

# Miss caroline

[Literature](#), [American Literature](#)



When I woke up I took a shower then I reckon that I should have a cup of Joe. As soon as I ate breakfast I thought to my self that I have to teach the students of May-comb. And that girl that they call scout, after that I planed what I was going to wear to school I picked out a beautiful dress. I when to the bathroom to brush my hair and my teeth. Well, my first day on the job this year wasn't how I expected. In fact, it was a terrible day. My students this year are so disrespectful! I have some little girl whose father teaches her how to read and write.

I confronted her about it telling her kindly to have her father not teach her anymore, so we could start off fresh to a new year of teaching, and she lies to me! Apparently her father does not teach her anything, but I ain't buying it! No one even learns about writing until the 3rd grade that is without the help of another person. She was even giving me lip about another person! That Walter kid or whatever his name was. The least he could have done was accept my damn quarter! I had to whip Scout or else she was going to give me more lip. That wasn't even the worst of my troubles today!

Some little kid named Burris shows up to class with lice in his damn hair! After I told him to take the day off too clean him, he stated that he's only here for the first day. Thank god. But after that, he starts yelling at me and having an attitude. I told him that if he doesn't leave the class immediately then I was going to call the principal. He started saying some really offense language to me that really hurt me. Thankly after he was done, he left. This crap better not is going on for the rest of this year. That girl is eventually going to tell me the truth about her father teaching her or not.

If she doesn't and I find out, there will be consequences. Today I was walking past one of my students Burriss Ewell and I noticed he had cooties! I didn't even know what one was until a kind boy named Little Chuck Little explained that it was a cootie. He kindly got me a glass of water and once I had recovered I sent Burriss Ewell home and gave him a remedy to get rid of his cooties I didn't want to other children or even myself to catch them! Oh well, I suppose that you learn something new every day. That's what I tell my students. I'm not that surprised he got cooties though he is quite dirty.

But, that's not all that shocked me about this boy though. I found out that he and his wholefamilyonly came to school on the first day, and then never came again for the rest of the year. Burriss Ewell was extremely rude to me and unfortunately I started to cry in front of my class but they were very kind to me. They comforted me and then asked me to read them a story. I'm glad that they enjoy my stories - I do have fun reading to them. I really like my pupils and I'm glad to have them as I really do love teaching. Today was very eventful and I could write so much more but someone's knocking on my door.

In the city I saw of maycombDepressionmeant only that the bad times that had been going on for decades got a little bit worse. These rural areas had long been poor and undeveloped. Black people worked for low wages in the fields. White farmers were more likely to own land, but they were cash poor. It was common for children to go to school barefoot, and to suffer from ringworm and other diseases. Although automobiles had been around for some years, most farm families still depended on horses for transportation and to plow their fields.