Vicki C. Hayes





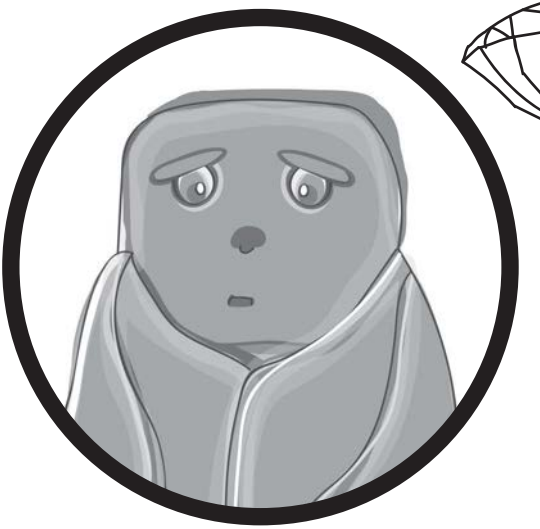
MEET THE



Jan

Age: 12
Biggest Secret: her real name is January
Favorite Vacation: the Girl Scouts' father/daughter campout
Career Goal: to be a grief counselor
Best Quality: learns from her mistakes

CHARACTERS



MICA

Age: 10
Hobby: gem hunting
Favorite Meal: fish and chips
Secret Wish: to visit New York City
Best Quality: never complains

1
NO FAIR

Jan Glass was mad. She sulked all the way home from school. Her teachers had been so mean. Even her friends were annoying.

At home, Jan stomped into the kitchen. Mrs. Glass was at the stove cooking dinner. Emma, Jan's little sister, sat at the table. She was stacking blocks.



Jan dumped her backpack on the floor. Her mom looked up at the loud thump.

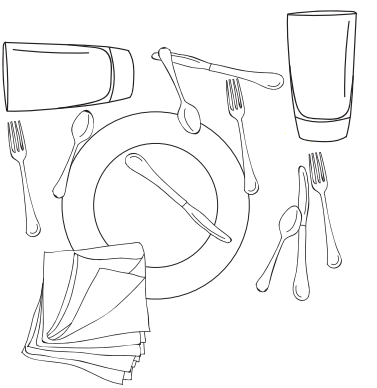
"Hi, sweetie," Mrs. Glass said. "You're just in time to set the table."

Jan pulled her long hair into a bun. "Do I have to?" she asked. "I'm tired."

"It would be helpful," her mom said.

Jan sighed. She set three plates and glasses on the table. Then she dropped forks next to the plates.

How I set the table...



Finally, Jan plopped down in a chair. She took out her phone and started scrolling.

Mrs. Glass glanced at her oldest daughter. "How was school today?"

Jan didn't answer. She just read some texts on her phone.

"How's Abby?" her mom asked. "Did you two make any plans for the weekend?"

Jan continued to stare at her phone. Her mom poured milk into two glasses. She glanced at Jan.



"How was your math test? Do you think you studied enough?"

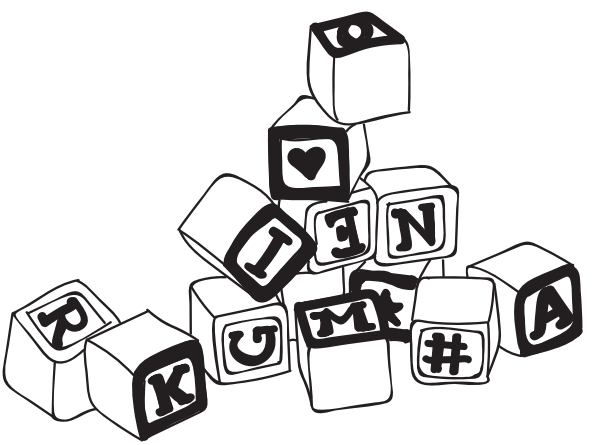
Jan slammed her phone down on the

table. “It doesn’t matter!” she shouted. “Nothing matters. Just leave me alone!”

