

# Everybody's changed

## Bianca Brown

(Blurb)

Archer Daniels has always stood out with his blue overalls and old Converse. But at his old school, that made him the apple in a basket of bananas. So when he gets a chance to start over and have a fresh start, he realises that being weird was never a problem – it was a superpower.

“Suddenly the cow meowed loudly !” I yelled at Mum who just couldn't seem to understand

. Nobody did. “Yeah, yeah, and the fish started barking. It was just a dream, come on

Archie ,we've talked about this, dreams aren't real”Mum replied.

As the cold air twirled past my face, I breathed in the sweet peppermint smell floating around the air: from the local coffee cart that parks outside my school. “Morning Linda” I said as I beamed at her while she handed me a peppermint hot chocolate with a candy cane and flake for extra taste. “Morning, Mister Archer. Has anything happened lately?I got a phone call from your Mum telling me that you heard a cow meow?”Linda asked, looking at me with suspicion overpowering her smile.

“You won't believe me, but this morning I looked out my window, and saw Mr McLlyods cows from next door, meow at me!” I kept my voice low as everyone passed by.



"Ok, well as much as your story sounds interesting , you should head on to school bell rings in 10, oh and when you get home tell your Mum I'll drop in around 4 for a little wine, have a good day Archie" Linda said smiling as she brushed me off, asking for the man Standing next to me order: who looked frustrated that I held up the line.

As I walked into school I could feel gazes burning my skin as I walked past kids leaning against their lockers. Doing a 180 and slipping into the bathroom, I couldn't recognize the person in the mirror. Dirty blonde hair with little curls on the ends teasing my eyelashes, green eyes reminding me of the hulk, with glasses always getting pushed around—just like me I guess."Shh, he'll hear us, on the count of three we'll tip the leaves over his head. I heard Aimee the school bully whisper.

Aimee was pretty with her brunette hair and blue Bali water eyes. The only problem was that she knew she was pretty. And she took that to her advantage. There were 5 people in Aimee's gang: Dylan, who was her boyfriend, Nia, Tanya, Lina and Brayden: Dylan's best friend ."Excuse me, Miss Dowson, but why are you all standing outside the boys bathroom with a bucket of leaves?

You should all be in class by now. Bell rings in 2 minutes, go on and off you go." I heard Mrs Smythe say in her stern tone she only used it if you were really in trouble. I admired Mrs Smythe for that, even though she was a teacher; she was everything I wanted to be . She was smart, popular, and confident.



"Archer, are you in there? They're gone now if I were you, I would head on to class," I heard Mrs Smythe talk just for me, quiet enough to hear. "Good morning, Mrs Smythe," I said to her as I hid my face looking at the ground, and I quickly hurried past her.

My whole life I was the target for bullies, no matter how I looked, how I acted, I never left their radar. But I wasn't like everyone else; I was different. Ever since I was young Mum said I had a big imagination. She wasn't wrong. When I was younger, I had lots of friends due to my stories, but now all of them have changed. Everybody changed. Instead of asking 'what happened next? Is the dinosaur pretty?' they all changed overnight in year 5. Now the boys are all obsessed with how good they are at Fortnite and the girls are all focused on either looking good or trying to impress the boys. So obviously I stood out with my Converse and overalls meanwhile all the other kids were rocking their new Nike shoes and white fox hoodies.

Staring at my page, I got spooked by a sudden voice "I, whoa, you know Archer, you're an excellent writer," Mr Van Den Burgh said as he looked at me in awe, proud, impressed. No one ever looked at me like that. "Thank you," I replied, keeping my eyes focused on my page. Whenever I held the pen in my hands, my feelings just poured onto the paper, staining it with my writing. Some would ask if I have ever tried making it into a song or a poem, but trust me when I say this I am not a good singer.





"Archer Daniels, Please report to the principal's office. Mr Townshend would like a word "I heard the loudspeaker demolish my thoughts as I stared at them with horror painted over my face . "Ohhhh, Mr googly eyes is in trouble with the principal. " I heard kids whispering as I stood up walking past everyone's desk. What was it this time? In the past 3 months, I've been at this school I've been called into the office over 12 times due to the same issue. Bullying. "Come in, Archer,

Principal Townshend's waiting for you " Arabella, the school's secretary called out to me as I opened the door. "Welcome Mr Daniels, please take a seat " Principal Townshend said, gesturing to the seat in front of me. "Mum? What are you doing here ?" I asked as I took my seat, staring at Mum. What was she doing here? My stomach sucked in, refusing to let out a breath until I got my answer. The seat was molded into my figure, seeing as how many times I had been there. In my head, I would call it 'Archie's chair of doom'.

My arms sank into the armrest with the air from the cold A.C blasting onto my arms causing goosebumps travelling up and down my body. "I've called you here today because an opportunity has just arisen which made me think of you " Principal Townshend explained. My knees were shaking, shivering from the thought that I was going to be asked to leave the school, permanently this time. "You have been offered a spot at Concord College " Mr Townshend explained as he looked to my Mum for reassurance. "This is your chance for a fresh start, Archie " Mum said.





Two months later ..

"Mum isn't Concord College really expensive and on the other side of Kinsale? Mum, I can't go there, we would have to move, and we can't afford it!" I said as Mum just nodded while focusing on the road. "Archer, I appreciate you thinking about me, but you're going there whether you want to or not," Mum said with her knees shaking like she was scared of spiders crawling up her.

I stepped out of Mum's car, looking up at the big blue buildings of Concord College. It looked way too fancy, like one of those places where people had to wear long pants, blazers and ties while keeping up good grades and handwriting. I rolled down my overalls, covering my bright blue and red socks, disguising my fear by covering myself. As I looked back at Mum and waved. "Bye, Archer, have a good day!" Mum yelled in response to my wave. I smiled. Walking through the big front gates, there was a girl with bright ginger hair, green eyes and a long purple skirt, which made her look like a mix of Rapunzel and Merida, smiled at me. "Nice overalls," she said, looking me up and down like she was trying to find something. I waited for the sarcasm to come, the mean comments, but they never came. "Thanks," I mumbled. Inside the big entrance hall, it was loud and buzzing with laughter and chatter, then something caught my eye, freezing my body in place to read it. There was a writing club poster stuck to the wall: Come and share your stories, a place to fit in. And for the first time, I thought I had to change - but now I'm somewhere I don't have to. Now I'm just Archer and that's finally enough.

