

The Journal in the Attic

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“This year we’re learning about the Mayflower,” my teacher, Mrs. Bitenalo, says.

“Boring,” I mutter under my breath and roll my eyes. I doodle a picture of Cat, my pet mouse, in my notebook.

“Ivy, what did I just say?” Mrs. Bitenalo asks.

“You said we’re learning about the Mayflower,” I reply.

“What else did I say?” she asks.

“I forgot,” I whisper nervously.

“Ivy More, I’ve told you a thousand times that you need to listen in class,” she says in a very annoyed voice. “Will someone please repeat what I said for Ivy?”

Rose Canovey raises her hand and smirks at me.

“Rose,” Mrs. Bitenalo says.

“You said that we’re going to make models of the Mayflower and write a story about someone who rode on it,” Rose answers.

“Thank you, Rose,” Mrs. Bitenalo says.

Rose smirks at me again. She’s super-annoying and show-offish.

