

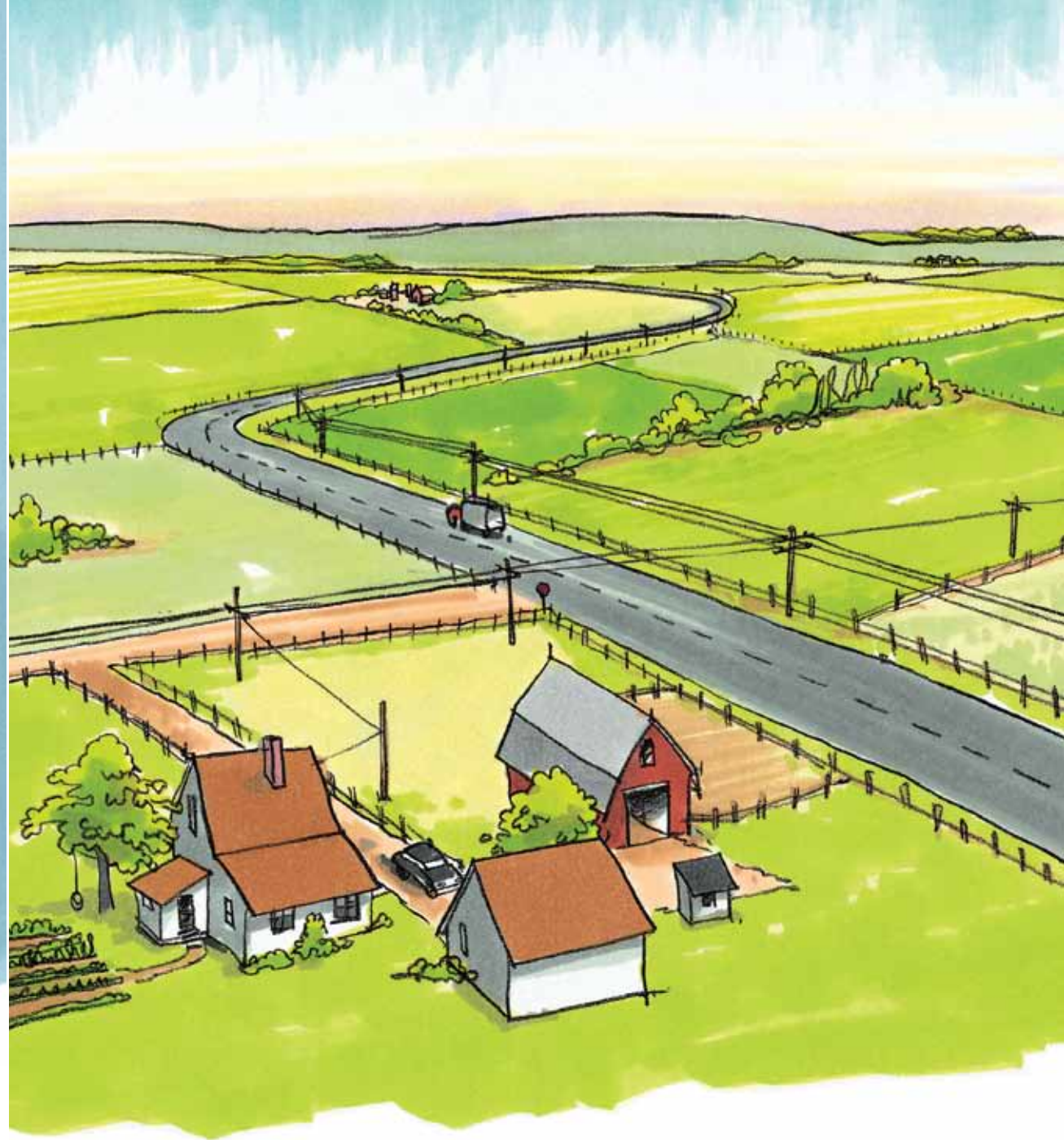


☹️ *FRIDAY, June 13th*

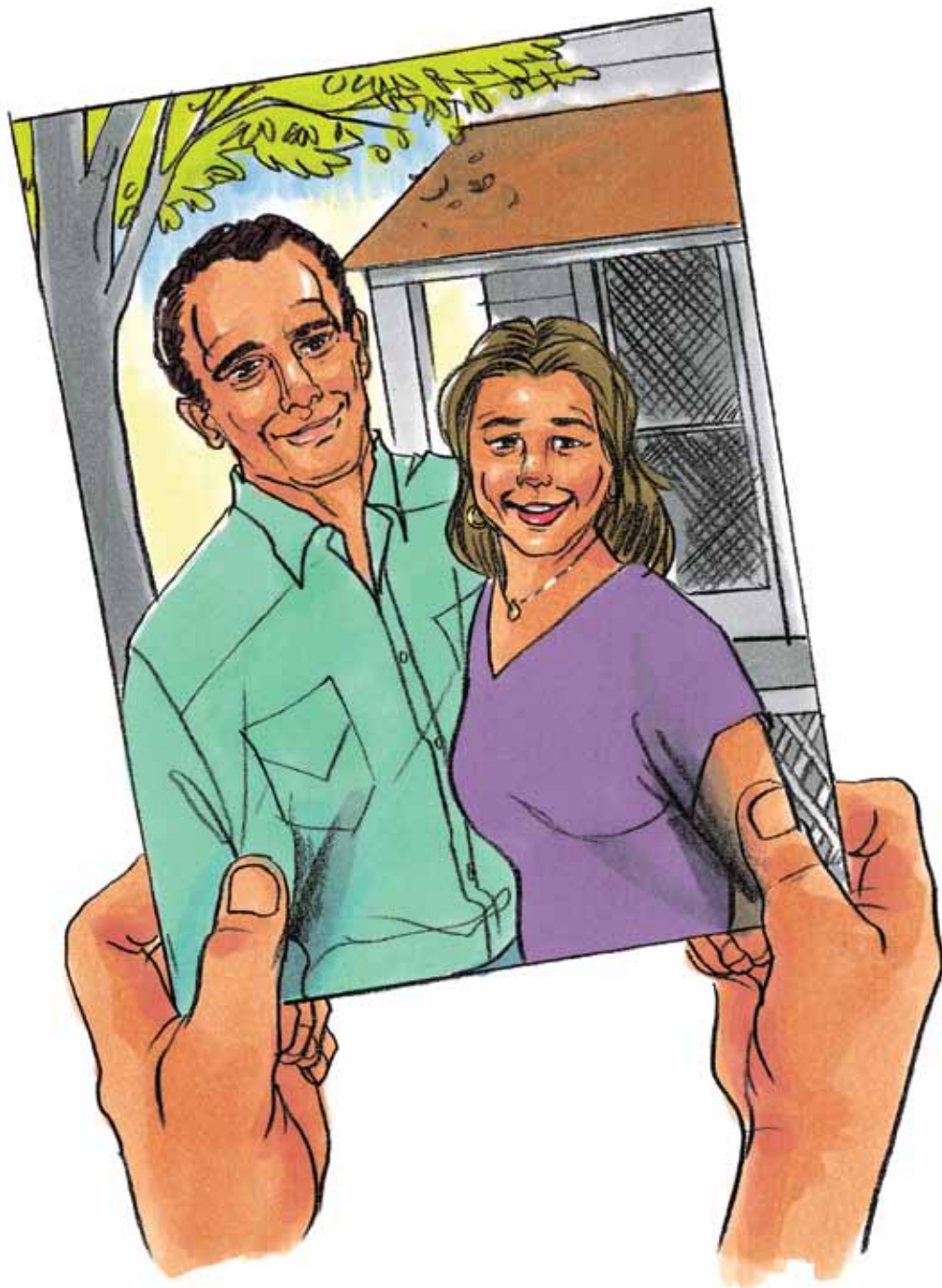
This summer was going to be totally fantastic!

It **WAS** going to be fantastic. Now it's going to totally stink.

I **ALWAYS** spend the summer with my Aunt Rachel in the city, where there are a million stores and you can go shopping every day if you want to. But my mom told me, "Jessica, your Aunt Rachel is going to Europe this year, so you get to spend the summer in the **country** instead!"



☹️ I hate the **country**. At least, I think I hate the **country**. I've never been to the **country**, but it sure sounds boring.



☹️ I'm spending the summer with my Uncle Bill and Aunt Molly in a place called Texas. I've only met them once before, when I was about four years old. That was a whole four years ago! I don't even remember what they look like.



☹️ Mom thinks it's time I get to know them better. That's why she's sending me to spend a month with them. That's four whole weeks!
I feel like I'm going to jail.



☉ SATURDAY, June 14th

The country is weird. Not weird in a bad way—just *weird*. My Aunt and Uncle live in a big house with land all around it. You can't even see the house next door. They have a long driveway you have to drive up to get to their house, and on the way you see a bunch of horses and goats.



☉ Near the house there's a barn. Outside of the barn are chickens. Inside of the barn are more horses.

The horses are really big! Aunt Molly says I can ride one if I want to.

I do not want to. Ever.



☺ Uncle Bill told me that almost all of the animals here came from the local animal **shelter**. I asked if that was the same as the dog pound and he said yes, but there are more than just dogs there. The **shelter** rescues all kinds of animals.



☺ Uncle Bill is going to the **shelter** on Monday. He wants to look at a pony they have.

He asked me if I wanted to go with him. I asked him if the **shelter** was in a shopping mall. He said, “No.” So I said, “No, thank you.”