



Today is really hot. Even under the apple tree was hot. Early today I had tried to lie down and read outside but it was just too hot.

My mother had gotten us girls some iced tea to help cool us off. I had abandoned the idea of going up to my room and reading for two reasons, one my brothers upstairs were making such a racket you could barely hear your own thoughts. Also, my mother and I were sewing and I love to sew.

I quickly shifted my hands so I could reach out and grab my iced tea. I took a sip and the cool refreshing taste hit my mouth. "Greta dear, your stitching is becoming loose." My mother exclaimed, her blue eyes twinkling. "Oh my!" My twin little brothers said in a high pitched voice, imitating a girl. "Oh you two just cannot leave me alone!" I cried, raising my voice. "Greta, calm down and continue sewing." My mother said with a smile. "Boys,..." My mother started but the boys had already ran off. I sighed and looked back down at my skirt that I was sewing. I flipped my long brown hair out of my face and let my body enter the rhythm of my sewing.

After a while I finished up my skirt and tried it on. It was a black skirt and very attractive. "Greta that looks beautiful on you" My mother said looking very attractive herself in her light blue dress. My mother looked a lot like me, with her long brown hair and blue eyes, but my eyes were hazel. My brothers looked a like my father in every way; blonde hair, blue eyes, and their medium height. "Greta let me do your hair so we will know your outfit on the first day of school. "My mother's voice snapped me out of my thought. "Yes ma'am" I answered.

My mother put my hair into a tight bun, which thankfully made me feel less hot. "Beautiful!" My she said with a sigh. "Mother should we start on supper?" I asked. "It is a bit early darling." She answered after looking at the grandfather clock in the corner "Maybe in 45 minutes." "I will clean up the sewing if you go get your brothers out of the mud." Said my mother.

It had rained two days ago and the mud was very close to being dry. I went outside and found my brothers wrestling in the mud. "James, Connor get out of the mud right now!" I yelled at them. "Fine" Said Connor, the one with more sense. They crawled out of the mud and I realized that I could not just let them in the house like this. "Wait here, I am going to get some towels." I demanded the boys in a very strict tone. I walked into the house and found towels right by the door. I went back outside to find the boys back in the mud. "Uhhhh" I groaned. I cleared my throat and the

boys climbed out. I gave them each towels and they got the mud, more like dirt off.

After the twins "mud bath" they took real baths while my mother and I started on supper. We were making roast chicken. After I had cut up the chicken my mother said "Greta go change into your dinner clothes and set the table please dear." "Yes ma'am" I answered. I ran off to my room and changed and then I set the table.

After supper we got a letter from school saying school would not be starting for another day because the schools fans were not working.

It was now the first day of school and we had a new girl. She seemed nice and calm. Her name was Charlotte and she sat next to me. We were all introduced and Charlotte stood up and told us about herself. Charlotte told us that she loved to read and write. She also loved to sew. I thought we were going to be really close friends until one day...

It was a crisp autumn day and all the girls were wearing sweaters and tights. It was almost lunch and recess and we were working in our math books. "Alright class put your books away." My teacher said. We did as she said and then lined up. As all the girls and boys filed outside I noticed Charlotte hanging back, but I left her alone. When I got outside I needed to use the bathroom so I went after asking my teacher, Mrs. Williams.

When I came went back outside Mrs. Williams was waiting "Greta could you do this to my classroom?" "She asked angrily. "Pardon me, I do not understand. "I said puzzled. "Oh, do not play dumb Greta. Come and see!" Mrs. Williams had her voice raised this time. She stormed off with me following. She opened the door and I gasped. All over the floor there were markers, pencils, and papers. Chairs were overturned. "Mrs. Williams, the culprit colored in my math book!" Charlotte said with a tiny sneer at me. Then I understood "I did not do this Mrs. Williams, but I know who did." I exclaimed loudly. "Then who?" My teacher said raising her eyebrows. "Charlotte, she was not outside and she told you right?" I asked. "Yes she did tell me." She answered. "Well she was never outside so she must have had a lot of time to do this." I insisted, not backing down. "Your theory makes sense." Mrs. Williams agreed. "Charlotte?" Mrs. Williams questioned. "Fine it was me." Charlotte agreed and I returned to never getting in trouble at school.

But sadly this is where the story ends. At least for now...