



last lists, old-timey songs, and  
the last-day-of-school blues

“Earth to Julesium!” Teddy says, knocking  
into me hard.

“Teddy!” I say. “It’s the last day. You  
couldn’t even *not* knock into me on the last  
day of school?” I always say that Teddy feels  
like a Super Ball bouncing all around the

room, but lately it feels like he's got special superglue on him that only seems to stick to me.

“Well, you were just standing there, staring at your cubby,” he says.

“Well, maybe I like just standing there, staring at my cubby. Ever think of that?” I say. I find my seat and look around the classroom. The blankety-blank blankness of what used to be the perfect second-grade classroom. FAMOUS WOMEN OF MATHEMATICS poster? Gone. Perfectly perfect cursive handwriting charts? Gone. Dirty, not-even-a-little-bit-white walls? Here to stay. Second grade is over.

“Hiya, Jules,” Elinor says.

“Don’t bother,” I hear Teddy say to her. “She just wants to stare at things. She hates the last day of school.”

“Really?” Elinor asks. “Who hates the last day of school?”

I see Charlotte listening to everyone talking about me like I’m not there and I can just tell she’s going to have something to say about it.

“Jules Bloom, that’s who,” she says.

Elinor clears her throat and squats down next to my desk. “But it’s summer, Jules. ‘No more teachers, no more books . . .’”

She looks around. “Do you sing that song in this country?”



Charlotte shakes her head no and gives a terrible Charlotte snort at the thought.

“Yes,” I say, coming to Elinor’s rescue, “my parents do, but they’re kind of old.”

“It’s summer, Jules!” Elinor says now, standing up. “And you’re going to film a real, live movie with megastar Rick Hinkley and teen star Emma Saxony, and I’m going to London to see my dad, and we’re going to be pen pals, and Teddy will be at science camp, and Charlotte’s going to sleepaway.”

“Well, that part’s pretty good, I guess.” I look at Charlotte and smile a fake smile.

“Not just any sleepaway, you know,” Charlotte says. “Camp Lackahanna.” She puts up big jazz hands when she says this.

“It’s a camp for performing arts. Celebrity kids go there.”

“Wow,” I say.

“Emma Saxony went there.” Charlotte is obsessed with Emma Saxony. “And they have golf carts we get to ride around in, and campfires, and zip lines, and trampolines, and white-water rafting trips, and —”

“And probably people who lay out your towels for you? In case you’re too tired to do it yourself?” I ask, squinting.

“Probably,” Charlotte says, shrugging.

I groan out loud.

“Forget about that, Jules.” Elinor says. “It’s going to be the best summer ever, and you know it.”