He drives me up the wall!

"So how's that new boy, Phil, doing?" asked Brent at breakfast one morning.

"How did you know about Phil?" Courtney sputtered.

"The same way I know about your fight with Ramona, the D+ you got on your math test, and the CD player you're hoping for," Brent replied with a grin.

"You've been reading my diary again!" shouted Courtney. "It's private! You shouldn't be snooping in it!"

"Better find a new hiding place," Brent taunted as he left for school. "Bye, bye, kiddo!"

Courtney stomped into her room muttering, "Why do I have to have a brother? He drives me up the wall!"



