

I stared at the pages so hard I thought y eyes would pop out. There was my named and scrawled right underneath it the words “The Mop.” My heart pounded. My face and ears burned hot. I wanted to run, hide, anything to get away from the destructive words of this cruel creation by some of my classmates. They called it the “Slam” book.

I couldn't imagine anything worse than being thirteen, living in a new town, going to a new school, trying to make new friends and then having some unknown person write this in a book for every body to read.