



# My First Day at Dolhabon School

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Dear Diary,

Today was my first day at Dolhabon School. I recently achieved a full scholarship after an extremely tough and competitive exam last month. Dolhabon is short for Dolor & Habet Omnia, which means smart and has everything in Latin without the ampersand.

Dolhabon School has uniform that is almost entirely emerald green. Dolhabon School starts at seven in the morning. It takes half an hour to take the bus to Dolhabon School, and it takes me twenty minutes to change into my clothes, have breakfast and brush my teeth. Therefore, I need to wake up at ten past six in the morning in order to arrive on time.

When I stepped inside the fancy, black decorations of the fence surrounding the perimeter of the school, and I saw the front entrance of the school that looks like the Art Gallery of New South Wales, I was really impressed about the school's funding that led to the most skilled architects and builders in the world to carefully dedicate their time into this masterpiece of the school. I have thoughts racing in my mind that Dolhabon school could be better than I thought.

The hospitable security guard with a piece of paper showing all the new students' earlier school photos at the front gate welcomed me. "Hello, new student."

"Hi! I just want to politely ask you a question," I replied warmly.

"Pardon?" she asked.

"Where should I go next?"

"Just go to the administration desk by walking forwards for twenty metres. They will tell you more about this wonderful school."

"Thanks! Gotta go!"

"Bye!"

The interior of the school is a polychromed kaleidoscope of beautifully designed and painted walls. They are also canvas filled with colour masterfully created by child artists from the private school in a similar style to Michelangelo's painting of the Sistine Chapel. I walked up to the administration desk with a smile on my face.

"Welcome to this school," said the headmaster.

I saw a small, wide, wooden sign with golden letters that read, "Robinson Hawke, B. Ed."

"Here's your membership card to show to the security guard and your dormitory key."

"Thanks!"

"You're welcome."

My key says Room 1000. There are a lot of rooms, maybe because of the good quality facilities, education and extracurricular activities.

I saw a school map. I saw that the dormitories were on the right side of the school, and the classes were on the left side of the school. I also saw another map of all the rooms. I realised that the higher the number, the bigger the room is. The map also read that two and only two students can fill up a dormitory. Room 1000 is at the most northeastern corner of the school.

I opened the door using my key, and I found out that I wasn't alone. There was girl inside as well.

“Hi, new student! I'm Abby! Welcome to this school! Thank goodness I'm not alone anymore! I only get paired up with students with perfect scores, like you.”

“My name is Leonardo. Why does every dormitory have two people?”

“The school pairs up equally smart people, so they can learn at the same pace. Morning classes start at nine. Want a tour?”

“Why not!”

We first explored our dormitory. The dormitory walls are entirely white. There is an empty, private room for me that has a double wooden bed with a plain white blanket, bedsheet and pillow. The reason why it is a double bed is because there is extra space and for sleepovers, a projector, a wooden closet, a study desk with a wooden bookshelf and a private bathroom. Abby stated that I could decorate it however I want to. There's also a common room with a wooden study desk and a bookshelf. There's also a dining table, a stove, an oven and a coffee machine. There's also a common bathroom if both agreed to bathe together.

The kind-hearted Abby that has the same hair, skin and eye colour as me (black hair, fair skin, brown eyes) led me to important places, like the swimming pool, which is the far northwestern side of the school, the cafeteria and the lecture hall, which are both at the northernmost point at the school.

After our tour, it was ten to nine.

“New students, please pick your dormitory partner if you have one, and head to the miscellaneous classroom to do some get to know others activities,” the speaker blared.

“I gotta go with you, Leonardo,” said Abby in a rushed manner.

We both ran to the miscellaneous classroom in the most southwestern corner of the school. Every new student entered the lecture hall, waiting for the headmaster.

Ten minutes later, the piercing sound of the bell rang. The headmaster came to the miscellaneous classroom.

“We are going to do some get to know others activities for the next half hour. After that, you can have self-study in your dormitories until your swimming lesson,” the principal firmly stated. “The first activity is simple. When it’s your turn, please say your name, your earlier school and your hobbies.” The headmaster points at someone to go first. He pointed at me.

“I’m Leonardo from Mutaparva Public School. I like swimming, playing the piano and playing video games.”

The headmaster points at Abby next.

“I’m Abby from Parvumdolor Public School. I like swimming, playing the violin and drawing art. You probably saw my artwork about Archimedes’ famous ‘Eureka!’”

The headmaster points at Ryan Rogers. He has brown, curly hair.

“I’m Ryan Rogers from Digman Boys Private School. I like agriculture and playing video games.”

There’s also another activity about pairing with potential friends.

