



Dear Diary:

I can't believe summer's over. Moving to the country has been awesome (especially since I met Jet, my new best friend). But now that September's here, I've been thinking a lot about my old friends at Bigville Public School. Right now I bet they're all at the mall shopping for new clothes. I'm missing all that fun.

Things are so different here. Dear diary, do you think I'll make friends at my new school? I don't care about being popular, but I wonder if I'll fit in.

Claire

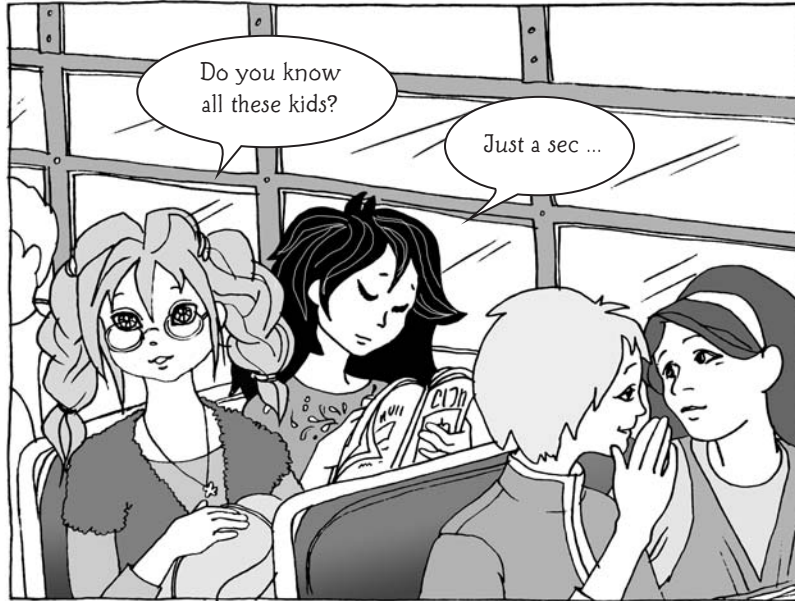




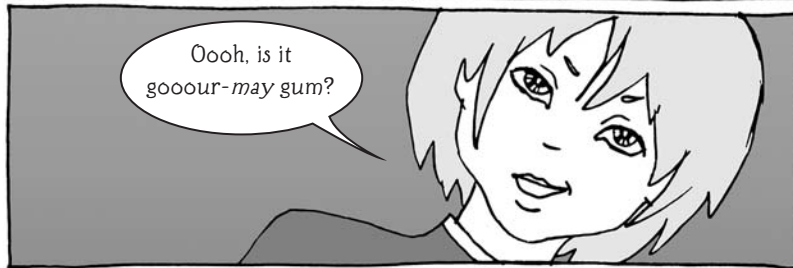
Claire!

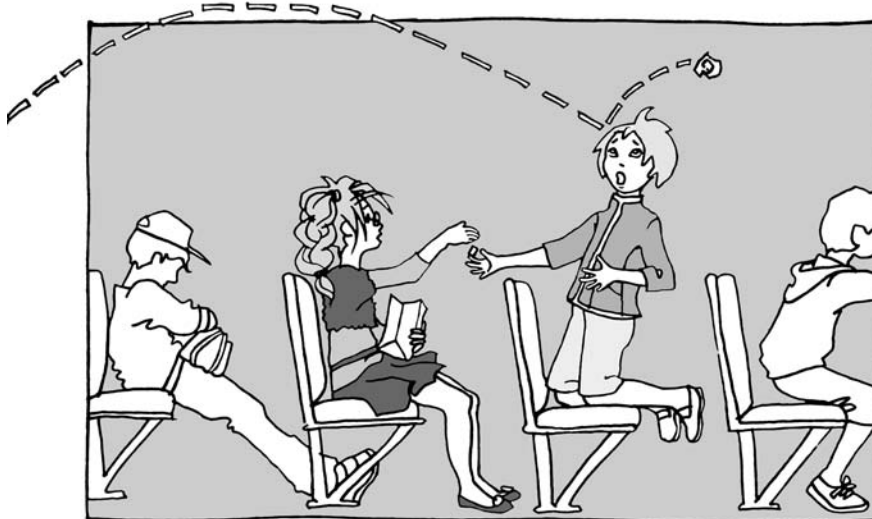
Thanks for saving me a seat, Jet.

