

A MYSTIFIED NORMAL

I was being escorted to my classroom. In the corridor, I saw posters of wanted criminals and school award winning photos. In the other classrooms, there were no more than 5 people. Once I was escorted to my classroom, I saw that it was pitch black except for a few green and blue substancy dim lights. It had a stage, cool suits and armour. It was a neat place, it had books stacked neatly and rowed tables. In my class there were only two people other people besides me and there was also a male teacher.



The teacher barked at me “Get in here boy!”.

“I’m already in sir,” one boy squeaked.

“So am I!” the other boy happily boomed.

“Shut up Johnny... and you Barry!” The teacher shouted. “By the way rookie, my name’s Mr Shortbottom,” he said.

Mr. Shortbottom, what kind of name is that? I thought as I sank into my chair.

“Boys ready to show your CANS?” Mr Shortbottom asked clearly not wanting no as an answer. I drew a picture of a can. Barry and Johnny stepped onto the stage. Barry made tiny hands grow out of his ears and Johnny made his face turn into a pancake (Note: I am speaking as the narrator; the main character did not see this).

I finished my drawing. I put it in my back pocket and clambered on to the stage and... “Wait!” Mr Shortbottom nearly screamed. “Look at my CAN first!” he beamed. I didn’t, I had lost my drawing. I was looking for it...

Meanwhile, Mr Shortbottom inflated his bottom up to make it big. (Note: speaking as the narrator, the main character is not seeing this)... There, I had found my drawing.

I stepped to the front of the stage and proudly presented my drawing at the same time as saying “This is my CAN!”.



Johnny laughed a tiny little laugh and Barry clumsily went “Ha, Ha,Ha?” not meaning to say it but still trying to copy Johnny. “Quiet!” the teacher screamed. Suddenly he turned to me, his ears fuming, bright pink ears, you get what I mean. “WHAT-IN-THE-NAME-OF-MY-FATHERS-CUCKOO, IS-THAT!!!” Barry asked “Your father has a cuckoo?” Mr Shortbottom replied “Shut up Barry!”. I quickly said not wanting Barry to get into trouble “It’s a can sir?”.