.

He looked up from his phone and I grabbed a random magazine.

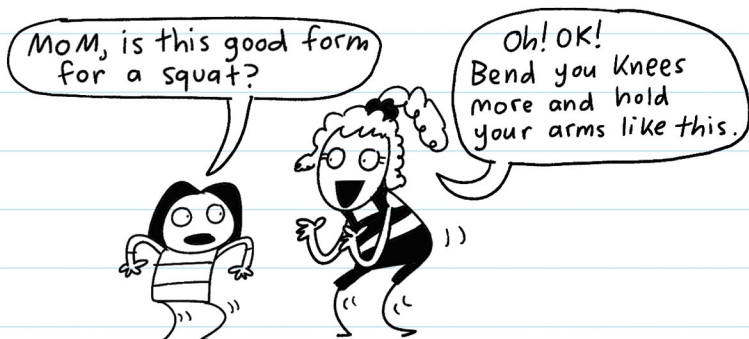


Mom and Mrs. Griffon know each other because Mrs. Griffon goes to Mom's Zumba class. If mom saw Mrs. Griffon, she would definitely wave and go talk to her. There would no avoiding Owen and my life would end right there.



I wouldn't even get to use my new pens and notebooks.

I pulled a distraction card and thankfully Mom bought it.



I was so relieved when we made it to the car. I didn't even mind Mom singing to the radio on the ride home.



I have no idea how I'm going to actually face Owen once school starts. Our grade is made up of like seventy kids because our town is tiny. Maybe if I can disguise myself, he won't see me.

Note to self: Think of a good disguise.