“I want to be friends with Abby and Ryan,” I stated.

“I want to be friends with Leonardo,” Abby stated.

“I want to be friends with Leonardo as well,” Ryan stated.

After all the other games were finished, we all headed back to our dormitories as Mr Hawke handed the new students homework assignments.

Back at my dormitory, Abby and I are sitting next to each other, studying.

“So, what homework do you have?” Abby questioned.

“An online essay about your first day at Dolhabon School. What’s yours?”

“Quadratic algebra problems. Easy,” Abby answered in a relaxed tone.

I turned on my laptop to start writing my essay. Abby and I studied quietly so focused that two and a half hours felt like one hour.

“Everyone to the pool for swimming lessons! Woohoo!” Mr Hawke cheered.

Everybody, regardless of who can and can’t swim, enthusiastically crowded the hallway towards the pool. Ten at a time, all two thousand students changed into their swimming costumes.

Experienced swimmers are to go with Ms Swan. Inexperienced people who can swim will go to Miss Elton. Non-swimmers go with Mr Hilton.

Abby and I both go with Ms Swan, while Ryan goes with Miss Elton.

The swimming pool that is for the experienced swimmers is fifty metres long. It has a marble tiled floor, ten rows of audiences and a referee, camera operator and commentator box.

“First up is the 100m freestyle!” exclaimed Ms Swan with the megaphone. Abby and I were in Group 1, which went first.

“Ready, get set...”

“Good luck, Abby!”

“Good luck, Leonardo!”

The starter pistol went off. Everyone in our group leaped into the water, starting their freestyle arm and leg movements.

“Archie had a very strong start, a whole metre ahead of all the others,” the commentator announced. “Archie lost energy from the big leap at the start. Now Leonardo took the lead. Second place is now Abby, and third place is Archie. Leonardo is ahead by two metres.”

Thirty seconds later, the commentator announced, “Archie, a new student which achieved a perfect score in our scholarship examination is the first to complete the first lap. Abby close behind. Archie is out of the podium.”

Another twenty seconds later, the commentator announced, “It’s going to be a historic moment. The first perfect scorer in the scholarship test will become first in freestyle! This is a moment! Yes! The winner is perfect scorer Leonardo of 50.42 seconds! Abby is second with a time of 52.69 seconds!”

“Nice try, Abby!” I complemented.

“Well done for achieving first place in the 100m freestyle. It is the most prestigious swimming event in the school!” replied Abby.

“Congratulations, Leonardo,” complemented Ms Swan. “Here’s a lake voucher!”

“Abby, what’s a lake voucher?”

“A lake voucher is handed out if a student came first in the school or volunteered in school community services activities. I have a hundred of those. Each lake voucher card has different privileges. Your card allows you to bring up to two friends and access the waterslide. Your time is fifteen minutes.”

I have another event. My other event is backstroke.

“Ready, get set, go!”

The swimmers started their backstroke arm and leg movements. I’m not really that good at backstroke, and I eventually achieved third place with a time of one minute and fifteen seconds flat.

I want to invite Abby and Ryan by using the lake voucher. Both of them agreed to do it at ten past twelve. This is a good opportunity to make a closer bond with Abby and Ryan.

Ryan achieved second place in the 20m freestyle and fourth place in 10m backstroke. He did pretty well in his standards.

We entered the waterslide area. All three of us unanimously wanted to ride the waterslide like this: on top of a buoyant oblong “surfboard” filled with one centimetre deep water. The people I invited decided to lay on their stomach, so they can get the experience of seeing the momentous downstream rapidly accelerating descent. Our “surfboard” is green, and it fits three people. Ms Swan pushed the “surfboard”, and we all plunged down the waterslide. It has one loop-de-loop. Not the rollercoaster kind of loop-de-loop. It is a marble race track kind of loop-de-loop. When the “surfboard” was exiting the waterslide at highway speed, we “abandoned the ship” to decrease the gravitational force. Like an Olympic diver doing his magnificent signature diving routine, Abby did two “backflips” in the air. Because she was considerate to not get water in me and Ryan’s eyes, she landed gently in the water, making a minimal splash. I made a decently good landing, making a slightly more powerful impact than Abby. Ryan didn’t make a good landing: he fell head first backwards into the water.

“Don’t blame me! I’m not good at diving!” Ryan snapped. “I’m working on it with Miss Elton.”

The water is actually regulated. Because of the hot weather, the water was made twenty degrees Celsius.

“Let’s have a friendly 20m freestyle race!” I said happily.

“Ok!” replied both Abby and Ryan at the same time.

“3, 2, 1, Go!”

