

Africa

by Kamil Kajewicz

Dear Diary,

Today was my first day of school in Africa. When I first walked in, the teacher announced that a new student has joined. I heard that from outside, no-one seemed to care but when I walked in everyone, even the teacher, stared at me in amazement. I don't know yet but I'm sure I'll find out. I was asked to tell everyone about myself. I started off with my name, then I said 'I'm from Wexford City'. Then a student asked me 'Is that in America?'. Me and the teacher giggled. I told them I'm from Ireland.

I told them about my hobbies and then I sat down on a wooden stool that looked more like an upside-down basket or something. We only did Math, English and the teacher asked do I speak Irish. I proudly said yes and then said something along the lines of 'Tá mé ocras orm' but everyone was very impressed.

We write on stone slates and with chalk. It was awkward at first but I got used to it. At the end, when we were all walking home, I found why they were all so amazed when I walked in. I knew because one of the students asked me 'So where you live, there is no black people?', in a questioning tone. I said 'Oh of course not. There are black people everywhere just like white people. We treat everyone the same, it really doesn't matter'. A girl also said she loved my shirt. It was a Leinster jersey. Then for the rest of the walk we talked about Irish sports and jerseys.

Overall it was great. I loved it. It doesn't seem as though anyone dislikes me and I like everyone. Tomorrow I'm going to school again. I'm slowly learning everyone's names.