SENDER: PAST B_____

Dear Future B,
How are you? I feel dumb writing this letter, but I need a passing grade in science class, or my barents will be on my back all summer and I don't want to be stuck home studying. I owe this lame assignment to D, of course. That nerd asks one question about time travel and suddenly the science teacher is nagging us to write to ourselves in the future. At least we don't have to hand it in, it's not English homework. We just need to tell her we did it and I don't want to lie. I was honest with D too. This teacher's pet schtick has got to stop, or new bullies will just keep showing up. It's not like being smart means you have to answer every question, for talk about books all the time, or keep using all those big words. We're friends now. D is in the band, there's no need to worry. I know that nerd can be cool, first time we went to the same party you wouldn't have guessed the one throwing water bombs was a lame bookworm.
guess D isn't bad, but E is better. Just as clever, doesn't show off after every good grade. That special smile is the only sign. Now that E 's finally agreed to go out with me, maybe the band will get a new member. But I need to take it slow. I don't want to mess up. know A isn't E 's favourite, being younger and all, but the kid is pretty neat. A doesn't know how to stand still or when to shut up, but doesn't ever let you down either. Once we were out in the woods and I got a flat tire on my bike. I told the band to go ahead, but A stayed. It was dark by the time we got back and our feet were covered in blisters. E was there as well. They're siblings, and C would never leave the kid behind. I know E has a lot of nice things to say about C and we're friends alright, but sometimes that attitude just gets on my nerves. Always babying people like the entire school's bolder sibling. Like when A got dragged to my doorstep and forced to apologise after I got bunched in some dumb fight. We'd already made up, there was no need for it. I know C
means well, but acting like this only blows stuff out of proportion. I kind of got into writing this, in the end. I thought I'd just throw it away, so it'd never get to the future, but what's the harm? I have room in my drawers, and if Ma throws this away, then that's that. Enough with the writing, me and E are going out for ice cream and maybe I can neet up with the others afterward. I feel like this is going to be one special summer, starting today. Maybe let me know what tomorrow's like, if you want.

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