



Wednesday 19<sup>th</sup> April 2018

Dear Diary,

It's happened again. I feel numb. This time it came from nowhere and it all happened so quickly that I'm not even sure where it came from. I just know I'm in trouble, real trouble.

So, it went like this. I was in school and Bailey Jones came up to me and slammed me into the corner- again. Aghhh! I HATE that kid. I've told everyone who will listen what he is like, but he always plays the sympathy card and tells them that he is really struggling after their house fire and he seems to just keep getting away with it. This time he had his arms above my shoulders, pressing down on me, and I felt so trapped and helpless. I seriously couldn't stand it anymore. He was threatening me- something about getting me at lunchtime- then he brought up my Mum. He said he saw me getting out of her car earlier in the week and that it looked like something that belonged in the junk yard... and that so did she. That was it. I saw red. Mum works two jobs to keep a roof over our heads and to put fuel in that heap of junk.

I don't remember much, but I remember that awful feeling like my palms were burning again, really burning, and my heart felt like it was going to explode out of my chest. I closed my eyes and tried to control it, but before I realised what had happened, Bailey had disappeared and the corridor was blown to bits. It was chaos. The other kids were screaming and running out of the doors, locker doors were hanging off, the notice boards were blown clean off the walls, the ceiling tiles caved in and wires dangled from the gaps and there was dust everywhere. It hurt my chest to breathe it in. Poor Mrs. Mezarelli got caught up in it; I saw her hiding in the classroom when I ran out. Man, I feel so bad about that. She's my favourite teacher. She just...gets me.

So here I am now, on the run. They caught up with me yesterday just after it happened but I managed to escape using that power again. It just bubbled up and before I knew it, I had done it again. They think I'm some kind of monster or alien freak; I think I'm some kind of monster or alien freak. I need to try to get hold of Mum. I need help. It's serious this time. She'll know what to do. Why does this keep happening to me? How can I make it stop? I just want my old life back!

Better go, can't stop long in case they're following me.

Speak soon.

T

Wednesday 19<sup>th</sup> April 2018

Dear Diary,

[illegible]

Anyway, better go now.

Speak soon.

**T**