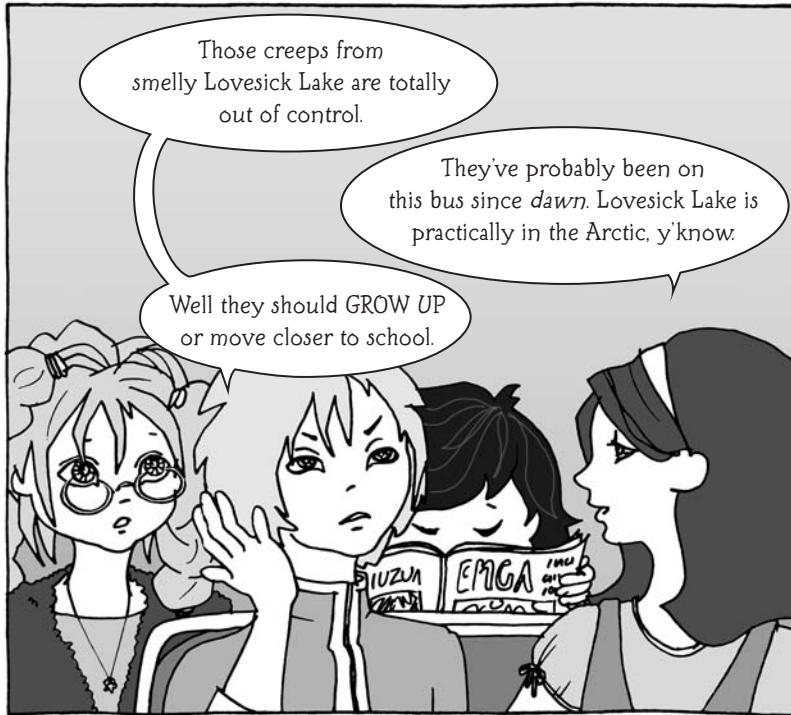
There's something I want to show you.





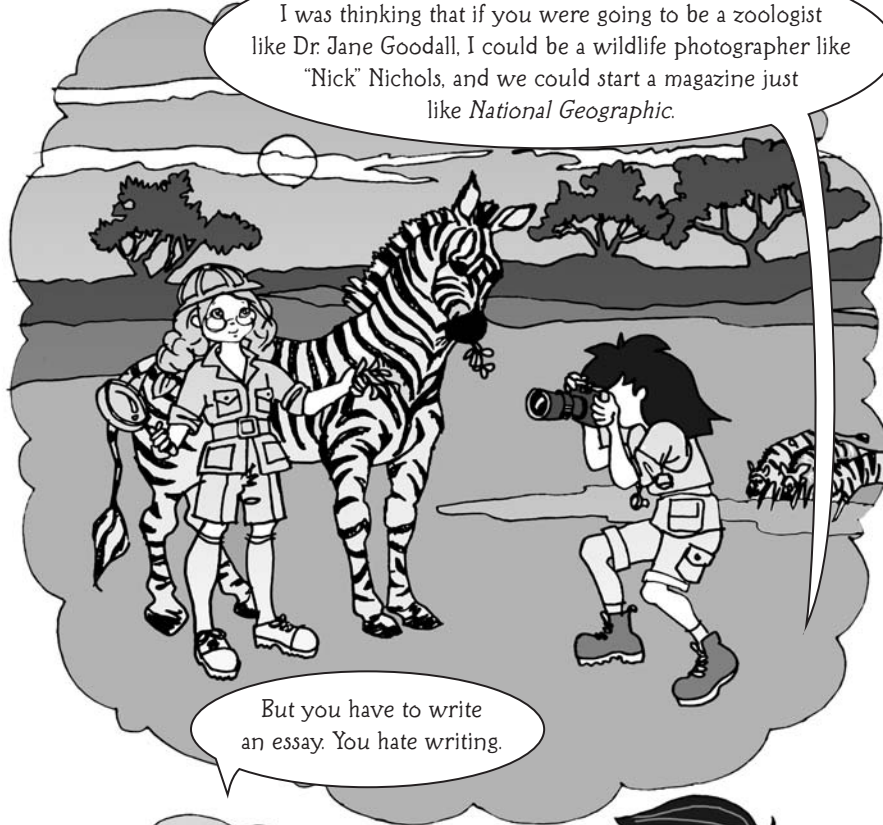








Just what I need — a camera.
I was thinking that if you were going to be a zoologist like Dr. Jane Goodall, I could be a wildlife photographer like “Nick” Nichols, and we could start a magazine just like *National Geographic*.



But you have to write an essay. You hate writing.



But I love contests.

