

Diary Daze or Days of Embarrassment

Dear Diary

Today was the most humiliating day of my life. How could I be so stupid? My life is effectively over.

It reminded me of the other most humiliating day of my life. I was eight years old and happily ensconced in a cosy house and a happy and user-friendly school.

It all started the night my parents gave me the devastating news that we were moving house and that I would have to change schools.

‘Nooooo!!!!’ the voice had shouted silently in my brain.

I really was not ecstatic about leaving my school, my friends, my house, to go who knows where.

I had trudged off to school the next day and made the tragic announcement that I was leaving. There were tears and farewells from all my friends and teachers. I packed up every book from my desk and went home in a miserable frame of mind, knowing that I wouldn’t see my school or friends ever again. My grandfather, who walked me to and from school, must have thought that I had an awful lot of homework for an eight year old, judging by the amount of books I was carrying. I was too upset to talk to him.

When I woke up the next morning, I asked my parents where I would be going to school.

“You’ll change schools after we move into our new house, which isn’t for a couple of months,” they informed me with quizzical looks on their faces.

“Oh no!” I thought.

Even at the tender age of eight, the embarrassment factor of my mistake was not lost on me. Imagine their surprise when my teachers and friends saw me arrive at school after the fuss and rigmarole I had created the previous day. I told them that I was my own identical cousin who had moved into my life after I had left for more exotic locations. Needless to say, I never lived down that little incident.

Back to today’s mortifying experience. The whole school had entered the Hall for another of the school’s very official assemblies. As the students were settling down, I paid a visit to the ladies’ room. I then dutifully took my position in the middle aisle, between Years 3 and 4. The ripple of snickering started with Year 6 (of course) and soon spread to the entire junior school, then onto the seniors upstairs. One of my teaching colleagues kindly whispered into my ear that I had tucked the back of my skirt into my tights and was on display for the entire school population.

I let out a horrified gasp and ran out of the Hall as fast as I possibly could. I hid in the staffroom for the rest of the day, refusing to come out until every student and teacher had well and truly left the school grounds. My life is now officially over for the second time in my life.

Oh school, what a cruel and savage place you can be!