

# PERMANENT RECORD

*Maggie Hoppel*

I got an A in reading. I got an A in counting syllables. I got an A in Sunday School. I got an A in being laughed at by adults. I got an A in Jenga. I got an A in sleeping in my coat during indoor recess. I got an A in threatening to kill a kid over a ham sandwich. I got an A in watching American Ninja Warrior on Mondays and America's Got Talent on Tuesdays. I got an A in talking to the glasses ladies at the eye doctor. I got an A in inventing faces in the ceiling to talk to me at night. I got an A in playing outside with my shirt off in a warm, slick, flatland body. I got an A in forgetting to thank God at my baptism. I got an A in Velveeta jambalaya. I got an A in being a yellow-card kid who was friends with green-card kids and red-card kids. I got an A in watching Frozen on a milky CD my grandma's boyfriend gave me. I got an A in moving schools. I got an A in reading The Fellowship of the Ring in public and Captain Underpants in private. I got an A in accidentally reading books with sex in them and throwing them in the trash. I got an A in not telling my mom when I needed new Maidenform bras. I got an A in redoing my room in turquoise. I got an A in scraping blackheads off my face like mold. I got an A in memorizing my locker combination. I got an A in making overly elaborate, disjointed PowerPoints. I got an A in playing "Hot Cross Buns" on a half-size cello. I got an A in fantasizing about a Slytherin tattoo. I got an A in eating tacos with ketchup. I got an A in getting tongue-tied when my parents were mad. I got an A in rewatching Barbie: The Princess And The Pauper. I got an A in avoiding my friends in the cafeteria. I got an A in reading library books while walking. I got an A in secretly enjoying Zootopia when it came out. I got an A in apologizing for my popsicle-stick catapult in science class. I got an A in never bringing a pencil for tests. I got an A in cutting bangs to cover my forehead. I got an A in earning a reputation as a poet. I got an A in barfing in the hallway in front of eighth graders. I got an A in accidentally putting both contacts in the same eye. I got an A in a group chat called "Cello Wackadoodles." I got an A in writing stories about vigilante secret agents with elemental powers. I got an A in wearing cowboy boots to school every day one year. I got an A in listening to Hamilton on the bus with corded earbuds. I got an A in ignoring the boy who told our

entire English class that we had sex in the girls' bathroom. I got an A in English class. I got an A in symphonic orchestra. I got an A in wearing hair ribbons to Homecoming and ripping them out when I saw the older girls in their skintight dresses. I got an A in being so quiet that boys talked about me like furniture. I got an A in feigning disappointment when public schools went online. I got an A in sewing cotton face masks that didn't work. I got an A in eating my mom's banana bread with dark chocolate. I got an A in not bothering to treat my acne anymore. I got an A in melting down over AP Statistics. I got an A in AP Statistics. I got an A in wishing my eyes had masks so the jock in biology wouldn't catch me looking. I got an A in reporting everyone I knew who was suicidal. I got an A in still believing adults could fix everything. I got an A in eating too much spaghetti. I got an A in going back to real school. I got an A in believing my car didn't have a radio because my mom said so. I got an A in reporting to my boyfriend's house on Fridays. I got an A on the SAT. I got an A in writing about fake kids I wanted to be friends with. I got an A in sloshing black coffee down my gullet until I liked it. I got an A in existentialism but not intimacy. I got an A in peach ice cream at midnight. I got an A in bad red lipstick at Christmas. I got an A in taking selfies with the teacher chaperones at prom. I got an A in giving up birthday parties. I got an A in being the last of my class to turn 18. I got an A in deciding which college to go to at 11:59 on the commitment deadline. I got an A in shopping for themed bathroom decor. I got an A in breaking up with my boyfriend over the summer. I got an A in remembering to pack my retainer. I got an A in thinking I knew all about the future. I got an A in sketching the world into a report card, and growing up, and forgetting how to do a good job unless it was marked up in red pen.