The lake conveniently has markings. The lake is saltwater, probably because of brain-eating amoeba. It is surprisingly clean. I see no trace of dirt or bacteria. The floor is made of recycled transparent aluminium, so you don’t feel the dirtiness of the lake floor.

Because I am school champion in the 100m freestyle, I beat Abby by two seconds and Ryan in five seconds. Of course, I can’t time it.

“Well done, Leonardo. I never expected that you can swim so fast!” complemented Ryan.

“I know. I can swim faster than I can run. Do you like the lake?”

“Of course!” answered Ryan.

“I like to chill off in the lake every Sunday. I’m happy when other people invite me to the lake, so I can have an extra day. You should save up your lake vouchers,” explained Abby.

“What is your favourite swimming stroke,” I questioned.

“Freestyle,” Abby and Ryan answered at the same time.

“Same,” I replied back.

“Do you have any pets? You look very lonely when I first saw you.”

“Of course. I have a pet cat. My parents gave them to me when I made it in to Dolhabon School. I named it Abby Junior. My parents felt sympathetic towards me for being a lonely only child.”

“Why didn’t you ask them to have another sibling?”

“I don’t want the sibling to be annoying me. I want to concentrate on my studies.”

“Oh, okay. Ryan, do you have a pet?”

“Oh yes, I do. I have a pet dog called Ruff. He is entirely brown. I like playing with him in the water and in the park.”

“I don’t have a pet. I want to bear the hectic hassle.”

“Time’s up!” exclaimed Ms Swan.

“It felt like only five minutes!” I complained, trying to not lose my temper.

“Time flies when you’re having fun,” said Ms Swan.

“I think you’re right,” I calmly agreed, having a feeling that I didn’t make the most of my time at the lake.

I took the advanced “Wonka’s glass elevator replica” back to room 1000 with Abby.

We both had a shower in our own private bathrooms. After that, both of us agreed to bathe together in the fastest-filling bathtub in the world.

“That was fun, wasn’t it?” asked Abby.

“Yes, it was. I will save up my passes, like you.”

After we finished having a shower and putting on our clothes, Abby said that half past twelve is lunch for all students. That’s when I remembered that I might have forgotten to eat breakfast. There was a sigh of relief when I ate breakfast at home with my parents at half past five ante meridiem.

I realised that Room 1000 people get to eat at the luxury, private table with a television on the school’s TV channel. I can’t believe they even have money to establish it. You can also invite a maximum of eight other friends. I invited Ryan, who three of his other friends, who like the same things as Ryan. Abby also invited four of her other friends.

After we ordered our food, we did some more talking.

“I have a new roommate,” said Abby,

“Who is it?” asked one of Abby’s friends.

“His name is Leonardo. He is a really nice boy.”

“Lucky.”

After a bit more talking, the waiter presented us our entrees. Abby said that the dessert is the best.

I ate the main course, waiting for the what award-winning dessert will come to me. The dessert is very good. It is a very tasty extraordinary cake for all to share.

At one in the afternoon, there is a math class that lasts for forty-five minutes. It talks about algebra. I learnt how to expand and factorise expressions.

The teacher gave me twenty minutes' worth of self-study homework. I spent fifteen minutes on expanding and factorising expressions on a twenty minute task. I used the remaining five minutes to continue my essay about my first day at Dolhabon School.

The next class I had at two in the afternoon is English, and we were reading and analysing Harry Potter for half an hour. We also did a spelling test. I managed to spell an extremely hard and extremely long word correct. My English teacher, Miss Eddie, gave me a lake voucher. I decided to save it up to use it three years later.

In the evening, we had a gaming party. Ryan likes video games as well, and he likes Minecraft, like me. I decided to play speedrunner vs hunter in Minecraft with him. I called dibs to become a speedrunner. After the scholarship test, my parents let me play and learn how to speedrun Minecraft. I beaten the game in under thirty minutes, killing Ryan twice when I was less geared than him.

While I was playing Minecraft, some passers-by came to look at my gameplay. Based on the voices, I realised that the people looking at my gameplay were actually Abby and her friends.

“Well done, Leonardo! Beating the game in under thirty minutes while being chased by someone else takes real skill,” Abby complemented.

“I can beat the game in under ten minutes on average,” I replied.

I decided to collaborate with Abby on her Minecraft server she plays with her friends.

I built a nice wall surrounding the main village Abby and her friends rely on to obtain good loot. I also looted treasure bastions to find netherite and diamond gear. It was much faster than mining.

After the late night gaming party, I came back to my dormitory to finish off my eight-page essay. I really like this school. It is so high-tech, and everybody is supportive. I can't wait for tomorrow.

From Leonardo.