

## 10.6.20

### Kid Normal extract

As I entered the classroom, I noticed the ancient looking ceiling first and immediately began worrying about it falling in. Support beams covered the walls and ceiling, the sash windows covered by boards. In fact, I was surprised there were children even in it. I began wondering if I had stepped through a time portal to the Victorian era. What baffled me most, though, was the teacher. He wore neon pink clothing, had a huge handlebar moustache and had a cap with the words: "A damsel in distress? I can't be bothered." emblazoned on it. I took a step back. Unfortunately, he had seen me.

"Sit down Tom." He said lazily.

"My name's not –" I stuttered, before realising he had turned his attention to the class. Supposing I should obey, I dragged out the nearest wooden chair. The piece I was holding came off in my hand. Gingerly, I sat down. I was sitting next to another boy. He had dark hair but I could see no more of him since he was facing away from me towards the teacher.

"Oi! You. Dark hair." the teacher drawled. The person next to me stood and went to the front.

"Right, Tom here is going to show us his homework." I was confused. Wouldn't Tom need some paper or something? And wasn't Tom my name. I pushed the thoughts away and concentrated on Tom.

"Get my coffee to my hand, Tom." he said idly.

His attention was out of the window, however, he seemed to be focussing on a fox in the playground. Then there was a flash of light and the teacher was holding a cup of coffee. He took a sip.

"1 out of 10 Tom, it doesn't taste good after it has been moved quickly."

I wondered when Tom was going to show his homework.

"Sit, Tom." Obediently, Tom sat down again. Befuddled, I massaged my forehead gently in bewilderment. Clearly he hadn't done his homework. Yet, all the other children were nodding between themselves and making agreeing sounds.

"You next" he shrieked pointing at me, his moustache quivering. "Unless..." he studied me carefully.

"Not you, YOU." He screamed as I got up. I sat down again. The girl next to me got out of her seat and reluctantly stood at the front.

"Tom will show us his homework." I couldn't understand. Surely she wasn't Tom. There was already a "Tom" in the small class, and it seemed unlikely there were two. Suddenly, there was a flash of light and glitter exploded over the classroom. How? What? Why? Questions buzzed around my head.

"Arrghh!!" cried a voice from the front. The teacher was sobbing into his mug.

"My coffee," he wailed, "You've got glitter in it." He licked his lips hungrily and stared at me.

"Come forward new boy," he said slowly...