

The Lesson I Learned

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*Uhm this i wrote in class in honor of what my teacher had to go through one day. *thinks* Well maybe i exagerated a bit but an eraser was stuck up my nose by a blonde idiot b----.*

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Chapter 1 - Untitled

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1 - Untitled

I rolled my eyes.

“ This is hell,” I said.

“ It’s worse than hell,” My friend retorted. She scanned the class.

“Ya, you should know you’ve been there,” Shouted a boy in the first row with a sneering smile.

I patted my friend on the back. “ Well good luck,” I paused a second to think and added, “ I hope that no one dies.” My poor friend look utterly lost as I turned and left the class. I quickly glanced at the paper for the class I was going to sub. A smile twisted onto my lips this class had the reputation of being the best in the whole school I could have leapt for joy if the principal hadn’t been there.

The day went on uneventfully till the fire alarm went of. We excited quickly in mass confusion. After we got to the field we were showed back into class like an old cat scaring a mouse back into its hole.

Within a few minutes off my return to class the telephone rang. I picked it up and heard the frantic voice of my friend.

“ You need to come into my class and take it over,” my friend voice was full of panic.

As I was pondering the thought of subbing two classes at the same time, it made me feel cold to the core. Girls voice was heard in the background.

“ Timothy is trying to drown fish!” came the girls’ voice it sounded shrill “ No I mean Timothy is trying to drown the hamster called fish.”

In that instant I knew it was way out of hand and my friend needed help.

I hung up the phone without saying bye and told the class to follow me. As I reached the classroom, that my friend was subbing, She was outside crying. As, she said to me later, she took off at a run to a psychiatrist appointment. I walked into class and swallowed I but a stop to Timothy by threatening to hold his head in the hamster cage. As I was standing figuring out what else next to do a girl walked over to me and started saying things like Matt had set Camilla hair aflame. I nodded almost not hearing. But part of that speech had penetrated my mind. It was then I decided to set everyone start work on a long Persuasive Essay.

As the class fell silent as they started work on the Essay. I prayed never to have a child called Timothy, Matt, and Camilla, certainly never the boy in the front row.