

1<sup>st</sup> November 1885

Dear diary,

I've had a bad day today.

Miss Morton checked our hands before the lesson. My hands were dirty. She shouted at me and I felt scared.

We stood behind our desks at the start of the lesson. We said the two times table. Miss Morton put sums on the blackboard next. I wrote on my slate and I made a mistake. She shouted at me again. I wore the dunce's cap and stood on the stool in the corner. I felt embarrassed.

I cried after the lesson. I felt awful.

I don't want to go to school tomorrow. I hope I'll feel better in the morning.

Goodnight,

Daisy