“Jan,” Mrs. Glass gasped. “I understand you’re angry. But you can’t talk to me that way. You’re not the only one who misses Dad.”

Crash!

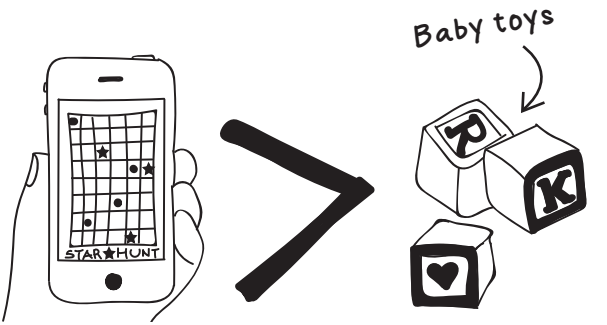
Emma’s block tower fell over. Red and blue blocks were everywhere. Jan kicked one across the room. With sad eyes, Emma looked up at her sister.



"Pick them up," Jan barked.

"Will you help me?" Emma asked.

Jan looked down at her. "No. Blocks are for babies," she said. "Do it yourself." She picked up her phone again.



"Please?" Emma smiled at Jan. But Jan didn't look up. Slowly, Emma started gathering up her blocks.

"You could play with her a little," Mrs. Glass said. "She misses spending time with you."

Jan glared at her mom. "Stop telling me

what to do!" She stood up so fast, her chair fell over.

"Jan—"

"No! Everyone always tells me what to do. You. My friends. Teachers at school. Even Emma," Jan said. "No one thinks of me. Or my feelings. They just boss me around. Dad never did that."

Jan put her phone in her pocket. She slung her backpack over her shoulder. The kitchen was too stuffy. *I have to get out of here,* she thought. *Why is everyone so awful?*

She went in her room and slammed the door. It was quiet there. Now she could just be alone.

"This isn't fair," she mumbled to herself. "Why did Dad have to die?"

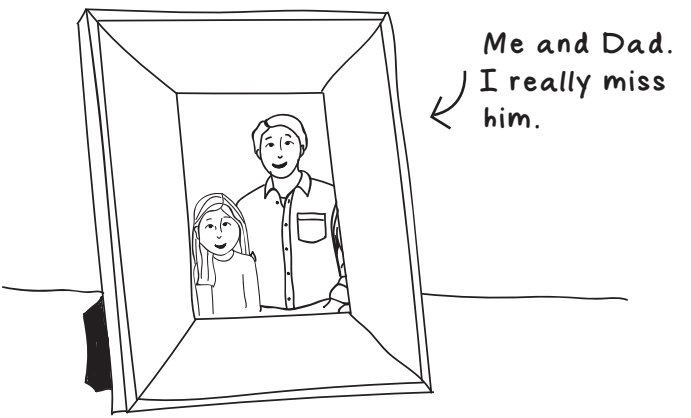
Jan sat on her bed. She threw her stuffed bear against the wall. Then she fell



back onto the soft covers. Turning over, Jan buried her face in her pillow.

No one came to check on her. *They don't even care.* Jan sighed and closed her eyes.

Soon she was asleep.



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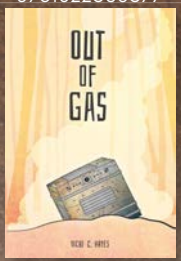
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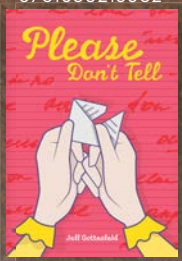
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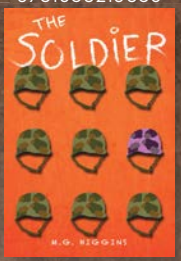
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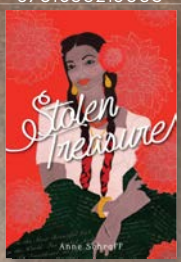
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