

I'm in sixth grade. I'll bet my school is like most others. Not good, not bad... just somewhere in between. Of course, there are lots of things that could be better, if anyone bothered to look around. A school is only as good as its teachers and students, its principal, your friends and parents...

A school is as diverse as its students. The more variety the better, I say. But it's not that easy for so many people to get along. It takes an open mind. Things can work out, though—if you have teachers who make learning fun, if you make real friends, if you feel like you matter. But you can't choose your teachers or your classmates, who don't always cooperate. That's when you get people competing for power, sucking up, trying to get attention. That's when you notice the differences between the strong and the weak, the brave and the scared, the quiet and the loud.

That's when people become outsiders just because they're different from others.

But what does being "different" really mean, and who gets to decide?

Come with me, and I'll show you how things work at our school...





The teachers are always talking about the “school community,” and the “classroom community.”

But what exactly is community?

Does it mean that everyone has to be the same?

Wouldn't it be good if everyone could just be themselves, without having to do what everybody else does?

Wouldn't it be braver and more interesting if everyone could find their own way?

If everyone thinks and does the same thing, then nothing can ever change.



Everyone in my school has
their own personal story.
I'll tell you about
a few of them...

