

Testament

O, Agatha Trunchbull,
bequeath my whole
money to my niece
Jennifer Honey. I have
no other relative.
I will die because I
have cancer.

Agatha Trunchbull

Dear Diary!

Last week ~~it~~ happened something really mystical to me. When I thought the first class I painted. When I told a boy that three-eighths are twenty-four the chalk went up and wrote something: "Agatha, this is Magnus." It is Magnus and you'd better believe it. Agatha, give my Jerry back her house her wages and then get out of here. If you don't, I will come * like you got me. I'm watching you Agatha." Then the chalk fell down and broke into two pieces. I let out a yell. More I can't remember. I can remember that I woke up on a sickbed at the school doctor. I stood up and ran to my general practitioner (family doctor). I told him the whole story but he didn't believe it. But he had an other sad information. I have cancer. I was so heartstrick that I packed my whole stuff together and fled into the wood.

*and get you,