My Teacher’s Secret Life

by Carley R
Mrs. Whitis is my teacher. She is a good teacher, but she has a secret life. Mrs. Whitis is a spy. She watches all we do and say. She has put microchips in our bodies so she can spy on us. The other kids have not figured it out, but I know she is really a spy.

In the school she has a secret place where she keeps our spy information. One day she said she was leaving for a doctor’s appointment, but that is what a spy would say when they are going undercover. We are taking tests that Mrs. Whitis calls “end of the year” tests, but I know it is so she can get information about us. I think she lives in twelve different places, so she can travel the world as a spy!

One day I saw her at a park with a man, a boy, and a dog. She said they were her husband, her son, and her dog. But I knew better. I knew they were really spies. When Mrs. Whitis says who the leaders are for the day, she is really assigning spies to help her on her missions. The leaders are her spies. Our student tutors Miss Sam, Miss Jess, and Miss Kayla are actually her minion spies. They do her teacher work so she can focus on being a spy.

Mrs. Whitis wears black clothes a lot. That is the color that spies wear! If you look closely, you can see that her ring is really a spy camera. Mrs. Whitis wears a lot of high heels so that she can reach tall places and get a better view for spying.
Mrs. Whitis has a summer job. She pours concrete. She says it is to make driveways, but I think she hides things in the concrete. She has a laptop computer that she pretends to use for teaching. But I know it really stores all of her spy information. When Mrs. Whitis says it is too cold to go outside for recess, she means that if she gets frost bite, she cannot do her job. Mrs. Whitis wants us to clean the floor, because she could trip on something and break a bone. That would make it not so easy to do her job as a spy. I mean, have you ever seen a spy on crutches?

Mrs. Whitis was not a teacher at one time. She was the principal, but she wanted to be a spy. So, she told a teacher named Mr. Pope, who is our principal now, to take over. She felt that she could spy better as a teacher.

If Mrs. Whitis is a spy, which I know she is, she is really good at her job! The End!