

Dear Diary,

School is a bore.

It's tiresome.

It's repetitive.

And I could list many more adjectives if I wanted to; but I won't because that would be all of the above.

But then it wasn't boring; I was startled as the blaring alarm screamed at us.

"Out! Everybody out! This is **not** a fire drill! Get as far away from the building as you can!" Our deputy Head yelled.

All this drama had enticed me; I had to uncover what was going on. My mum was a professional photographer and a journalist so I had it in me. Piling in through the school gates was a platoon of fire engines and police cars who did not stop to wait for passers-by; they had much more important things on their mind. Was it terrorists? A shooting? Nervously, I edged closer to the ever growing army of vehicles and overheard a cop on his radio.

"Some kind of explosive we think. We need backup." Echoed out of the device.

"On our way boss, over and out." He said in a strong American accent.

See, I'm British, I've been here for 8 months now and I'm still not used to it. I stifled a laugh.

Jokes aside, I desperately wanted to go inside and that lingering thought drew me ever closer to the quarantined facility. The only rational, sane part of my brain was overruled by this tsunami of an inquisitive, curiosity that I held. Rebelliously, I had decided that I was going in, but that meant that I might not be coming out. Armed with nothing but my phone, (my Nikon camera was at home, but it would do) I dashed up to an open window; praying that no-one would see me. Clambering through the inviting window and with that, I was in.

Now I was inside, the curiosity had vanished. Fear; worry; terror; panic were just some of the violent emotions currently attacking and engulfing my fragile brain. A fierce tornado of negativity conjured up tragic disastrous thoughts; I was going to die; I'm a goner. All of the possible ways to die were whizzing around my head at one hundred miles per hour. I felt dizzy. I felt sick. I felt like a rebellious journalist, and that's how I wanted to feel.

I pulled out my phone and started recording every step. But then I saw it. A shadow. Ominously, it was edging around the corner.

Was this it? How I die?

Well, no. Obviously it wasn't. Because how would I even be writing this.