

"The Power of a Smile"  
by M. Ruth Hogan

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5/8/03  
School bus  
7:45  
Dear Diary,

Today is NOT a good day, at least not so far! I woke up this morning to Mom yelling something about me being late and not having started the dishes last night. From my bed, I could just barely see into my closet. My brand new skirt that I just purchased from Kohls last night was hanging there, then I realized it was, and still is, hideous!! U-g-l-y! The color is ugly, kind of a puke orange and puke green. The pattern is ugly, plaid. The skirt is butt ugly! Just thinking about it makes me sick! I managed to get dressed without having to look at it. Yes, the skirt is really that awful. I barely had time to slurp down some cereal and run out the door right as the bus was about to pull away and made it on time, my first break yet. I didn't even have time to style my hair, and I was having a bad hair day in the first place. I am now on the bus feeling awful! I think that, for the first time in my life, I'm getting motion sickness. The bus is so crowded and I'm telling you, I am sure half the people aren't wearing deodorant. It is so bumpy; it isn't usually this bumpy, is it? SHEESH!! It isn't even 8 o'clock and I already want to go back to bed. Gtg (got to go), Raine

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5/8/03  
Cafeteria  
12:00  
Dear Diary,

I thought that this morning was awful, but that was nothing compared to now!! I still have a tummy ache! Is it possible to have motion sickness when you're not in a car, on a bus, or in any other vehicle? I think I may be a natural phenomenon. On top of that, I don't have any of my homework. I lost my Language Arts binder, so I don't have any of my several assignments in Language Arts. I didn't do my Computer or Music homework. I left my Social Studies homework, that I spent an hour on, at home on the kitchen table. CRIMANY!! How could I be so stupid? I'm not going to answer that. Just when I thought that nothing else could go wrong, I realized that I forgot my lunch and

had to eat the Cafeteria's meat loaf. Yuck! Then, I sat in an unknown, sticky, yellowy white substance that was on my chair. Double yuck!! I just want to go home. Gtg, Raine

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5/8/03

Home

4:30

Dear Diary,

Still on that rapid downhill slope. Right after I got done writing earlier, it was time for, gasp, the dreaded Social Studies, shriek. It is taught by Mrs. Cougar who is an odd, old lady who wears these dresses that look like they come from the 1800's and reeks of mothballs and bad perfume. My classmates were being their usual loud selves, making lewd comments, fighting over petty things, and hurling things across the room. I would have happily joined in, but feared the wrath of Mrs. Cougar, who was in a worse mood than usual, so I stayed quiet. My pen ran of ink, so I turned to my neighbor, also my second best friend, Em, and said 3 words, "Can I borrow..." Mrs. Cougar snapped at me "Raine Johnson, be quiet and do your work!" I decided it was best to keep my mouth shut and passed Em a note explaining my problem. Thankfully, Mrs. Cougar didn't see. Em handed me a pen and I managed to go through the rest of Social Studies without any other problems. On the bus ride home, I sat down next to my best friend, Elise. I started to tell her about my TERRIBLE day. Then she exploded on me. "You are not the only one who has problems you know!" she said. I never said I was. But, needless to say, the rest of the ride was spent in an uncomfortable silence. When I got home, I saw my YM® magazine sitting on the table. "A good thing," I thought. It had no good beauty

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advice in it, just all the repeats from last month; no good articles, I am not even going to waste my time reading them; and, for once, no pictures of cute guys. Ugh! I'm going to go take a nap. Raine

5/9/03

School bus

7:47

Dear Diary,

Something pretty cool happened last night. Or at least I thought it was cool. I woke up from my nap at 5 (pm of course.) Finished all my homework, last nights and the late stuff I needed to turn in for 1/2 credit, by 6:30, which is like a record for me lately. Mom and Dad were at yoga, so I walked down to Braums. It is about a 1/2 a mile away. I got myself a burger, one of the ultimate comfort foods, and a coke. As I ate, I began to feel a little better or at least to the point where I could go to school the next day. The guy from the cash register walked over to me right before I was about to leave, handed me an ice cream sundae and said "This is from the lady over there; she said you looked like you needed it." I looked to where he was pointing and, sure enough, a woman, about in her 20's, gave me a shy smile and waved. I smiled back and mouthed "Thank you." As I started to eat my ice cream, I realized that I was actually happier about the smile than the ice cream. Everyone knows I love ice cream too. I thought about it and I realized two other things. First, I that that was the first smile I had gotten, or given, all day. Secondly, that I had been focusing on the bad things all day and hadn't even given a thought to the good things. I got a good grade on my test, an A and it was in Math, I haven't done to well in that class lately. I also got to sit by Jaims in Music. He sat down right next to me and he is like the cutest guy in the class. I was about to go over and thank the women in person, but she had already left. So I walked home and watched TV until bed. For yesterday's pow-wow (pow=bad thing and wow=good thing) that was my wow, and everything else I wrote was

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my pow. Today, I think I have all my homework done, feel fine, and am taking the skirt back tonight. I haven't found my binder, but that is OK. The funny thing is this all seems to have resulted from one little smile. It took three seconds and didn't cost a thing; the ice cream was just a bonus. Behold the power of a smile.  
Raine