



Kid Normal Extract by Harry Tipping

10.6.20

I walked down the rustic steps to my first lesson. There was lots of barging and pushing as the whole class went down the narrow staircase. As I (finally) reached the bottom of the winding steps I threw myself onto a purple and pink cushion on the ground in front of me. I could barely see since there was no lighting. All of a sudden things got very mysterious. The candle in the centre of the tiny room began to flicker all by itself!

I staggered back in amazement, but no one else seemed to care. I could now see every detail in the room but I wish I hadn't. Green mould shot out of the wooden ceiling, dirty old mops rested in the corner of the room and worst of all, a hundred bird heads were fixed to the wall. Yuck!

All of a sudden the room began to shake. Then the door began to tear off its hinges. Thump! The door fell on to the floor making dust fly in every direction. I screamed! Someone was trying to break in but her broad shoulders were stuck in the doorway. Her suit had a blue slime-like substance on it. Her eyes were fixed on one of my classmates. "BRENDA! Did you do THIS?" yelled the woman gesturing to her suit.

Brenda continued chewing her bubblegum. "I dunno what you're talking about, Mrs Mean."

Mrs Mean huffed and stomped to her small desk and sat down. "Right you little twerps! I all hope you did your homework," she said leaning over her desk to look at all the worried children. She grabbed Brenda by the wrist and pulled her so she faced the whole class. Mrs Mean gestured her hand for her to start. I watched in confusion. What was she meant to do? Brenda's face screwed up in concentration, but what was she concentrating for?

I ducked quickly as a jumper shot at my face. The boy behind me went unconscious. Through the flying jumpers I could see what looked like Brenda shooting them out of her arms, but that was impossible! Then a familiar shouty voice shook the room, "That's enough Brenda. I said STOP!" The jumper rampage stopped. "Well done Brenda," said Mrs Mean as the class clapped. Why does she get praise for doing nothing, I thought.

As Brenda sat on her cushion, Mrs Mean stared at all the other students. "Right, Timothy! You may now start," said Mrs Mean in a softer voice. A scruffy brown haired boy stood up. He straightened his bow-tie as he walked towards the front.

"Ummm...hello," mumbled Timothy nervously, "you might umm...want to stand back!" The class and I waited for about five minutes until... "EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE" a horrific scream filled the tiny room. Several people fainted including Mrs Mean.

"Timothy, stop!" yelled the boy next me. Timothy stopped immediately and then he sat down without saying a word.

"Right," said Brenda "let's see what the new boy's got!"

