Darcie Tredinnick

A yawn. A groan. She hated school. With
a mutter and a squeak she sat bolt upright
in bed. A stretch and she slid out of
bed.

It was another boring day of school. Eva
was a hard-working student but she hated
school. It was early - still only half
past seven. She sat on the floor, glum
and already tired. Solemnly, she reached
for her uniform - a grey blazer and a
black skirt, not forgetting her shirt of
glowing white. The soft sound of Eva's
socks meeting the floor as she strutted
downstairs. She didn't feel like eating
anything - jut a Go-Ahead milkshake. A
few minuted later she said goodbye to her
parents and stepped outside, slamming the
door behind her.

You could say Eva was popular - people
would run behind her saying 'Oh Eva can I
have a picture ?' or 'Eva you look so good
today !' She would just ignore them and
carry on her day. Today was the same -

the pleading, the begging - and she just carried on walking to class.

She walked into the class, closing the door behind her, and sat at her desk. 'Today,' said her teacher, Madam Meanheart (real name: Madam Heart), 'we will be going on a trip to a Tudor museum for the day.' Eva stood up and struggled with the rest of the class to the minibus. The grumbling of the engine pierced the children's ears as the bus took off down the road.

'Here we are - Museum Tudor,' Madam Meanheart chanted.

   The boys pushed and shoved to get out of the bus first.

The museum was old and grand on the outside, but twice as cool and grand on the inside. There were Tudor artifacts everywhere. Even the things with which Henry VIII used to behead his wives.

Eva looked around. She was amazed. Surely a little look around on her own couldn't do any harm, could it ? She sneaked away from the group and backed slowly up the stairs. She bumped into a door and turned. NO ENTRY. Of course she

just walked in. There in front of her on a table was a diary. She leant over and looked at it. Her eyes went wide. There, on the title page of the diary, was a name.

It was a familiar name.

Hers.